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ALFRED HOLMAN, EDITOR

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Exposition.

It is no discredit to San Diego to say that she can not adequately and properly celebrate the construction of the Isthmian Canal. The project is one which calls for the resources of a far larger and richer community and for a world-wide coöperation, which can only be commanded by a city of established commercial connections and of universal repute. It ought not to be necessary to say this to the San Diegans, but they make it so by insisting upon undertaking a thing which the eye of common sense sees to be far beyond their powers of performance. It belongs naturally and properly to San Francisco as the established commercial city of the Pacific Coast, larger and stronger by every condition than any sister or rival, to undertake this great project. Furthermore, San Francisco already undertook it long before there was even a suggestion of it at San Diego. The plan, to be sure, has been in abeyance, due first to the disaster of 1906, and second to the postponement in the date for completing the canal. But it was never abandoned; there was never a thought of abandoning it. The proposal of San Diego, therefore, is an intrusion upon a plan already

in the way of execution. San Diego will serve her credit for common sense and good manners alike by withdrawing her proposals.

### The Commercialized Press.

Under the heading "Merchants and the Press" the daily *Chronicle* of this city essays to combat the charge that the American advertiser is "commercializing" the American newspaper. The *Chronicle* argues that the average advertiser is "utterly unconcerned" about anything connected with the newspaper in which he advertises "excepting the question whether he is getting a return for his money in the shape of the publicity he desires." He "bestows his patronage upon papers of varying views and methods of promulgating them." He "habitually seeks publicity through the columns of papers of every possible complexion, resorting alike to the yellow sheet and the conservative journal, to the religious as well as to the secular press."

The curious limitations of the *Chronicle's* understanding is illustrated by these naïve arguments. Because the advertiser does not call upon the editor with blood in his eye, denouncing one line of policy or insisting upon another, the *Chronicle* assumes that the integrity of journalism is not assailed. It does not see apparently that the "utter unconcern" of the advertiser for every consideration excepting a "return for his money" is of itself a profoundly demoralizing influence—one which has gone far to corrupt, cheapen, and vulgarize the average American daily newspaper.

What the advertiser wants and insists upon is that he shall get a "return for his money." He wants publicity, and the kind of publicity that counts for the advertiser is among those who habitually buy advertised merchandise. Now, your dweller in fashionable avenues gives small heed to advertisements, unless they relate to very exceptional things. He does not buy his clothes from the Einsteins, "Frisco boys," from stock marked down on account of having been purchased at a fire sale; his personal needs are supplied by his tailor and his haberdasher, with whom he has fixed relations depending not at all upon "publicity." His wife, so far from studying O'Brien's "special announcements," avoids them as she would a pestilence; her trading is done at the established high-class houses and commonly upon the basis of established credits. If anybody falls ill in his family a physician is summoned; there is no resort to those quack nostrums which it is so large a part of the daily newspaper's business to exploit, duly illustrated with pictures exhibiting the beneficiary before and after using. Your avenue dweller—your first-class citizen—is not commonly a buyer of cheap advertised wares. He may be interested in announcements of bond sales, of pleasure resorts, of high-class hotels, of high-class furniture, bank announcements, cigars and wines, amusements, of books, and of other things which appeal to the full-pursed. But he has no interest whatever in the ruck of commodities which constitute the great volume of things advertised.

The newspaper which serves the average advertiser, the man who looks at nothing excepting a "return for his money," tries naturally to give the kind of publicity which its patrons want. In other words, it seeks to go into those quarters and circles which will best serve the need of advertisers. As we have seen, the advertiser wants publicity among those who habitually buy advertised merchandise of all sorts and kinds. Hence the publisher is led inevitably to adapt his newspaper—his "medium" as trade jargon goes—to the tastes of the advertisement-reading element. Here is the true explanation of the vulgarization of our daily newspaper press. The average daily newspaper is addressed primarily not to the mind and judgment of the intelligent and high thinking classes, but to the mind and taste of the less thoughtful and less cultivated elements. For, be it remembered, it is these

classes that habitually buy ready-made clothing, bargain-counter finery, and patent medicines.

The proof lies in the contents of the papers as they come to our doors. Do you find in any one of our city dailies bold and consistent discussions at odds with any popular whim of the hour? Do you find controverted social issues like the labor question, questions connected with religion and other like matters, treated with plainness of speech? Do you not find that there is cowardice, shrinking, complacency, the desire to disarm resentment, to placate good-will—do you not find all these reflected day by day in the attitude of your daily newspapers? Turn to the overgrown Sunday sheet, and what there do you find? A cheap and tawdry medley of sensations and other abominations cooked to suit the palates of those classes which regularly buy advertised merchandise. Very commonly one skilled in such matters can determine from the contents of a Sunday paper in precisely what quarter the circulation of that particular paper is weak and where its publisher wishes to strengthen it. The "policy" of the paper is oftentimes so grossly apparent that it is easy to tell precisely what element is under editorial cajolement.

The study of the average daily newspaper publisher is not that of the public welfare, but of how to stimulate and extend the circulation of his paper in quarters where it will serve its advertisers. His study is not to make his paper bold, sound, and strong, not to make it respectable and accepted by the thoughtful elements of the community, but to make an efficient "medium." The paper is not corrupted by its advertisers in the sense that they come with clubs in their hands to dictate its opinions. It is corrupted by its advertisers in the sense that they will, as every publisher knows, quickly abandon it if its policies tend to limit its circulation or in other ways limit its vogue among the buyers of advertised merchandise. For the advertiser gives his patronage not to those papers which reflect his opinions of things, but to those which serve his interest. He may not, indeed, be "utterly unconcerned about anything else," but he does not allow his concern to divert him from strictly business courses.

The plain truth is that the American daily newspaper with a few honorable exceptions—no one of which is to be found in San Francisco—has practically abandoned the higher function of journalism. It no longer discusses public questions with thoroughness or honesty. It is no longer a guide, philosopher, and friend to its readers, but a mere pander to the advertising business. In itself the advertising business is not disreputable; there is no reason why it should not be pursued upon its own purposes and to its own ends. The thing to be criticized in our daily newspapers is this, namely, that while they are in fact mere advertising sheets, having no convictions and no opinions, entirely commercialized in their policies, they still pretend to the higher character of public critics and guides. The time must come when the mask of false character shall be put aside. And when this time comes, daily journalism, while lacking much at the point of pretension, will gain something at the point of simple honesty.

### One Shoe Begins to Pinch.

Senator Flint's illustration in the matter of the senatorial candidacy illustrates one of the beauties of the system imposed upon us by the last legislature. It is required under this system that candidates for the United States senatorship as for other things shall make a primary election campaign, and having looked into the matter, Mr. Flint finds that such a campaign will be enormously expensive. He is not a rich man and therefore can not afford to pay the bills. Here indeed we have a beautiful situation—a situation in which a man willing to serve his State in the United States Senate must either be rich enough to pay a pri-



digious campaign bill or he must ask his party to help him bear the expense. It appears from this that we have practically disqualified anybody but a rich man or a man with "backing" for the United States senatorship. Measurably it is the same in the minor offices. Only those with the hardihood to thrust themselves forward can be considered at all; and only those willing to invest heavily in the chances of election can hope for success. Under these conditions public service in this land of the free is in the way of becoming a very degenerate as well as a very costly game.

### The Tuberculosis Ordinance.

The tuberculosis ordinance, as amended, is but a shade less obnoxious than in its original form. It will be remembered that the law as it first stood empowered any doctor or any inspector to order the forcible removal of tuberculosis victims to any unspecified premises named by the health board, there to be detained indefinitely and without reference to the wishes of friends or relatives. The amendment transfers this autocratic power from the hands of an individual to those of the health board as a body, and while this somewhat widens the basis of tyrannical authority, the tyranny itself remains as flagitious and as intolerable as it was before. It is an act of oppression aimed at the poor and the helpless, not at all upon the grounds of a legitimate public policy, but in gratification of a professional vanity that finds ready tools in the empty minds of the supervisors and the weak subservience of the mayor to his professional colleagues. The misery that must follow the application of this amended ordinance, the abuses to which it must inevitably give rise, the brutalities inseparable from it, are too obvious to need indication, while no one who knows anything of the *esprit de corps* among doctors will expect from the medical board anything more than an obsequious amen to the verdict of the individual practitioner, whose power remains therefore just as great as before. It is fortunate that a new board of supervisors is about to replace the credulous incompetents who passed this ordinance. If the new board has the welfare of the poor and the unprotected at heart—or if it is dominated by the spirit of common sense—it will revoke this wicked law without delay.

The plea that salutary results may sometimes follow the isolation of the tuberculous is not a valid one. There are a great many things that would be good for our health, but we do not propose to be driven to them by the law. Tuberculosis and many other diseases might be warded off by a wise attention, for instance, to dress, but we do not intend to put on our overcoats at the order of a policeman or to stand out of a draught at the bidding of the health board inspector. The duty of the law to protect the public health is unquestionable, but its performance must be watched with extraordinary vigilance lest it interfere with those rights of free action that are more important than physical well-being. Moreover, the law must be clear and unequivocal, and not the mere conferring of despotic power over life and liberty upon some unnamed and irresponsible individuals who happen to have been shoved into office to pay a political debt. The German emperor would not dare to exercise such a power as was conferred, and is still conferred, by this ordinance upon any "inspector."

The medical profession in general would do well to discourage the aggressiveness of the health board. The alliance between the doctor and the policeman may be sometimes necessary, but it is essentially hateful and to be minimized rather than extended. The doctor invites confidences analogous to those offered to the priest, and nothing can be more distasteful than the suspicion that a mistaken or an ignorant diagnosis may mean the needless invocation of some oppressive and humiliating law, and that the symptoms recounted in the confessional of the sick room are made the subject of reports and of health board discussions in the presence of reporters and perhaps of police intervention. And all this possibly on the authority of some medical tadpole who has brought from the schools very little more than a sense of his own importance and a craving to display it. The medical profession may not appreciate the fact, but it is a fact, that the tendency to secure unqualified medical aid, to resort to faith cures and the like and to buy patent medicines is largely due to a slowly growing fear of the physician and his partner, the inspector and the policeman, to a dread lest the innocent sore throat shall be extravagantly attributed to diphtheria or the cold to a contagious fever,

with the intolerable concomitants of an official and a brutal supervision. The average practitioner who is content humbly and honestly to combat disease at the bedside would do well not only to hold himself aloof from the legislating doctor, but actively to discourage him. One such iniquitous ordinance as that now upon our book does incalculable and unmerited harm to the whole profession.

### An Amazing Avowal.

In the course of an address at the Building Trades Temple in San Francisco on Sunday last Mr. P. H. McCarthy, the mayor-elect, made this highly significant remark:

To be sure, I am the mayor-elect, but first of all I am president of the Building Trades Council, and, as I have stated frequently, whenever it becomes a question between public office and the labor movement, whether as mayor, governor, or United States senator, they must go down before the interests of labor.

Here we have in a confused but nevertheless understandable form the fundamental impulse and motive of the McCarthy mind. McCarthy is the mayor-elect and within a day or two will take an oath to sustain the responsibilities of the office to which he has been chosen. But above all and in the face of this oath, he is a labor agitator, the agent of an irresponsible movement, considering the interests of that movement as first and above all other purposes. Therefore no matter how fair his policies may assume to be, no matter what pledges he has given, this man in his primary character is less an official of the city than the leader of a social faction. We emphasize the point because there may be times ahead of us when it will be well to bear in mind the spirit and purpose under which this man assumes the mayoralty of San Francisco.

In times past it has been charged that government was organized in the interest of property, of the educated classes, of what not. We have heard the charges rung upon these accusations by men of the McCarthy type since time out of mind. But has there ever before been a situation in which a mayor-elect of San Francisco could openly and without instant rebuke on the part of those who heard him declare the subordination of his office to the interest of a particular class or faction? What would have been thought of the late Mayor Otis if upon the eve of taking office he had arrogantly declared that the interest of the merchant class to which he belonged came before his obligations as mayor? What would San Francisco have said to Mayor Alvord if under like circumstances he had declared that the interest of San Francisco was to be secondary to that of the banking trade?

These citations may well lead us to take stock of the state of public understanding and the public conscience. They indicate how far we have drifted from those simple and equitable standards which lie at the basis of our system. Likewise they exhibit the distance we must retrace if government by all and for all is not to perish from the land.

Men and brethren—ye who are disposed out of sheer optimism to minimize that which threatens, to make the most of every promise—be not deceived. The ideas, the purposes represented by the régime about to take office are not only inconsistent with the traditional scheme of things, but directly and absolutely fatal to it. We can live through it as we have lived through earthquake, conflagration, pestilence, paralysis of industry, disturbance of business, graft and usurpation. We can live through it, but as we value our birthright we must not consent to it. A city or a country may indeed survive multiplied hardships, but let it once leave go of the sheet anchor of principle—let it forget or abandon the standards of its foundation—and there is nothing before it but confusion and anarchy ending in tyranny.

### Nicaragua and Mexico.

Dispatches from Nicaragua and from Mexico, not to mention things happening nearer by, go to demonstrate that we have a faction or party eager and waiting for opportunities of aggressive action in regions to the south of us. Nobody has yet ventured to announce a policy of "the stars and stripes to the isthmus," but there are those who not only hope for it but are already scheming for it. The movement was inaugurated by that outrageous and shameful procedure under which we drove Colombia from her rightful territories and made ourselves masters of the isthmus. By the same or kindred methods it is now hoped to extend American authority over the several countries which lie between our southern boundary and the isthmus. It

is just as well that the American people should understand what is in the wind, for when they understand it they will surely resent and rebuke it. We are not a nation of filibusters and land grabbers: there is no sentiment in the country to justify the spoliation of neighboring countries. We are at peace with the countries which lie between our boundary and the isthmus: we owe them under the rules of justice and under the principles of common sense neighborly courtesy and neighborly coöperation. To scheme their undoing, to take advantage of their weaknesses, to plan our own aggrandizement at their expense—all this is in violation of every principle belonging naturally to the American idea and the American way of doing things. Our present attitude is tending to excite the fears not only of Nicaragua, but of Mexico and other neighboring countries. We ought to allay these fears by entering into some species of convention that would yield them assurance of the honesty of our intentions and of our neighborly good-will under all circumstances.

### Where Restriction Means Obstruction.

The Territory of Hawaii, made up of what we used to call the Sandwich Islands, lies under a hot sun. Its climate and its soil are adapted almost exclusively to tropical production, and this calls for a kind of labor unknown and foreign to the American workman. If we are to make the most of Hawaii—if the essential and natural industries of that country are to be promoted—we must so adjust or readjust our laws as to enable the sugar, banana, and pineapple planters to get laborers wherever they can find them. The Japanese are well suited in some respects for the work of the islands and they have already come in large numbers, but their temper is political and aggressive, their pretensions are high, and their presence if it solves one problem makes another almost as serious.

Under a relaxation of the immigration laws the planters were permitted last year to import a shipload of laborers from Spain and Portugal, but the experiment was not a success. The men brought in for the most part quickly abandoned their engagements and rushed off to the mainland, leaving the planters no better off than before. Then there was resort to Porto Rico, which, being technically an American territory, is not under the prohibition of the statutes relating to immigration. Here again there was failure. The Porto Ricans are not skillful or diligent laborers; there is now no hope of their solving the labor problem in the islands.

An easy and certain solution of the Hawaiian labor problem is in plain sight, lacking only the consent of the American government. China literally teems with an element perfectly suited to the work of the island plantations. All the labor needed to establish island industry on an entirely efficient basis could be had in six months' time if there could be a limited suspension of the exclusion law. If fifty thousand Chinese, or even half that number, could be brought into the islands it would put a quietus to the pending labor troubles and establish the local prosperity upon a largely expanded basis.

There is an old saw which recites the folly of cutting off one's nose to spite one's face. This is precisely what we are doing in Hawaii. For the sake of a stupid and technical consistency, deserving of no respect or consideration on the score of common sense, we are preventing the island planters from supplying their need from the one source whence it might easily and suitably be done. It is not a case difficult to analyze, not a case presenting legitimate problems. It is simply a case where, through political cowardice, nobody is willing to take the lead. One bold and strong member of Congress who would make himself master of the facts and who would act without fear of the labor unions ought to be able to bring about a relaxation of the law that would mean fortune to the Hawaiian Islands and imply a substantial advantage to American industry.

There is another point at which the severity of restrictive law works hardship upon the Hawaiian Islands. There is a regulation which restricts the passenger traffic to the great inconvenience of those who pass to and fro between the islands and the mainland. Transpacific steamers going and coming stop at Honolulu, but they may not carry passengers between the islands and the mainland because a fool law enacted presumptively in the interest of the American merchant marine forbids it. This works hardship in a hundred forms, tending to the restraint of trade and to the isolation of the islands. It ought to be removed so far as



the islands are concerned. Instead of so maintaining the law as to burden the islands, we ought to recast it to their advantage. A time has come when a set of restrictions devised for simpler times and conditions are obstructive and otherwise mischievous.

### Better Days for Belgium.

The accession of Prince Albert to the throne of Belgium has an importance out of all proportion to the size of the kingdom. So far as geographical area is concerned Belgium is both small and insignificant, but it would hardly be an exaggeration to describe it as the keystone in the edifice of European politics. Its position is, however, purely an artificial one. The kingdom was practically amputated from the French empire after Waterloo, and was endowed with sovereignty and independence in order that it might act as a buffer state against France and so deprive that country of the control of Antwerp, which under French energy might have easily become a rival to London and perhaps even a military danger to London. The independence of Belgium came, however, only after an experimental union with Holland which lasted but a few years. The Belgians were French in language and sentiment and made but ill consorts for the Dutch, so that entire independence was the only alternative to the reunion with France that England was determined to prevent. Perhaps Belgium has not now the strategical and diplomatic importance as a buffer state that she had after Waterloo, when it was felt that France must be kept from the Scheldt at all hazards, but it is to be remembered that at the time of the Franco-Prussian War the British government seriously considered the advisability of protecting the Belgian frontiers against invasion by the dispatch of an army. This was rendered unnecessary by undertakings from France and Germany, but it was clearly understood that England would fight for the integrity of Belgium.

The mental and moral stamina of the new king is therefore a matter of importance, and it is fortunate that he seems to have most of the virtues where his predecessor had most of the vices. He has already spoken manfully of his intentions both toward the people of the Congo and of Belgium, and if he can remove the ugly scandal in Africa he will justify his reign by that alone. But there is every reason to expect that he will do more than this, although youthful enthusiasms are somewhat apt to tarnish with the fuller opportunities of a throne. The young king has a reputation not only for liberal opinions, but for practical benevolences, and it has even been whispered that an uprising against Leopold I would have found a leader in the heir to the throne. He is not only highly educated, as all princes must necessarily be nowadays, but he has that sort of public-spirited culture that finds expression in lectures and in a warm, practical interest in schemes for social amelioration. All these virtues may of course wane in the undemocratic atmosphere of the Brussels court and under the discouragements of a people by no means famed for generous thought or for national ideals. At the same time Albert can by no possibility be worse than his unspeakable predecessor, while there is every indication that he will be a thousand times better, so that a bright future is quite upon the cards for Belgium and one that will be commensurate with her political importance.

### A Few Fundamental Truths.

The demand of organized labor for monopoly of work in the steel industries of the United States makes occasion for restating, even for the ten thousandth time, a few fundamental principles which define the rights of labor, organized and unorganized. The right to labor is a sacred one because it is the right to live, since men may not live without labor. It is a right guaranteed by every government, for otherwise government would be an inefficient and useless thing. A government which would not or could not protect its citizens, even the humblest, in the primary right to work and thereby to live must be without respect or claims to support.

The right to work implies the right to quit work—to strike, if you please. If the right to strike be denied to any man, if his labor be enforced, then that man is no free man, but a slave. Therefore, the right to strike is a fixed and sacred one—one which may not be denied by law in any country which pretends to guarantee the freedom of its citizens.

Whatever men may do rightfully as individuals they may do rightfully in association. Special laws are

made under which the capital of several persons or many may be associated for public or private purposes. The right under which associations of capital are justified applies equally to associations of labor. It would be anomalous and wicked to permit capital to work collectively and impersonally while denying similar privilege or right to labor. In fact, nobody in these days denies or questions it. All men concede that labor has the right of organization, that it may legitimately coöperate to the end of disposing of its powers to the best advantage, of acting through agents, etc.

But under organization labor gains no new rights. That which it is wrong for an individual to do is wrong when done by an association of individuals, no matter under what pretensions or to what ends. The right of ten thousand or ten million men organized into a union is no greater than the right of any one of them acting by himself. Organized labor gains absolutely no rights, moral, political, or social, through association. All that can possibly be gained through association are such advantages as may accrue under coöperative action.

For organized labor to demand monopoly of all industry or of any industry, to the exclusion of unorganized labor, is a demand for special privilege, bold and immoral in its arrogance. It is pure selfishness, plus the wish and intent to override the rights of other men. Morally it is akin to that system under which organized pillage was carried on in central Europe during the middle ages. The right of might, which is no right at all, is the only argument that can be urged in support of it. Of course no government pretending to guarantee the freedom of its citizens could yield to this monstrous demand; for to do this would be to yield to one element of the community that which impinges upon the rights of other elements.

At the present time organized labor has no legal standing whatever. Its demands are overwhelming, relating not only to monopoly of industry, but to dominance in politics and in special privileges under legislation, but at the same time it refuses to make itself responsible even in the smallest degree. We have yet to hear that any union has consented to incorporation and thereby to assume legal responsibility for its own contracts. The law provides for associations of capital, defining their powers, limitations, and responsibilities. Associations of capital declining to submit to the law as it stands upon the statute books are properly denied the privilege of doing business. It should be the same with associations of labor. The statutes of the country should provide equitable conditions for the organization of labor, conceding and establishing everything that can be justified by natural or legal right and denying those claims which run athwart the rights and privileges of others. Above all, organized labor should be made responsible under the law; it should be compelled like associations of capital to work under rules holding it to lines of legitimacy, prohibiting it from aggressive and oppressive courses.

### Editorial Notes.

John Bigelow, the aged writer, has just written a letter to the Civic Forum in which he condemns the American tariff policy on the broadest grounds. Among other things, he says: "No system of government that is founded upon a hostility of interests rather than the brotherhood of man can be reformed. It infects, circumscribes, and poisons the relations of every class, and its progress, like the moon's ascension, is but its progress to decay, or the palliation of a disease the progress of which only results more rapidly in death. Our tariff compels an inequitable distribution of the wealth of the country, thereby creating a class always increasing in number whose interests are hostile not only to the rights but to the best interests of all. It creates an aristocracy of wealth which, like all aristocracies, must end sooner or later in flagrant war." Events of the past year tend to make a good many persons, hitherto supporters of the protective tariff, of the same mind with Mr. Bigelow.

The case against Dr. Cook appears to be complete. The wise men of Denmark have decided against him. His records, they say, contain no proof of his having reached the pole. The American Exploration Society, of which he was an old-time member and which gave him a complimentary dinner upon his return from the north, finds that he did not ascend Mt. McKinley, but falsely claimed that honor upon the basis of fabricated statements. His own attorney pronounces him to be a

conscienceless fraud. To make his discredit complete, Cook has even gone back on himself, altering his personal appearance, assuming a false name, and hiding himself in parts unknown. It is all very shameful, very pitiful, and the least said about it the better for human self-respect. But the collapse of Cook does not restore Peary to public respect. If Cook is a fraud, Peary is a cad. If, in truth, he knew Cook's claims to be bogus, then all that he needed to do was to demand the proofs and hold his tongue. A man sure of his contention can afford to wait—to bide his time. He did neither the one thing nor the other. He railed loudly and vulgarly against Cook, refused the simple courtesies obligatory upon a gentleman, showed bad temper, bad taste, and bad manners at a dozen points. The effect of the whole incident is to rob of its dignity and distinction an achievement which as the climax of four centuries of hope and daring should have thrilled the world.

Los Angeles has planned for a notable aviation meet for the period between the 10th and 20th of January. The plan originated with the Los Angeles people, and has been worked out through their enterprise and liberality. Now we hear a proposition for San Francisco to organize a similar event here late in January or February, making use of the aviators and machines assembled for the Los Angeles meeting. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* this movement is out of propriety and an impingement upon neighborly obligation. Much of the advantage accruing to Los Angeles in the plans she has made will come through the attendance of persons from the middle and northern parts of the State, including San Francisco. If San Francisco is to have an aviation season immediately after the Los Angeles event closes, then the attendance from this part of the State upon the Los Angeles event will be limited. The rights of the situation are clearly with Los Angeles, and there ought to be no movement in San Francisco that will tend to the limitation of her advantage through it. Common courtesy points to our course in the matter; but there are other reasons. We are proposing a World's Fair in San Francisco for the year 1915. We want the coöperation of Los Angeles. Perhaps we could make no more effective bid for it than to join with Los Angeles in the aviation meeting which she has planned, and to do nothing tending to detract from it.

Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard is the latest "historian" to engage in the business of smashing the traditions which have long held high credit with the American people. With one swoop of the pen he robs the pilgrim fathers and the Virginia cavaliers of the special virtues which have been attributed to them. It may be that Professor Hart is right, but we see no possible good in a species of muck-raking which tends to leave the country without historical inspiration. The plain truth is that nobody of this generation can possibly comprehend sympathetically the character or spirit either of the pilgrim fathers or the Virginia cavaliers. Both groups of men represented courage, personal hardihood, and originated certain forms of enterprise, industrial and social, which have given us the system under which we live. This is an achievement eminently worthy of our veneration, and we can not see that any good is likely to come from the work of Professor Hart and those like him who seek to minimize the virtues of our forefathers. This kind of work is essentially that of men of small minds, and it is not to small-minded men that we should look either for historical judgments or for other standards of knowledge and thought.

It is understood that the late King Leopold of Belgium accumulated a large amount of money as the result of his sordid operations in Africa. But it is not reported that either the Belgians or the African negroes have enjoyed any particular benefits through his activity. It is not easy to recall an instance in times near or remote when any general or moral advantage has come through the operations of royalty in money-making ventures. Queen Elizabeth's participation in thinly veiled piracy tended neither to the advantage of her day and generation nor to the general repute of England for fair dealing. More recently the business operations of certain Russian grand dukes in timber and land concessions on the Yalu River were among the causes of the Russian-Japanese war, which cost the country of these same grand dukes so heavily in money and other forms of loss. Prince Albert of Monaco makes money out of the gambling games of



ried on under his authority, but it is not discovered that any other advantage accrues to anybody through these games. The participation in business of the Spanish-American dictators helps undoubtedly to oil the wheels of fast life in Paris, but it certainly has done nothing for the Spanish-American states, Kings and other rulers of men best serve the countries to which they are attached when they keep clear of everything but their own proper business, leaving commerce, speculation, and exploitation alike to other than royal hands.

We know of no reason why school teachers should have "retirement salaries"—pensions in other words—more than other people. We know of no reason why school teachers should not be prudent and prepare for old age precisely like other people. The only way to get money to pay pensions to teachers or to anybody else is to tax the property and industry of the country. Already the property and industry of the country are sufficiently taxed. The true policy of the State in dealing with school teachers as with other professions is to pay a fair price for service; and the right policy of those who yield this service is to lay up something for old age precisely as others do, or ought to. Nothing is more demoralizing than a pension. It robs those who are assured of it of one of the first motives of prudence. It promotes extravagance and recklessness. It tends to destroy character. It is bad for him who takes, and, speaking as a taxpayer, it is bad for him who gives. Let school teachers in self-respect drop their pension schemes and study those maxims of poor Richard which inculcate prudence and thrift in financial matters.

The political innovators at Boston, who recently secured the adoption of a charter which does away with party initiative and responsibility in the matter of candidates for municipal office, are not getting out of their work the satisfaction which they expected. Under the scheme of nomination-by-petition the whole contest rests upon personality. There are no "issues" other than those embodied in the candidates, who in effect nominate themselves. Nobody is responsible for anything other than the candidates. In the present campaign the man is seeking the office and seeking it desperately in the case of each candidate. There is no seeking of the man by the office. A correspondent of the *New York Evening Post*, reviewing the situation, remarks: "The charter promises to secure for its first practical outcome the success of the very men it was aimed against."

We may of course assume that the appalling button issued by the exposition committee is something in the nature of an emergency or interim measure and that it will presently give way to something that can be worn without a blush by modest and retiring natures. We should all like to wear a button in proof of our enthusiasm, but even enthusiasm shrinks from a decoration so aggressive and one so unpleasantly suggestive of a beer token or of good standing in the Teamsters' Union. It is easy to believe that the production of an artistically designed button is a severe strain upon an exposition committee and we are all willing to wait for the moving of the spirit and to bear the temporary infliction with what grace we may. But we hope it will not be for long.

The old book-stalls, whether those along the Seine or under the arcades of the Odéon, in Paris, or those of dingy streets in London and Oxford, make up an institution rarer with us. Our civilization is, perhaps, too new for it (observes an editorial writer in the *New York Evening Post*). Before you can have old book-shops, you must have interests that reach far back. You must have had the dispersal of many thousands and tens of thousands of good libraries—not "great" libraries, for these are snapped up by the dealers. You must have many thousands of half-forgotten books, bound in crumbling calf and moldering sheep; such books as leave on your sleeve and gloves a fine powdery dust, not comparable to anything else under the sun. Cloth bindings will not do, nor best sellers, no, not even a hundred years from now. The paper used in our best sellers will have passed out of being, and their type will be illegible, long before the writings themselves can have taken on, through antiquity, a sentimental and historic fascination. And so it will be a long time before America has many really interesting book-shops. We shall still have to go to Oxford, to London, to Paris, for that kind of thrill.

Automobile manufacturers have solved every problem connected with their work, it is said, except that of providing harmonious color schemes of decoration for the vehicles.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

An event of some significance and one that is hardly met by an obscure news paragraph is the recall to Washington of Consul Frederick D. Cloud from his position at Moukden. Mr. Cloud "believes" that he is wanted "to join the force of the State Department," which of course is a very proper and correct explanation to give. It may even be the correct one, but it comes too soon after the Crane incident to be accepted without a grain of salt.

Mr. Cloud was the author of a report upon Japanese aggressions in Manchuria, and it was the publication of this report that did much to convince the public of the hollowness of Japanese protestations about the open door. In making this report Mr. Cloud did his simple duty to his own government, and it is hard to resist the conviction that his recall is due to that very fact.

If such a surmise is correct it suggests some unpleasant thoughts. No one now takes the trouble to deny that Mr. Crane's summary dismissal by Secretary Knox was due to pressure from the Japanese government, who have their own sufficient reasons for objecting to a strong man at Peking, and especially a man whose views upon evacuation and the open door are well known. Now we have the further and parallel case of Mr. Cloud, and we are forced to the opinion that Mr. Cloud has been recalled from Moukden because he is displeasing to the Japanese government in the same way that any one would be displeasing who illuminated current proceedings in that province.

Moukden is in China, and Mr. Cloud was therefore credited to the Chinese government. If the Japanese government has ventured to protest its action is comparable to a protest from France against an American consular appointment in England. In other words, it is piece of stupefying insolence. But there is reason to believe that it has been done.

The feeling is an uncomfortable one, because it provokes the natural inquiry as to when this process is to stop. May our State Department feel itself at liberty to appoint any official anywhere without the Japanese *visé* or is the supervisory function attached to China only? If the Japanese authorities may secure the recall first of an American ambassador and then of an American consul accredited not to Japan but to the independent and sovereign power of China, are we within sight of any limit to their interference in American affairs? And has Mr. Knox set any limit to his own acquiescence? The open door in Manchuria has of course become a joke, if the Japanese government will permit us to say so. There never was an open door, there never will be one, and it was never intended that there should be one, but it would be well for us to know to what extent we are still possessed of autonomy in the appointment of our representatives in China.

Every one professes to believe that Secretary MacVeagh spoke with the presidential approval when he said that the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill is not a finality, but an "incident" in tariff legislation, that the Republican party "has changed its front," that it has "faced about" and is now "marching toward lower tariffs." Perhaps it would not be so easy to believe in presidential inspiration for so surprising a speech but for the fact that it is so well in accord with the President's references in his message to the tariff board and the intention to use it for gathering facts as to the cost of production.

Now an intention to ascertain facts is nothing less than the handwriting upon the wall for the standpatters, and they were correspondingly indignant. Senator Hale, with all the brave audacity of an ultimatum-bearer, was quick to jump into the breach and to declare that he and his associates would never, never, never allow such an outrage as the collection of facts, and that the tariff board must either confine itself to the collection of its salaries or devote itself only to the customary pursuit of fiction. There was something almost Napoleonic in the senator's repudiation of facts and in his determination to resist them at all costs.

At the same time we may well wish for a narrower definition of the presidential attitude and for a clearing away of the inconsistencies that seem to surround it. We were told at Winona that the Payne-Aldrich bill was the best ever produced by the Republican party. Now it must deserve this eulogy either from the fact that it was an upward revision or that it was a downward revision. As a matter of fact it was an upward revision, incontestably and undeniably so. Therefore the "best" bill is a bill with an upward effect, and if it had any other effect it would not have been a "best" bill. And yet Mr. MacVeagh tells us with authority that the party has "faced about" and is "marching toward lower tariffs." It may of course be so, but it is evident that the march began since and not before the passage of the bill.

In the meantime Mr. MacVeagh is to be punished, and without any of the benefits to which first offenders are entitled. As a matter of fact MacVeagh is not a first offender, inasmuch as he showed a deplorable weakness for "facts" during the tariff debates. Now facts are all very well in themselves, but their fatal effect upon the public is well known, and it was MacVeagh who published the facts as to the exact part played by the import duties in the prices of commodities. It will be remembered that Mr. Taft asked for the figures, but it was the Treasury Department that handed out the dynamite to the public, and if giving statistical facts to the public is not demagoguery and muckraking of the worst kind, then what is? And now MacVeagh has offended again and is therefore to be handled without benefit of clergy. The first move is to hold up the appointments of Royall E. Cabell to be commissioner of Internal Revenue and James Freeman Curtis to be Assistant Secretary of the Treasury. Both these gentlemen are nominees of Mr. MacVeagh, and their names have been sent to a sub-committee with a clear intimation that any time within the next decade will do for their considera-

tion. This sudden search for "facts" must be discouraged at all costs, whether it come from a Secretary of the Treasury or from a tariff board appointed by the President himself.

John Bigelow, in spite of his ninety-two years, has still the power to get the public ear. His letter, read at the municipal dinner of the Civic Forum at the Hotel Astor in New York, is quoted in full by most of the metropolitan newspapers. The Civic Forum, which has among its members such men as President Taft, Mr. Bryan, Justice Brewer, Archbishop Ireland, and Mr. Howells, is famous for plain-spoken declaration, and certainly Mr. Bigelow's letter from the viewpoint of force and coherence is worthy of its annals.

Mr. Bigelow expresses his enthusiasm for reform, but he "can not conceive of any substantial reform or improvement in our city, State, or national government that can be accomplished while our Federal government is under the dominion of a national policy that confiscates the property of the multitude for the protection and enrichment of a class." It need not be said that Mr. Bigelow refers to the tariff, which "infects, circumscribes, and poisons" the relations of every class, compelling an unequal distribution of wealth and creating an aristocracy that sooner or later must end in "flagrant war."

The labor troubles of the country are due, says Mr. Bigelow, to the tariff, which he describes as "the most oppressive tariff not only in the world at present, but in all historic times":

In fact, what is our present condition but a revolution, when every railroad and every industrial corporation in the country is contending for its life with laborers, whose wages can never keep pace with the tariffed increase of the cost of living. What is our condition now but civil war? For the last two years there has been a larger army of wage-earners on strike, that is, in revolt against their employers, than was at any time engaged in our Civil War by the Confederate States, thus far less bloody only because of enforced concessions to the demands of the wage-earners. The period of these struggles has been stigmatized as "the rich man's panic." It could more properly be called the natural and righteous penalty of our confiscating tariffs; so true is the proverb that what is won over the devil's back is lost under his belly.

The white slave traffic is still another count in Mr. Bigelow's indictment of the tariff, for it is the tariff that drives thousands of girls into the maelstrom of mercantile competition, and therefore into the midst of temptations that they should be spared:

President Taft in his recent message to Congress denies that the recent and constantly increasing cost of living is due to a protective tariff, a statement which proves nothing so clearly as that his training as a lawyer has not made of him a statesman, still less a political economist. How will he explain the recent extraordinary impulse given to the white slave traffic except by the tariff, which compels women to abandon their proper home life and take refuge in factories of protected industries for their daily bread, or else if not in consequence abandon themselves to a life of shame? What but the tariff can explain the revolt of a *corps d'armée* of shirtwaist makers of the gentler sex whose wages and treatment are incompatible with their leading decent lives?

Mr. Bigelow thinks that revolution is more probable than reform, but if there is to be reform it must come from Washington:

The root of our municipal trouble is in Washington. To reform any municipal grievance which does not begin at the root is like cutting for the cancer, only temporarily perhaps diminishing pain, but practically rendering the disease more active. It is the tariff upon imports by which we are warring upon all foreign nations at even greater expense than if we were using against them our fleet and armies. But injustice has inflamed the wage-earning portion of our population to such a degree that at this present moment we are actually enduring quite the expense and already not a little of the bloodshed of a civil war between the representatives of capital and of labor, a hostility which is becoming every day more bitter and more menacing.

Passing on to the question of a ship subsidy, Mr. Bigelow told his hearers that this is indeed a case of the "hair of the dog that bit you." It is the tariff that has swept the ocean clear of American ships, by excluding all the materials from which ships are built and accompanying the exclusion by a prohibition of all ships that are built elsewhere. In other words, we first pass legislation that makes American shipping an impossibility and then we ask for more legislation to neutralize the effects of what we have done. And so Mr. Bigelow asks: "Has the tariff proved as fatal an opiate to the conscience as to political and to every other kind of economy?"

Mr. Wickersham says that he had "no one particularly in mind" when he said that the Attorney-General "is constantly importuned to interfere with indictments or prosecutions, particularly in cases where proceedings are brought or threatened against persons of high social standing or of conspicuous political or business position." Nevertheless the *New York Evening Post* seems to think that Mr. Wickersham may have had several in mind and not one only. The fact, says the *Post*, is one of common knowledge and every prosecuting officer is similarly besieged. Mr. Wickersham has, of course, nothing but contempt for such efforts to influence justice, but his admission that they are continually made suggests that they have not always been fruitless. A habit is the result of successful accomplishment, and if Mr. Wickersham is thus besieged we may be fairly sure that his obduracy has some of the surprise of novelty.

Through the discovery of radium in the neighborhood, it is possible that Marienbad will be in a position to add radium baths to its other healing institutions next year. In an old silver mine, unworked since the fifteenth century, near Schoenicht, uranium ore has been found imbedded in the mountain granite and very near the surface. Experiments made in the Balneological Hygienic Institute there show that this radium rock, pulverized and dissolved in water, makes the water in a few hours radioactive in a much higher degree than the strongest baths at Gastein.



## A GAME OF EMPIRE.

What the Central American Imbroglío Portends.

History of quite important quality is in the making between the historic Rio Grande and the semi-historic "peak in Darien" from which Balboa (whom the poet Keats conformed with Cortez) "with glad surmise" first gazed upon the vast Pacific. Statesmen in their chancelleries are weaving a web of political destiny for the tribes and nations that inhabit the *tierras templadas* of the *cordilleras* and the hot lands of the fever zone and the mosquito coast; along the frontiers of the peppery little republics of Central America hover the filibusters of all nations, eager and watchful, like zopilotes whetting their unclean beaks for the remainder feast of the jaguar, lord of the jungle; within the palm-fringed and miasma-veiled borders of these turbulent *repúblicas*, where the white man wastes to a shadow at noonday and the sullen folk are immune by ages of rank and poisonous infection—under the purple clusters of the bougainvillea in its bloom, safe walled in the cool *patios* of tropical palaces, the snake-eyed plotters and the sneer-lipped *intrigantes* brood over their ceaseless game of chess; moving their pieces from square to square of a board checkered in blood alternating with the dull white of the wall against which the loser stands when he bids farewell to every hope save that which the cowed priest whispered in his ear before the firing squad filed into line.

Just now this history is not to the liking of those for whom it is being made. Even here, in the friendly capital of old Anahuac, where the policy of Chapultepec has faced with approving condescension the policy of Washington for nearly a quarter of a century, there is suspicion of resentment since Secretary Knox spoke to José Santos Zelaya in the language of the Saxon when he demands and is prepared to enforce the demand. "What is happening to Zelaya may, in similar circumstance, happen to us," say the self-illuminated leaders of the factions reactionary against the "American policy" of Chapultepec. "It may be the shadow of the behemoth of the north trampling a ruthless path from his Panama possessions even to the Guatemalan border." Why, they ask, should Mexico be hemmed in between the Gringo on the north and the Gringo on the south? I stood last night under the glare of the electric light at the corner where the Calle de San Francisco pours its crowded traffic into the broad expanse of the Avenida Juárez, and I saw the young men strut by in arrogant mood shouting "Viva Zelaya!" as they sometimes shout "Viva Rodarte!" or "Viva Gaona!" when those famous matadores have roused the *aficionados* of the *plaza de toros* to furious enthusiasm by brilliant *estacados* and reckless cape work at the imminent risk of their lives from the fierce thrust of horned beasts bred in the *ganaderías* of Campos Valera or Piedras Negras. These are of that section of Young Mexico whose hisses disturbed the otherwise unanimously patriotic clamor of the mob assembled in the Zócalo to hear Porfirio Díaz ring the bell of independence in front of the National Palace on the eve of September 16, in commemoration of Hidalgo's fierce cry in the night from the tower of Dolores; these are the same young statesmen who expressed sibilant disapproval of President Díaz's going out to meet President Taft at El Paso and Ciudad Juárez. They are swart-faced youths, many of them undergraduates of the professional colleges who have not yet realized that a little learning is a dangerous thing. They belong to "circles" and *juntas*, and they read the cautious utterances of *México Nuevo* or the subtle insinuations of *El País* between the lines of inference that, if boldly expressed, would place the editors *incommunicado* in the noisome, typhus-infected cells of Belem. They wear "derby" hats after the northern fashion and "sack coats" and creased trousers and tan shoes and neckties imported from France and collars made in New Jersey. They are vociferously representative of the element that howled for the nomination of General Bernardo Reyes and insisted as absurdly upon their "constitutional rights." They are in no sense "reformers"; they are merely the loud voice of the "outs" clamoring to be "let in" on the enormous graft of the existing administration. They could be appeased with the same sop that stills the raucous rage of the ordinary American politician.

Yet the expression of this turbulent element is fairly indicative of a certain public opinion in Mexico inimical to any policy of the United States looking to the forceful regulation of Central American affairs. It is the argument of this public opinion that if the northern republic can assume suzerainty over Nicaragua or any of the other Central American States, that sort of authority could easily be extended to Mexico on any similar provocation. Particularly dangerous is regarded the sternly implied theory of the American State Department that the Latin-American republics can be held accountable for their method in dealing with American filibusters. It has been the custom of the hot lands to remove foreign filibusters as speedily as drumhead courts-martial could perform the simple routine of their functions. It was so when William Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny," flung down the proffered bandage on the beach of Corinto and faced the ragged, shoeless platoon of Nicaraguan guerrillas with a white man's defiance and contempt; it was so when the deluded remnant of Crabbe's expedition marched unarmed and trusting out of Cavorea to be

massacred by men who had fled to cover panicstricken when these reckless Californians charged upon them with rifles in their hands and bowie knives in their boots; it was so when the prisoners of Mier were decimated by lot of the black and white beans in the *olla muerta*; it was so when that imperial filibuster, Archduke of Austria, Maximilian, perished at Queretaro. And wherein, argue the Mexican casuists, is the case of Cannon and Groce different from these? Surely it is a dangerous precedent that these American statesmen would establish—an innovation that would preserve the lives of the most implacable and astute foes of those who inhabit the region south of the Rio Grande. Little mercy is meted to the native disturber of the peace of the successful dictator; why, then, should any mercy be vouchsafed to the foreign intruder who stakes his life in the game and loses the forfeit?

It is well understood in Mexico that "American interests" are in no jeopardy in Nicaragua. The substantial "American interests" in that republic are under the protection of President Zelaya in the form of absolute trade monopolies in each of which Zelaya is a senior partner. It is believed here that the "revolution" now in progress in that country is promoted by "interests," American and otherwise, whose sole object is to take over these monopolies under a constitution which explicitly forbids the granting of such special privileges. It was similar envious and mercenary influences that provoked the Matos revolution in Venezuela and finally drove Castro from his place of power and vantage. The row in Nicaragua is regarded by well-informed Mexicans as a battle for the spoils between two gangs of foreign adventurers—one of which is sustained by a robber dictator and the other encouraged by a powerful lobby at the American capital.

No doubt it would please the Díaz administration of Mexico if the United States should establish a "protectorate" over Nicaragua or any other of the Central American republics; but it is doubtful if the statesmen of Chapultepec would look with favor on any scheme that had for its basis the consolidation of the isthmian states into a federated government controlled and directed by American policies. If it could be agreed between the United States and Mexico that the federation shall operate under Mexican methods, on the hypothesis that Latin-Americans are best fitted to direct the affairs of Latin-American communities, the oligarchy in control of this so-called republic would probably accept the proposition with alacrity. That would mean the election, by Mexican processes, of a dictator favorable to the designs of Mexican ambition and the eventual absorption into the Mexican autonomy of all the territory between the Guatemalan border and the canal zone. In the meantime, however, Estrada Cabrera, dictator of Guatemala, is the lion in the path. The rulers of Mexico hate Cabrera because they fear him. With Zelaya out of the running, Cabrera would loom dominant and well-nigh irresistible in Central American politics. And if Zelaya is the Verres of our American Sicily, Cabrera is the Tiberius of the Central American empire. If Cabrera were dictator of a confederated Central America he would certainly attempt to "absorb" something himself; and aside from the rich acquisition of Chiapas and Yucatan there would be some ripe and luscious scores to pay. Unless the United States will assure Governor Creel, now conducting a Mexican "mission" at Washington, that Cabrera shall be lost in the next shuffle of Central American affairs there will be little doing in the way of an "understanding" between the two State Departments. Cabrera is a dangerous neighbor—too dangerous, in fact, to be at large.

I have compared the Central American situation to a game of chess. It is scarcely that. The comparison would be more accurate with checkers or dominoes, or, possibly, draw poker. There is a combination of all these in the conditions now existing. The moves are swift and simple, as in the game of checkers; the results are frequently mechanical as in dominoes; and every player bluffs far beyond the value of his hand, as poker sharps do when they are in full nerve and confident that they have their opponents in doubt as to where the best cards lie. Zelaya's day is probably done; Cabrera is awaiting his opportunity; Díaz is "calling for one card"; and Secretary Knox "holds the edge." Eventually there will be a "show down," and the possibilities are excellent that the game will end in a row. There are many interests at stake and some of them are fighting for their very existence. The struggle has only just begun, and the issue is certain to involve not only the petty affairs of the little republics of Central America, but to influence the future politics of our own country and to determine in a vast measure the destiny of Mexico.

EDWIN H. CLOUGH.

MEXICO CITY, December 15, 1909.

The chamber of Martin Luther at Wartburg has fallen into a state of ruin. Admirers who have visited the Ritterhaus of Voburg, where the Elector Frederick the Wise offered asylum to the reformer, have allowed their zeal to exceed their discretion, and vandal-like have carved their names with their pocket-knives on the table and chipped off bits from the bedstead, so that to restore it would necessitate making it anew. The same has happened with the plaster on the wall, and the famous ink stain has disappeared completely.

Farmers are beginning to light up their lands with electricity generated by waterfalls.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Gertrude Johnson was recently elected treasurer of Cherry County, Nebraska. She had made a good deputy for several years.

Representative William Brown McKinley of Illinois is the owner of more miles of interurban electric railways than any other man in the world.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the venerable Cambridge author, is eighty-six. He was graduated from Harvard sixty-eight years ago, and began writing in 1863 his "Out-door Papers."

Prince Albert of Belgium, who succeeds King Leopold, visited the United States in 1898 and was much interested in railway and commercial developments. He spoke English then fluently.

Vice-Admiral Ijuin, who is to succeed Admiral Togo in chief command of the Japanese fleet, distinguished himself in the Russo-Japanese War, and is well known in naval circles in America and England.

Captain Viaud, of the port of Rochefort, it is announced in the *Journal Officiel* of France, has been permitted to exercise his rights under the age limit to retire from the French navy. Captain Viaud-Pierre Loti, the author of "Pêcheurs d'Islande," etc., will be sixty on the day set for his retirement.

Robert Wynne, the former United States consul-general in London, intends to resume newspaper work in the British capital. Before Mr. Wynne became Postmaster-General of the United States he had a long and brilliant journalistic career, being also president of the Gridiron Club at Washington. He is intimately acquainted at first hand with London and its celebrities.

King Victor Emmanuel is a scientific numismatist and collector of coins. His cabinet contains 60,000 coins, some most rare and almost priceless. The king will shortly publish a treatise on numismatics. It will run into several volumes, and will be entitled "Corpus Minimorum Italicorum." The printing of the first volume is almost complete. To insure correctness, proof sheets have been submitted to the keepers of the coin departments of the principal museums of the world.

Sven Hedin, whose new book, "Trans-Himalaya," tells of two years' adventures and discoveries in darkest Tibet, is generally regarded as the most noted of living explorers and geographers. He is a Swede, forty-four years old, unmarried, and his home is in Stockholm, but since 1885 his time has been spent largely in the wildest regions of Asia. He is a great linguist and has received titles and medals from various governments. His former book, "Through Asia," was published in nine languages, and his "Central Asia and Tibet" in twelve.

Celluloid is familiar in many forms of manufactured articles throughout the world, but its inventor, John Wesley Hyatt, is still hale and hearty at seventy-two, and continues his career in utilitarian research with lively interest. His first patent was secured when he was twenty-four, and since that time he has been a constant and successful applicant at the government offices. Mr. Hyatt's latest invention is expected to add materially to the ease and profit of sugar-making from cane. His home is in Newark, New Jersey, but he is known in all manufacturing centres.

Marie Montessori, a lecturer in the University at Rome, is said to be the most intellectual woman in Europe. She is an eloquent and convincing public speaker, and has gained a wide reputation for her ideas in the teaching of children. She advocates the carrying of instruction to the mind of the child by means of toys. She also has built a "model house" for the poor, and in it has a room set apart and specially equipped for the children. In it are toys of her own invention designed to teach the little ones to read and write. Her ideas have found such an appeal to the practical mind she has been invited to build a house exclusively for children in Milan.

Colonel Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis has been named as United States ambassador to Austria-Hungary, one of the most difficult posts in the diplomatic service. The court at Vienna is the most exclusive in Europe. Colonel Kerens has been prominent as a counselor in the Republican party since the days of Blaine's leadership, but has had official honors only as a member of the national committee. It is as a business man, connected with large interests and investments, a constructor of railroads in the East and the West, that he has shown his ability and force. He was born in Ireland sixty-seven years ago, but was brought to America by his parents when an infant. His youth was passed in Iowa, and he went into the Civil War from that State. He settled afterward in Arkansas, and was married in Fort Smith in 1867. He came to California in 1874 and remained long enough to become interested in the development of the resources of the State. The Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad was one of his projects. He is actively connected with Catholic universities and institutions and has erected two Catholic churches, one as a memorial to his father at Gassaway, West Virginia, and the other as a memorial to his mother at Eureka Springs, Arkansas. Miss Gladys Kerens, the third and only unmarried daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Kerens, will go with her parents to Vienna.



## THE MAKING OF A LADY.

A Story of San Francisco's Asia.

Di Choy should have known. Di Choy did, in fact, know full well the dangers of the game she played. Had she not seen, every day for two years, Sung Lean, the old woman, fat and with a skin like that of roast pig, who had no nose? Did not Di Choy know why Sung Lean had no nose, and was not the story of how she had lost it a stock tale told to frighten the women of her class?

But the gods, of whatever land they be, have always found it easy to inspire a girl with the will to risk her nose or her life when she so wishes. Who other than a girl can pretend with more ease or more success to forget what she would not remember? That is a power the gods should value highly, for it is a mighty engine of their hates.

Di Choy, aware that her punishment would come in the end and yet deluding herself into a sense of security, had done that which she was told should not be done. She had offended Quan Ming, her master, the man who had sworn that she was his wife when they brought her from her native land.

Sitting on the low, carved chair, Di Choy was very still, quiet with the frightened obstinacy of a guilty child.

The shuffle of soft shoes in Cum Cook Alley below rose and fell like gentle waves on sand, but barely reached the windowless room where she sat. The house itself was still—dead as the stagnant air of the closed room—for all the life it held. No echo came from the pulsing quarter that burrowed deep to keep a grip on its hill.

The girl's listless posture was exactly that in which Sung Lean had left her. One hand rested on the table at her side, on which lay a tea bowl of cool green and her own lacquered copper water-pipe, tassels of purple silk hanging from its mouthpiece.

Her hair was pressed straight back sleekly, held by fantastic combs. Her clothes were of soft tints but gay, and in her ears were the pendants she most prized, of the same deep shade as the jade in her single ring.

Di Choy's shoes were supported by little stilts, but her feet were not stunted, for she was a woman of neither class nor wealth. She was not a lady.

It was in the moon Chung Yut, and the new year festivities were but a few days past. She had been very happy during the holiday. Never before had her heart been more blithesome—at the moment when she should have been most cautious. With what delight had she watched the sacred dragon trail its yards of embroidered body through the streets; how pleased had she been to see the spluttering fire eat its way up long strings of crackers hung from balconies; had the lilies ever been sweeter than in those happiest of days?

As she recalled them now, Di Choy knew that she had looked for the first time seen through eyes which had looked on love. That was why the quarter had never before been so bright.

It was in the moon Chung Yut; Di Choy suddenly remembered that. For Tong Pow, who huddled his shriveled form over a little table and told what the gods had decided, had written it down that the moon Chung Yut would bring her sorrow. Of the joy it brought her he had said nothing.

The girl wondered what Quan Ming, her master, would do. Was she to become like old Sung Lean? Or worse?

Di Choy tried to put that fear away; she knew Quan Ming was not rich, and, too, she knew her own value was measured in money. But she could not forget: What would Quan Ming do?

Of a sudden she felt a great fear, not for herself, but for her lover. She had seen the tongs set to battle before now for just such cause as this. That many Chinamen might drop in a retaliatory war springing from her love she did not care; that one man would most surely fall first overwhelmed her.

She still sat as she had been left by Sung Lean, but it seemed now that a viper had wrapped itself about her heart and was gripping, squeezing tight. A girl's fear for the one she loves will do this thing whether her skin be yellow or white, whether it be clear or painted like Di Choy's.

Why had Sung Lean, who should know and understand, having suffered once, give herself up to delivering others to the fate that had been hers? Neither Di Choy nor wise men could know that. It is doubtful if the noseless woman herself knew.

Di Choy tried to be patient, a hard task when one is waiting to know one's fate. It is difficult, too, for a man, and she was but a girl, not yet full blossomed into womanhood.

Quan Ming would come, she knew, not as inquisitor, nor as judge. He would come as executioner. And what then?

The girl was taken out of herself by a shuffle and a low voice in the hall—the voice of Sung Lean.

Then Quan Ming entered.

Di Choy did not lift her eyes; the hand which rested on the table slipped to its slim mate in her lap. She heard only the soft jar as the door closed easily behind Quan.

The man—strong, a tall Cantonese, with high cheek bones and, for one of his race, a singularly prominent nose—stood silent. Di Choy felt his gaze; she felt the uselessness of asking pity; she realized to the full

how helpless she was in the dark room, so near to the close packed thousands in the houses and on the streets about her. She might call, but the cry of a slave is nobody's business save her master's. As she thought of all this, the girl knew that Quan Ming, too, knew his strength.

He spoke no word. While she cowered in the knowledge that she had offended him, he walked slowly to the low couch opposite the table by which she sat, and dropped to the mats which covered it.

Suddenly he grunted a command. Without raising her glance, Di Choy obeyed, lighting the tiny wick of the glass nut-oil lamp of Quan Ming's opium "layout." The jar of pungent paste, the scrapers and tamper, and the pipe of carved bamboo—the pipe bedecked with worked gold—she put beside him.

Resting on his elbow, Quan smoked. Now and then from narrowed eyes he looked at the girl. She, under that scrutiny, realized again the folly of attempting flight.

Di Choy sat as she had before, except that her fan of sandalwood fluttered about her face in short beats.

While Quan smoked two pills were they thus: the man watching, the girl fanning—and waiting. Then he rose, calmed by his drug but not stupefied, his plan formulated, ready for the carrying-out. Di Choy's fan dropped and the gauds in her ears shook as she cringed and turned her head sharply.

Quan did not laugh, nor did he curse. He watched her impassively, letting her fright help satisfy his desire for revenge. When, at last, she looked toward him furtively there was a trace of satisfaction in his face—the barest tinge of gratification.

He spoke: "You have been a bad slave. As a slave you are unworthy. I will make of you a lady. I will give you the mark of the lady; you shall have feet like the lily."

Quickly he stooped and in a moment bared the girl's feet—pretty feet, made for fairy dancing, with delicate toes and nails shiny and even over the lavender-pink flesh beneath.

Quan turned back to his couch, then wheeled again toward the girl—toward his possession, with whom he might do as he desired and no man interfere.

As she shrank, he dropped to one knee. With a strong grip—the hold of a man but little impaired by opium—he held Di Choy's dainty feet firm upon the floor, pressing hard as the slender toes curled under.

The girl whimpered, till of a sudden she shrieked.

Deliberately, with precision, with the regularity of a clock's tick, his right arm rose and fell. In his right hand was a cleaver, and as the arm swung downward the edge of steel at each stroke fell accurately across one of Di Choy's pretty, wriggling toes.

An even half score of times Quan Ming raised and dropped his arm, steadily, without hesitation, unmindful of the girl.

He rose.

"You have the mark of the lady?" he said, mocking the quivering mass of pretty clothes.

Then he went back to his couch and his pipe. There the police found him.

M. B. LEVICK.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1909.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Burial of Grant.

(New York, August 8, 1885.)

Ye living soldiers of the mighty war,  
Once more from roaring cannon and the drums  
And hughes at morn, the summons comes;  
Forget the halting limb, each wound and scar;  
Once more your Captain calls to you;  
Come to his last review;

And come ye, too, bright spirits of the dead,  
Ye who flamed heavenward from the embattled field;  
And ye whose harder fate it was to yield  
Life from the loathful prison or anguished bed;  
Dear ghosts! come join your comrades here  
Beside this sacred hier.

Nor he ye absent, ye immortal hand,—  
Warriors of ages past, and our own age,—  
Who drew the sword for right, and not in rage,  
Made war that peace might live in all the land,  
Nor ever struck one vengeful blow,  
But helped the fallen foe.

And fail not ye,—but, ah, ye falter not  
To join his army of the dead and living,—  
Ye who once felt his might and his forgiving;  
Brothers, whom more in love than hate he smote.  
For all his countrymen make room  
By our great hero's tomb!

Come, soldiers—not to hattle as of yore,  
But come to weep; ay, shed your noblest tears:  
For lo, the stubborn chief, who knew not fears,  
Lies cold at last, ye shall not see him more.  
How long grim Death he fought and well,  
That poor, lean frame doth tell.

All's over now; here let our Captain rest,  
Silent amid the hlaire of praise and blame;  
Here let him rest, while never rests his fame;  
Here in the city's heart he loved the best,  
And where our sons his tomh may see  
To make them brave as he;—

As brave as he—he on whose iron arm  
Our Greatest leaned, our gentlest and most wise;  
Leaned when all other help seemed mocking lies,  
While this one soldier checked the tide of harm,  
And they together saved the state,  
And made it free and great.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

Fewer express packages of books are received in Maine now, since a new law requires liquor shipments to be plainly labeled.

## A STARVING SUFFRAGETTE.

"Piccadilly" Tells the Sad Story of Mrs. Leigh Who Was Compelled to Drink Milk and Brandy.

It can hardly be maintained that the suffragette makes a good martyr, at least not that kind of a martyr whose blood is said to be the seed of the church. Perhaps if the suffragette were really called upon to shed a little blood it might make a difference, but so far it is only male blood that has been drawn, and it is the suffragette who has drawn it so that her halo of martyrdom is a little nebulous.

That is just the trouble with the suffragette martyr—her sufferings are too mild. If she could but persuade the authorities to throw a few of her to the lions in the zoological gardens, or to impale some of her on the spikes in Trafalgar Square, or to have an *auto da fe* in Cheapside, her cause would really benefit. At least there would be no one to laugh, and when second thoughts came, as they always do come, the faithful remnant would turn tragedy into triumph and would vote early and often. But the unreal sufferings of a lady who so misbehaves herself that she is sent to prison, and who then, being able to eat, refuses to do so and has to be forced, only make us laugh.

In this case the action was brought by Mrs. Marie Leigh against the Home Secretary, and it was tried before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury that it took exactly three minutes to impanel. Mrs. Leigh showed a slight disposition to make speeches under examination, but this tendency was discouraged by the judge. She explained that she was sentenced to four months' imprisonment for "entering a protest" upon the occasion of the Prime Minister's speech at Birmingham. Now "entering a protest" seems a small offense for so severe a punishment, but Mrs. Leigh was good enough to explain the form that the protest took. In point of fact she and another lady—perfect ladies both of them—climbed to the roof of an adjacent building armed with a supply of stones and ginger beer bottles, with which they bombarded the roof of the hall. They also had small axes, and when there were no more ginger beer bottles or stones they pried the slates from the roof and continued the bombardment. Yes, some of the missiles went through the windows—in fact, were aimed to do so, and this fact it might be thought would have insured the safety of the windows, but woman is evidently learning to throw stones. Was the lady aware that the hall was filled with people who might have been injured? Yes, she knew that it was filled with men, if men could be described as people. Personally she would hardly so dignify them, but that was a matter of opinion.

Having made clear the nature of her "protest," Mrs. Leigh went on to describe her prison experience, remarking incidentally that she had broken all the prison windows that she could reach by way of further protest. Then she had decided to starve herself, and after repelling all persuasions and remonstrances this is what happened. She was brought to the matron's room, where she found several wardresses, two doctors, and a white sheet spread upon the ground and in the middle of it a chair. One of the doctors read to her an official order to the effect that if she refused to eat she was to be forced to do so. She was then placed in the chair by the wardresses, one of the doctors opened her mouth with his finger, and the matron poured some food down her throat. She was then taken to the hospital and put to bed. In the evening she was fed again, but this time a funnel was inserted into the nostril, and as she struggled a great deal she was naturally hurt. This happened several times, and upon each occasion she was compelled to swallow a quantity of milk and brandy. A few days later, as her health became seriously impaired, the Home Office ordered that she be released and she promptly brought the present action for damages.

The Lord Chief Justice summed up with impartiality. The law, he said, did not allow the officials of a prison to increase the severity of a sentence, while it required them to use force to prevent self-injury on the part of prisoners. If they believed that the officials had done no more than their duty they would return a verdict for the Home Secretary. If they believed that the officials had exceeded their duty they would find for the lady. The jury, without leaving the box and almost without consultation, returned a verdict against Mrs. Leigh.

Of course the whole business is repulsive and disgusting, but public opinion here is almost entirely against the lady. How could it be otherwise, unless we are prepared to maintain that any woman may commit offenses of violence and then secure release from prison by refusing to eat her dinner. If Mrs. Leigh and her fellow-sufferers have sense enough to vote they would have sense enough to know that a detailed publicity of such proceedings is the worst enemy to their cause, which might have been effectually served by a reticence that would have left the imagination free to play over hinted at horrors that lose all possible appeal to the sympathies when particularized in a law court. We have no means of knowing if the gods ever laugh, but surely there must be a sardonic smile in the celestial regions at the sight of thousands of starving men and women in London while one silly woman is forcibly fed with milk and brandy by a cohort of doctors and wardresses.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, December 15, 1909.



## A GREAT FRENCHWOMAN.

C. C. Dyson Tells the Story of Mme. de Maintenon and of the Court in Which She Lived.

Nothing is more remarkable than the fascination still exercised by the last two hundred years of French history, and indeed no other period has been the centre of so much research and of so many efforts toward historical precision. The magnitude of the drama played upon the French stage is of course great enough to explain its attraction for the student of politics, but we must go deeper to understand its continuing sway upon the popular imagination, and this we may believe to be due rather to the part assigned to women than to any other cause. To find its parallel we must go back to the more or less legendary story of ancient Egypt, and there has certainly been nothing like it since the close of the Napoleonic era. To the psychologist may be left the task of explaining the sudden appearance of a galaxy of splendid female intellects whose supremacy over national affairs was none the less real—indeed all the more real—for its unofficial status. The historian may be content to note the phenomenon and to trace its results.

Mme. de Maintenon was perhaps the first as she was certainly the greatest of these luminaries. Her story has been told a dozen times by friend and by foe and from the many standpoints of admiration, of jealousy, and of hatred. She has been classed with Ninon de l'Enclos and with De Montespan among those frail beauties who held successive and dishonorable sway over the French court, and again she has been held up as a pattern for all wives and as rivaling the saints in piety and virtue. If we must reject some of the more extravagant encomiums we must at least admit that they are far nearer to the truth than are their opposites and that Mme. de Maintenon deserves to rank high among the illustrious women of the world.

Nothing is so strange as truth, and he would indeed be a hardy novelist who would take his heroine from a prison, the wife of such a man as Scarron and raise her to the throne of such a king as Louis the Magnificent. Well may Mme. de Maintenon have refused to write her experiences upon the ground that no one would believe them, and while her reticence may have left many strange secrets untold we have recovered at least enough for our complexity and wonderment.

Mr. Dyson has done his work well—that is to say, he has collated it from all sources and with a judicial discrimination between fact and fiction. He seems to have spoken the last word justified by our knowledge, and while still other facts may await discovery it is hardly likely that any part of his story will be invalidated by the future.

Mme. Scarron came to court in the capacity of nurse to the children of Mme. de Montespan and the king. She says that she undertook the charge out of respect to the king and because she believed that it was a religious duty:

The child, a girl, was born in 1669. At the time of Mme. de Montespan's accouchement Mme. Scarron was waiting in the next room, and at once carried off the infant to the house of a nurse who had been selected. She used to visit the child privately, and attended to its welfare, but she herself remained in her old quarters and appeared as usual in society, the better to keep the secret. The same course was adopted on the birth of a second child, the Comte de Vexin, and Mme. Scarron's existence at this time must have been most unenviable, going at all hours from house to house to superintend the nurses and attend to all that was necessary, besides reporting to the mother, and appearing amongst her friends.

After the birth of the third child of the king and Mme. de Montespan, the Duc du Maine, a house was taken for the three children, and Mme. Scarron went there to reside with them. It was large and commodious, situated amongst vast kitchen gardens in a sequestered situation between Vaugirard and the Luxembourg. It was thoroughly well appointed and Mme. Scarron's domestics included two nurses, a waiting-maid, a physician, a courier, two footmen, a coachman, a postilion, and two cooks. She was also provided with an excellent coach, in which she took the children to St. Germain every week, to be seen by their parents.

While their existence had to be concealed, and during the first years of her guardianship of the children of Mme. de Montespan and the king, Mme. Scarron's existence must have been most unpleasant and full of annoyances, but there was nothing in the post degrading or hurtful to delicacy of feeling, according to the ideas of that day. Any sort of connection with the king was considered enviable.

For a long time the queen was unaware of the rival establishment, but when it finally came to her knowledge she thought little enough of it. Conjugal fidelity was not expected from kings, and the wife allowed the children of the mistress to play with her own and complimented Mme. Scarron upon her wise tutelage that she had placed at the service of De Montespan:

The strained relations between Mme. de Montespan and Mme. de Maintenon continued till the latter was made lady-in-waiting to the dauphiness and ceased to reside under the same roof as Mme. de Montespan. After that they only met occasionally, or at public functions, when they greeted each other politely and exchanged a few words.

Mme. de Maintenon had never shrunk from telling the mother of her pupils that her relations with the king were sinful. She said: "If ever such a passion were pardonable, it would be yours for the king, on account of his merit; but I shall always say it is not excusable in the sight of God or even of men."

The Bishop of Condon, Bossuet, had made a great effort to induce the king to break off his intimacy with Mme. de Montespan, and with this view had caused forty hours' prayer to be offered in the churches.

The king spoke of this to Mme. de Maintenon. "Sire," she said, "Mme. de Montespan is dear to you, and gave herself to you by excess of love; but it was a selfish love, which wounded her husband and your wife, dishonored herself and her son, and connected scandal with your name, to the sorrow of all that is best in France. Your majesty must pardon my

extreme frankness; I would shed my blood to serve you. Before being called to the charge which you have confided to me, I mixed much in the world, where opinions are freely expressed, and I know public opinion. Both high and low cherish your majesty; there is not a Frenchman who does not admire your indefatigable zeal and your industry in your councils, your heroism in war, your skill in keeping the balance of power in Europe, but all regret that a fatal passion has tarnished these brilliant qualities. Where would society be, where would be the peace of your kingdom, if every one gave rein to their desire, as your majesty has, alas, given them the example; and what would you do to your captain of the guard if you were told he had taken away another man's wife? Would you not dismiss him at once?"

"Madame," replied Louis, "I never hate the truth; from your mouth it is less bitter than it might be from that of others."

Bossuet obtained from the king a letter to his mistress, informing her of his decision to break their connection. So Bossuet thought; and he himself took the letter to Mme. de Montespan.

The king's letters are always sealed, and this one, instead of a renunciation, contained the tenderest expressions.

Mme. de Montespan read and reread it, then, concealing her joy, she begged the bishop to wait while she wrote an answer, and rapidly inscribed a few lines which breathed all her old passion and devotion to the king. Sealing her note she gave it to Bossuet, who remitted it to the king.

For several days Bossuet continued to be the bearer of missives between the king and his mistress, and soon learned that his efforts had only reunited the guilty couple.

Mme. Scarron was thirty-nine years of age when she became the Marquise de Maintenon by order of the king, who was already falling under the sway of her brilliant mind, but it was not until ten years later that he married her. She had no illusions. She loved the king "as a brother," and she says herself that while she knows that he loved her "he also loves La Vallière, De Fontanges, and De Montespan with passion." Nevertheless Mme. de Maintenon retained the enthusiastic affection of the king for thirty years, that is to say until his death, and he never wavered in his devotion. Indeed fourteen years later St. Simon describes a military review and bears testimony to the king's consideration for his wife:

But a spectacle of another sort was that which the king, from the summit of the rampart, presented to all his army and to the innumerable crowd of spectators of all kinds in the plain below. Mme. de Maintenon sat alone in her sedan chair, facing the plain and the troops, its three windows drawn up, her porters having retired to a distance. On the left pole of the chair in front sat the Duchess of Burgundy, and on the same side were standing in a semicircle Mme. la Duchesse de Condé, the Princess de Conti, and all the ladies, and behind them again were some men. At the right window was the king, standing, and a little in the rear a semicircle of the most distinguished men in France. The king was nearly always uncovered, and every now and then stooped to speak to Mme. de Maintenon, and explain to her what she saw, and the reason of each movement of the troops. Each time that he did so she was obliging enough to open the window four or five inches, but never half way. Sometimes she opened the glasses of her own accord to ask questions of him, but generally it was he, who, without waiting for her, stooped down to explain to her what was passing; and sometimes if she did not notice him, he tapped at the glass to make her open it. He never spoke, save to her, except to give a few brief orders, or just answered the Duchess of Burgundy, who wanted to make him speak to her, and with whom Mme. de Maintenon carried on a conversation by signs, without opening the front window, through which the young princess screamed a few words at her now and then. The faces of the bystanders showed embarrassed surprise, they watched this scene more than what was going on in the army. The king often put his hat on the top of the chair in order to get his head in to speak. About the time when the town capitulated Mme. de Maintenon apparently asked permission to go away, for the king called out: "The chairmen of madame!" They came and took her away; in less than a quarter of an hour afterwards the king retired alone. Many spoke with their eyes or nudged one another or whispered together. Everybody was full of what had taken place on the ramparts between the king and Mme. de Maintenon. Even the soldiers asked the meaning of that sedan chair and of the king's every moment stooping to put his head inside it. What effect this had on foreigners who were present may be imagined. All over Europe it was as much talked of as the pomp and prodigious splendor of the camp of Compiègne.

We have some curious descriptions of the court, and there were certainly some strange people there. The Duke of Burgundy had "an ill-looking mouth and a humped back," the Duke of Bourbon seems to have been a sort of human gorilla, and the Comte de Soissons a human vulture:

The Duc de Vendôme was very slovenly. He married in 1710. Tales were told of his immense astonishment at having to put on two clean shirts in one day, and his embarrassment at finding lace on the one given him to wear at night.

Absent-mindedness was also a peculiarity of which many courtiers appeared to suffer. M. de Brancas, the queen's lord-in-waiting, one day at church forgot that the queen was kneeling before him; her head could hardly be seen when she was kneeling down for she was round-shouldered. He took her for a prie-dieu, and knelt down, putting his elbows on her shoulders. This same gentleman forgot in the evening that he had been married in the morning, and went out to sleep, forgetting his bride.

The Duc de Grammont, while listening to a sermon of Bourdaloue's in the Chapel Royal, forgot where he was, and cried out: "S'death, he has the best of it!"

Madame laughed, the preacher stopped, no one knew what would happen next.

The Duchesse d'Orléans relates the following anecdote of her lady-in-waiting:

"When I wanted my head-dress to go to court in, she took off her gloves and threw them in my face, at the same time gravely putting my head-dress on her own head."

The foundation of St. Cyr as a seminary for young ladies remains as a proof of the benevolence and charity of Mme. de Maintenon, and it would certainly seem that the girls of the day were sorely in need of some training in a refined deportment. Writing in 1696, Bayle says:

The books that come from France give an extraordinary idea of Frenchwomen. They have become great drinkers of brandy and takers of snuff, and are accused of tyrannizing over husbands, of pride, coquetry, unchastity, and slanderous tongues.

Mme. de Maintenon herself confirms the adverse judgment, for she writes to a pupil who is about to leave St. Cyr:

Do not remain *en déshabille* in the house, and only dress neatly when going out. Avoid the excesses of which even girls are now guilty, eating too much, taking snuff, and too much wine. We have so many real needs, that it is not wise to invent others.

Already there were signs of the social tornado that was soon to burst over France in the shape of the revolution. Destitution among the poor was the order of the day and a spirit of reckless desperation was evident everywhere:

When Mme. de Maintenon went in her carriage from Versailles to St. Cyr, she was surrounded by such a mob of heggars that the carriage could not move. They uttered yells and shrieks of despair, and at last she felt that her life was not safe. She said, "The people are in such a state of desperation that it is impossible to reason with them, and one can not go out in safety."

Though Mme. de Maintenon's carriage was filled with food and clothing, which, as well as money, she distributed as she went along, it was only a drop in the ocean of misery that surged around her progress.

The king died in 1715 and among his last words was a solemn injunction to the Duc d'Orléans to protect Mme. de Maintenon, for whom, at her own request, no formal provision had been made. To the dauphin his final command was to "Render to God what is His due, and cause your subjects to honor Him. Try to be a comfort to your people, which I unfortunately have not been!"

During his illness Mme. de Maintenon remained with the king day and night, only leaving the room occasionally to hide her tears. He made her good-bye three times, on three successive days. On the first day he said the only thing that made him regret that he was dying was that he must be parted from her. On the second he expressed regret that he had not made her happy, and he shed tears.

On the third day he said: "What will become of you? You have nothing."

She replied, "I am nothing. Think of God only."

She then left him, but on returning asked him to bespeak the protection of the Duke d'Orléans for her.

Louis also said, "You must have great courage to watch such a sight. Do not stay here; I hope the end will soon come."

Mme. de Maintenon survived the king four years, dying at the age of eighty-three. Her fame throughout Europe had been great, and even the Czar Peter of Russia had expressed a wish to see her during his Paris visit, and upon hearing this she promptly took to her bed. But the undaunted Peter made his way to her room, drew back the curtains, and asked her what ailed her. "Une grande vieillesse," she replied, and abashed, the Czar withdrew after a prolonged stare.

"Mme. de Maintenon, Her Life and Times," by C. C. Dyson, with photogravure portrait and sixteen other illustrations. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

New applications of electricity are being discovered daily, but not every new application is of as much interest or importance as the ozone generator installed recently in the Chicago Public Library to purify or ozonize the 10,000 cubic feet of air per minute that is forced into the main reading-room. After the installation of the ozonizing apparatus it was found that the main reading-room was completely deodorized, the air being freed of that disagreeable and deleterious odor which for years had so thoroughly permeated all papers, books, furnishings, etc., in this large room. The fresh sterilized "mountain" air in the room reduced the humidity during the hot, oppressive days of summer, and greatly increased the comfort of the readers and employees. The installation renders the disinfecting of all books, periodicals, papers, etc., on the shelves, racks, tables, etc., an automatic process, keeping them constantly in a hygienic condition.

The Eighteenth Infantry, which arrived this morning on the *Logan* from Camp Keithly, Mindanao (says a paragraph in the *Manila Times*), is the first regiment in the United States army to complete a third tour of duty in the Philippines. The regiment came first to the islands with the famous second expedition, which sailed from San Francisco June 14, 1898, and reached Manila Bay July 17, disembarking immediately and going into tents at Camp Dewey. The regiment took a very active part with other troops in the occupation of Manila on August 13, 1898. Of the officers who marched into Manila only two are now with the regiment.

In London from this time there will be farthing fares on the street-cars upon the 600 miles controlled by the British Electrical Federation. This rehabilitates the purchasing power of a farthing, which is about a half a cent of our money. There will be no individual farthing fare, but each line will be marked out into farthing stages.

The National Academy of Sciences, an election to which is the highest honor in this country open to scientists, was chartered by the national government nearly half a century ago, and it is the official adviser of the government in scientific matters. The membership, which is limited to 150, has never been over 100.

The publisher of Tolstoi's book, "The Kingdom of God Within Us," in St. Petersburg, has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment in a fortress.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The American of the Future and Other Essays*, by Brander Matthews. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

Although Mr. Matthews's essays cover a wide field, including of course "Fonetic Reform," its dominant note is the evolution of the American mentally and morally. And inasmuch as evolution implies the passing on to something better from something that is not so good or even bad, there is opportunity and indeed demand for pungent criticism and the open confession that is said to be good for the soul.

"The way," says Thoreau, "to compare men is to compare their respective ideals." In other words, let us look at what they wish to be rather than at what they are, for if the wish be a sincere one, its attainment is certain to come. It is the American ideal that perseveres and that palliates whatever of ugliness there may be, and even in national politics we may note the appeal to the moral law without which success would be impossible, however dreary may be our self-deception to the way in which the moral law really points.

Vices, suggests Mr. Matthews, are so much more noisy than virtues. We take the whole world into our confidence about the idle rich and the criminal rich, but how often do we stay to count them and so to learn how insignificant they are and how they are doomed to disappear before a natural law that decrees the triumph of the ideal, national and otherwise. If we love money it is the acquisition that we love more than the possession, the mental athleticism rather than the ownership of the prize. If it be true that our neglect of art amounts to a seeming contempt for it, let the confession of the failing be noted and the promise of amendment. If we have done little or nothing for poetry, for beauty, for the drama, for sculpture, or for science, none the less we still reverence Emerson's hopeful idea of a day "when the sluggish intellect of this continent will look from under its iron lids and fulfill the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of a mechanical skill."

Criticism, says the author, is good for all nations, and if national pride is a virtue, national vanity is a vice. Let us hear what other nations have to say about us and discriminate carefully between the criticism that is just and the other criticism that is simply an assertion of a resented difference. And by way of returning the compliment let us tell other nations how they appear to us. That no man is more capable of indicating how this should be done or with a more admirable observance of the relative values of attack, defense, and confession is evidenced by every page of Mr. Matthews's work.

The title essay and "American Character" are perhaps the best of the fifteen that make up the volume. Of high value also are "The Americans and the British," "American Manners," and "The Question of the Theatre."

*George Bernard Shaw*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The chief charm of this book is not that it is about Mr. Shaw, but that it is by Mr. Chesterton. The intelligent reader has now reached the point where he must possess anything written by Mr. Chesterton, and not until he has his purchase by the fireside does he concern himself with Mr. Chesterton's subject. He has had so many good meals at that table that the bill of fare is a superfluity.

When the poet Coleridge wrote a book on metaphysics it was explained by an apologetic friend as being "only his fun," and Mr. Chesterton's appreciation of Mr. Shaw suggests a similar extenuation. Not that there is any lack of robust criticism, for which every stage of Mr. Shaw's mental life supplies the material, but it is hard to understand how Mr. Chesterton can take Mr. Shaw so seriously as to criticize him at all, or to dignify by the name of system and philosophy what is no more than a destructive mania. We might as well credit the bull in the china shop with critical views about ceramics and a yearning for the super-pottery.

Mr. Shaw and Mr. Chesterton occupy opposite poles of modern thought. Mr. Shaw worships an undiscoverable future of which Ibsen and Nietzsche and Wilde are the prophets, and therefore he acclaims whatever is weird and unwholesome and neurotic, whatever is opposed to convention and to a clean and established sanity, whatever finds a "problem" in the old and decent conceptions of right and wrong. But there is no constructive idea behind it all, and Mr. Shaw would be the first to laugh at the idea that he had ever yet persuaded any man into right living or into an unselfish action for the good of humanity.

Mr. Chesterton, of course, expects as much from the restoration of a wholesome past as Mr. Shaw from the establishment of a nasty future wherein the Ten Commandments are abolished by a race of supermen. For Mr.

Chesterton the neuroticism and the eroticism of the day lead nowhere but to the pit, and while Mr. Shaw is a vegetarian because vegetarianism is new, Mr. Chesterton eats meat and drinks beer because the diet is old like Christianity, and has produced good results. On the whole, we may regret that Mr. Chesterton has taken so much trouble that might have been better employed and that is not without a suspicion of log-rolling.

*John Marvel*, Assistant, by Thomas Nelson Page. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This book seems to mark a new departure for Mr. Page, while an unfortunate combination of old and new leaves us sometimes with a sense of incongruity. We are evidently intended to admire the hero, a young lawyer named Glave, but with the best will in the world we can not do it. We are introduced to him at college, where he fails to distinguish himself except as a swashbuckler, and he ruffles his way through the story, usually upon the right side, but with an overwhelming sense of his own importance as a "gentleman" and the insignificance of those who happen to be colored.

John Marvel, assistant to an aristocratic clergyman, is the real hero, and we ought to see more of him. Glave, Marvel, and Leo Wolfert, Jew and reformer, constitute a sort of triumvirate who wage war upon the entrenched powers of municipal corruption that emanate from certain great landed interests and percolate downward through church, bar, and saloon to the red-light district. The picture of the ramifications of "control" and "protection" is undoubtedly well done, and so, too, is the description of the great strike engineered by its leaders in obedience to the orders of financial operators who easily draw the mob of ignorant ferocities to the destruction of its own friends. It is a broad canvas upon which Mr. Page paints, and if we can not always admire just as he would have us do we may admire the number and the grouping of the figures and the general skill with which an aspect of municipal life is portrayed.

*The Eagle's Nest*, by Allan McAulay. Published by John Lane, New York; \$1.50.

The childhood of Napoleon has not had much attraction for the novelist, perhaps because it requires no ordinary skill logically and with psychological accuracy to sketch the beginnings of so tremendous an end. But Mr. McAulay has made a good attempt, and even though we may suspect a certain prophetic over-emphasis of the character of the little Napoléon it may be under-emphasized for all the evidence there is to the contrary. The picture of the Bonaparte family is unquestionably good, of the speculative enthusiasm of the father and the gentle and virtuous beauty of the mother. Still more striking is the sketch of Corsican life, of the internal dissensions that rent the island and that forced the Bonaparte family under the guidance of destiny to take refuge in France, then convulsed by revolution. It is a story not soon to be forgotten by those under the fascination of Napoleon, a story told with conscientious care and saturated with the spirit of the day.

*Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena*, by Hereward Carrington. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York; \$2.

This book may be recommended to those who wish to know the best that can be said for the famous medium who is now under investigation in this country. The author records not only his own experiments, but those undertaken by Morselli, Richet, Curie, Bottazi, Flammarion, Oliver Lodge, and others with results now more or less familiar to the psychic researching world. The one point of supreme initial importance is of course the efficacy of the precautions against fraud, and upon this point a very interesting volume must be allowed to speak for itself. To the fact that Mr. Carrington was satisfied must be added the further fact that he himself is an expert prestidigitateur and has some reputation for the detection of psychic fraud. And Mr. Carrington is convinced of the reality of the phenomena produced by the interesting and weird Eusapia.

*Wanderings in the Roman Campagna*, by Rodolfo Lanciani. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, New York; \$5.

The author is one of the greatest living authorities upon Roman antiquities, and he gives us therefore something of a really substantial value and not at all of the usual perfunctory order. The Roman Campagna is practically the ancient metropolitan area with its more modern amplification, and it therefore contains the whole of that great storehouse of Roman antiquities that has been ransacked for years, but that is still far from exhausted.

Professor Lanciani writes with all the fascination that comes from profound knowledge and intense enthusiasm. He knows, moreover, how to write popularly and to combine acceptably the past and the present. In recording the discoveries that have been made

in the Roman Campagna he succeeds in showing us their historical significance and in making just that appeal to the imagination that vitalizes archaeology. He divides his work into six sections—"The Land of Saturn," "The Land of Horace," "The Land of Hadrian," "The Land of Gregory the Great," "The Land of Cicero," and "The Land of Pliny the Younger and the Land of Nero." The book is finely printed and bound and profusely illustrated.

*Ant Communities*, by Henry C. McCook. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

This is one of the books that help to persuade us of the existence of a far larger measure of organized intelligence among the lower forms of life than is usually supposed. The researches of Lubbock in England and of the present author in America amply justify the sub-title, "A Change in Natural Civics," and it would indeed be hardly an extravagance to suggest that the civic life among ants is both more orderly and more intelligent than it is among men. The author includes within his scope such departments as ant commercialism, language, war, government by females, treatment of aliens, slaves, sanitation, and personal benevolence. There is no reference to a tariff but perhaps that will come later, or can it be that ants are free-traders? The book is a thoroughly delightful one and should be as fascinating to intelligent children as to adults. The illustrations are numerous and good.

*The Foreigner*, by Ralph Connor. Published by Hodder & Stoughton, New York; \$1.50.

This is a Canadian story dealing with the absorption into the life of a new country of the peoples of eastern Europe, and it might therefore be duplicated at a dozen points in the United States. We are introduced to a Winnipeg colony of Russians and Galicians, clinging tenaciously to old world habits of thought and action and too ignorant to appreciate their new environment. Then comes the Nihilist leader in search of his ancient enemy, and we see the old tragedies struggling to accomplish themselves under the repressive hand of civilization, while the children feel the conflicting currents of past and future and cling to the old patriotisms while being engulfed in the new. The story is evidently written by one who knows the Canadian Northwest and its polyglot colonies, and who can, moreover, supply an acceptable love interest.

*Seymour Charlton*, by W. B. Maxwell. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a rearrangement of rather faded stage properties, but those who "dearly love a lord" will be interested in Seymour Charlton, who jumps from the position of a portionless younger son to that of Lord Brentwood and wealth. Lord Brentwood shows himself to be a good deal of a scoundrel in various ways and we are pretty sure that he would not have married Miss Copeland if he could have helped it. But noblesse oblige even an aristocratic scion, and his lordship does much to make amends.

*Adventures in the Arctic Regions*, by H. W. G. Hyrst. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

This is the latest addition to the "Romance" series and comes opportunely at a time when arctic exploration is in the foreground. The author wisely avoids a technical and consecutive history of arctic achievements, confining himself more to its incidental and popular features, such as the voyages of Captain Cook, whaling adventures, the Eskimos, the search for Franklin, etc. The result is a thoroughly readable and well illustrated volume.

*The Clue*, by Carolyn Wells. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

This is a detective story that displays the author's power to be interesting in spite of the disadvantage of a thoroughly hopeless plot. The dénouement is, indeed, so childish that we must offer our congratulations to the author on her abysmal ignorance of crime and the police—a condition eminently proper for a lady.

*The Moving of the Waters*, by Jay Cady. Published by the John McBride Company, New York.

The heroine of the story is found adrift in a ruined houseboat on the Mississippi and is adopted by Peter Smith and his wife, who earn a precarious livelihood by fishing. The identity of the little waif is established in the course of a story that is conventionally well told.

"Tales of Travel All Around the World," by Horace A. Taylor, contains 277 large type pages. It will probably be both important and interesting to the author's family. It is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington.

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### LITERARY NOTES.

#### Some Classical Poetry.

*Dorian Days*, by Wendell Phillips Stafford. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Such verse as that given to us by Judge Stafford would be welcomed by those who are tired of the little poets who sing of little things. There are only thirty-eight poems in this small volume, but that there should be thirty-eight real poems in one modern book is a fact sufficiently striking to deserve notice. Their excellence is so nearly uniform as to suggest their critical selection from a much larger number, and this again is unusual at a time when our poets usually "dash off" some extra sonnets upon the proof margins in order to fill a few pages unexpectedly blank.

A glance at the chief poem will prevent any listless turning of the pages. "The Singing of Orpheus" vibrates with a stately music, perhaps all the more impressive for a certain irregular change of metre. Orpheus returning from Hades sings of "chaos surceasing," and

Why through the amber night the moon increasing,  
Leads on the black sea-wall her white-mailed tides  
Till the breath of their nostrils is vainly blown  
High on its thundering sides.

And again:

How the earth came to be  
Pregnant with deity,  
Peopling the purple air, the waters wan;  
How, ages out of thought,  
By very gods forgot,  
When Heaven and Earth embraced,

Titanic man  
Sprang from their monstrous clasp a demi-god—  
His eyes were like the lightning, in his feet the  
lion tread.

Judge Stafford never falls below his high self-set standard. He is always dignified, often stately, and when he touches a tender note it is very tender, as in the single stanza, "Love Royal":

Your face, my lady, in its flowery prime,  
A fair sweet kingdom, owned me for its king.  
Do monarchs hold their realms in winter time  
Less dear than in the spring?

The competition in poetry is not severe just at present, but the author need not fear a wide field of contestants. Certainly he has a high place in every collection of American verse.

*War on the White Slave Trade*, edited by Ernest A. Bell, B. A., Published by the Charles C. Thompson Company, Chicago; \$1.50.

This timely volume is made up of contributions by some dozen men and women actively engaged in rescue work or otherwise in a position to speak from experience. These composite works have their value and perhaps give a certain rotundity to the subject, but the object would be better served by a competent presentation from a single pen that would devote itself to a cold and unemotional analysis of facts.

Emotion, indeed, plays much too large a part in many of these contributions, eminently creditable as it is in the right place. After a careful perusal we are still unable to believe that any well conducted and intelligent girl can be consigned to an evil life against her will or can be forcibly deprived of her liberty in such a way as to justify the term "slave." Girls who are not well conducted or intelligent are of course entitled to all the protection that the law can give them, and that it should be possible to apply any measure of coercion, moral or physical, to a girl who has invited disaster by indiscretion is of course a disgrace to civilization, but there is no valid evidence in this book of any real danger of the abduction or detention of girls who act with entire propriety and common sense. The social evil and its temptations are real enough without panicking hysteria or exaggerated theories of an international trade with its headquarters, branches, and depots. Criminals of all kinds naturally get together and play into each other's hands, but before we can believe in a ramified organization it would be well to await some more competent evidence than that of clergymen, deaconesses, and college professors.

#### New Publications.

"Old Time Recipes for Home-Made Wines," by Helen S. Wright, has been published by Dana Estes & Co., Boston. Price, \$1.50.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published a volume on "Tricks and Illusions" for amateur and professional conjurers. The author is Will Goldstein, and the price is \$1.50.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, have published an edition of the "Ruhaiyat" with an adequate introduction by Joseph Jacobs and artistic marginal decorations by Frank Brangwyn, A. R. A.

Not every one knows that George Eliot wrote the poem "Two Lovers," but we are reminded of this by the fine illustrated edition just issued by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York. The six illustrations in color are by Howard Chandler Christy, and these in conjunction with the marginal decorations and

the fine letter-press help to make an unusually attractive little volume. The price is \$1.

"The Seamless Robe," by Ada Carter, is a novel based upon Christian Science written in a vein of tense and ecstatic enthusiasm. It is published by A. Wessels, New York.

A useful little book for the hunter is "Tracks and Tracking," by Josef Brunner. It is published with many illustrations by the Outing Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.

Everything that can be said about the sweet pea is to be found in "The Book of the Sweet Pea" by D. B. Crane, F. R. H. S., just published by John Lane, New York, in the "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" series, edited by Harry Roberts.

"Dreaming Back," by Floretta Newbury Crawford, is a little volume of verses mostly of the domestic kind, generally accurate, always sincere, and often pathetic and musical. It is published by the Broadway Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.

"On the Old Kearsarge" is a story of the Civil War by Cyrus Townsend Brady with illustrations by Clifford W. Ashley. It is a wholesome book for boys and in the author's best style. The publishers are Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, and the price is \$1.35.

"Gamboling with Galatea," by Curtis Dunham, is a rural comedy in which the actors are a professor, a pig, a poet, a painter, a dog, a goat, and a nice girl. The tinted illustrations are by Oliver Herford and the publishers are the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published "Practical Agriculture," by John W. Wilkinson, A. M., a treatise on agriculture, horticulture, forestry, gardening, stock, etc. It is for eighth grade grammar schools or high or normal schools. The price is \$1.

Among good books for boys is "The Cave of the Bottomless Pool," by Henry Gardner Hunting, with illustrations by H. S. De Lay. A summer camp school gives occasion for the introduction of a good mystery dear to the heart of youth. It is a sequel to "Witler Whitehead's Own Story" and is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

#### New Books Received.

"A Guide to Modern Opera," by Esther Singleton, Dodd, Mead.  
"A Book of Operas," by H. E. Krebbiel, Macmillan.  
"Commercialism and Journalism," by Hamilton Holt, Houghton Mifflin.  
"Cathedral Cities of Spain," by W. W. Collins, Dodd, Mead.  
"Dorian Days," by Wendell Phillips Stafford, Macmillan.  
"Eusapia Palladino and Her Phenomena," by Hereward Carrington, Dodge.  
"Heidi," by Johanna Spyri, Dutton.  
"How to Help," by Mary Conyngham, M. A. Macmillan.

"Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson," by Eugénie Paul Jefferson, Dodd, Mead.  
"Masters of the English Novel," by Richard Burton, Holt.  
"Sheridan," by Walter Sichel; 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin.  
"Some Wonders of Biology," by William Hannu Thomson, Dodd, Mead.  
"The Conflict Between Private Monopoly and Good Citizenship," by John Graham Brooks, Houghton Mifflin.  
"The German Element in the United States," by Albert Berthard Faust; 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin.  
"Their Hearts' Desire," by Frances Foster Perry, Dodd, Mead.  
"The Passion Play of Oberammergau," translated by Montrose J. Moses, Duffield.  
"The People's Law," by Charles Sumner Lobinger, Ph. D., L. L. M., Macmillan.  
"Terry's Mexico," Houghton Mifflin.  
"Trailing and Camping in Alaska," by Addison M. Powell, Wessels.  
"Tremendous Trifles," by Gilbert K. Chesterton, Dodd, Mead.  
"War on the White Slave Trade," edited by Ernest A. Bell, B. A. Charles C. Thompson Company.



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## OLD AND NEW AT THE THEATRES.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

This is the merry Christmastide, this day on which I write, and I am looking over theatrical ground to choose my topic. I find the outlook very discouraging. We have been wading up to our necks in our annual winter flood of musical comedy. All of a sudden musical comedy is swept from the field. Here, then, is one's chance to stop grumbling. There are several plays in sight; real plays. There is, for instance, David Warfield in "The Music Master" at the Van Ness. A good thing, that. I acknowledge it, although I shall not take the play in a second time. But all the world did not see David Warfield when he was here before, and pretty nearly all of the world that was left out wants to.

"The Music Master" is not a great play, but the sentiment is pretty, and pure, and appealing. And, besides, David Warfield is an exceptionally gifted, or rather finished, actor. He is the kind of player who is capable of taking an infinity of pains, and who has taken a rather commonplace character and invested it with qualities of heart that raise it to a distinctly higher grade than its creator could have dared to hope for with the general run of stars. This, perhaps, lies partly in the fact that there is a homeliness and sincerity of nature in Mr. Warfield even with his mental make-up as a player that enables him to lend himself with convincing simplicity of spirit and art to the portrayal of the old German musician whose tenaciously loving heart persists in creating around itself a sunny atmosphere balmy enough to keep it as soft as wax. That is what pleases people so in Belasco's play and in Warfield's portrait of the German music teacher. It is difficult, even when one is neither wronged nor poor, to keep the heart soft in this heart-petrifying world. And more particularly so when one is wronged and poor.

So go, by all means, to see an excellent piece of character acting, and, incidentally to enjoy the various bits of extraneous comedy and nonsense with which Belasco always enlivens his plays. And do not fail to admire the art with which Warfield lends himself to all these entertaining inferiorities, even while he rises above them. Still, "The Music Master" is nothing new, so we turn to the Valencia. "Nothing doing"; the slang is permissible, for we hear it from business men, from grandmothers, from the rosy lips of lovely girls, from everybody except clergymen and college professors. "The Man from Home" is entertaining, amusing, and chock full of sentiment. But, it is a week old, so we must go elsewhere. Where, then, shall we go for novelty?

And what about the Savoy? Well, here's more sentiment, more humor. "The Vinegar Buyer's" hero is a humorous sentimentalist or a sentimental humorist who will sacrifice money any time for the sake of warming the cockles of some one's heart, and who, like Mark Twain, always will have his little joke. The vinegar buyer—I forget his name in the play—sends the socially funny man away happy, for he finds himself loaded up with jokes, puns, and funny stories. Ezra Kendall is popular with male theatre-goers, so "The Vinegar Buyer" will draw its following.

But, but, this is the merry Christmastide, and I am looking for a novelty to review; so I ask myself with growing uneasiness, Where do I come in?

And as usual the good old Orpheum comes to the rescue. Thank goodness, by the way, that they do not name it the New Orpheum. Not that it makes much difference. I notice that nobody ever remembers to tack New on to the Alcazar's cognomen, and I confidently declare that everybody will forget it when they speak of the New Columbia Theatre.

To return to the Orpheum. They have a monkey act there. I saw a part of it, and I have been trying ever since to evade dramatic criticism on monkey actors. But needs must. We live at the jumping-off place in the matter of theatricals, and this is the season of the year when everything in its old age comes to us, and all the fresh, new attractions are congregating for the winter season in Eastern cities. And so we will sit up in judgment upon the monkey actors, and seriously consider their art. Well, on the whole, it compares very favorably with that—so called—of some human actors I have seen. There are sometimes players who are apparently upon the stage merely because they have

legs that walk, tongues that tongue, faces that look human, and a biddable spirit that submits obediently and automatically to training. Monkeys may do as much. You neither like nor dislike these human automatons when they are merely accessories, but when they are boosted into the centre of the stage and are supposed to hold your sympathetic attention you suddenly find yourself metamorphosed from a peaceable, law-abiding citizen into a frenzied assassin—in spirit, at least, if not in deed—for who is so cruel as he who pays to be amused and finds himself bored? The monkeys not only do quite as well, but better than these human machines, for their conscientiousness does not aggravate by its lack of other accompaniments. They seem to have real conscience, and being dumb beasts one forgives them for being ugly, unlovable creatures. The eager orchestra leader, with his sudden rotating frenzies makes laughter jump out of you unexpectedly, while the main performer and the two monkey supes who set up the numbers in the acts of the mimic music hall performance are so careful and foresighted that they deserve to escape the stigma that attended the bandarlog in Kipling's "Jungle Book."

There is one kind of act in vaudeville, that of singing comedians, that fills the auditor who is not a genuine lover of this form of entertainment with dread unspeakable of facing that grim phantom, Ennui, until he finds that one or both of them—they always go in pairs—has a sense of humor. Well, both Mae Melville and Robert Higgins have a sense of humor. It's not so often that the woman in these vaudeville partnerships has. She generally gyrates around, in skirts like Creator's hair, shows her shoulders, piles on tinsel, and warbles in a cast-iron music hall voice that might serve for a caller's in a stock exchange. But Mae Melville has a nasal but curiously pretty little singing voice, doesn't show her shoulders at all, wears no tinsel, but sticks to a comic make-up, and harvests laughter every time she opens her mouth. For she is a comedian who is really comic. So is Robert Higgins, and the pair withdrew, at the close of their act, to the gladdening music of enthusiastic applause.

The bright spots in the Orpheum programme are generally clever playlets and decorative turns that appeal to the sense of beauty. This is the specialty of La Titcomb. What a queer conjunction, by the way. Why didn't the Titcomb lady manufacture a French name to wed with La? La Titcomb is a strapping wench, small-boned, and palpitating with shapely flesh. She is bediamonded, clad all in gleaming white, and plumed with white ostrich feathers. So is her milk-white steed, and the woman and her mount are thrown in brilliant white relief against a background of dead black. The effect is startling, novel, and beautiful. La Titcomb makes love to her white pet, invites kisses from a velvet muzzle, and coquets prettily. The beautiful animal is well trained and absolutely unmoved by any sensation other than the desire to complete the task laid out. So when La Titcomb, after some pretty fooleries, settles down on the patient back of her white beauty and begins waving and weaving and winding great folds and flutterings of white silk upon which are cast glorious waves of electrically evolved lights and colors, the four-legged performer stands like a marble statue upon the revolving platform. And La Titcomb sits in her white saddle unreeling lengths of white silk with her white arms, and upon her white draperies and the milk-white body of her steed are cast in colors intensely vivid and beautiful patterns of fruits, of foliage and flower, of flags and banners, until we see the living canvas lit up with the stars and bars in red, white and blue and the delighted audience rises and cheers.

## The Greenbaum Sunday "Pops."

Manager Greenbaum's sixth season of Sunday ensemble music concerts will commence Sunday afternoon, January 30, at Kohler & Chase Hall. The idea of this class of concerts on Sunday originated with this manager, when he "discovered" that splendid artist, Wenzel Kopta, on a ranch in the Sacramento Valley. Since then they have been an annual feature.

The Lyric Quartet this season will be composed of four leading young woman professionals, Misses Mary Pasmore, Sallie Ehrman, Viola Furth, and Dorothy Pasmore. As these players are not engaged at theatrical or restaurant playing they have ample time to devote to rehearsals, and their work is of an exceptional quality, something most desirable in quartet work. It is impossible to play in other than symphony or high-class orchestras and obtain adequate results in chamber music.

The element of financial profit does not enter into Mr. Greenbaum's scheme in giving this class of concerts, and in fact it would be impossible at the very low rate asked for the season tickets. For \$1 one can hear the entire course of four concerts, which is as low as in the big music-study centres of Germany. Some front seats are \$2 for the course.

Applications for season tickets may be made at Mr. Greenbaum's office, No. 101 Post Street, or at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

## CURRENT VERSE.

Holly and Mistletoe.

Again 'tis the tide of the year  
When mirth is the largest we share,  
The season of charm and of cheer,  
The time of sureness of care;  
Alike to good-will are they heir,  
The prince and the wight at the plow;  
Sing "hey" for the holly wreath fair,  
And "ho" for the mistletoe bough!

Then banish dissension and fear!  
Away with the wraith and despair!  
In far distant regions and near  
The heaviest burdens men bear  
Grow light through His words to whom prayer  
Ascends with petition and vow;  
Sing "hey" for the holly wreath fair,  
And "ho" for the mistletoe bough!

Though storm clouds encompass us dear,  
And wild winds make riot in air,  
Down paths that are sodden and sere  
Comes Love with his offerings rare,  
And Joy with a mien debonaire,  
Sweet Peace every heart to endow;  
Sing "hey" for the holly wreath fair,  
And "ho" for the mistletoe bough!

ENVOY.

Though field and though forest be bare,  
No gloom by the ingleside now!  
Sing "hey" for the holly wreath fair  
And "ho" for the mistletoe bough!  
—Clinton Scollard, in Sunday Magazine.

## To the New Year and the Old Friends.

The moon wanes pale in the sky,  
And the stars all blink for morn;  
The old year is to die,  
And the new year to be born,  
We have passed through the vale of tears,  
We have trod the journey long,  
We have shared our hopes and fears,  
We have shared our grief and song;  
And we've shared them all with our old friends,  
Our true friends, our few friends,  
And we'll drain anew to our old friends,  
The friends that are always true.  
—Henry Christopher Christie, in Smart Set.

Sorcery.

At autumn's end, in ease before my fire  
I sat and listened to the voice of doom—  
The golden glory crumbling in the gloom—  
The north wind's challenge and the summons dire:  
Upon the hearthstone sang the friendly choir  
Remembered melodies of hush and bloom,  
Until it seemed that April filled the room,  
Bringing her dreams of beauty and desire.

Then fainter grew the songs that came to me:  
Soft slumber held me captive for the night;  
And when the Morning with her magic key  
Unlocked the door,—O memorable sight!—  
A silent world of wizard sorcery,  
The winter's camp, immaculately white!  
—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Scribner's Magazine.

## Opening of the New Columbia Theatre.

On Monday night, January 10, Gottlob, Marx & Co. will open the doors of the new Columbia Theatre, which has been in course of construction for the past year at the corner of Geary and Mason Streets. The theatre structure is unquestionably one of the finest houses of amusement in the United States, and is as perfect as modern structural art can make it. The theatre investment represents an outlay of \$850,000, and San Franciscans will be able to point with pride at the playhouse to which will be brought the leading attractions of the world. The building is of steel and reinforced concrete, and the architects have wrought one of the handsomest fronts to be seen on any building in the city. For elegance the interior of the playhouse stands in a class of its own. Every possible comfort both for audience and player has been sought out and made the most of in the construction. When William H. Crane appears as the opening attraction on Monday night, January 10, he will have the honor of dedicating the fine playhouse. The Frohman star is to present George Ade's comedy, "Father and the Boys," and he will be surrounded by his New York company, including Margaret Dale, Louis Massen, Mildred Beverly, Elsa Payne, Vivian Martin, Forrest Orr, Percy Brooke, Arthur Holman, and others.

The auction sale of seats for the opening night will be held on Tuesday afternoon, January 4, at 1:30 o'clock in the ball-room of the St. Francis Hotel. The proceeds of the sale will be donated by Gottlob Marx & Co. to local charities. The regular advance sale of seats for the engagement opens Thursday morning at the box-office of the theatre.

Framed pictures and works of art a specialty. E. B. Courvoisier, 431 Sutter Street, near Powell.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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January 10—OLGA NEITHERSOLE, in "The Writing on the Wall."

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This Sat. aft. and eve.—Last Times of Ezra Kendall in "The Vinegar Buyer"  
Starting Sunday Matinee, January 2  
Other Matinees Thursday and Saturday  
Wm. P. Cullen offers for one week only

## THE ALASKAN

The Totem Pole Comic Opera  
With Richard F. Carroll, Gus Weinberg, and a big company of comedians. Girls full of songs; songs full of girls.  
Prices—25c to \$1.50. Thursday matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c. Seats at theatre and Emporium.  
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## VANITY FAIR.

Some one should write for us a philosophy of relics, because their worship is something to which we are all more or less addicted, although we can none of us explain it. A few weeks ago there was a sale of revolutionary relics in Paris and some one gave over \$4000 for a clock that once belonged to Marie Antoinette. It is hardly likely that the clock is a good time-keeper, or, indeed, that it can keep time at all after the lapse of a century and more, and yet it is now worth ten times its original price because it once belonged to the Queen of France whose sufferings perhaps exceeded her deserts.

There may, after all, be some real virtue in a relic, whether it be the toenail of a saint or the clock of a queen, and it is not for those who collect historical mementos to sneer at the "superstitions" of the religionist. The underlying sentiment is probably the same, but the religionist will tell us frankly that inanimate objects may become so saturated with the virtues of those who have worn them as to be veritable protective talismans, while the collector of mementos is just as eager in the pursuit, but without any intelligible reason for the faith that is in him. And yet the attractive force that compelled the purchase of Marie Antoinette's clock must be some unformulated and unidentified idea that it exhaled some of the perfume of the queen's personality, that in some mysterious way it brought its owner within her personal sphere. A facsimile of the clock would have been wanted by no one, nor would a facsimile of the saint's toenail. The touch of association would have been entirely wanting. We should say that it carried with it no "appeal to the imagination," which is one of our pretentious ways of saying nothing. But it may be that the imagination is one of those finer forces of nature by which we transcend all physical limitations and move at will into the past and into the future.

It is worth noting that a lock of the hair of Louis XVI brought only \$200, a fact that would have been sadly disturbing to the king if he could have foreseen it. There were many other revolutionary relics, such as Mirabeau's death mask, a second-hand guillotine in fair working order, a stone from the Bastille, and Rousseau's armchair, but all of them together did not bring one-quarter of the price willingly paid for the queen's clock. Certainly the problem is worth some philosophic inquiry, for, smile as we may, there is not one among us who would not like to own that clock and in imagination to hear it tick out life and death, laughter and sighs, measuring once more the comedies that were all so short and the tragedies that were unending.

A member of the New Jersey legislature who is afraid that his ass's ears will be overlooked without some special effort on his part, has introduced a compulsory marriage bill, and is now busily defending it through the columns of certain newspapers that specially cater to his variety of quadruped. Marriage, he says, should not only be compulsory, but those who do not assume their obligations voluntarily should be mated by ballot. The names of the bachelors and of a corresponding number of spinsters should be thrown into two boxes at the mayor's office and drawn forth in couples, the operation itself constituting a marriage ceremony, to be registered and certificated accordingly.

It is quite likely that the bill will pass. There is no depth of idiocy to which the average State legislature will not go, no act of brutal oppression to which it will not cheerfully accede. It is to a democracy that we must always go for sheer unadulterated tyranny, as witness the laws requiring that physical examination shall precede marriage, the laws against cigarettes, Sabbath and blue laws of all kinds, and even prohibition laws. Nowadays we are absolutely at the mercy of every pestilent crank who can get the ear of a legislature for his insane and malignant theories, and no doubt we shall continue to be stamped into the mud under the heel of the reformer until we are goaded into turning on our heels and hitting it.

Does any one know Miss Adeline Boyer, who has introduced some new dances upon the London stage and who is described as "from California"?

Miss Boyer's specialty is described as Judaic dancing and is said to be a reproduction of the art as it existed in the days of King Solomon. The rules of the dance "apparently demand that the performer shall move her limbs now and again with a certain fierce and barbaric angularity, but she can be singularly graceful when it is her desire to express grace and her lightness and suppleness are as undeniable as her beauty."

Miss Boyer's dances are severally called the "Mosaic," the "Fascination," the "Dagger," and the "Cymbal," and they seem to have been successful in charming the London populace. But how is it that Miss Boyer has gone overseas with her art. California, it is true, has never been over tolerant of her own home-born genius, and has usually driven her best artists across her borders, but surely Miss Boyer might have given us an opportunity her-

fore offering her wares in another market. Next thing she will be marrying a foreigner.

New York, we are told, is showing a preference for stones that are described as semi-precious, and if this means that New York is cultivating a taste for the beautiful rather than for mere costliness we can not offer our congratulations too speedily.

What, for instance, can be more beautiful than the turquoise matrix? It is certainly ahead of the turquoise itself, but it has been frowned upon because it is cheap. Now it is becoming fashionable, and as turquoise matrix looks better in a silver setting than in one of gold the silver setting is being used. A society reporter tells us that at a tea the other day attention was attracted by a necklace innocent of stones, made of links of silver. It had been found in Abyssinia, but there are many of the same sort to be bought in New York. Chinese jade, which always seems to possess some of the spirit of the alluring and mysterious East, has more adherents than ever.

We do not know what a "whist-drive" is, but it must be something very terrible if the English bishops refuse to accept the proceeds for church purposes. When a bishop refuses to take money from a certain source it is time for mere men of the world to suspect that their education in depravity must have its unrounded corners, and that they don't really know quite so much as they think they do.

Why, it is not long ago that we saw advertisements in English newspapers beseeching the rich to bestow one-quarter of their bridge winnings upon church objects otherwise described as "holy." But if the church took one-quarter of the winnings it should certainly hear one-quarter of the losses, and it might as well send a deputation of curates to Monte Carlo right away.

A whist-drive is evidently something very dreadful if the good bishops are unwilling to accept its proceeds. Perhaps their objection is of the academic kind and would melt away if they were "shown the money," but our own advice to gamblers is to keep all that they win. They won't win all the time.

Most of the Christmas cards used by the royal families of Europe are made in London as a result of Queen Victoria's preference for certain designs specially made and submitted to her. The same house now sends specimens all over Europe and the various sovereigns make their selections and order the quantities needed.

King Edward this year used a card bearing a picture of King Arthur's court at Camelot upon the occasion of the admission of Sir Tristram, whose introducer is Sir Lancelot. The queen's card represented the intercession of Queen Philippa with Edward III for the lives of the citizens of Calais. The Prince of Wales used a card representing the rival roses of York and Lancaster, and the princess selected a picture of Alfred the Great as a boy reading to his mother, Queen Oshurga.

The choice of the German emperor was remarkable, inasmuch as he went outside of his own country for a subject. He chose the embarkation of Henry VIII of England on the ship *The Great Harry* on the occasion of his meeting with the King of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold.

The cards that were ordered for Italy, Spain, and Russia were of a less royal kind. The King and Queen of Italy chose a picture of a mother and child framed in angel faces. The Empress of Russia used a similar design of a madonna and child, and so did the Queen of Spain.

A great many Americans who wish to be presented at a royal court are going to Berlin rather than to London. Miss Katherine Hill, the daughter of the United States Ambassador to Germany, is to be presented on January 15 and quite a bevy of American girls will accompany her.

There are various reasons for the preference in favor of Berlin. An introduction there is somewhat easier than it is in London, and then, too, there is the consideration of expense. The average cost of a suitable costume for the English court is about \$1500, although it can be done for much less than this, and as it is the girl's parents who pay the bill, and as the parents are often not quite so enthusiastic about court presentations as are their daughters, a tendency toward economy in this respect is often in evidence. The Berlin court is not nearly so rigid in the matter of dress, and this is due to the well-known views of the emperor, in which his wife dutifully joins. The emperor does not approve of large expenditures for the decoration of young girls, who should, in his opinion, be kept in the background and encouraged to look forward to such spheres as the nursery and the kitchen. A severe simplicity is the order of the day for girls at the German court, where to be in any way conspicuous in the matter of dress is the worst of had taste.

It seems that women with fair complexions and flaxen hair have a grievance. It would

indeed be strange if they had not in common with the rest of their sex, but it seems that these fair ones have a special cause for complaint in the fact that wall paper and wall tints invariably disagree with their complexions. The dark beauties are at home anywhere and with any kind of wall, but the fair ones are lost without a background designed for them alone.

A London decorator has therefore taken the matter under advisement, and the result is a black wall paper, relieved with Chinese flowers in lizard green and sprays of a dull rose pink. The lady who has the matter in hand says:

The background offers, as may be imagined, a perfect foil for fair complexions. The artistic value of the flesh tone is greatly enhanced by the contrast, and although I should not recommend the black paper for living rooms in London, where we want all the reflected light we can get, I think that for reception rooms the new paper will be greatly admired, although it is too expensive to be popular.

Every one knows how unpleasant it is to pay taxes upon property, but it must be the very acme of annoyance to pay assessments upon property that we do not possess. And yet that is the lot of the lady who owns celebrated jewelry that is notoriously in her possession but that she knows to be imitation. To contest the assessment is to surrender her secret, and while it is hard for sensible

people to appreciate the humiliation of this, it is a very real one to the society dame.

The late Mrs. Astor, for instance, was the owner of a wonderful five-strand pearl necklace that was assessed at \$51,000. Nevertheless over ninety of the pearls were imitation, as has now been shown at the valuation of the estate. The fact that so large a proportion of the famous pearls were imitation was not due to parsimony in the making of the necklace, but to the fact that it is almost impossible to match so large a number and to the necessity of completing the required quantity by the addition of imitations. But it must have been very trying to pay a tax upon imitation pearls.

Mrs. Astor, who died more than a year ago, was the widow of the late William Astor, and for many years the undisputed leader of New York society. Her husband left an estate valued, according to various estimates, between \$60,000,000 and \$70,000,000, and many persons were astonished that the widow's total estate, including her jewels, is valued at only \$1,600,000 after all deductions.

"Well, Garge," exclaimed the farmer as he greeted one of his laborers on New Year's Day, "and 'ow did 'ee get on last year?" "Ay, maister," was the reply, "it wur a bad year for I. I did lose my missus. I did lose my canary, and I did lose my dog. And it wur a good dog, too."—*London Daily News*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said of the author of a recent volume of biography, that his verdict on the great of his chosen period is much that of the New Hampshire parson at the highly approved funeral of a parishioner: "Brethren, we must agree that our deceased friend was mean in some things—but let us in Christian charity allow that he was meaner in others."

James R. Keene, apropos of the jumping contests at the New York horse show, talked about fox hunting. "Hunting," he said, "develops a race of very savage, selfish men. There was, for instance, Jones. Jones, on a bitter cold day, was riding hard at a brook, when he perceived the head of his dearest friend sticking dimly out of the icy water. Did Jones go to his friend's assistance? Not a bit of it. 'Duck, you fool!' he shouted, and jumped over him."

Among the patients in a certain hospital of Harrisburg there was recently one disposed to take a dark view of his chances for recovery. "Cheer up, old man!" admonished the youthful medico attached to the ward wherein the patient lay. "Your symptoms are identical with those of my own case four years ago. I was just as sick as you are. Look at me now!" The patient ran his eyes over the physician's stalwart frame. "What doctor did you have?" he finally asked, feebly.

Attorney-General Wickersham took a party of public men out to Fort Myer in his automobile to see the aeroplane tests one day recently. Charles Nagel, Secretary of Commerce and Labor, sat in the seat with Wickersham, and they kept up a lively conversation during the trip. When they had arrived at the fort one of the party asked Nagel how he and Wickersham got along. "Oh, we got along all right," replied Nagel, "until Wickersham began to talk French to me. I don't understand French." "Then why didn't you get even by talking law to him?" exclaimed Secretary of State Knox.

When Sir Andrew Clark, Mr. Gladstone's physician, recommended a patient to drink wine, the latter expressed some surprise, saying he thought Sir Andrew was a temperance doctor, to which Sir Andrew Clark replied: "Oh, wine does sometimes help you to get through work; for instance, I have often twenty letters to answer after dinner, and a pint of champagne is a great help." "Indeed," said the patient, "does a pint of champagne really help you to answer the twenty letters?" "No, no!" said Sir Andrew; "but when I've had a pint of champagne I don't care a rap whether I answer them or not!"

The head of a New York firm having important interests in Italy decided some time ago, in view of the death of an old and reliable clerk, who, of all in the establishment, was the only one to have a good knowledge of the Italian tongue, that his own son, also a member of the concern, ought to take up the study of that language. Recently a friend met the young man. "I understand," said he, "that you're actually studying Italian." "Why, yes," said the other, "I've been at it for several months under a teacher just from the other side." "What progress?" "Good," was the answer. "He's beginning to speak English remarkably well."

The late Joseph Dorsey of San Jose, the detective whose best feat was the capture of Canon Bernard, after a chase from Alaska to Cape Horn, used to impute his success to his knowledge of men. "A detective," he would say, "should know the habits of every class. Then no disguise can deceive him. All men, even the most unmethodical, have their habits. Even the tramp has his. 'You great big, lazy loafer,' I said to a tramp one December day, 'you ought to be in jail.' 'Yes, Algie,' the tramp replied, as he pretended to fix a monocle in his eye. 'Yes I know it's the correct thing for our set at this season, Algie; but, deuce take it, it's such a mild winter, don't you know!'"

The other night, according to the story, Finley Peter Dunne wanted a taxicab at the club. He told John, who superintends the outside of the Brook, of his needs. The cab came. John thrust his head through the doors to notify Mr. Dunne. Mr. Dunne came to the door, getting into a broadtail overcoat. "This way, cablie," said John in his most magnificent way, turning to address the chauffeur. John's foot slipped and he spilled himself down the steps on his ear. "Ah, John, John," said Mr. Dunne, shaking his head sorrowfully, "you must be more careful of your reputation, John. You ought not to come downstairs that way. People will take you for one of the members."

Andrew Carnegie, in a Thanksgiving address in Pittsburgh, once told this story: "A self-made man I know was talking to a minister. The topic was, of course, his own suc-

cess. 'Yes, doctor,' he said, 'I began life a barefooted newsboy. At twenty I was worth \$8000. I was a millionaire at thirty-two. And yet everybody was against me. I have achieved my success, doctor, single-handed and by my own unaided efforts.' Here the proud self-made man seemed to remember that, in conversation with a minister, he ought to adopt a humbler and more religious tone. He said lightly, after a short pause: 'Of course, I don't deny that Providence may, now and then, have been of some slight service.'"

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "booking," as applied to the railway system. "Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?" "The booking office," replied one of the lads. "Right," responded the teacher. At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what he said. "Did you hear that, Spry?" he demanded. "Wot, sir?" asked that youth, innocently. "As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?" Without a moment's thought, the youngster electrified his teacher by replying: "Pawn his tools!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Petty.

Pet names he used to call her,  
And—well, he does it yet;  
But they're married now, and be it far  
From us to tell what names they are,  
When she is in a pet.  
—St. Louis Republic.

Fare Thee Well.

[Professor Metchnikoff recommends the removal of the large intestine as a means of prolonging life.]

Fare thee well! And if forever,  
Large intestine, fare thee well!  
Metchnikoff declares that I can  
Do without thee just as well.  
Furthermore, he says, without thee  
I shall live a longer life—  
Hurry with the anæsthetic,  
Hasten with the carving knife!

Soon, O useless large intestine,  
Where the germ of age doth grow,  
You may meet with the appendix  
That I lost some time ago.  
In the wondrous realm of science  
Such astounding things befall—  
Soon it may become the fashion  
To have no inside at all. —Truth.

Nil Nisi Bonum.

Dear Henry's gone! No more we'll see  
Him speeding o'er the chalk-marked lea.  
No more he'll buck the line and punt  
And do his wondrous hurdling stunt;  
No more he'll dodge, and twist, and fight,  
And, unobserved, discreetly bite.  
He had his faults, ah, yes, but who  
Could tackle, lad, the same as you?  
And so they broke his head.

Dear Frank's departed! Nevermore  
He'll equal, quite alone, the score  
Of all the team opposed. In vain  
We'll seek him on the bloodstained plain,  
No more he'll lay the runner low  
And give, unseen, the stinging blow.  
He had his faults, ah, yes, but none  
Was quite his equal on the run—  
And so they broke his neck.

Dear William's left! He's gone to shores  
Where naught is known of football scores.  
His last touchdown is made, and we  
Shall nevermore such tackling see.  
He's kicked his final goal, alas!  
And made his final forward pass.  
He had his faults, ah, yes, but then  
He kicked as none will kick again—  
And so they broke his back. —The Sun.

Stick to the Farm.

"Stick to the farm," says the President  
To the wide-eyed farmer boy,  
Then he hies him back to his White House home,  
With its air of rustic joy.

"Stick to the farm," says the railroad king  
To the lad who looks afar,  
Then hies him back on the double-quick  
To his rustic private car.

"Stick to the farm," says the clergyman  
To the youth on the worm fence perch,  
Then lays his ear to the ground to hear  
A call to a city church.

"Stick to the farm," says the doctor wise  
To those who would break the rut,  
Then hies him where the appendix grows  
In hountiful crops to cut.—New York Sun.

One can sympathize with the English gentleman whose exquisite refinement was jarred at a week-end shooting party. "Oh, I say," he remarked, "one don't mind roughing it a bit, you know—luncheon without a band and all that—but fawny drinking claret out of champagne glasses."

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Christmas gatherings of an informal and home-like nature have superseded the more ceremonious affairs of late, and save for the few Christmas dances, which have been principally for the younger set, society has had a quiet time.

The engagement is announced of Miss Henrietta von Schrader, daughter of Colonel Frederick von Schrader, U. S. A., and Mrs. von Schrader, to Lieutenant Prentiss Peck Bassett, U. S. N. Their wedding will take place in April.

The engagement is announced of Miss Dorothy Ward Everett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett of San Francisco, to Mr. Thomas R. Minturn, Jr., of Fresno, California. No date has been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Cushing, daughter of Mrs. Sidney Barlow Cushing, to Mr. James Jenkins will take place on Wednesday next at half-past twelve o'clock at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael.

The wedding of Miss Mattie Milton, daughter of Captain John B. Milton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Milton, to Lieutenant G. F. Neal, U. S. N., will take place at Mare Island on Wednesday, January 5.

The wedding of Miss Madie McMahon, daughter of Mrs. James McMahon, to Mr. Antoine Borel, Jr., took place on Wednesday last at the home of the bride's mother, 1122 Pine Street. The ceremony was performed at noon by the Rev. Father O'Malley. Miss Lupita Borel was maid of honor and Mr. Louis Bovey the best man. After their wedding journey Mr. Borel and his bride will live at San Mateo.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will entertain at a dinner dance at the Fairmont on Friday night, January 15.

Miss Anna Olney will entertain at a tea at the St. Francis on Wednesday afternoon next.

Miss Frances Newhall and Miss Virginia Newhall entertained at a dance on Monday evening last at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained at a musicale at their home at Burlingame on Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Ruth Richards was hostess at a dance on Tuesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Griffin Bancroft of San Diego.

Miss Mary Keeney was hostess at an informal bridge party on Wednesday last week.

Miss Helen Jones was hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday evening last at her home on Buchanan Street.

Miss Anna Olney has decided to transfer the scene of her tea on January 5 to the St. Francis, owing to the increased size of her guest list.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. MacDermott, and Mrs. R. C. Carpenter lunched informally at the St. Francis last Wednesday.

Miss Agnes Tillman gave a luncheon on Tuesday of this week at her home in honor of the Misses Virginia and Frances Newhall, her other guests being the Misses Dorothy Van Sicken, Dolly McGavin, Helen Jones, Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Julia Langhorne, Kathleen de Young, Elva de Pue, Jeanne Gallois, Harriet Alexander, Rhoda Pickering, Janet Coleman, Bessie Ashton, Dorothy Baker, Ruth Boericke, Dorothy Boericke, Lillian Van Vorst, Vera de Sabla, Miriam McNear, Lurline Matson, Gussie Foute, Martha Foster, Anna Olney, Florence Cluff, Laura Baldwin, Marian Marvin.

Mrs. I. Lowenberg was the hostess at an informal luncheon at the Palace last Monday in honor of Mrs. S. Lilienthal (formerly Miss Haas).

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock will sail for Europe on Wednesday next.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and their sons, Patrick, John, George, and Andrew, are spending the New Year holidays as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at the ranch of the latter in Kern County.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, who have been in the East for some months, returned on Christmas Eve.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne is expected to arrive next week from Colorado Springs, where she is the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hammond.

Vicomte Philippe de Tristan and Vicomtesse de Tristan (formerly Miss Josephine de Guigne) arrived last week and are at San Mateo with Mr. Christian de Guigne, with whom they will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman arrived last week from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent (formerly Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman) have returned from their wedding journey and are spending the holidays at the Coleman home in San Mateo. They will leave shortly to spend Mardi Gras in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, who have been in New York for the past few months, have returned, and spent the holidays with Mrs. Rathbone's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Josselyn, at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Du Val are expected to arrive from Paris early this month to visit Mrs. Du Val's mother, Mrs. M. A. Tobin.

Miss Cora Jane Flood has returned from some weeks' stay in the East.

Miss Ynez Dibblee returned to Santa Barbara for the holidays and expects to leave early this month for New York.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins will leave this month for the Atlantic coast, and will sail from New York on February 2 for a stay abroad of several months' duration.

Mr. Miller Griffith has arrived from Yale and is spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd will sail from New York on Wednesday next

for the Mediterranean and will remain abroad for some months.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase are spending the week as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Bakersfield.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Cora Smedberg spent Christmas at Monterey as the guests of Major and Mrs. McIvor.

Mrs. C. August Spreckels has arrived from New York and is visiting at San Mateo.

Mrs. Henry Ashe Tighman, who has been spending the past year with her father, Captain W. L. Merry, in Central America, has left for Europe, and after a brief stay in England will spend an indefinite time in Switzerland.

Miss Genevieve King left this week for the East, where she will spend several months.

Mr. W. Alston Hayne has arrived from Southern California to spend the holidays.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Miss Harriett Alexander, and Mr. Douglas Alexander spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson at Burlingame.

Mrs. Edgar F. Preston has returned from Europe, where she has been for some months past.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden and Miss Margaret Belden will sail from New York a week hence for Egypt, where they expect to spend the rest of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunter of Monterey spent Christmas at the Palace.

Miss Lottie Woods is visiting in Honolulu and will not return until the early spring.

Miss Mary Gamble of Santa Barbara is visiting friends in this city.

Miss Florence Dunham has returned from a stay abroad of some months' duration.

Mr. Kenneth Montague is spending the Christmas holidays here.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin left recently for a visit to New York.

Mrs. Charles Sutro, who has been visiting at Del Monte for the last week or so, had as her guest Miss Helen Sullivan.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Ladd of Portland have as their guests at Del Monte over the Christmas holidays Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Ladd, also of Portland.

Mrs. O. A. Hale and daughter will entertain a party over New Year's at Del Monte. They are expected December 31.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin are up from Burlingame and are stopping at the St. Francis.

Miss Jeannette Hooper will leave for the East in a few days to visit friends in Boston and Chicago.

Among recent Del Monte arrivals from San Francisco are Miss Sullivan, Mr. Thomas Kirkpatrick, Mr. G. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. and Mrs. Leo W. Goldstone, Mr. R. A. Pabst, Mr. W. E. Barnard, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Vincent, Miss Anita L. Murray, Dr. Henry C. Davis, Mrs. H. L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Bert J. Schlesinger, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Woods, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Silverberg, Mr. and Mrs. Max Schwabacher, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilson, Miss E. B. Graham, Mrs. M. A. Sullivan.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Robert H. Patterson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, dating from December 20.

Colonel Lea Febiger, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Third Infantry, U. S. A., to the Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., and will join the latter regiment on its arrival in the Philippines.

Lieutenant-Colonel George F. Cooke, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has had the order for his retirement revoked and the leave of absence granted him extended two months.

Major Elisha S. Benton, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., having been found by an army retiring board incapacitated for active service, owing to disability incident thereto, his retirement from active service is announced.

Major Louis Ray Burgess, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank from captain, to date from December 4.

Captain E. B. Underwood, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, and ordered to the Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Captain James P. Robinson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been transferred from the One Hundred and Forty-Seventh Company, Presidio of San Francisco, to the One Hundred and Third Company, Fort Howard, Maryland.

Captain Garrison McCaskey, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Army and Navy General Hospital, Hot Springs, Arkansas, and has arrived at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for observation and treatment.

Captain Frederick B. Shaw, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted leave of absence for two months, to take effect January 1.

Captain Ernest V. Smith, paymaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Seattle, Washington, and report by letter to the commanding general, Department of the Columbia, for temporary duty.

Captain George P. Heard, Medical Corps, U. S. A., who arrived from Manila on the last transport, has been honorably discharged from the service with one year's pay.

Lieutenant-Commander Arthur MacArthur, Jr., U. S. N., is detached from the *Ohio* and ordered to the *Kansas* as navigator.

Lieutenant W. L. Simpson, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived here on leave of absence and will be the guest of his father, Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., until the departure of the transport on January 5, when he will join his regiment en route to the Philippines.

Lieutenant Kurtz Eppley, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., is honorably discharged from the service of the United States.

Lieutenant Sylvester C. Loring, Fifteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to Major-General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., president of an army retiring board, for examination by that board.

Lieutenant Daniel P. Card, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty with Com-

pany B, Hospital Corps, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and to sail for the Philippines on the transport leaving this port on February 5.

Lieutenant James C. Magee, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and to sail on the transport leaving San Francisco on February 5.

Lieutenant Leon C. Garcia, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, and to sail from this port for the Philippines on February 5.

Ensign R. E. Gillmor, U. S. N., is detached from the *New Orleans* and ordered to the *Independence*.

Ensign F. N. Elklund, U. S. N., is detached from the *Albany* and ordered to the Naval Hospital, Mare Island Navy Yard, for treatment.

## The Sembrich Concerts.

From musical and society folk of many neighboring counties, as well as from the city, orders are rapidly coming in for seats and boxes at the Sembrich concerts at the Garrick Theatre, and the scene at these events should be reminiscent of the glories of the old Grand Opera House. A splendid ovation awaits the queen of lyric sopranos, who is the first to return of the Conried songbirds who took flight on that memorable April 18.

Assisting Mme. Sembrich will be Mr. Francis Rogers, baritone, and Frank La Forge, pianist, and at each concert the prima donna will sing two of her great stage successes, besides more than a dozen of the compositions of the foremost German, French, and English song-writers. A special feature will be the duets from Mozart operas which she will sing with Mr. Rogers.

The dates of these red-letter musical events are Sunday afternoons, January 9 and 16, and the intervening Thursday night, January 13.

Complete programmes for the first two concerts may be had at the box-office, which opens next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. The farwell programme will be a request one, providing no demands are made for repetitions from previous programmes, for Mme. Sembrich wants to give three entirely different offerings.

The prices will be just the same as at the New York events, ranging from \$2.50 down to \$1.

On Tuesday afternoon, January 18, Mme. Sembrich will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

The reason why musicians wear long hair is revealed at last. According to a barber cited in the *Philadelphia Bulletin*, "they wear long hair to protect their ears—their sensitive ears. All depends, with musicians, on the ears, the same as all depends on the eyes with painters. And the ears of musicians are delicate, liable to take cold, liable to aches, inflammations, and what not. So they protect them with long hair."

For the sixth season in London "Peter Pan" was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre Christmas week. It was the eleven hundredth performance of the play by this company. Fifty members of the Peter Pan Club were in the gallery and showered the stage with tumbles, which mean kisses in "Peter Pan" land. Pauline Chase was Peter Pan.

Dustin Farnum has reached New York with the Tarkington play, "Cameo Kirby," and the production is criticized there as it was in the West. Emmett Corrigan is now playing the part done here by McKee Rankin.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The second and final week of David Warfield's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre will commence with the performance of "The Music Master" on Monday night, January 3. Warfield's present engagement is amply illustrative of the great hold that the Belasco star has upon theatre-goers, for, after having played the Klein drama in this city last season for four weeks, he returns for the present run and crowds the theatre to the doors at each presentation. Warfield's art has seldom been surpassed in this country, even in the character work of the greatest players. His Von Barwig is a characterization which will take a prominent place in the gallery of this country's most cherished stage works. Marie Bates and the other members of the company are one and all excellently cast. There will be a Saturday matinee.

Ezra Kendall and his company of players will make their last appearances at the Savoy Theatre in "The Vinegar Buyer" Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing with a special matinee, Sunday, with the usual matinees on Thursday and Saturday, the new "Alaskan," fresh from a five months' run in Chicago, will begin an engagement limited to one week. This is one of the remodeled enterprises which include the things which theatre-goers seek—good fun in abundance, music which ranges from the romantic to the lively, and smart stage management. Since "The Alaskan" was presented in San Francisco it has passed into the hands of Richard F. Carroll and Gus Weinburg, eminent comic-opera comedians, who were commissioned to freshen the book, swell the comedy parts, and give the show more "speed." They had to reckon with a musical score which is ornamented with several really fine numbers, all of which were saved, and they wrote several new specialties which went a long way towards giving "The Alaskan" a flying start in Chicago. Chief of these is "Snowballing," a feature that has caused unlimited comment. Richard Carroll, remembered as a comedian here during the palmy days of Fischer's Theatre, plays a theatrical manager with a troupe on his hands, and Mr. Weinburg portrays a German naturalist in charge of a wealthy niece on an exploration tour of Alaska. The piece has plenty of color in its scenery, its costuming of furs, and its other glimpses of the frozen north show a remarkable sledge team of five Alaskan dogs, walrus hide canoes, and other interesting things. The company is large in numbers and attractive in personality.

It is seldom that an artist of world-wide reputation visits this country without being seen outside of New York, but Harry Lauder, Scotland's idol and undoubtedly the world's greatest comedian, is the exception, and nine weeks were played last season without an appearance save in the metropolis. This year he was brought back by William Morris, Inc., with the prospect of playing only in New York, with the exception of a single week at the Morris houses in Boston and Chicago. Later, a hurried tour of the principal cities from Toronto to the Pacific Coast was decided upon, and four weeks set aside, of which time San Francisco has been fortunate enough to secure one, commencing Monday night, January 10, with performances every afternoon and evening thereafter, including Saturday, January 15. As no theatre could be found in the city commodious enough to accommodate the thousands from San Francisco and the interior who want to see and hear the Scotch celebrity, Dreamland Rink, on Steiner Street, near Sutter, has been secured and will be temporarily transformed into a comfortable auditorium.

Lauder has created an even greater furor on this side of the water than in his native land. He is something more than a fad, for a fad is a matter of the moment, and when one has once seen Harry Lauder he is forever an admirer of the genial little Scotchman who is today the highest salaried artist on the stage. Better than that, he is the cleverest, and his singing is a thing of delight. There is a rollicking go and dash to his work that is real, and in the sincerity of his humor lies his chiefest charm. He is not a salaried artist earning his pay. He sings as though he meant every gesture, and he does, for the songs are Lauder set music and

so vivid is the impression that he creates that long after Lauder has gone the lilt of his music rings through the brain and one can see in imagination the quaint figure of the little Scotchman, the roguish twinkle of his eye, and hear again the infectious laugh. Mr. Lauder heads a company of American and European artists each of whom is ordinarily a star, including Julian Eltinge, who is without a peer in his line, and a special orchestra is carried which is under the baton of Mr. Lauder's personal director, Mr. Charles Frank. On account of the immense size of Dreamland, the scale of prices has been arranged to fit all purses, ranging from 50 cents to \$2 for reserved seats, and the sale will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Streets.

The great success achieved by the dainty singing comedienne, Alice Lloyd, at the Orpheum is almost without parallel in the history of this city's vaudeville, and the announcement that her engagement can not be prolonged beyond next week is noted with general regret. The programme for the coming week, while retaining Miss Lloyd for its chief feature, will nevertheless contain a number of novel acts that are sure to please. Those popular dramatic artists, Franklyn Underwood and Frances Slosson, will present the diverting comedieta "Dobs's Dilemma"; the Basque Grand Opera Quartet, French vocalists who dress in Alpine costume and render with splendid effect numbers from "Il Trovatore," "Martha," and other favorite operas; Belle Davis, who was the first to introduce the catchy ditty, "He Certainly Was Good to Me," and her colored pickanninies, and Fox and Foxie's Circus, which introduces beside Fox, a capital comedian, trained dogs, cats, and Foxie, the smallest horse in the world, will be the new acts that are sure to suit the popular taste. The marvelous Klein Family, German comedy cyclists, whose engagement was interrupted by the Orpheum Road Show, will return for next week only, which will be the last of those funny clowns, the Permane Brothers, and also of the famous English eccentrics, the McNaughtons. The motion pictures which will conclude the performance will be worth while.

Local playgoers are awaiting with interest the visit of Olga Nethersole in "The Writing on the Wall," by William J. Hurlbut, which will be presented at the Van Ness Theatre Monday night, January 10, and serve as the means of again presenting this artiste to San Francisco. For the first time here Miss Nethersole will be seen as an exponent of modern American drama, an ambition she has long cherished but only last season realized. "The Writing on the Wall" is a strong, virile, and emotional play of contemporary New York. Miss Nethersole plays the rôle of a young society matron who is a reformer by nature and whose environment enables her to exercise that inclination.

"The Wolf," Eugene Walter's remarkably strong play of life in the Canadian wilderness, will follow "The Alaskan" at the Savoy Theatre.

Among the first attractions to appear at the new Columbia Theatre are William H. Crane in "Father and the Boys," Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty," Robert Mantell in a repertory of eleven plays, "The Round Up," and the Lambardi Grand Opera Company.

Charlotte Tittell is one of the members of the company appearing in support of Olga Nethersole. She is one of the well-known Tittell sisters who are all San Franciscans.

Mme. Ester Adaberto is the dramatic soprano this season with the Lambardi Grand Opera Company coming to the new Columbia Theatre.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is to play an engagement at the Van Ness Theatre a few weeks hence.

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THE EMPRESS HOTEL, Victoria, B. C.

"PRESIDENT TAFT was the most genial guest we ever had under our roof," said Mr. Babb. Mr. Babb is the clever manager who has done so much to make the Hotel del Portal so popular that his guests often stay with him for several days on their way into or out of Yosemite Valley. I was sitting in the davenport, where President Taft had sat, before the great log fire which filled the lounging-room of the hotel with its warmth and cheery blaze, and if the President was any more comfortable than I it would seem that capacity for enjoyment must be measured in terms of avoirdupois. My friend Babb had been pointing out to me several of the guests and telling me how



Lounging-Room of the Hotel del Portal.

they had occupied themselves during the day. Some had driven or ridden down to Hite's gold mine, a most interesting trip, for it is not every day that one can see a gold mine in active operation, even in California. Others staying near at home had visited the Indian village, had crossed the swinging bridge to the farm and the ruins of the oldest hotel in Mariposa County, and had then climbed up to Crane Creek Falls and Mossy Dell. Others again had climbed to the flagstaff on Point Drum, where you can look right into Yosemite Valley and recognize clearly all the well-known peaks and domes. Tomorrow they were planning a trip to the beautiful Chinquapin Falls, which drop over a sheer granite precipice two thousand feet above the Hotel del Portal.

There were visitors from Belgium, from Paris, from London, from a dozen States in this country, and from all parts of California. Some were on their way to Yosemite, others had just been into the valley and, full of enthusiasm, were giving their experiences.

"It is most remarkable," said one. "Here at El Portal, in December, the air is warm



One of the Numerous Parties Now Visiting Yosemite.

and sunny, and we sit on the veranda or stroll around, without wraps, to the different points of interest nearby, and yet, only fourteen miles away, an easy drive by stage, they are skating, sleighing, tobogganing, and traveling on snowshoes in the heart of Yosemite."

"Yes," chimed in another, "and even in Yosemite Valley it is not cold. I wore my overcoat on the stage going in, but I threw it off as soon as I went for a tramp in the snow, and of course I did not wear it when I rode up the trail to Vernal Falls and Mirror Lake." And so it went. One after another, all afire with the beauty and delight of a trip to Yosemite in winter. Some of the local people had been to Yosemite in summer, but this was their first visit in winter, and no one could say which was the more beautiful, but all agreed that those who had only seen the great valley in its summer green had a pleasure in store like the reading of a new book or the unveiling of a new picture.

Yosemite Valley is now open all the year round by way of the Hotel del Portal, and you can make the trip as easily and comfortably in January as you can in June.

The following list of recent arrivals at the Hotel del Portal shows the widespread interest taken in the opportunity to visit Yosemite Valley in winter by Eastern visitors as well as



Spacious Dining-Room of the Hotel del Portal.

by Californians: Count Alf. d'Ansenbourg, Belgium; Baron de Vinck, Belgium; Mr. and Mrs. Fleutaux, Paris; Mr. G. H. Walker, Westminster, Vermont; Mr. E. H. Card, San Francisco; Dr. H. N. Rowell, Berkeley; Mr. R. Rowell, Berkeley; Mr. Harvey Bowing, London; Mrs. Harvey Bowing, London; Miss Aline Bowing, London; Miss Elsie Bowing, London; Mrs. Stephen Balli and maid, Hove, Sussex, England; Dr. W. Gilliatt, London; Mr. and Mrs. Davis B. Gray, San Francisco; Miss Margaret White, Dillon, Montana; Miss Ruth Lynemann, Belvedere, California; Lieutenant A. R. Ehrnbeck, U. S. A., Washington, D. C.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"She talks twice as much as the other girls I know." "Yes—she has a double chin."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"My husband was a very high-strung person. "Yes. I've heard he was hung on Pike's Peak."—*Harper's Weekly*.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizzel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery!"—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"They say Harold Coddington has brain fever." "Impossible. Could an anglerworm have water on the knee?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Mrs. Jones has a new hat." "Well, you look mightily pleased about it?" "You just ought to see how it looks on her."—*Houston Post*.

*Elsie*—They're twins, aren't they? *Bob* (scornfully)—Twins, you duffer! Can't you see one's a boy and one is a girl?—*London Opinion*.

*Novice*—They tell me that a man can't go into politics and remain honest. *Old Stager*—Yes, he can. But it isn't necessary.—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Why don't you give your wife an allowance?" "I tried that once, and she spent it before I could borrow it back."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"The new Drednought *Delaware* is the mightiest ship in our navy." "Is it? Why, then, isn't it called the Rhode Island?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

*Blobbs*—Harduppe says he owes everything to his wife. *Slobbs*—Harduppe is a double-distilled prevaricator. He owes \$10 to me.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"What do you figure is the result of a college education?" "The young man learns to yell for the money, and the old man to whistle for it!"—*Puck*.

*Inquirer*—Did Miss Howell's voice fill the hall? *Critic*—Well, it filled the lobby. Nearly everybody went out there when she sang.—*Huntington Herald*.

*John*—I'll bring you a fork, sir. *The Customer*—What for? *John*—The Camembert, sir. *The Customer*—A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"Have you heard that poor Firmin is dead?" "No. He wasn't ill long, surely." "Ah, you see, medicine has made great progress lately."—*Bon Ton*.

*Ted*—Isn't Tom thinking rather seriously of getting married? *Ned*—He couldn't have thought very seriously about it, for he has gone and done it.—*Brooklyn Life*.

"I wonder who the people are in that machine who look so haughty?" "Probably the poor relations of the owner, who is taking them for a spin."—*Buffalo Express*.

*Wife*—You promised that if I would marry you my every wish would be gratified. *Husband*—Well, isn't it? *Wife*—No; I wish I hadn't married you.—*Illustrated Bits*.

"Sir, your son has just joined a college fraternity. These college fraternities—" "Never mind about breaking it gently. What hospital is he at?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Wife*—You were late last night. *Hub*—Beg your pardon, my dear. As I came in the front door the clock struck eleven. *Wife*—But what time did you arrive at the head of the stairs?—*Boston Transcript*.

"Own up, now. Who's the head of your family?" "My wife used to be," admitted Mr. Enpeck. "But since my daughters are grown we have a commission form of government."—*Washington Herald*.

*De Artist*—You say you walk a great deal? *De Actor*—Yes. *De Artist*—When you are playing golf? *De Actor*—Sometimes when I am playing golf and sometimes when I am playing Hamlet.—*Chicago Journal*.

*Jones*—Green bought a second-hand automobile three weeks ago, and he has been arrested six times in it. *Smith*—For exceeding the speed limit? *Jones*—No; for obstructing the street.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Post*—I'm trying to get a first-class chauffeur to run my car. *Parker*—Can't you find a good one. *Post*—No. All the fine ones have made so much money that they now own and operate their own machines.—*Sunday Magazine*.

*Tubb*—Old boy, I want to congratulate you on your speech at the banquet last night. *O'Sudds* (after waiting a moment)—I know you do, pard, and you're awfully sorry you can't do it truthfully. I appreciate the effort, just the same. Nasty weather, isn't it?—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Most musical critics are fools!" said Robinson. "Why, one of them recently wrote in his report of a concert where I sang that my voice was a baritone, whereas it's a pure basso!" "Yes," said Jones, "a basso relievo."

"Basso relievo!" replied Robinson, sharply. "Why, there is no such voice!" "Oh, yes, there is," added Jones, "basso when you sing and a relief when you leave off, you know."—*Musical America*.

## DIVIDEND NOTICES.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY** (The German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910. **GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.**

**THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY** (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of the deposit accounts and earn dividends at the same rate from January 1. Money deposited on or before January 10, will earn interest from January 1. **WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.**

**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION** (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4 1/8) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, becomes a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of January will receive dividend from January 1. **R. M. WELCH, Cashier.**

**HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK** (Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1910. **H. C. KLEVESAH, Cashier.**

**SECURITY SAVINGS BANK** (Member of Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 316 Montgomery Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, dividends upon all deposits at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after January 3, 1910. **FRED W. RAY, Secretary.**

**MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK** (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), corner Market and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn earn interest from January 1. Deposits made on or before January 10 earn interest from January 1. **JOHN U. CALKINS, Cashier.**

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mayor McCarthy.

We hear expressions of surprise with respect to the public avowal by Mr. McCarthy that he is *first* president of the Building Trades Council and *second* mayor-elect of the city of San Francisco. We hear further expressions of surprise that in organizing his administration Mr. McCarthy is not counseling with men representative of the intelligence and property of the community—that on the other hand he has rejected courteous proffers of counsel from men entitled by their relation to the affairs of the city to be heard.

Why should there be surprise on these scores? What is there in the character, history, and affiliations of Mr. McCarthy or in the circumstances of his election to give anybody the notion that his course in the mayor's chair will be other than that of a blatherskite endowed with something more than a little brief authority? While it may not be true that Mr. McCarthy is a man of alien birth and breeding—we have such assurance on this score as his own word may be worth—he is distinctly a man of the anti-American type. His spirit is that of one who cringes under subordination and who in authority is the rankest of dictators. His personal style and manner is that of a blatant blunderer; he conducts the simplest negotia-

tion with exhibitions of physical and vocal energy adequate to the management of a twenty-bull team. Training in the rough school of labor leadership has developed the innate tyrant in the man. For ten years he has been the head and front of the most aggressive type of labor unionism, a man practised in the knock-down-and-drag-out system of administration, fitted for it by temperament, delighting in it by propensity. Whatever men of moderation and respect for law have found to criticize in advanced labor unionism in San Francisco this past ten years, this is representative of the mind, character, and methods of P. H. McCarthy. Upon the basis of this personal history, let us ask, is there reason for surprise that Mr. McCarthy as mayor-elect does not coo like a sucking dove, moderate his voice to dulcet tones, and call the clergy, professors of sociology, and the owners of banks into his counsels? What reason was there for supposing that he would so far abandon his normal and fixed character as to cease to be an agitator in becoming mayor?

We have seen Mr. McCarthy somewhat more than less active in local politics during the past ten years, always as the representative of an aggressive class interest, always insistent, loud-mouthed, and intolerant of opinions and judgments other than his own. And in what association? Is there need to ask? San Francisco has observed him as the supporter of Ruef and Schmitz, affiliated with their politics, tacitly if not openly an approver of their methods. San Francisco has seen all this, and having seen it, where is there room for surprise that as mayor-elect Mr. McCarthy appears in his traditional and familiar character? Has it been observed in the history of San Francisco, not to mention the world at large, that the endowment of an arrogant and vulgar man with official authority contributes to the reformation of his character or the softening of his manners?

Let us consider, too, the circumstances of Mr. McCarthy's election to the mayoralty. He was the nominee of a class party, besmirched in its record and weak in numbers. He was opposed by two eminently respectable if not notably strong candidates. He undertook the task of affiliating the sinister, disorderly, selfish, and mercenary groups in his own support. He was completely successful. The extreme laborites, the disreputable part of the liquor trade, the gambling-house promoters, the nickel-in-the-slot exploiters, the traders in prostitution, the owners of tenderloin real estate—all these with the various groups of mercenary politics, the greedy and the selfish, heard the call and joined the McCarthy army, not all openly and above-board, but none the less surely and effectively. Mr. McCarthy's election was brought about as a direct result of coöperative and consolidated action on the part of the worst elements of the community.

This is to be said for Mr. McCarthy: he is no hypocrite and no coward. At no time before his candidacy, during the campaign, or since his election has he given forth one utterance founded in any other idea than that of selfishness, aggression, and force. He has given out no homilies on the good, the true, and the beautiful; he has made no pretensions to a disinterested, broad, or otherwise worthy view of things. He has not said one word in regret or condonement of his relations with Schmitz and Ruef; he has not said one word in mitigation of his pose as a labor agitator before all else; he has not said one word tending to develop in any intelligent mind the belief that he cares for anything other than those purposes for which he has always stood. Before the election he boldly declared for an "open town," boldly exploited his laborite and other sinister affiliations. Since his election he has with equal boldness raised the black flag—the only flag indeed under which it is possible for a man of his character, history, affiliations, and backing to march.

Really we are adding nothing in this recital to what is and has long been known about our mayor-elect. It was all known months ago as well as now. San Francisco knew perfectly well what it was doing in electing him mayor as it did by a vote well up toward the combined votes for his two respectable rivals. Surprise that Mr. McCarthy is now what he is and what he has always been, surprise because he does not counsel with the "better elements," surprise because having been elected on the basis of sinister character and by sinister forces he does not now turn out to be a fine gentleman of amiable purposes and gracious methods—surprise on these and other scores may be genuine, but it is a bit foolish. When in politics or anything else did thorns yield grapes or thistles figs?

San Francisco is in the way of having an active time in her municipal affairs during the coming two years. Under our system the mayor if he choose is pretty much the whole thing, and Mr. McCarthy commonly chooses. The board of supervisors is subject to his will; the charter makes him practically master of the public purse and absolute master of the police and other administrative departments. And—he will be the master all right. He will rule with his own hand and it will be a hard hand well doubled up. And who is there to say that San Francisco will get anything that she does not deserve?

### Status of the Tariff Fight.

The national Republican convention convened at Chicago June 18, 1908, declared "unequivocally for a revision of the tariff." Proceeding, it declared that "in all tariff legislation the true principle is . . . the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries." Before and after this declaration Mr. Taft as a candidate for the presidency said that the "revision" pledged by the party was "revision downward." The country so accepted the pledge. But when it came to performance there was another interpretation. There were those who insisted that "revision" might be made up as well as down without dishonor to the pledge; and after many weeks of haggling over details a bill was prepared under which the aggregate of impositions was actually higher than under the law as it stood. At this point the President asserted himself, threatening by implication to veto the bill, whereupon it was modified, not indeed to the point of meeting the President's wishes, but sufficiently to secure his reluctant assent. Later, in the course of his recent tour of the country, Mr. Taft expressed a more positive satisfaction with the measure, taking the ground that it was a fair compromise of differences and that the country ought to regard it as a finality, at least for the present. We run over this record because it is important that it should be fresh in the mind of those who now turn to observe the beginnings of what is surely destined to be a historic contest.

The foremost State in the general movement for tariff revision is Iowa, and the foremost man in Iowa politics—the man most representative of Iowa opinion with respect to national policies—is Senator Albert R. Cummins. Senator Cummins was active in the effort made last winter in Congress for lower tariff duties, and while he accepted the final result he made no pretense to satisfaction with it. Now at the practical beginning of the long session of Congress he comes out with a positive and thoroughgoing reassertion of the position held by him pending last year's attempt at revision and previous to that time. In a speech at Des Moines on January 1 Senator Cummins declared that "the fight for tariff revision and for more progressive principles will go on more seriously than ever and will win in the end." The stand-patters, he said—those who followed the lead of Senator Aldrich in formulating



last year's tariff measure—care little how high the duties may be if they be high enough to exclude importations. He further declared that practically they permitted the protected interests to fix their own rates. "The echoes of the Republican platform of 1908," he said, "have become so faint in the councils of the stand-patters that they are drowned in the cries of the manufacturers."

Turning to the purposes of himself and others, Mr. Cummins said:

We remember that we promised the American people that the duties on imported competitive commodities should be measured by the difference between the cost of production in this and rival lands, and that we made the promise in order to give at once protection to the producer from unequal competition and protection to the consumer from extortion. We knew that in many fields of industry home competition had been substantially destroyed, and we intended to subject our home producers to the fire of foreign competition if prices were raised above a fair and reasonable profit.

I do not attempt to obscure or minimize the extent of our defeat, but if any one harbors the delusion that the passage of the recent tariff law ended the fight for fair and reasonable protective duties, it would be wise for him at once to reform his conclusion. The progressives, after years of struggle, brought the convention to a full acknowledgment of the justice of their position.

With respect to further regulations of interstate commerce, the stand-patters occupy just the same position that they always have occupied.

The meaning of this is plain. It is that the reformers do not accept the legislation of last year in satisfaction of their demands or as a faithful carrying-out of the party pledge. They intend to renew the fight upon the basis of last year's demands and will press them as embodying the good faith and integrity of the Republican party. They put themselves fairly athwart the purpose of Senator Aldrich and his followers and openly resent the position of the President as out of tune with his obligations and of those of the party of which he is the head. The movement is not a new one; it is not one born of impulse nor nourished by transient purposes. It began in the "Iowa idea" promulgated in 1899, the central theory of this famous movement being that certain aggressive combinations of capital were using the tariff as a shelter for grasping and nefarious operations. The "Iowa idea" has taken a profound hold in the Middle Western States and has found more or less sympathy the country over. It has found champions, too—champions who have been stimulated rather than discouraged by the half-hearted action of the last Congress, and who, as Senator Cummins declares, intend to keep up the fight until it shall be won.

We think the country grows in support of the sentiment embodied in the "Iowa idea." We think that the country has failed to accept last year's tariff bill as an honest correction of oppressive conditions or as a fair redemption of Republican pledges. We think the President is wrong in his acceptance of the work of Congress as a fair performance of its obligation, that he has gone too far in the effort to make peace, and that he has to a degree hurt his own standing by this action. In truth, the matter is not one of question or doubt. It is true unquestionably that the tariff as it stands imposes undue burdens on certain classes of citizens and yields undue advantages to others. It is likewise true that the tariff laws of the country do afford a vantage ground to groups of manufacturers who employ it to the end of self-aggrandizement at the public cost. It is further unquestionable that the tariff is an appreciable factor in the general conditions which make for the advance of prices in a large range of articles of domestic consumption, and that it is reflected to a greater or less extent in the increased cost of living which presses so heavily upon the country.

The *Argonaut* is a very earnest Republican. It is an approver and supporter of the protective system, regarding it not as a fixed authoritative and permanent principle, but as an expedient to be employed or abandoned, to be modified or reapplied, as the interest and convenience of the country may warrant. It sees many points at which the protective scheme may continue to be employed to the general advantage and welfare of the country. But it sees, too, or thinks it sees, that the beneficiaries of the protective system are seeking to become the permanent masters of the country in the sense of directing its policies to selfish advantage. They have ceased to be content with protection as an aid to industry, now demanding that it shall be a permanent promoter of private and class interest. We believe that a time has come when the Republican party

must unhorse and discard the tariff claimants or become an instrument in the oppression of one class of citizens for the benefit of other classes. In other words, we believe that Senator Cummins and those who support him have the right of the argument, the right of the situation. We believe that they ought to win and that they will win, and that in winning they will save the Republican party from an internal distemper tending to weaken its integrity and to destroy its usefulness as a vehicle of political action.

#### A Municipal Railroad.

We are to have a municipal railroad in Geary Street, Market Street, and Point Lobos Avenue, from the bay to the beach, with a branch to Golden Gate Park. San Francisco has considered the matter and determined upon this course by an emphatic voice.

It would be a bit arrogant in the face of a nearly three-to-one vote to say that San Francisco does not really want a municipal railroad. And yet there are considerations in plain sight which imply that the vote was rather more than less a forced one. The project had been submitted three times before; everybody was tired of it, some to the extent of accepting it for the sake of being quits with a persistent annoyance. There are always those in every community—mostly persons who pay no taxes—eager for innovation, instinctively attracted by any novelty; these of course went solidly for the proposition without in the least comprehending its significance or caring anything about the responsibilities implied in it. Then there were the extreme labor unionists, who voted for the proposition because it meant the spending of money, possibly to their advantage; furthermore, they were told to vote for it by those who direct labor politics, and who, being presently in authority, will have the disbursement of the funds.

Then there were the strap-hangers. For several months the street-cars during morning and evening hours have been unreasonably, uncomfortably, vulgarly, indecently crowded. To get to one's business or work in the morning, to get home in the evening—this has been an ordeal. The editor of the *Argonaut* knows how it is himself; he can scarcely recall an evening within three months when he has not had to hang to a strap during the half-hour's journey between his office and his home. Nobody likes this sort of thing, and it requires more philosophy than the average man possesses to endure it week after week without resentment against those who occupy the streets but who fail to provide a proper transportation service in return for this privilege. The feeling of the average strap-hanger—that is, of nearly everybody who rides in the street-cars—has been that for all of their promises the street-car companies have failed to render the kind of service obligatory upon them. Where there is a sense of injury there is commonly a wish to "get even," and it is not too much to say that thousands of voters more regardful of their resentments than of the principles involved "got even" by voting for a municipalized road. Then, as usual, there were the careless citizens, conservative by instinct and opinion, but too much occupied with other interests to go to the polls. There were those, too, at enmity with the United Railroads on the score of issues related to the graft prosecution and willing to do it a bad turn out of malice. Where so many causes were combined the result was practically foreordained.

Municipal engineers have estimated that the work will cost in round numbers two millions of dollars and that it can be completed within a year. The *Argonaut* prophesies that the cost will be nearer four millions than two and that the time of construction will be nearer two years than one. The amount of salt requisite under ordinary circumstances to be applied to engineering estimates needs in the case of municipal schemes to be doubled—even then the full tale is commonly not told.

Municipal ownership of street railroads has been tried at various places during the past ten years and everywhere it has failed. It has failed at the point of efficient construction. It has failed at the point of service. It has failed at the point of economy. The experience of Chicago, Cleveland, and other cities will be repeated here. Our municipal railroad will cost unreasonably because there will be incompetence and jobbery all along the line of construction. There will be delay, with a long period during which the Geary Street people will be without a facility which now serves them reasonably well—this because the enter-

prise will be without that driving energy essential to the prompt execution of great tasks. When the road is completed—if ever it really gets completed—it will be inefficiently manned and inefficiently managed. The vices of politicalism will besmear its service at every point. The cost of everything, including labor, will be expanded, the service will be slovenly and insolent. Dissatisfaction will be universal. The road will not be able to earn its living, but will become a burden upon the public purse and the public patience. The district adjacent to Geary Street will suffer the manifold evils which follow inefficient transportation service, and will cry out in criticism and reproach of a system tending to retard development and reduce property valuations. The street railroad department of the city government will become one of the pawns of professional politics, tending to jobbery and corruption. If labor troubles arise the street transportation department will yield us another difficult problem.

This is not a pleasant picture and we have no pleasure in drawing it. But it is precisely what has happened elsewhere, precisely what lies before San Francisco. We will rue the day when this unspeakably foolish thing was done. We will suffer until multiplied hardships and resentments will prompt us to rise in righteous wrath and undo that which carelessness, malice, and stupidity have forced upon us.

#### The Coming Investigation.

Secretary Ballinger has turned the tables upon his critics by demanding a congressional investigation of the rather more than less vague charges brought against him in relation to his administration of the Interior Department. He insists that the investigation shall be conducted upon a plan sufficiently wide to lay bare the matters which have been discussed officially between Mr. Pinchot and himself. He is willing to stand or fall by the record; and since his conduct has been contrasted with that of Mr. Pinchot, he wants to see the same principle applied in Mr. Pinchot's case.

One practical difficulty in this procedure rests upon the fact that the accusations urged against Ballinger, if they may be so called, are wholly lacking in definiteness. The first of the stories reflecting upon Ballinger was to the effect that in his rulings he had undone the work of his predecessors to the extent of uncovering and putting at the mercy of spoliators and land grabbers certain water-power sites of great value, the same having been protected under the policy of Roosevelt and Pinchot. Investigation showed that this story was a pure fabrication—either a malicious or ignorant misinterpretation. The records showed that there had been no "uncovering" of power sites, no grabbing of such property by speculators, and no situation in which such procedures were possible. Then the movement against Ballinger took new form. The scene was shifted to Alaska, the charge being that Secretary Ballinger's rulings had favored certain interests with which he had been associated as an attorney before his connection with the Interior Department. In answer to this it was shown that Mr. Ballinger's whole connection with the Alaskan matter rested upon a single incident. Previous to going to Washington, he had been consulted by certain claimants of coal property in Alaska as to the status of their interests, and had rendered them an opinion adverse to their claims, receiving for this service a small fee. When the matter came up for action before the Interior Department, the Secretary, in view of this previous connection with the matter, declined to adjudicate it. What was done was done by others without consultation with the Secretary.

So far as we have been able to discover, this is the whole case against Ballinger. In truth, there is no case, but just a noisy outcry, raised for the purpose of involving the Interior Department and through it the whole administration in a fog of suspicion. This is bound to be dissipated by an inquiry if it shall go deep enough and wide enough. The Secretary's own statement with respect to the forthcoming inquiry is suggestive of his confidence. "The best interests of the Interior Department," he says, "require a thorough-going investigation, and it can not be made too broad in its scope to suit me and those under me who have suffered indignities, unjust censure, and the deliberate misrepresentation of facts that are plain upon the records. I court the widest and fullest inquiry and shall hope that there will be no delay."

We gain from well-informed sources the impression that a congressional inquiry was not what was wanted



by Pinchot and his friends—that, in fact, they have been thrown somewhat into a panic by it. What was wanted was the maintenance of an atmosphere of mystery and suspicion tending to impress the public mind of the country with the fact that something is wrong in the Interior Department. The investigation will make the situation clear, and when this shall be accomplished it is difficult to see how both Ballinger and Pinchot can remain in the government service, for if one is right the other must be wrong. Either Ballinger or Pinchot, it is thought, must surely go. The first presumption was that the investigation would be welcomed by the friends of Pinchot, but this appears not to have been the case. The truth is that the forest service is not prepared for an investigation. That it has done any financial wrong nobody suspects, but its operations for several years have in many respects been unauthorized—clean beyond the law. The methods followed by it are alleged to have been those of an independent bureau, responsible to no one but its head. It has been proceeding by regulation, thereby assuming powers belonging only to Congress. It has been able to carry forward its plans because it had the backing of the late administration and because Congress had no real understanding of the manner in which the service was being conducted.

We suspect that before this investigation is far advanced it will turn out that not Mr. Ballinger but Mr. Pinchot will be on the grill. If it shall be shown that the forest service has usurped legislative authority, disregarded laws enacted by Congress, and acted in contempt of other branches of the government of which it is a part, Mr. Pinchot will find it difficult to justify himself. It is not the way of Congress to deal tenderly with those who upon any theory or under any pretense assume to nullify or disregard the laws.

In any event this inquiry ought to terminate a controversy which has already too much annoyed the country. There are, however, many reasons to believe that it has been pursued as a mere device for annoying and discrediting the Taft administration. There is a group at Washington, with sub-groups all over the country, eager to create sentiment against Taft to the end of bringing in Mr. Roosevelt as a presidential candidate in 1912. The plan is to discredit the Taft administration as "disloyal" to the Roosevelt policies. To assault Taft directly would be bad tactics—"raw," in the language of politics. Better results, it is thought, can be gained by smirching subordinates. Ballinger was selected for the first onslaught. After him others of the President's official family are to be grilled. It is, if we may use a large phrase for a small procedure, a conspiracy of detraction, conceived in the nastiest spirit of nasty politics.

### The Peers on the Platform.

The peers of England are making hay while the sun shines or, to be more precise, they are making speeches during the short time that intervenes between the dissolution of Parliament and the opening of the campaign. An ancient custom forbids the participation of a peer in the election of a commoner, so that when a general election is actually in progress the lords are oratorically muzzled by a fiction that supposes them to be quite indifferent to the composition of the lower house. But until the candidates have been actually nominated the peers may use all the eloquence with which nature has endowed them, and consequently there is an unprecedented outpouring of the lordly spirit in a supreme effort at self-defense. Hereditary legislators who have never made a speech in their lives except at a tenants' dinner are facing the perils of the public platform in a brave effort to convince the electorate that caste privilege is a divine institution and that the only hope for the kingdom is in its perpetuation. A political meeting in England with its invariable and painful process of "heckling" has its terrors even for the practiced speaker, while the opportunity to bait a real live lord is one that may not occur again and must be used to full advantage. The orators of the gilded chamber are therefore entitled to due credit for courage.

It would be a mistake to suppose that all members of the House of Lords are opposed either to the budget or to the government. Even the most radical of governments, such as the present, has its sprinkling of supporters among the peers, and these are making themselves heard just as energetically as their opponents. The Duke of Northumberland, for example, made a radical speech avowing that he had "always

advocated the reform of the House of Lords" and is now as anxious for it as ever. The government has no more staunch supporter than Lord Kimberley, who struck a popular historical note when he said, "My ancestor fought with Oliver Cromwell and I am going to do an hereditary thing—I am going to fight with the people, because I believe it to be absolutely right." Lord Kimberley advocates no half-way measures of reform. He wants to see the House of Lords "pulled down altogether," and even Oliver Cromwell himself could go no further than this, except to cut off a few heads by way of general encouragement.

For the most part the oratory of the lords seems to be of the unpremeditated and impromptu order and perhaps none the less effective for its lack of art. Occasionally the speaker stumbles upon a good thing, as when Lord Denbigh reminded his audience that if the peers are actually a set of brainless idiots the Liberal party is largely responsible for creating so many of them. The London correspondent of the *New York Evening Post* quotes Lord Denbigh as saying that if he had to go down he preferred to go down in a fight, rather than lie down first and let the other fellow jump on him. The report continues:

"I was riding through London the other day," he proceeded. Lord growls from his hearers.

"On a 'bus," he explained, amid cheers and laughter.

"Did you pay your fare?" shouted some one.

"Yes, I'm no 'hiker,'" he replied. "This is still a free country, and I suppose even a poor miserable lord may have a penny 'bus ride occasionally."

The same correspondent reports a speech by Lord Newton, who was elected a member of the House of Commons three times before he was "kicked upstairs" to the House of Lords. Lord Newton admitted that there was much room for improvement in the peers and many of them whose services could be dispensed with, but the Liberals wanted to make of the house "a cross between a registry office and a debating society":

But this same peer eclipsed his other efforts at a meeting in North London. He had had a very mixed reception. The "Voice from the Audience" was raucous and persistent. Finally he hurst out:

"If a peer—myself, for instance, makes an ass of himself, is it open to the Commons to say that the members of the House of Peers are all asses?"

A fortissimo roar of laughter drowned any reply that was made to this deep political problem.

Lord Kesteven seems to have had a distinctly bad quarter of an hour in Lincolnshire:

Down in Lincolnshire Lord Kesteven, having resumed his seat, owing to the interruptions, asked, "Do you want a song?" General uproar and shouts of "The Constitution" were the answer.

"If you'll only let me get a word in edgeways—only edgeways," he pleaded. Cheers for the Radical candidate, after which an elector wanted to know by what right his lordship controlled "all the villages."

"Because I've put my money into them," he shouted. Then more hubbub, while he went on:

"I love all this; it's all the joy and fun of the fight, and it's what I like."

"Yes; and you'll have to fight this time, too," shouted the crowd.

They practically refused him a hearing.

The invasion of the political platform by the peers would doubtless be more effective but for the fact that they are defending their own pockets rather than advocating any broad scheme of national policy. Lord Harris, for example, would be entirely unheard of but for his prowess as a cricketer, but no doubt he felt very much aggrieved when a Sheerness audience hooted him from the platform. A great many of the peers who voted against the budget had not been inside the house for years, and obeyed the party summons only when their personal interests were at stake. Lord Newton may be right when he denied that the ordinary peer was "a sort of inarticulate rustic or yokel who in the intervals of killing tame pheasants, worrying rats, training fighting cocks, and amusements of that sort escaped off to London to mutilate and massacre munificent and beneficial measures," but he seems to have admitted that a good many of his colleagues are of this variety and yet have an irresponsible power over legislation. Small wonder that his auditors pressed home the point by embarrassing impromptus.

It is evident that the oratory of the lords is a source of some amusement, and it may even have some effect. Indeed, we may safely believe that it will have some effect so far as it is actuated by courage. At least it imports an element of humor into a situation that might easily become over serious.

London is described by several correspondents as passing through an orgy of aristocracy worship, and

those familiar only with the metropolis may well misjudge the ultimate verdict. Town house and country seat are both likely to exercise a profound influence upon their environment, but the great reforming strength may be expected to assert itself in the large commercial centres such as Manchester and Glasgow. The whole labor vote goes with the government, while naturally enough the Irish party has its own axe to grind by the extinction of the hereditary power that has been used so many times against "the cause." There is therefore a nice balance of forces, and while a government victory is expected, it is sometimes the unexpected that happens.

### The Late D. O. Mills.

There is sincere regret in California and throughout the country for the death of Mr. D. O. Mills, which occurred at his Milbrae home near this city on Tuesday night of this week. Mr. Mills had lived a long life, having been born in 1825. For many years he had had a large part in large affairs on both sides of the continent and even in foreign countries, and with all his activities he had maintained not only the respect, but the kindly personal regard of friends old and new and of the world in general. Mr. Mills was a business man of the old-fashioned type. His maxims were those of half a century ago and his methods were of the sort now called conservative. There was nothing spectacular about him, nothing for effect, nothing that appeared to be anything it was not. In Mr. Mills's view business was a high career because it is one of the essential functions of civilized life. His activities were based upon this conception and were designed in their various ramifications in accord with it. There was nothing of the all-grasping spirit in his operations, nothing at odds with the principle that every business transaction ought to benefit both parties to it, likewise the world in general.

Mr. Mills's connection with California began in 1849, when he was twenty-four years of age. He came to Sacramento, then the centre of business life in California, with the training of a bank clerk. He did not seek the mines, but chose those activities which mining development promoted. His financial operations began as a buyer of gold-dust, and his business as a "dust broker" quickly grew into banking operations which continue to this day under the style of the D. O. Mills National Bank of Sacramento. When the commercial and financial centre of gravity moved to San Francisco Mr. Mills transferred his residence to this city, where he assumed the presidency of the Bank of California. In those early operations which established San Francisco as the financial centre of the Pacific world Mr. Mills was a large and an active factor. His private fortunes grew steadily, and in 1880 he found himself for that day, or even for any day, a vastly rich man.

The Kearney constitution had created a situation in California exceedingly distasteful to Mr. Mills, and partly in disgust, partly because he wanted a larger field of action, he moved to New York, not however relinquishing his interests here nor ceasing to maintain for San Francisco and for California a vital and warm personal sentiment. He has maintained a home here at Milbrae, just south of this city, and has returned annually for an extended stay of several weeks or months. He has kept steadily in touch with men and things in California, an active though commonly absent participator in the financial life of the city. Through his connection with the Bank of California and with the Bank of D. O. Mills, Sacramento, he has been a constant investor here. The beautiful Mills building on Montgomery Street is a mark of his interest and confidence in San Francisco, its restoration and enlargement since the disaster of 1906 illustrating his continuing hopefulness for our fortunes.

A graceful public recognition of the support given by Mr. Mills to San Francisco after the disaster, in the New York financial market and elsewhere, was arranged in March of 1908 by the Chamber of Commerce. An afternoon reception was given in his honor and accepted in the spirit of a man deeply regardful of San Francisco and past the time of any mere selfish calculation. He spoke with earnestness and deep feeling. The years passed in San Francisco, he said, had been the "happiest of his life." They had been the years of his highest efforts and of his most important achievements. He was glad to have been among the founders of the broader commercial character of which he saw in the future among the common



centres of the world. He said much in exploitation of the possibilities of the city in its relations to the American continent and to the outer world of the Pacific Ocean. He was gratified in observing the exceptional courage and resource of San Francisco in the work of reconstruction then well advanced. Mr. Mills saw, too, the reverse side of the picture, and as a true friend and counselor he did not permit the sentiments of a complimentary occasion to limit his remarks to mere compliment. He reminded San Francisco in very plain terms of those great obligations which attach to communities, and pointed out what is certain to follow if these obligations are held in contempt. There are, he said, some signs of loss of public spirit, of failure to recognize public obligations, accompanied by a decline in the just recognition of each other's rights. Specifically he pointed to a then pending struggle between capital and labor, declaring that there was no conspiracy of capital against labor and that there can be none. Every workman, he said, has a right equally with every capitalist in the open market—a right to an open shop; and, he added, a government that does not secure this is a false pretense and is not worth what it costs. You need, he said, to rise to a level higher than the past. Yet the history of our past may have important lessons for the present. Let me urge you, my friends, he went on, hold fast to the spirit of good-will, the energy, and the integrity which were the ruling traits in the best men of the early days. Concluding and alluding to the rapid upbuilding of the city he said, "Our greater San Francisco must be built on the basis of practical reverence for purity in the home, respect for property and contract, on patriotism and observance of the law." This was wise counsel when it was uttered—it is wise counsel today and at all times.

Mr. Mills was essentially a practical man and his beneficences, which were many, had the merit of being practical in their aim and scope. Of his many contributions to the advancing civilization of his day, we know of nothing so important as the Mills hotels in New York City. He had observed the squalor, the tendencies to degradation in the cheaper hotel life of the country. He saw it as an abomination and he believed it was unnecessary. He conceived the idea of a series of hotels providing for persons of cleanly and civilized tastes and habits, but of moderate means, the comforts of life at small cost. He built in New York City two such hotels on a large scale, regarding them as an experiment, but believing that he had hit upon an important need. The success of these establishments was even beyond expectation. Not only did they meet the necessity for which they were created, but they made a reasonable return upon the investment, thus demonstrating that beneficence and business may wisely work together. Mr. Mills justly regarded this achievement as among the more important of his life, because it blazed the way of essential betterment upon an entirely self-sustaining and self-respecting plan.

The world must have, if the wholesomer purposes of life are to be carried forward, many kinds of men; and none are more essential than great captains of material fortune whose purposes and activities tend to sustain the forces of civilization. Mr. Mills was such a man. His sphere was that of business; he bore himself in it not only with signal ability and success, but with high purposes. He made no pretensions, and yet in mind as in character he grew with his fortunes. In our day perhaps we have no more truly wise man in relation to those material interests essential to the integrity of the system and of the principles under which we live.

#### Editorial Notes.

The vital question involved in the current discussion about football is this: Shall that sport which above all others calls for physical hardihood and promotes physical hardihood be retained or banished? Shall we bring up our boys with the stimulus of rough sport or without it? All the talk about such "modification of playing rules as to reduce injury to contestants to a minimum" is just talk and nothing more. When you get eleven sturdy young chaps on one side of a ten-acre field and eleven on the other side, each group trying to force a ball to the opposite goal, with five thousand (more or less) girls looking on, you are going to have a situation where the effort to "reduce injury to contestants to a minimum" is more likely to be honored in the breach than in the observance. In its way, and it is a very rough way, the game of football is a fight, and

that's why it is so attractive to those who play and those who look on. And in the judgment of the *Argonaut* when the time comes that American college boys are not willing to play such a game, and when American audiences are not interested in looking on, American character will have lost something of its vitality and force. Wellington remarked that Waterloo was won on the cricket field at Eton. Possibly a time may come when we may want battalions brought up under stronger discipline than that afforded by lawn tennis and hop-scotch.

The name of Robert E. Lee commands the respect of all Americans, of any and all opinions everywhere. It is a name not mentioned in any company unaccompanied by encomium. Abroad it stands so high as to add lustre to the American character. A famous English military writer (Major Henderson in "The Art of War") has declared that "probably Robert E. Lee was the greatest soldier who ever spoke the English language." Robert E. Lee was essentially a Virginian. As the son of Light-Horse Harry Lee his name and fame bridge the lapse of time back to the days of the Revolution. All that is highest and best in Virginian tradition and character is summed up in Robert E. Lee. All this being true, it is not surprising that Virginia should wish to occupy a space assigned to her in the statuary hall at the national capitol with the effigy of Robert E. Lee. And is Virginia wrong in selecting for this great honor the man above all others in recent times representative of her sentiments, standards, and aspirations? Have we buried our differences, is fraternity reestablished between North and South, or is all the talk of a restored country mere gabble and gammon and hypocritical rot?

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

A certain captious criticism that usually follows important appointments in the public service has not spared Judge Lurton, the new Supreme Court justice. The use of such stereotyped phrases as corporation lawyer has become almost automatic among newspapers whose chief trade is denunciation, and these phrases are used glibly without reference to record or reputation. Naturally enough, Judge Lurton has not escaped the common fate, but how little he deserves the imputation of leaning unduly toward corporation interests might have been ascertained easily by a reference to his judicial history.

The first important trust case in which Mr. Lurton was concerned was that of the Addyston pipe concern, and its immediate effect was the enforced dissolution of a combination in restraint of trade. The judgment was written by Mr. Taft when he was a judge of the Circuit Court, and Mr. Lurton, who sat with Mr. Taft, concurred in the judgment. It is worth noting that this was a reversal of the lower court.

Judge Lurton next figures in the case of Atlanta against the Chattanooga foundry works, and this also was a case under the Sherman act. The city of Atlanta asked for treble damages against the company, and Mr. Lurton, who wrote the judgment, held that the city was entitled to sue, and here again the lower court was reversed. When the case reached the Supreme Court Mr. Lurton's decree was sustained by seven to two, Justice Peckham being one of the minority.

The next case was that of the Continental Wall-Paper Company against Voight & Sons of Cincinnati. Once more Judge Lurton reversed the trial court and gave a judgment under the Sherman act. He held that a combination to control the wall-paper product of the country was illegal, and his judgment was of so radical a nature as to cause something like consternation. This case also was taken to the Supreme Court, where the verdict was upheld, and, curiously enough, Justice Peckham was again in the minority. There are several other cases along the same line, and they all go to sustain the contention that Justice Lurton has shown himself to be uncompromising in his support of the Sherman act and unflinching in its application to corporation offenders.

Commenting upon Justice Lurton's reputation as a friend of the working classes, the Washington correspondent of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* says:

It has been alleged that Judge Lurton has shown himself to be out of sympathy with legislation looking to the betterment of the working classes. In sustaining the judgment of the court below in favor of an employee who had been injured, the judge, in the case of the National Still Company against Hore, said: "It was the duty of the company to guard against such accidents, as could be seen as liable to occur, by the exercise of reasonable care, and the employee had a right to assume that the master had not unreasonably and negligently subjected him to the danger that this block would blow out. To assume, as a matter of law, that a common laborer, such as Hore was, should have known that there was this danger is going too far. To defeat an action by defense of assumption of risk, the employer must show not only that the servant knew of the negligence of which he complains, but that he knew and understood, or ought to have known and appreciated, the incessant danger to which he voluntarily exposed himself. There is a distinction between knowledge of defects, or of alleged negligent acts, and knowledge of the risk resulting therefrom."

Again, in the case of Felton against Pullard, Judge Lurton, sitting with Judge Taft, gave an opinion holding that a railroad was liable in a case in which the brakeman had been killed while descending from the top of a moving car by reason of the defective character of a grabiron, although the car did not belong to the defendant, but to another company. In deciding against the railroad Lurton said: "The well-

known course of business pursued by common carriers involves so large a use of foreign cars as to make it inadmissible that any distinction should be recognized between the duty of caring for the safety and protection of employees engaged in operating such cars and that exacted in respect to cars owned or controlled by the carrier. Employees can no more be said to assume the responsibility for injuries due to the defective condition of foreign cars than they can be said to assume the risk arising from defects in domestic cars. A railroad company owes to its servants the legal duty of not exposing them to dangers arising from defects which might be discovered by reasonable inspection."

Justice Lurton's opinions may not always commend themselves to all shades of opinion, but to speak of him as a corporation lawyer or as a representative of special interests is simply foolishness and of a particularly blatant kind.

The increase in the cost of living is rapidly becoming the question of the day, and the President's message upon its cause and cure will be awaited with curiosity. The *New York Evening Post* says "it won't be long before it will be a political problem of the first importance," and possibly an arbiter of elections. The country as a whole is said to be prosperous, and rightly so if prosperity means abundance of work and good wages for doing it, and yet the fact remains that the wage-earner finds his high pay has less purchasing power than ever and that continuous work is compatible with the "hard-up" condition that usually accompanies bad trade. The housekeeper knows well that never a week passes without an increase in the price of some necessary commodity.

The President has said already that increased prices are not the result of the tariff. Whether that be so or not, it is very certain that the tariff has done nothing to lower prices. It is equally certain that the tariff could have been so revised as to lower prices. The main trouble may be due to the gold production or to a dozen other causes, but the "ultimate consumer" is not likely to plunge very deeply into economic mysteries so long as it is evident that a large part of the prices that he must pay is transferred immediately to the tariff-fed pockets of the manufacturers. So long as Mr. Littaer, for example, is allowed to levy a direct tax upon every man, woman, and child, in the United States who wears gloves, the glove wearer is not likely to be beguiled into disquisitions upon the value of gold. It is, of course, the wage-earner who feels the pinch of high prices more than all other classes put together. The price of the only commodity that he has for sale, his labor, is dependent upon causes largely beyond his control, while the prices of the things that he must buy are easily adjusted upward by the combinations of those who sell them. That the President should address himself to so real a problem and that he should attempt its practical solution is therefore eminently fitting.

In this connection the *New York Globe and Advertiser* has something pertinent to say. The present prosperity, we are told, concerns the property classes and them alone. The rich man is buying diamonds and pictures in enormous quantities and we point to this fact and chuckle at our prosperity. But how about the middle-class man who never buys diamonds at all, but who has a weakness for an extra suit of clothes when he feels that things justify it? Is he getting that extra suit of clothes or does pay day still bring with it the eternal question, What can I do without? If prosperity has brought new extravagances in its train who is guilty of these extravagances, the rich man or the comparatively poor man? The *Globe and Advertiser* says it is the rich man only:

The fever of extravagant expenditure is again on the American people. One need look no farther than the diamond figures to discern into what American money is going. It is a harvest time for the makers of articles of luxury in Europe. The blessed Americans are buying again—buying as they never bought before. It is impossible to escape the conclusion that the new prosperity is real to property classes—those who have gained the chief benefit in the rise of security and other values. It may seem a sham to the salary worker who finds himself receiving no more while his living expenses have increased, and the workman may be dissatisfied even though jobs are again seeking men instead of men jobs, but to the rich and well-to-do it is a time of plenty. They have money for the indulgence of caprice, as the custom-house figures sufficiently indicate.

Are we riding for another stumble? asks the same authority, and is it the part of prudent patriotism to raise again a word of warning?

Are we riding for another stumble, and is it the part of prudent patriotism to raise again a word of warning? That uneasiness has been introduced into the business world by recent judicial decisions that threaten the existing order of American business is being duly emphasized. But aside from and in addition to apprehension on this score the import figures are minatory, and likewise the prospect of labor troubles if there is not a restoration of the proper relation between wages and salaries and the cost of living. The railroad managers indicate their willingness to increase the compensation of their employees if they in turn are allowed to raise railway rates. It is all very simple, but where is the ultimate or penultimate consumer to get off? Basking in the sunlight of railroad prosperity, the country is not disposed to look for shadows; nevertheless the lessons of experience are relentless.

And so we work back once more to the ultimate consumer, whose shoulders may well be broad to bear the weight that is put upon them. But what has the ultimate consumer to say about it and how can he continue to pay for the things that he ultimately consumes?

That Belgium is, perhaps, the most prosperous state in Europe as well as the most thickly settled is being noted at this time with some interest. The late king's reign was at least marked by an enormous advance in wealth and social reform. One of the country's special advantages is that its international neutralization permits it to dispense with a navy, while the Belgian army is maintained on a very small and inexpensive basis.



## NANCE O'NEIL'S DOUBLE TRIUMPH.

In a David Belasco Play and Company the California Actress  
Electrifies New York First-Nighters.

Nance O'Neil has come into her own at last. Not that her gifts have been unrecognized, even in New York; but circumstances have clouded their splendor for the many until the present time. There are, probably, many sophisticated theatre-goers who believe as Thackeray did when he pictured the Fotheringay—that a beautiful woman may be coached to play a dramatic rôle and owe her success entirely to the teacher or stage manager. This is an absurdity, nevertheless. We may be willing to accept the Trilby and Svengali romance, but only because we do not know much about hypnotism. Occult power aside, actors may be made, but not great actors. It seems now sufficiently demonstrated that while Nance O'Neil may have profited by the instruction of her long-time teacher, she found more loss than gain in his reign as her manager. Only recently she decided to accept other direction, and the result sweeps away all doubt of her good judgment in making the change. David Belasco has given her an opportunity such as McKee Rankin could never have offered, and Miss O'Neil has availed herself of it with genius of insight and expression. It is a double triumph for the California actress.

At the Stuyvesant Theatre last Thursday night Mr. Belasco produced "The Lily," his own adaptation of "Le Lis," by Pierre Wolff and Gaston Leroux. It is still a play of France, colored—not tinted—with French emotionalism and unmorality, but it is theatrically effective. Manifestly impossible as it was to make the melodrama American in place, Mr. Belasco has no less evidently employed some skill in overcoming the difficulties of translation. The play tells the story of a family of the French nobility. The father is a tyrant at home, in his country château, a rake in Paris. His two daughters and one son are completely under his selfish and cruel control. The elder of the daughters, Odette, the "Lily," is a meek and joyless old maid, denied liberty, love, and a mate, but patient and docile. Christiane, the younger daughter, is still young, ardent and impulsive. Odette is at once a sister and a mother to the younger girl. The affection which has been repressed in every other way Odette lavishes upon the one who has still the hope of a happy union. Christiane falls in love with an artist who is already married, and, though she knows this fact, gives herself secretly to this lover. The ensuing scandal suddenly blazes out, breaking off the marriage negotiations of Max, the brother, and provoking the unrestrained wrath of the father. In this crisis the old maid bravely defends her sister, and the girl's right to a happiness of her own choosing. The meekness and silence of years are thrown off with one swift movement, and a torrent of reproachful, defiant eloquence is poured on the astonished paternal sovereign. It is a magnificent scene, dramatically, yet one that might easily be too brilliantly illuminated.

How much of the credit for the cumulative strength of this situation and climax is due to the adapter may not easily be decided. How much of the art in Odette's defense and attack is from the prompting of the playwright, who is also a stage manager, is still more difficult to determine. But the poise, the power, the eloquence of eyes and lips and brows, the thrilling tones in which the impetuous phrases of varying emotions are delivered, are all the inalienable dower of the actress. And they won swift recognition and response from that not easily stirred audience of New York first-nighters. Before the curtain fell the storm of enthusiastic plaudits was in progress, and it would not be stilled. Many times the curtain rose and descended before the tumult ended. In various combinations the people in the cast appeared and bowed. Mr. Belasco came forward and made a brief speech of thanks to the audience and to his company; he even spoke particularly of Miss O'Neil, and expressed a hope that she would not regret her coming to him. Still the applause and the shouts continued. Mr. Belasco led on Miss O'Neil, and the noise of appreciation swelled to greater volume. It still continued after the proscenium barrier fell, and once more, alone, Odette came forward and bowed, still the colorless, unsmiling, defrauded and joyless woman, not for a moment out of character. Then the storm of approval and delight in the auditorium became a cyclone. It had reached its culmination, and it died away to a murmur of self-congratulation among an audience where flushed cheeks and tear-bedewed eyes were seldom worn so unabashed.

This was at the end of the third act, and the piece is in four, but the conclusion offers no such climax as that described. There are opportunities, however, if of less dynamic quality, and Miss O'Neil not merely held the place she had attained, but displayed new depths of abnegation and pathos. Her triumph was to the end, for the consciousness of that swift revelation of passion was in her every movement and sentence. In her presentation of this pathetic figure there are many claims for unreserved admiration. Dress and walk are as conspicuously in keeping with its character as facial and vocal expression. She is the lily of stainless life, of patience and peace. Pallid, almost haggard, without a suggestion of the glory of woman's greatest physical charms, she sinks all her personality but the smoldering fire in her eyes, the depth of feeling in her voice.

Lest it be assumed that Miss O'Neil easily dominated the company in which she appeared, let it be written that Mr. Belasco had given his new play a cast as competent as even this stickler for special requirements could select. Charles Cartright was the father and feudal lord, and made the profligate count almost human, even if forbidding. W. J. Kelly was the artist lover, and gave the character a distinction not to be denied. Dodson Mitchell, Bruce McKee, Alfred Hickman, and Leo Ditrichstein, others of the men, it need hardly be said, were more than merely capable. Julia Dean, who played the younger sister, won new laurels, though she has been a favorite for more than one season. This list of artists is proof that Mr. Belasco did not look to Miss O'Neil alone for carrying strength. As a just recognition of the eminent producer's care and good faith, a word of praise should be given to the scenic investiture of the play. There are two sets, the park with ruined walls, and a room in the château, each as beautiful as the painter's art and the stage carpenter's skill could produce. In every detail the settings were a delight to the critical eye.

Mr. Belasco has the capacity of taking infinite pains with his work. It has spelled success for him almost invariably. "The Lily" will run a long time and very profitably if there is no disaster that may not be prepared for. Miss O'Neil is threatened with an injunction by her former manager, McKee Rankin, who claims to have an unexpired contract for her services. Her friends and admirers, and they are numberless now, hope that the claim is not valid. There are still greater things in the future for the actress, under the direction of one who is able to give her a wider and wiser choice of interpretation. It is a great California quartet, isn't it?—Belasco, Warfield, Blanche Bates, and Nance O'Neil. FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 27, 1909.

## The Homestead.

Here stays the house, here stay the selfsame places,  
Here the white lilacs and the buttonwoods;  
Here the dark pine-groves, there the river-floods,  
And there the threading brook that interlaces  
Green meadow-bank with meadow-bank the same.  
The melancholy nightly chorus came  
Long, long ago from the same pool, and yonder  
Stark poplars lift in the same twilight air  
Their ancient loneliness; nearer, fonder,  
The black-heart cherry-tree's gaunt branches here  
Rasp on the same old window where I ponder.

And we, the only living, only pass;  
We come and go, whither and whence we know not.  
From birth to bound the same house keeps, alas!  
New lives as gently as the old; there show not  
Among the haunts that each had thought his own  
The looks that partings bring to human faces.  
The black-heart here, that heard my earliest moan,  
And yet shall hear my last, like all these places  
I love so well, unloving lives from child  
To child; from morning joy to evening sorrow—  
Untouched by joy, by anguish undeliled;  
All one the generations gone, and new;  
All one dark yesterday and bright tomorrow;  
To the old tree's insensate sympathy  
All one the morning and the evening dew—  
My far, forgotten ancestor and I.

—Richard Watson Gilder.

Every one of the thousands of ropes used in the British naval service, from the smallest heaving line to the largest hawser, whether it be used on shipboard or in a dockyard, has woven into one of its strands a single red thread. This practice has prevailed since the days of Nelson. Many romantic suggestions have been advanced as reasons for this red thread; but, as a matter of fact, the real reason is a simple and practical one—simply that it affords a sure means of identification of royal property, and if any rope containing the red thread is found in unauthorized hands the presumption is that it is improperly possessed. It is, of course, forbidden that rope manufactured for private use contain a similar red thread, as it is forbidden that any paper in the United States contain bits of silk such as are placed in the paper from which the national currency is made.

The mystery and glamour surrounding Tiburon Island, Gulf of California, has been dissipated effectually through the return of seven Americans who explored the island, which they supposed to be inhabited by man-eating Seri Indians and to contain hidden treasure and rich mineral deposits. The party was headed by Professor Fayette A. Joss. They crossed to the island, established a permanent camp, and for five weeks prosecuted their explorations, finding no indication of anything of value or of great interest. The island is twenty miles wide and thirty-five miles long and is of volcanic origin. Good grass abounds, and there is some running water. It contains no human beings, but hundreds of deer and myriads of wild pigeons. Inscriptions were found proving the visit there in 1857 of a rescue party in search of traces of the Grinnell exploring expedition, lost the year before.

A new five-cent piece bearing the head of George Washington has been prepared at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, and its adoption in place of the present five-cent piece is now being considered by the officials in Washington. During the lifetime of George Washington he refused to allow his likeness to appear upon a coin, declaring it to be a monarchical custom. If the new coin is adopted, it will be the first in authorized circulation to bear the head of the Father of His Country.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Professor Leschetizky, the eminent pianist, still teaches at his home in Vienna, though he is nearly eighty years old.

Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, of which he is an alumnus, and seriously discussed a year ago as a possible Democratic nominee for the presidency of the United States, is only forty-eight. He was born in Virginia and practiced law one year in Atlanta, Georgia.

Thomas Galloway of St. Louis is the confetti king of the United States. He sells his product by the ton in all the big cities for New Year's and other carnival occasions. There are many otherwise well-disposed people in this country who have an aversion for Mr. Galloway's activities.

Rear-Admiral Schley's demand that Commander Peary submit his polar data to the consistory of the University of Copenhagen for verification, following that body's repudiation of Dr. Cook, has raised a storm among the membership of the National Geographic Society, which gave Peary a clean bill of health.

Jacob Schiff of New York, the financier, has given \$50,000 for the establishment of a training school for Jewish teachers. Mr. Schiff is a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, noted for its production of famous financiers. He came to America in 1865 at the age of eighteen, and has lived in New York ever since.

Lady Greville is one of the latest additions to England's long list of American bearers of titles. Only a year ago the new Lord Greville was a younger son, but his brother and father have died since, the brother suddenly. Lady Greville is a daughter of the late John W. Grace of New York and the widow of Hugh S. Kerr of New York, who died in 1907.

Mrs. Harriot Stanton Blatch, president of the Equality League for Self-Supporting Women, is not yet an American citizen, because she married an Englishman. She has determined, however, to be naturalized in due form, though she would prefer to have Congress make her a citizen by special act, as was done in the case of Mrs. Nellie Grant Sartoris.

A number of somewhat sanguine if not altogether visionary Republicans in the House of Representatives have settled on Representative Marlin E. Olmstead of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, as a successor to Speaker Joseph G. Cannon. Mr. Olmstead is a parliamentarian, and possibly might improve on the record of that former Pennsylvanian in the Speaker's chair, Samuel G. Randall.

New Zealand recently sent an envoy to the United States to find a woman capable of filling the newly established chair of household economy at the University of New Zealand, and Miss Anna C. Hedges, a St. Louis girl, and principal of the Hebrew Technical School for Girls in New York City, has been chosen for the place. Miss Hedges was graduated from Columbia University in 1905.

In choosing Senator Hernando De Soto Money as the leader of the minority in the Senate, his Democratic colleagues have honored one who deserves well of them. Senator Money is a lawyer and not wealthy. He served in the Confederate Army and has suffered for years from an injury received while on duty. He was named after the discoverer of the Mississippi River, he was born in the State of Mississippi, and his home is in Mississippi City.

Professor Jeremiah Smith of the Harvard law school, who has just presented his resignation, to take effect September 1, 1910, when he will be in his seventy-third year, is actually a "Son of the Revolution." His father, likewise Jeremiah Smith by name, ran away from Harvard in 1777 to join the Revolutionary army, being then eighteen years of age. He served in the campaign against Burgoyne, and was wounded at Bennington. He finally graduated at Queens (now Rutgers) College in 1780, and was later governor of New Hampshire, congressman from that State, and its chief justice.

The House of Lords contains a golfer who may be fairly regarded as its most distinguished as well as its most assiduous devotee of the game. This is Lord Wemyss, who though he is nearly ninety-one, still plays three or four days a week. So inflexible is he to the spirit of the past that he will play with no iron clubs, and in a locker at the Wimbledon club-house there is a little bundle of clubs with which he used to play there in the old days with no iron one among their number. Lord Wemyss left this links in high dudgeon because a rule was adopted requiring all golfers to wear red coats.

Elizabeth, the new Queen of Belgium, is one of the most versatile members of royalty. A daughter of Duke Charles Theodore of Bavaria, renowned as an oculist, Elizabeth has inherited her father's scientific tastes. She began the study of medicine at the age of sixteen under her father's guidance, and took her M. D. degree at Leipzig shortly before her marriage. Since then she has continued her medical studies in Brussels. Recently she gave a practical proof of her interest in the profession of her choice by founding the "Albert-Elizabeth Dispensary" for poor tuberculosis patients in Brussels. She is a daily visitor to this dispensary.



## IN THE WRONG PEW.

By Frederic Reddale.

The trouble began, innocently enough on my part, at the senior prom in New Haven, where I, Don Bleeker—no, it isn't a pet-dog name for Donald; parents just named me that way—was about concluding the regulation four years at Sheff.

Rafe Scrimgeor and I were chums and bunkies; hence, he knew that I was engaged to Jessica Callandar, while to me it was no secret that he hoped to adorn a similar romantic relation to Estelle Folsom.

My *inamorata* lived with her widowed mother near the Washington Arch on lower Fifth Avenue, New York, while Estelle Folsom was the only daughter of a rich manufacturer, residing on Whitney Avenue, New Haven, which facts will explain how I knew Estelle quite well, while Miss Callandar did not, except possibly through hearsay. I may mention also the physical and psychological facts that the two girls belonged to opposite types—Jessica being tall, dark, and stately; Estelle petite, blonde, and of a Dresden-china-shepherdess style of prettiness. It should be needless to state that personally I do not much care for blondes, a confession offset by Scrimgeor's avowal that somehow, since he had met Estelle Folsom, he felt that way about all brunettes.

Now it fell out that on the night of the prom, owing to his mother and sisters being in town, Rafe didn't have time to drive way out on Whitney Avenue and back, so he begged me to start a little early and escort Miss Folsom to the Hyperion before I called for Jessie Callandar at her hotel, he promising to be on hand and meet us in the foyer, thus releasing me quickly. What else could a man do but consent?

My car was a speedy one, and I made the three miles out and back in record time. But there was no Rafe on hand to meet us. Miss Folsom and I stood chatting just inside the swinging doors of the foyer where we could be seen by every one bidden to the greatest social event of the Yale year.

Nine-thirty came and went, then ten o'clock, and still no Rafe. Again, what could I do, save continue to squire my chum's pretty dame, although I was aching to fetch my own lady-love. To her, of course, I thought I could easily explain matters. But good-fellowship peters out at a certain point; the music had begun long ago; arrivals were perceptibly fewer, and I was considering how I might decently escape, when the doors swung apart to admit—Jessica Callandar with her mother, attended by a tall, rather distinguished-looking fellow. He was a complete stranger to me—wearing a monocle attached to a narrow black ribbon, by which token I sized him up for an Englishman before he opened his mouth—and I hated him instinctively.

Imagine my surprise and chagrin. No wonder, as I have since been assured, I looked like a farmer's boy caught stealing apples! To have seemed to break an appointment with my fiancée and to be apparently "caught with the goods," laughing and chatting with another girl! It was horrible, and, I admit, didn't look very well. However, Miss Callandar carried off matters superbly.

"How do you do, Mr. Bleeker?" [That *mister* sent cold chills down my spine.] "Let me introduce the Honorable Mr. Gordon-Powell, of the British legation in Washington."

We men shook hands perfunctorily while the attaché murmured his English "Chawmed. I'm shaw." Then it was my cue to introduce Miss Folsom to the trio. Jessie overtopped Estelle by four or five inches, and seemed to completely overlook the diminutive little thing. Yet she said, quite composedly and smilingly: "I'm delighted to meet any—er—friend of Mr. Bleeker's." The sting was covert, but all the more apparent to my sensitive and guilty ears.

Miss Callandar, her mother, and her escort moved on toward the dancing-floor, Jessie merely flinging over her shoulder, with that adorable tilt of the eyebrows I knew and loved so well:

"Aren't you coming—you and Miss Folsom?"

"Certainly, in a few minutes. I'm only waiting for—"

They were gone, and I turned to my companion with something very like a scowl on my otherwise usually amiable features.

"Oh, I'm so sorry—" she was beginning when I cut her short.

"Don't mention it—doesn't matter a bit—*now!*" I added under my breath. The mischief was done, but of course pretty little fluttering Estelle Folsom was not to blame.

When Rafe did appear with a bevy of five ladies in tow—four ingénue sisters and a "first old woman" mamma—I could have killed him with a look. However, he was profuse in his regrets—I managed to infer that "the girls" had been a long time over their toilets—and I broke away to make my peace with Miss Callandar.

But there was to be neither peace nor pardon for me that night. The Honorable Gordon-Powell was very much in evidence; I couldn't find a vacant place on her dance-card, and to my hurried aside requesting a few minutes' private talk in order that I might explain something the girl returned coolly:

"I don't think it really matters, Mr. Bleeker, does it? Seeing is believing, you know," she ended, flash-

ing me a dazzling smile over the shoulder of that confounded attaché as he whirled her away.

For the rest of the evening I played "gooseberry" to Miss Folsom, flirted desperately with the four bread-and-butter Scrimgeor girls, and rather took a savage delight in dancing with Rafe's fiancée more times than was perhaps prudent or necessary.

Punishment came in the morning bright and early in the shape of a note from Miss Callandar, delivered while I was dressing. It was short, tart, and to the point. Her ring—my ring—fell from the envelope to the floor as I opened it. Here is what I read, undated, unsigned:

After last night, I am reluctantly convinced that you are as fickle as I once thought you true. I abhor deceit and double-dealing as the one unpardonable sin between men and women. Henceforth should we meet it must be as strangers. But I hope never to see you again.

So I was condemned unheard! That started my fighting blood. By heaven, she should know the truth! By ten o'clock I was at the hotel, only to be told that "Mrs. Callandar and party left for New York on the nine o'clock express." I followed by the Shore Line an hour later, and suffered another rebuff upon calling at the Callandar residence. Miss Callandar was conventionally "not at home." Then I wrote a long letter, detailing the facts. That Jessie read it I didn't doubt, although it was returned to me along with a bunch of my former letters.

For the third time I ask you: What more could a fellow do? I stiffened my jaw, plunged into work, was graduated with my B. S., and went West to work for a big construction firm.

Four years later, early on a Sunday morning in May, I landed in New York. The little blind god of happen-so put it into my head that for once I'd be good and go to church. Naturally I chose the old Collegiate Chapel where for two hundred years the Bleekers had worshiped, and where our family pew was handed down as an heirloom. But, as I afterward discovered, our seat had been so long untenanted by the family—I am the last of the line—that it was now used as a strangers' pew. This, of course, I did not know when I whispered to the usher—a complete stranger, by the way:

"The Bleeker pew, if you please."

He nodded and preceded me up the aisle, although I could have found my own way blindfold. He did not pause at the well-remembered door, but went on half a dozen paces further. Then I noticed in passing that the Bleeker pew already held its quota.

My guide opened the door of an empty sitting and motioned me within, saying under his breath:

"The Bleeker pew is full, but you'll be entirely welcome here."

I bowed and took the end seat nearest the aisle. Service had not yet begun, and I was interestedly gazing around the old sanctuary where as a lad in knickerbockers I had sat between my father and mother, Sunday after Sunday, when I was roused from my reverie by the rustle of skirts and the click of the door-catch. Two ladies were being ushered in.

Naturally I rose and stepped into the aisle to permit the new arrivals to enter, raising my eyes for a moment as they passed me, and got the surprise of my life.

They were Jessica Callandar and her mother! Jessica Callandar, after all those years, just as fresh and cool and stately as ever. Neither had recognized me, and for an instant I thought of flight. But only for an instant. The chance rencontre was too fortunate to be despised unless—and I stole another glance at the face of the girl beside me, and in that same instant knew that I was still hopelessly in love. But that "unless" would not down! What if she were married to the Honorable! Less likely things have happened. I wished she'd remove her glove so that I might see if a fateful and tell-tale plain gold band encircled a certain left-hand finger. But a second glance at that pure girlish profile beside me somehow gave assurance that my fears in that respect were groundless.

Perhaps a couple of minutes passed while the ladies were settling themselves in their seats, Mrs. Callandar sitting on the other side of Jessie. Thus far, I was sure, the girl had no idea who she had for a right-hand neighbor.

Then, though keeping my eyes resolutely frontward, I was conscious that her head turned in my direction. I felt the red blood surging over neck and face, although I was so browned and tanned that I hoped it would escape notice. I glanced quickly and to my secret delight noted that Jessie's cheek and one tiny ear were coral pink. In that instant our eyes met. She had recognized me! Yet her cool glance was of the kind usually accorded to a complete stranger, and Miss Callandar's outward composure might be described as glacial.

The organ ceased its mellow prelude, the choir sang their "opening piece," the minister delivered his brief invocation, and then the congregation rose for the responsive reading. Calmly and coolly the girl found the place and offered me half of her book.

Neither of us joined in the responses. Personally I was conscious of a very inconvenient dryness and tightening in my vocal apparatus. What Jessica felt just then I have never been able to learn. However, I was doing a pile of thinking, and all the old feeling of resentment at her injustice came over me again.

Casting my eyes down the page I saw, several para-

graphs ahead, some words that I told myself were almost providential in their appositeness—from my point of view. In an instant I had evolved a very pretty plot, for I was resolved that, willy-nilly, Miss Jessica Callandar and I would have an explanation ere the day was many hours older.

Clearing my throat and swallowing as the minister and congregation neared the fateful lines, I made my one and only response in a clear and deep bass voice:

"Judge not according to the appearance,  
But judge righteous judgment."

Then came the Gloria Patri, and we all sat down. Not by a single tremor of wrist or fingers did the girl betray the least sign that she had heard. After the notices were read, the sermon-hymn was given out, and we rose to sing. As before I was offered the right-hand half of the hymn-book with the place already found. Also as before neither of us joined in, although the melody was a very familiar one.

I kept my eyes glued to the page. Two verses, three verses, went by, and choir and congregation entered on the last verse. I noted that the words were by Dr. Watts—good old Dr. Watts! Suddenly I was electrified by Jessica's beautifully clear and vibrant soprano joining in the first two lines:

"He that does one fault at first,  
And stoops to hide it, makes it two!"

She had given me my answer—a very pretty and appropriate retort from her viewpoint—paying me back in my own coin. But at least she had spoken and when once a woman consents to argue the battle's half won if the man's cause be just. I was determined she should not enjoy her woman's privilege of the last word.

So all through the forty-minute sermon I planned my little campaign. I believed dear old Mrs. Callandar would prove my ally, and unless Jessica had changed her name and condition during my absence I promised myself I'd conquer.

When the benediction was concluded I offered my hand to the girl and her mother and spoke. The old lady was unfeignedly glad to see me; indeed, she looked and said so. Jessica was more coy, but she did not freeze me altogether, for which small mercy I was devoutly thankful. Indeed, my feelings might be likened to those of a bank clerk who wins out on a hundred-to-one gamble a day or two before the bank examiner comes around.

In the most matter-of-fact manner possible I turned their way down the avenue that glorious May morning, nodding to old acquaintances here and there. Yet were we both far enough from the madding crowd. Arrived at the Callandar house, Mrs. Callandar insisted on my remaining for luncheon. I looked at Jessica for my cue—whether to accept or decline—but she persistently kept her eyes averted; however, I remembered that "silence gives consent," and interpreted it as another good omen. Surely this was going to be the blissest Sunday I had ever known!

Well, once inside the house you may imagine what followed.

Almost insensibly our steps led us to the old library in the rear extension where, in fact, I had first asked her to be mine more than five years before. Mrs. Callandar, dear old thing, discreetly vanished upstairs to "take off her things."

Once we were alone I confess to rather rushing the attack. Resolutely taking Jessica's now ungloved hands in mine—I noted that the ring finger was still unringed—I compelled her to listen while I hurriedly poured out the true story of that prom night. Perhaps my strongest card was the fact that Estelle Folsom had become Mrs. Scrimgeor the year after I went West.

In less than ten minutes Jessica was in my arms once more, our peace was made, and I was kissing away the tears of happy relief that dimmed the radiance of the dearest eyes on earth.

Then the luncheon-bell tinkled, and as hand in hand we went down the wide stairs I chuckled gayly:

"Well, it turned out to be the right church for me sure enough, even if I did get into the wrong pew!"

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1910.

Graduates from West Point have filled every important public office from President of the United States to municipal officials, including governors of States and mayors of cities; and as presidents, chancellors, regents, and professors of universities, colleges, and academies they have exercised a powerful influence upon education. In the industrial field they were the pioneer engineers of our Eastern and transcontinental railroads, and presidents and chief engineers of many completed systems; as civil engineers, lawyers, editors, authors, clergymen, physicians, and architects they have contributed prominently to science, art, letters, and ethics; as bankers and bank presidents, manufacturers, farmers, and planters, they have added more than their share of the national wealth.

After suffering four years with a surgeon's sponge sewed up in her body, Mrs. John Fortig, of this city, died today (says a news dispatch from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, dated December 8). Four years ago Mrs. Fortig was operated upon for a tumor. The physicians forgot to remove the sponge from the wound. Another operation, performed in an effort to find the sponge, failed.



MARIA EDGEWORTH.

A New Book by Constance Hill Deals with Twenty Years of the English Writer's Life.

We may fairly believe that Maria Edgeworth in England belonged to the same conflagration of feminine genius that found its greatest display in France, and that the sisterhood to which belonged Récamier, De Staël and the revolutionary heroines had frontiers wide enough to include the less spectacular genius of the English writer. The stimulus of actual participation in great events, the still greater stimulus of the touch of personal tragedy never came to Maria Edgeworth. From the atmosphere of domestic safety she watched the cyclone that swept over Europe or even ventured within its radius at its moments of fitful calm, but she was always the observer, the commentator, and the critic. If she had the potentiality of great deeds within her, of leadership, of heroism, of self-sacrifice, she was never called upon for their exercise like her great contemporaries in France, who rode upon the storm and guided it. But none the less her share in the great feminine movement of the century is unquestionable and distinguished.

The present author would perhaps have been better advised to give us a complete biography of Maria Edgeworth rather than a twenty-year excision from her life. The twenty years were of course great ones. They included Miss Edgeworth's visit to Paris after the treaty of Amiens, the return from Elba, the English invasion period, and Waterloo, but we are equally interested in her domestic life, and indeed more so, since it was better illustrative of her character. Maria Edgeworth in Paris—and much of the book relates to Paris—is less interesting than Maria Edgeworth in London or at home, and we would more willingly see her stand beyond the shadow of the great men and women of whom we already know so much than in such close proximity to them that our attention is distracted. The temptation, for example, to quote Victor Hugo on the retreat of Napoleon from Waterloo was no doubt strong, but is none the less irrelevant.

Miss Edgeworth's first visit to Paris was after the treaty of Amiens, which gave opportunity to many English tourists to visit the "hereditary enemy" at close quarters and to take note of the revolutionary scars. Upon this occasion she was so fortunate as to see Napoleon:

Maria Edgeworth writes in December (1802): "We saw the grand review the day before yesterday from a window that looked out on the court of the Louvre and Place du Carrousel. Buonaparte rode down the lines on a fine white Spanish horse. Took off his hat to salute various generals, and gave us a full view of his pale, thin, woebegone countenance. He is very little, but much at ease on horseback: it is said he never appears to so much advantage as on horseback. There were about six thousand troops, a fine show, well appointed, and some, but not all, well mounted. On those who had distinguished themselves in the battle of Marengo all eyes were fixed."

Mme. d'Arblay, who had seen Napoleon some few months earlier and upon a similar occasion, also comments upon his horsemanship:

Buonaparte, mounting a beautiful and spirited white horse, closely encircled by his glittering aides-de-camp, and accompanied by his generals, rode round the ranks, holding his bridle indifferently in either hand, and seeming utterly careless of the prancing, rearing, or other freaks of his horse, inasmuch as to strike some who were near me with a notion of his being a bad horseman. I am the last to be a judge, upon this subject; but as a remarker, he only appeared to me a man who knew so well he could manage the animal when he pleased, that he did not deem it worth his while to keep constantly in order what he knew, if urged or provoked, he could subdue in a moment.

Miss Edgeworth was invited to visit Mme. de Genlis and was impressed unfavorably by her, although the old Frenchwoman kissed her twice when she was told that she had not read "Amélie," and exclaimed with rapture, "You English women are so modest." Naturally enough, Miss Edgeworth asked—but not audibly—"Where was Mme. de Genlis's sense of delicacy when she penned 'Les Chevaliers du Cygne'?" Miss Edgeworth was commendably anxious to see De Genlis through favorable eyes, but "there was something of malignity in her countenance and conversation that repelled love, and of hypocrisy which annihilated esteem, and from time to time I saw, or thought I saw, through the gloom of her countenance a gleam of coquetry."

As the Edgeworths had visited Paris only upon the conclusion of war, so they fled from it upon the renewed approach of hostilities. The author reproduces the conversation between Lord Whitworth and Napoleon, which amounted almost to a declaration of hostilities, and although it may be considered an irrelevancy in a sketch of Miss Edgeworth it is an interesting and dramatic irrelevancy. Lord Whitworth writes to Lord Hawkesbury:

At the court which was held at the Tuileries (yesterday), and the which I attended, the First Consul accosted me evidently under very considerable agitation. He began by asking me if I had any news from England. I told him that I had received letters from your lordship two days ago. He immediately said, "So you are determined to go to war?" "No, Premier Consul," I replied, "we are too sensible of the advantages of peace."

"Nous avançons déjà fait la guerre pendant quinze ans." As he seemed to wait for an answer, I observed only "C'en est déjà trop."

"Mais," said he, "vous voulez la faire encore quinze années et vous m'y forcez."

I told him that was very far from his majesty's intentions. He then proceeded to Count Marcaff and the Chevalier

d'Azzara, who were standing together at a little distance from me, and said to them: "Les Anglais veulent la guerre, mais s'ils sont les premiers à tirer l'épée, je serai le dernier à la remettre. Ils ne respectent pas les traités. . . . Malheur à ceux qui ne respectent pas les traités! Ils en sont responsables à toute l'Europe!"

He was too agitated to make it advisable to prolong the conversation. I therefore made no answer, and he retired to his apartment repeating the last phrase.

"It is to be remarked," continues Lord Whitworth, "that all this passed loud enough to be overheard by two hundred people who were present. I was fortunate enough," he adds, "not to be betrayed into anything imprudent, or which could be misconstrued. I am persuaded that there was not a single person who did not feel the extreme impropriety of his conduct and the total want of dignity, as well as of decency, on the occasion."

Even M. Thiers admits this in his grandiloquent description of the foregoing scene. "The eyes of Buonaparte," he remarks, "were flashing frightful as power when enraged, but destitute of the calm dignity which becomes it so well. He took a sort of pleasure in making the thunders of his wrath reverberate to the extremities of the earth."

The declaration of war was followed by the arrest of all English travelers in France, and among those caught by the quickly drawn net was Maria's brother, Lovell, who was confined in the fortress of Verdun.

Once more at home in Ireland, Miss Edgeworth vigorously continued her literary work. "Tales of Fashionable Life" began to appear in 1809, just two years before Jane Austen published her first novel and five years before the appearance of "Waverley." Mrs. Barbauld, writing of Miss Edgeworth's visit to London, says: "The three persons who have most engaged the attention of London societies have been women—Miss Edgeworth, Mme. de Staël, and the Duchess of Oldenburg." Of far greater importance is the opinion of Lord Byron, who met the Edgeworths at a breakfast given by Sir Humphry and Lady Davy:

I thought Edgeworth a fine old fellow, . . . active, brisk, and endless. He was seventy, but did not look fifty—no, nor forty-eight even. . . . Edgeworth bounced about and talked loud and long. . . . He was not much admired in London. The fact was—everybody cared more about her. She was a nice, little, unassuming "Jeanie Deans-looking body," as we Scotch say—and, if not handsome, certainly not ill-looking. Her conversation was as quiet as herself. One would never have guessed she could write her name; whereas her father talked, not as if he could write nothing else, but as if nothing else was worth writing.

Maria was much troubled by an invitation from the Princess of Wales and consulted Lady Wellington as to the possibility of declining. Lady Wellington consulted Lady Liverpool, who decided that the honor might be avoided by the simple form of "sorry she can't, previous engagement," etc., and it seems that the charm worked to a nicety. Dr. Holland was not so fortunate, or rather had less time to seek expert advice, if we may credit the following:

In the following year (1814) the Edgeworth's friend, young Dr. Henry Holland, accompanied the Princess of Wales, as her physician, on a tour of Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. One evening when a ball was taking place in a German town, where court etiquette was very stiff, the princess requested her doctor to dance with her, which greatly disconcerted the young man. Maria, commenting upon this circumstance in a letter to Dr. Holland's father, says: "My father declares that if he had been in Dr. Holland's situation . . . the moment he had drawn on his gloves, he would have had the cramp suddenly in the calf of his leg, and would have writhed in double agony of body and mind—absolutely incapable—how unfortunate—of availing himself—high honor—of obeying her royal highness's command—and so have got off and out of the room!"

As a further specimen of manners à la mode we may take the story told by Mrs. Edgeworth and selected from the Edgeworth manuscripts:

"The following anecdote," writes Mrs. Edgeworth, "has been handed about with much applause: Lady — invited Lady Grantham to a 'waltzing ball,' but added in her note, 'If you don't waltz don't come!' Lady G. replied, 'I don't waltz, so I shan't go to your ball. Will you dine with me on Thursday? But if you don't eat white soup don't come!'"

Miss Edgeworth had met Mrs. Abington after her retirement from the stage and she was now to fall within the rays of the greater star, Mrs. Siddons:

Miss Edgeworth speaks of looking forward to seeing Mrs. Siddons act on the 25th of May in this year, but unfortunately there is no account of the performance in any of her letters that have been preserved. Some years later, she had the privilege of knowing the great actress in private life. Writing from London in April, 1822, she says: "Through Lydia White we have become more acquainted with Mrs. Siddons than I ever expected to be. She gave us the history of her first acting of Lady Macbeth, and of her resolving, in the sleep [walking] scene, to lay down the candlestick, contrary to the precedent of Mrs. Pritchard and all the traditions before she began to wash her hands and say, 'Out, vile spot!' Sheridan knocked violently at her door, during the five minutes she had desired to have entirely to herself, to compose her spirits before the play began. He burst in, and prophesied that she would ruin herself forever if she persevered in this resolution to lay down the candlestick! She persisted, however, in her determination, succeeded, was applauded, and Sheridan begged her pardon. She described well the awe she felt, and the power of the excitement given to her by the sight of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the pit."

The effect of Mrs. Siddons upon her audience was almost greater than can be accounted for by her dramatic power. Mrs. Richard Trench, writing at about this time, says that "none who saw her in the splendor of her meridian ever pronounced that name without a tone and a manner more softened and raised than their habitual discourse," an effect that Miss Edgeworth herself seems to have experienced:

"Mrs. Siddons is beautiful at this moment," continues Miss Edgeworth. "She invited us to a private reading-party at her own house. . . . She read one of her finest parts—Queen Katherine. She was dressed so as to do well for the two parts she was to perform this night, of gentlewoman and queen—black velvet, with black velvet cap and feathers. She sat the whole time, with a large Shakespeare before her;

as she knew the part of Katherine by heart, she seldom required the help of glasses; and she recited it incomparably well; the changes of her countenance were striking. From her first burst of indignation when she objects to the cardinal as her judge, to her last expiring scene, all was so perfectly natural and so touching, we could give no applause but tears."

Miss Edgeworth had a warm admiration for Mme. de Staël, but Lord Byron's style did not so much appeal to her. She speaks of his "all for murder, all for crime system of poetry," a comment that smacks more of the woman than of the critic. On the other hand, Byron preferred Mme. de Staël in a weak solution, or at a sufficient distance to allow of the gracious work of perspective:

Soon after "De l'Allemagne" was published Byron was invited to meet the author at Holland House. "What the devil shall I say about 'de l'Allemagne,'" he writes. "I like it prodigiously; but unless I can twist my admiration into some fantastical expression she won't believe me."

"Her works," he says in another letter, "are my delight, and so is she herself for—half an hour. I don't like her politics. . . . But she is a woman by herself, and has done more than all the rest of them together, intellectually;—she ought to have been a man."

The Duke of Wellington said of her: "She was a most agreeable woman, if you only kept her light and away from politics. But that was not easy. She was always trying to come to matters of state. I have said to her more than once: 'Je déteste parler politique'; and she answered: 'Parler politique pour moi c'est vivre.'"

"The Staël is a genius," writes Dr. Bollman, "an extraordinary eccentric woman in all that she does. She only sleeps during a very few hours, and is uninterruptedly and fearfully busy all the rest of the time. While her hair is being dressed, whilst she breakfasts, in fact, during a third of the day, she writes." "But she does not dwell long enough upon anything," remarks Miss Berry: "life, characters, and even feelings, pass before her eyes like a magic-lantern. She spends herself upon paper, and runs through the world to see all, to hear all, and to say all."

The author gives us a good deal of French history and gives it well, but its connection with Miss Edgeworth seems so remote that we can only wonder at its inclusion. We have, for instance, the following letter written by "a friend" to Miss Berry immediately after the escape from Elba:

The day before yesterday Buonaparte landed at, or near, Cannes, with five, six, or eight hundred soldiers and two pieces of cannon. He met with no obstacle. . . . He proceeded to Grasse . . . but set off about the middle of the day yesterday, and reached, it is said, Castellane . . . the route to Gap and Grenoble; which route it is imagined he is to follow. . . . Thus far is certain; the flying reports are that Buonaparte distributes proclamations, saying he is come to the liberation of his faithful subjects, that the eagles are on the wing, will perch from spire to spire, and soon reach those of Notre Dame. . . . The Prince of Monaco was detained by a party of Buonaparte's soldiers on his road here: they led him to Buonaparte, who asked him where he was going. "Home," was his reply. "So am I," rejoined the other. . . .

"One is astonished at this event," remarks the writer, "as if it had not been in the least probable [but] how could anybody suppose it would have been otherwise? They whipped the naughty boy, and put him in a corner, and supposed he would stay there!"

Later on we have another letter from Mme. d'Arblay describing the situation in Brussels after Waterloo:

"What a day of confusion and alarm," writes Mme. d'Arblay, "did we spend on the 17th! That day and the 18th I passed in hearing the cannon." At one time a Hanoverian troop galloped through the town crying out that the allied army was defeated and the French in hot pursuit. Mme. d'Arblay did not hear their words, but she was startled by the "sound of a howl, violent, loud, affrighting, issuing from many voices." "I ran to the window," she writes, "and saw the Marche-aux-Bois suddenly filling with a populace, pouring in from all its avenues, and hurrying on rapidly . . . while women with children in their arms or clinging to their clothes ran screaming out of doors; I saw windows closing and shutters fastening. This was followed, in another [moment], by a burst into my apartment to announce the French were come!"

All very interesting, of course, but what is it doing dans cette galère? Miss Edgeworth's brother, it is true, had been in a French prison for twelve years, and her interest in the fate of Napoleon had all the point of domestic contact, but this seems hardly to justify so much French history in the biography of an English woman of letters.

Indeed as a biography the book might have been very much better. It might have been devoted more exclusively to Maria Edgeworth, and we can hardly resist the conviction that interesting and relevant matter has been ignored in order to find room for gossip about other celebrities, interesting enough in their way, but that do not happen to be the central figures upon this particular stage. There is too much French history, too much Napoleon, too much De Staël, too much of nearly every one except of Miss Edgeworth herself, and as a result the book seems to be padded, an operation surely unnecessary with such a heroine.

"Maria Edgeworth and Her Circle in the Days of Buonaparte and Bourbon," by Constance Hill, with illustrations by Ellen G. Hill and reproductions of contemporary portraits. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

Pennsylvania is a large State, with plenty of mountain territory, and it is declared by the State game commission that the number of bears killed there in recent years has surpassed that of the deer. Already this year between 600 and 700 bears have been killed, and the season is not yet ended.

In 1860 we stood at the bottom of the list of the four great manufacturing nations, namely, the United Kingdom, France, Germany, and the United States. Forty-nine years later we stand at the head of the list, our manufactured product equaling that of the other three nations combined.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Evolution of Worlds*, by Percival Lowell, A. B., LL. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.50

Dr. Lowell is facile princeps among popular exponents of astronomy. No problem is too vast to be brought by him within reach of the average power of imagination, and with him for a guide we climb easily to the loftiest heights of astronomical theory and speculation.

In "The Evolution of Worlds" Dr. Lowell traces a solar system from its birth from a dead sun to the moment when the exhaustion of its heat returns it once more to the dark grave of space. Nothing is more fascinating in the whole realm of astronomical research than the theory of dead and dark suns wandering mournfully through space and seeming to seek the collision that shall recall them to a terrific and explosive life. It was the periodic obscuration of Algol that first suggested the theory of a revolving and intervening body without light of its own and eclipsing that of its companion. Then came the observation of the *Nova*, of the mysterious stars that suddenly blaze into activity, as a result either of collision or of the passage of the dark sun through space fields of inflammable gas. Then follows the formation of attendant planets from the agglomeration of meteoric matter into a nebula, and so a solar system is launched into orderly activity to follow its course until the initial heat energy is once more expended and the central sun, again dark and lifeless, resumes its solitary and derelict tramp across the waters of space.

Much, of course, must be unproved theory, or so it will seem to the lay mind, but the theory that accords with all known facts has a right to acceptance as a working hypothesis. Certainly the author builds for us an edifice from which none of the material of known fact is excluded. And he does it with a certain poetic lucidity that commands our delighted approval as at least *ben trovato*. He writes always with the eloquence of enthusiasm and the impressiveness of awe, and moreover he never allows us to get out of our depth or to be irritated by a too obvious restraint. Grandeur of subject and dignified simplicity of elucidation have never been better mated than in this fine work with its numerous and admirable illustrations.

*The Journal of a Recluse*. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.25.

We have reached a point where the anonymity of a novel arouses no emotion, not even of curiosity. A pseudonym answers all legitimate needs.

The story professes to be a translation from a biographical manuscript in French accidentally found on the Pacific Coast. The French is said by the supposed translator to be as "easy, rich, and limpid as a mountain stream," and this seems to give the game away, as it is not within human power to acquire such a knowledge of French with the opportunities indicated in the story itself. The writer is an Englishman and he has lived very many years in America. Why, then, should he write in French?

None the less the story is well worth telling, and if it is not a true biography it is an amazingly good imitation. It smacks of an austere accuracy and it has those loose ends of incident abhorred by the novelist and delighted in by life itself. It is the story of a boy who renders a service to a young and crippled aristocrat and who is taken into his family and educated by him. When his patron dies he becomes something of a misanthrope, emigrates to Washington, and for many years lives the life of a recluse until he is joined by his niece, whom he has never known and who believes it her mission to wait upon an old and solitary relative. As a matter of fact he is still by no means old, and so we have a somewhat unpalatable episode of a love scene between uncle and niece. The story is artlessly written, ruminative and of a severe simplicity, indeed just such a biography as would be written with only a vague idea of future publication. Its sincerity and its elements of drama entitle it to consideration either as a faithful biography or an unusually clever attempt at one.

*French Cathedrals*, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$5.

Such a hook as this helps us to understand why rural France is so unwilling a captive at the chariot wheels of image-breaking Paris. France, says the author, is the most conservative of countries, and how should it be otherwise amid such a wealth of cathedrals, monasteries, and abbeys, with their age-blackened stones frowning so inexorably upon change? There is no such enemy to radicalism as an ancient building, no more dignified appeal to the sanities in man.

This volume we are told has taken some twenty years in preparation. It is worth

waiting for, as there is nothing now available more perfectly attuned to the popular taste that likes its technical architecture and its history in well restrained quantities and its descriptive matter written from its own intelligent level. Mrs. Pennell writes ideally because she writes with a sustained enthusiasm that is contagious. She loves the cathedrals and she loves the people who live around them, and so great a mutual sympathy brings with it a comprehension that is evident upon every page.

Rarely, too, do we find so perfect a harmony of description and of illustration as in this fine work. Joseph Pennell contributes 183 pictures of distinctive workmanship and in careful accord with the text. We are told that the originals of these pictures have been purchased by the French government and are now in the Luxembourg and are on display in that famous gallery.

*Trix and Over-the-Moon*, by Amélie Rives. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.

In this fascinating little story the author outdoes herself in clear-cut character delineation and in human interest. The heroine is Trix, who combines a passion for horse raising and the country life with her domestic duties as the wife of a literary man. The sub-heroines are a dour old Scotchwoman who had been her husband's nurse and a substantial old negress who had been her own. The incident of the story is the despair of the two old servants at their mistress's determination to ride "Over-the-Moon," a pure bred horse whose murderous instincts are recognized by every one except his valiant little owner. The main interest of the story centres irresistibly around old Alison Stark, whose desperate expedient to save Trix's life was never surpassed in grim courage by the Covenanters of her native land. Perhaps Trix's husband might have been assigned a somewhat more dignified place in the story, but we are well satisfied with the unrivaled trinity of Trix and the two servants.

*A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg*, by Charles Major. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

As no one now reads Carlyle's "Frederick the Great"—or ever did—it is well that some salient points of German history should be presented in the form of fiction, especially by such competent hands as that of the author. The heroine is Frederick's sister, Wilhelmina, hated by her father and destined to

an unholy marriage with Prince Frederick of England. Rivals for her hand are the Hereditary Prince of Bayreuth and Adolph, Margrave of Schwedt, who is as broad as he is long, hard featured and a sot, but with the heart of a gentleman and the self-sacrifice of a saint. The story of Wilhelmina is one that deserves honor by novelist and poet alike, and the author has not only told it well but he gives us an exceptional picture of the Germany of that day.

*A Girl of the Limberlost*, by Gene Stratton Porter. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The author's skill gives a certain amount of vitality to a story of an old-fashioned if irreproachable order. Elnora is the daughter of a hard and unloving mother who does her best to thwart her daughter's yearnings for a high school education. After reuffs and humiliations the girl finds that she can pay for her education by collecting the moths and the Indian relics that abound in the Limberlost, and so her schooldays pass gradually into the maturity that brings other and more tender interests. The story contains some effective character work, but we get a little tired of the moths and of the over-weight of trivialities.

*The Free Rangers*, by Joseph A. Altsheler. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a continuation of the popular stories, "The Young Trailers" and "The Forest Runners." It deals with the attempt of Spain to seize Kentucky and it has therefore a certain historical value while appealing to those who love adventures by its narrative of forest life and Indian fighting.

*The Image of Eve*, by Margaret Sutton Briscoe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

It seems that a "subrikinque" is a super-qualified chaperon with a genius for amiable matchmaking, and in this pleasant little sketch we are told all about one of these fearsome creatures and of a bachelor whom she entangled in her toils but in an unsuspected way.

E. P. Dutton & Co., New York, have published a fine edition of "Gulliver's Travels," of ample size and consequently of comfortable print, and with colored illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Evidently this classic maintains its hold, as it deserves to do. The price is \$2.50.

## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published George Sand's "Le Meunier d'Angihault," edited by J. W. Kuhne, with notes and vocabulary. Price, 40 cents.

"Echoes from the Frontier," by Addison M. Powell, is a collection of verses of ranch and frontier life such as usually find their only publicity in the columns of the local weekly. It is published by A. Wessels, New York.

The "History of the Sciences" series now being published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, now contains a volume on "Chemistry," by Sir Edward Thorpe, and a "History of Astronomy," by George Forster. Other volumes of this useful series are in preparation.

The Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published a new edition of "Our National Parks," by John Muir. The volume is handsomely produced with exceptionally good illustrations and a valuable map and appendix prepared by Allen Chamberlain. Price, \$3.

From the Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut, come two volumes on "Fire Insurance" and "Life Insurance," edited by Lester W. Zartman, Ph. D. These volumes are made up partly from the "Yale Lectures on Fires and Miscellaneous Insurance" which appeared five years ago and partly from other sources.

Brentano's, New York, have published "The Book of Restoration Verse," edited with notes by William Stanley Braithwaite. The name Restoration is applied to the period between the preceding collections of Elizabethan and Georgian verse, the whole anthology covering a period between the years 1557 and 1910. The volume is tastefully bound in blue with gilt edges, and the letter-press is good and comfortably large.

"The Problems of Youth," by Dr. Louis Albert Banks, is a collection of lay sermons addressed to young men, evidently written from a wide experience and, equally evidently, actuated by sincere benevolence. In common, however, with many books of its kind, it has the weakness of a constant appeal to dogmatic and doctrinal religion with the inference that virtue is largely a matter of obedience to divine command rather than observance of a natural, eternal, and unchanging law. To repent of a sin "because it might grieve Jesus" is hardly the sort of appeal to which intelligence will listen nowadays. The book is published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.30.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jerome A. Hart's story of the Vigilante time, which was concluded serially in the *Argonaut* last spring, is now in the press of A. C. McClurg & Co. It will probably appear early in the year. In book form its title will be "A Vigilante Girl."

Successful playwriting certainly pays (says the New York Press). The latest English estimate of Barrie's earnings from "The Little Minister" is \$450,000. The guess at the value of the total Barrie fortune is \$2,500,000. But there are not many writers who can turn out both a "Peter Pan" and a "Little Minister," not to mention "The Professor's Love Story," "The Admirable Crichton," and others now almost forgotten, but which paid handsome royalties. The first Barrie play, "Walker, London," was produced nineteen years ago. In counting up the sources of revenue don't forget that Barrie has also been a popular novelist for twenty years; yet one of his plays brought him more money, probably, than all the novels put together.

The London *Book Monthly* now claims that the Bible is the most largely circulated publication in the world. There is an almanac which is published yearly in Peking which sells 8,000,000 copies, but it is claimed that 12,000,000 Bibles are sold each twelve months.

Urbain Gohier and Laurent Tailhade, two well-known literary men of Paris, have fought a duel as a result of an article written by M. Tailhade. Only one harmless shot was fired and a reconciliation was tearfully effected upon the field of honor. As a result of a previous duel that he fought with Maurice Barrès, M. Tailhade has only two fingers on his right hand.

William J. Locke has two plays being presented on the American stage, one founded upon his novel "Idols," which is now being presented in New York, the other "Septimus," in which George Arliss is playing the title-role.

In Sir Robert Anderson's reminiscences of his "Official Life," published serially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, he writes of Charles Reade in the December number. He says that the novelist's description of Australian scenes in "Never Too Late to Mend" are acknowledged to be accurate and vivid, though Reade never saw the country, indeed no money could have tempted him to cross the ocean. When an

American lecture manager made Reade a flattering offer of several thousand pounds he merely answered, "Make it millions!"

Throughout the Middle States in general, and on the borders of New England in particular, Americans of other origins hated New Englanders throughout the colonial period and long after, as persons at once highly objectionable and highly formidable. Until well into the nineteenth century, as Cooper's novels, "Satanstoe," "The Chainbearer," and "The Redskins," attest, New Yorkers were in the habit of talking about Yankees as Englishmen throughout the eighteenth century were in the habit of talking about Scotchmen.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Stony Heart.

My heart is hard, is hard and cold, they say:  
I answer, Yea—  
A sepulchre for sorrow is my heart,  
And plays its part:—  
My heart lies cold,  
Like some lone cairn upon a stony world  
Where wayfarers, perchance, in going past  
May pause and idly on the rough heap cast  
Another stone, nor wait to ask, nor care  
If sinner or if victim lieth there.

So on my heart they fling  
Stone upon stone:  
How should it sing?  
Who knows or heeds?  
The weary weight, it lies within my breast,  
Yet not at rest,  
There, all alone,  
My heart it beats—it bleeds  
Beneath the stone.

—Henry Adam, in *Harper's Bazar*.

## The Wood Fire.

Deep in the heart's core of my fire tonight  
Visions and dreams, rose red and ashen gray,  
Enveiled in magic scents of long ago,  
Float up and fade away.

The quiet murmur of the shifting flame  
Flutters like hovering birds close overhead;  
Voices, now faint, now rising like the wind,  
Call from old days long dead:

Lost airs that echo from my vanished youth,  
The secret songs of unforgotten years,  
My fire is blent in vague, unmeaning shape,  
Blurred by a prism of tears.

—Rosalie Arthur, in *Stuart Set*.

## A Frozen Brook.

What do you dream, O Stream, as you sleep so long?  
Hint of the black morass where your mother stays?  
Kiss of the meadow-grass in your early ways?  
Where the sweet kine came to drink and the even-song  
Of a thousand birds rang out in the dusk of days?

Tell me your dream, O Stream, as you sleep so still.  
Leaves that are stirred at dawn and flowers that bend,  
Looking, like love for a word in the eyes of a friend?  
Seeing themselves as love in love's eyes will?  
Giving a dream for a dream 'till the world shall end?

What do you dream, O Stream, in your long, still sleep?  
Is it of oceans wide to you unknown,  
Blank in their waste of pride and depths unshown,  
Where myriad streams lie in Nirvana deep  
O contemplating Buddhist, wrapt and lone!

Tell me your dream, O Stream,—would you forget  
Life that was near and sweet; gold, green, and blue?  
Press of the little feet that came to you?  
The thirsting comforted, the parched thing wet?  
For the wide, blank waste of the sea you never knew.

Dream, Stream, dream, for your way is long,  
And the end of streams is the wide, wide waste of the sea.

At the end of dreams the waves wait hungrily.  
Hush of the little feet and the even-song,  
The breathing earth and Springs that are to be!  
—Louise Driscoll, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

## The King of Dreams.

Some must delve when the dawn is nigh;  
Some must moil when the noonday beams;  
But when night comes, and the soft winds sigh,  
Every man is a King of Dreams!

One must plod while another must ply  
At plow or loom till the sunset streams,  
But when night comes, and the moon rides high,  
Every man is a King of Dreams!

One is slave to a master's cry,  
Another serf to a despot's seems,  
But when night comes, and the discords die,  
Every man is a King of Dreams!

This you may sell and that may buy,  
And this you may barter for gold that gleams,  
But there's one domain that is fixed for aye,—  
Every man is a King of Dreams.

—Clinton Scollard, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Professor Wilhelm Stern, director of the Institute of Applied Psychology in Berlin, says that Helen Keller's "The World I Live In" is one of the two or three greatest contributions to psychology and education in the last hundred years. Miss Keller's book has been adopted as a text-book at Wellesley College.

## STATEMENT

of the Condition and Value of the Assets and Liabilities

OF

## THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY

(A CORPORATION)

(Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco)

DATED DECEMBER 31, 1909

## ASSETS

1—Bonds of the United States (\$8,585,000.00), of the District of Columbia guaranteed by the United States Government (\$475,000.00), of the State of California (\$650,000.00), of the City and County of San Francisco (\$627,700.00), and County and Municipal Bonds of the State of California (\$876,000.00), the actual value of which is.....	\$13,402,111.47
2—Cash in United States Gold and Silver Coin and Checks.....	2,123,312.12
3—Miscellaneous Bonds, the actual value of which is.....	6,031,690.30
	\$21,557,113.89

## They are:

"San Francisco and North Pacific Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$469,000.00), "Southern Pacific Branch Railway Company of California 6 per cent Bonds" (\$266,000.00), "San Francisco and San Joaquin Valley Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$108,000.00), "Northern California Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$83,000.00), "Northern Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$29,000.00), "Market Street Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$858,000.00), "Market Street Railway Company first Consolidated Mortgage 5 per cent Bonds" (\$753,000.00), "Los Angeles Pacific Railroad Company of California Refunding 5 per cent Bonds" (\$400,000.00), "Los Angeles Railway Company of California 5 per cent Bonds" (\$334,000.00), "Powell Street Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$185,000.00), "The Omnibus Cable Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$167,000.00), "Sutter Street Railway Company 5 per cent Bonds" (\$150,000.00), "Ferries and Cliff House Railway Company 6 per cent Bonds" (\$6,000.00), "The Merchants' Exchange 7 per cent Bonds" (\$1,490,000.00), "San Francisco Gas & Electric Company 4½ per cent Bonds" (\$474,000.00).

4—Promissory Notes and the debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	32,745,115.21
---	---------------

The Condition of said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated at the corner of Market, McAllister and Jones Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and the payment thereof is secured by First Mortgages on Real Estate within this State. Said Promissory Notes are kept and held by said Corporation at its said office, which is its principal place of business, and said Notes and debts are there situated.

5—Promissory Notes and debts thereby secured, the actual value of which is.....	45,504.67
---	-----------

The Condition of the said Promissory Notes and debts is as follows: They are all existing Contracts, owned by said Corporation, and are payable to it at its office, which is situated as aforesaid, and the payment thereof is secured by pledge and hypothecation of Bonds of Railroad and Quasi-Public Corporations and other securities.

6—(a) Real Estate situated in the City and County of San Francisco (\$245,192.86), and in the Counties of Santa Clara (\$23,107.29), Alameda (\$261.21), and San Mateo (\$2,269.92), in this State, the actual value of which is.....	270,831.28
---	------------

(b) The Land and Building in which said Corporation keeps its said office, the actual value of which is.....	1,049,217.79
--	--------------

The Condition of said Real Estate is that it belongs to said Corporation, and part of it is productive.

7—Contingent Fund—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes.....	\$171,440.36
Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds.....	127,641.82
Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year 1909-1910, chargeable to next year.....	21,550.30
	320,632.48

Total Assets .....\$55,988,415.32

## LIABILITIES

1—Said Corporation owes Deposits amounting to and the actual value of which is.....	\$52,201,493.60
---	-----------------

2—Accrued Interest—Interest due and uncollected on Promissory Notes.....	\$171,440.36
Interest accrued but not yet payable on United States and other Bonds.....	127,641.82
	299,082.18

3—Taxes—Proportion of Taxes for the Fiscal Year, 1909-1910, chargeable to next year.....	21,550.30
--	-----------

4—Reserve Fund, Actual Value.....	3,466,289.24
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Total Liabilities .....\$55,988,415.32

THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By JAMES R. KELLY, President.  
THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
By R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

State of California,  
City and County of San Francisco } ss.  
JAMES R. KELLY and R. M. TOBIN, being each duly sworn, each for himself, says: That said JAMES R. KELLY is President and that said R. M. TOBIN is Secretary of THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, the Corporation above mentioned, and that the foregoing statement is true.

JAMES R. KELLY, President.  
R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of January, 1910.

CHARLES T. STANLEY,  
Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California



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### PRINCE ITO'S MURDERER.

By Charles Lorrimer.

The trial of Prince Ito's murderer has disclosed several unexpected things. One is that the assassination was not, as everybody thought at first, planned and carried out by a single malcontent. Another is that the Russian authorities are seriously to blame for it, through a carelessness that almost amounts to criminal negligence. They were in a position to know—and should have known—that a plot was on foot. They had arrested two suspicious Koreans near Harbin the very day before the assassination took place—and yet it never occurred to them to make any inquiries as to what Koreans had lately come from their own country to Vladivostok, a town always filled with members of the Korean revolutionary party. Headed by the famous Yank Ki Taw, these discontented gentlemen have, as everybody knows, long been in the habit of seeking asylum in the Russian port, which is generally believed to be the headquarters of a patriotic society kept in funds no one can say exactly by whom. But the Russians never thought of getting information or taking any precautions beforehand; as usual they let matters drift with their old historic slackness, which has been at the root of all their misfortunes. They let matters drift—and as a consequence they permitted the death of the one Japanese statesman who was on their side, who was almost as indispensable to their policy as to Japan's—and placed themselves in a position to offer useless apologies. "Prince Ito himself expressly declared that he did not want to be constantly shepherded by detectives," is their excuse. Very true; he did not. Never a braver man lived—or died. But anybody but the well-meaning, bungling Russians would have found means of protecting him, even if they did not surround his person with a living picket fence of police.

The more one hears, in fact, of Korean feeling and Korean opinion on the murder, expressed privately and on the spot, the more incomprehensible it seems that nobody suspected the seething animosity all around Ito. To a man, the Koreans declare themselves pleased at his death, and every day new arrests are being made of those who deliberately express sympathy with the assassin. Six young fellows, suspected of being accomplices, were taken into custody at the Harbin station and in their pockets were found revolvers and the deadly bursting dum-dum bullets with notched heads which the assassin also used. Six more have been put in prison at Seoul for being active sympathizers, and twenty-six others in Vladivostok for assisting with money. The Japanese may really go on indefinitely shutting up the entire population of their "protected" empire, and only leaving a few simple farmers to gather the crop.

On the whole, however, it is only fair to state that they have kept remarkably cool when every one else has been hot. Ito's personal example seems to have put them on their mettle. True to the best Japanese traditions, he fell without a cry, he accepted his doom without a murmur, he died, though in the most horrible agony with his poor knees up to his chin, without a moan. What must he and his countrymen have thought of those Russian soldiers who shouted and screamed like lunatics, and of the Russian general who, completely losing all self-control, threw himself on the track face downwards and cried? What must they have said of those Russian soldiers who were so confused and awkward when they held the murderer that he was able to fire two last shots while in their clutches?

As soon as the Japanese got him in their hands, he received very different treatment. He was closely guarded, closely questioned. They declare he was not tortured; let us hope that Japanese newly acquired humanity stood the test of the great provocation. As soon as possible he was taken for trial to Port Arthur.

The harm that he did to Japan is incalculable, but the Japanese authorities very sensibly had no intention of increasing it by allowing the general public to see, hear, or read any unnecessary details of the case. Furthermore, they had no intention of allowing his fellow-countrymen to fatten their mistaken hero-worship on the sight of him. He was treated like any ordinary dangerous criminal, and the better to keep him from public attention, sent down with eight other "suspects" in a second-class car full of gendarmes and police. Arrived at Port Arthur, he was put into a closed carriage and driven by quiet roads to the police station, so that the only glimpse people had of him was when he got out of the train, which he did with a jaunty bravado. It is easy enough to see that he is pleased with himself. His face is distinctly unprepossessing, very dark and pock-marked; his clothes are foreign clothes very carefully brushed, his manners are exceedingly hominastic. "I wish to be treated on the same level as a high official," was his first remark to the governor of the jail. There is certainly nothing like asking for things in this world—when you don't deserve them.

Had the trial only been public Port Arthur might once again have become the centre of

the world's interest. The dramatic values of the occasion were great—but this is the age of common sense, and to be dramatic is not always to be wise. The result of the trial was, of course, a foregone conclusion. Mr. An, as he calls himself, will be hanged in Seoul—a notorious example of misguided zeal. The Roman Catholic Church, of which he said he was a member, disclaims him—just as it disclaimed the murderers of Stevens. All these men come from the same part of Korea, a district in which Roman Catholics are plentiful, but they do not happen, luckily, to be members of a flock which is most anxious not to own them. The semi-religious, semi-patriotic society to which they do belong is the "Moonlight Oath." Of this Mr. An admitted at his trial that he was a member, and he dramatically told the story of how its founders met by moonlight, and swearing oaths to save their country from the hated foreign oppression, all thirty-seven cut off their little fingers to prove that they despised pain and would sacrifice their bodies if necessary to achieve their ends.

The only mistake which the Japanese have made so far in a business which they have otherwise conducted with dignity and dispatch is the treatment of two Americans, a Mr. Hulbert and a Mr. Underwood. The *Asahi*, a Japanese paper, was allowed to call them "Two Dangerous Americans," or words to that effect, and the authorities at Dairen were told to prevent their landing there when they came over to see as much of the trial as they could. Now these gentlemen are saying that if anybody is attempting to accuse them of being accomplices of the murder they will bring actions for defamation of character. It is certainly not fair to treat men as accomplices in a foul crime just because they happen to have written books about Korea.

"The American government," one native paper credits the two irate men with threatening, "will not be silent." I wonder what that means? A Chinese humorist, commenting upon this dire impending calamity, remarked, "Of course the American government will not be silent—not if our dear lost friend Mr. Crane is only given a fair chance." Well, we shall see.

PEKING, December 8, 1909.



SUDDEN CHANGES  
FROM DRY TO WET, OR HOT TO  
COLD, PLAY HAVOC WITH OUR  
HEALTH AND COMFORT. A FINE  
NUTRITIOUS AND INVIGORAT-  
ING STIMULANT SUCH AS

## HUNTER BALTIMORE RYE

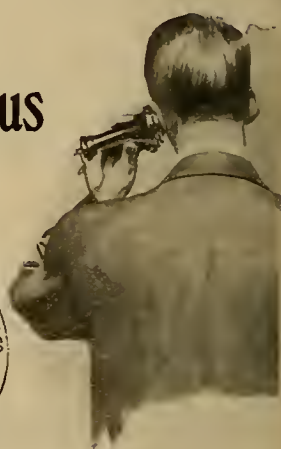
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BECAUSE OF ITS HIGH QUALITY AND

ABSOLUTE  
PURITY



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equally important, half consists in  
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question, or the acceptance or re-  
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that the message has been re-  
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The value of the message de-  
pends upon getting an answer.

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word to a representative in a dis-  
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settled at once. It is possible, in  
one telephone interview, to come to  
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ALICE LLOYD.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

With the two McNaughtons and Alice Lloyd as popular elements, this week's Orpheum bill has a decidedly English flavor. The McNaughton brothers' act is a rapid, incoherent patter that, in printed form, without music, action, and comic touches of costume, would read like the chattering of a semi-intoxicated imbecile. Any old rattle seems to work. Yet while one listens, one is obliged to recognize that the getter-up of this glad drivel has his own peculiar talent. He knows what the populace wants—for a vaudeville audience is the populace. Above all things on earth a vaudeville audience wants to laugh. "To the Woods" is deliciously incoherent. It is silly, it is not really humorous; but it tickles the great public right in the ribs, and even occasionally brings a sad smile to the jaded countenance of the professional theatre-haunter.

After this turn comes Alice Lloyd, whom they call the "English artiste." I looked Alice over carefully, and saw that in spite of her chubby outlines, her blonde tints, and her laughing blue eyes, she has a very sharp eye for business. Hers is not a success that just happened. She has studied her public—she is one of them and knows them well.

She knows that they—the populace—that is, roughly speaking, the Anglo-Saxon public, and those who conform to its ideals, like the laughing innuendo, the sprightly mock at domestic felicity, wedded constancy, and such like dully dutiful things, and the open yet not admittedly vulgar appeal to the earthy side of man. So she sings her little songs of merry innuendo, and then she gives the sentimentalist his turn. She recites some doggerel about the various stages of woman, which is eminently decorous in tone. Then she comes out dressed as a white-cloth twelve-year-old and sings something or other from which one may contentedly abstract one's mind, since it means nothing except to the one with the confirmed habit of vaudeville, who is always on the alert to catch the joke, or the climax, and frequently astonishes the wandering-witted non-habitue by his quickness.

During these preliminaries it becomes apparent that Miss Lloyd has been born within sound of Bow Bells. She pronounced oh "a-oh," and afraid "afride," and remarked, in what is supposed to be her Sunday-go-to-meeting English:

And I'm told that on her pillow  
She will never lie her head.

And then she commenced to settle down to business. After her virginal white which softened a little the face of one who is unmistakably a keen-witted, unbecoming-minded daughter of the people, and after her clinging Greek draperies which made her seem more than ever an evolution of the British music-hall, she appeared dressed appropriately in a short, perfectly fitting, simple print dress and a white sailor straw hat, and proceeded to take off the female match to a London 'Arry on an outing. This was very clever, and seemed true to nature. It caught the house, and they began to adore her.

She reproves the ogling masher, singing "Who're you looking at, ih?" and "If I weren't a perfect lady I'd give you a smack in the jaw." Or, when the cockney working girl—for by this time she was openly and avowedly a cockney—allowed her wholly-flattered half-indignation to rise higher, it became "a slush in the eye." The house had a fellow-feeling with the type, and it began to be apparent that part of Alice Lloyd's ability lies in becoming bosom friends with her audience. The sleepy gray man, and the apathetic stout lady who were there to accommodate their friends woke up. Blue-eyed innocence *à la* six stood on its seat and steadily and fascinatedly contemplated this new and absorbing specimen. And the youths and young men became hysterically infatuated.

The next costume and the plump little lady in it captured every man in the house. The little English singer came out in an extremely brief kilned bathing costume, her plump legs incased in innocent white silk, and her blonde, mischievous countenance framed in a piquant half-childish cap, or hat, or at any rate head-gear of baby blue satin. Costumed thus, she no doubt looked, from a dozen rows back, a piquant blending of child and woman. But close at hand one could always read the shrewdness and the entire understanding of

her world and its needs underlying the mischief in the laughing face.

The little singer pranced around, making a feint of being in the surf, and splashing some imaginary admirer who was invited to splash back so provocatively that the enraptured adolescents in the audience were almost as transported as if this form of diversion so popular with 'Arry was actually taking place.

Then came the *pièce de résistance*. Demurely attired in a sort of quakerish blue, the now adored one of the audience made her entrance, announcing that she was "looking for a sweetheart." She speedily found him in a proscenium box, pointed to him, beckoned to him, made love to him. The audience as one man turned with grins of fiendish delight to gaze on the victim, who smiled painfully, and, no doubt, felt inexpressible relief when the house was plunged into darkness. And then wicked little Alice produced a pocket searchlight and, to his consternation, turned it upon "the curly-haired boy" with the love-light in his eyes whom she was apostrophizing. The audience joined in one vast chuckle, while the victim, suffering inwardly, showed his sheepish countenance, luminous against the dark, irradiated by a circle of light the size of his face, and gallantly grinned.

Another victim was selected, this time an older one, which fact the singer did not fail to mention in her ditty, and these favors were repeated, with the most provocative and personal of nods, smiles, and verbal challenges.

So Miss Lloyd retired the queen of the afternoon, having caught her audience to the last man, and woman, too. And I have no doubt that the victimized ones, revived from their good-natured discomfiture, went home and bragged long and loud of their brief appearance in the spotlight of an Orpheum programme.

\* \* \*

Every country on the globe takes its turn in figuring as the *locale* of a musical comedy plot, and now Alaska has its turn. "The Alaskan" at the Savoy—which has been transformed into a cozy, comfortable, warmly tinted play-house—is a piece with a mining flavor, and various characteristic accessories in the way of lumps of ore, sluices full of pay dirt, a polar bear, totem poles, and a snowball game are thrown in to help along the illusion. The comedians do not seem first-class but they serve to amuse. I fancy that Richard Carroll has been a great case of parlor funny man, and he has plenty of go, but something is lacking in his humorous works—the mainspring perhaps. At any rate, he does not convulse the house, yet he is often amusing. So with Gus Weinburg, whose German dialect was rather elastic and fitful, but whose attack of inebriation wasn't badly assumed.

As a whole "The Alaskan" is only mildly clever, and yet there are a number of clever things in it. The huge totem poles on human supports were tremendously effective, and so savage and grotesque in design as strongly to suggest their prototypes that can be seen in front of the Indian houses at Fort Wrangel; and the snowball game, in which the audience was invited to join, appealed to the instinct of play in both men and women, the young and the middle-aged. The balls were soft and light, made of cotton, apparently, and it was a pretty sight to see the snow-white missiles flying actively and harmlessly between auditors and players. Sometimes a group of fur-coated, tightly buskined sirens would group together and concentrate their fusillade upon one laughing victim; then, as if acting under the spontaneity of play, they would suddenly fall to pelting each other again with childlike zest. And then the bombardment would break out with renewed energy between the stage and the auditorium, until it almost looked as if the snowy north had broken in through the red-tinted walls of the Savoy. Needless to say, this number was a tremendous hit.

The "Mother Did" song—although I couldn't to save my life tell what it was all about—was also a great hit with the audience on account of the antics of the enamored quartet who surrounded the pretty soprano. It was very amusing, owing a good deal not only to the blonde prettiness of Jessie Stoner, but to the abandon of the competing four.

The principals in "The Alaskan" are all of the small type brand, but the one who calls for most comment is Detmar Poppen. This gentleman needs to be taken behind the barn by the stage director, and have a long, long heart-to-heart talk about the evils of singing with his speaking voice, and a longer drill on making his remarks intelligible. It would be worth while, because this deluded young man has a voice and is of a height and build that give him some stage presence.

The Lambardi Opera Company includes some notable singers this season and the dramatic rôles will be sung by Ester Adaberto. The company's engagement at the new Columbia Theatre is limited to one week and a change of bill is announced for each performance.

People desirous of speaking French and Spanish in shortest time should see Prof. De Filippis, located at 1212 Geary Street.

#### The Sembrich Concerts.

This Sunday afternoon, January 9, at 2:30, Mme. Marcella Sembrich will give her first concert at the Garrick Theatre, when with the assistance of Francis Rogers, an American baritone of repute, and Frank La Forge, pianist and composer, she will give one of the finest programmes of music ever heard in this city. In addition to a great operatic aria from "Ernani," and the brilliant vocal waltz "Voce di Primavera," composed for her by Johann Strauss, Mme. Sembrich will sing a dozen charming "lieder," and with Mr. Rogers will sing two of the duets from Mozart's favorite operas, "Don Giovanni" and "Magic Flute."

The second concert will be given Thursday night, January 13, when an entirely different programme will be given, including works by Handel, Schubert, Loewe, Brahms, Debussy, Grieg, Arensky, and others in addition to the brilliant arias, "Ah fors e lui" from "La Traviata" and "Jewel Song" from "Faust."

The farewell concert, with a great special programme, will be given Sunday afternoon, January 16.

Seats for all the concerts are to be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, but on Sunday the box-office will open at the theatre at 9:30 a. m.

Mme. Sembrich will sing in Oakland on Tuesday afternoon, January 18, and seats for this event will be ready next Thursday at Ye Liberty box-office.

#### DIVIDEND NOTICES.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Corner Market, McAllister and Jones Sts.

San Francisco, December 29, 1909. DIVIDEND NOTICE—At a meeting of the board of directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and three-fourths (3 3/4) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending December 31, 1909, free from all taxes, and payable on and after January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn will be added to depositors' accounts and become a part thereof, and will earn dividend from January 1, 1910. Deposits made on or before January 10, 1910, will draw interest from January 1, 1910. R. M. TOBIN, Secretary.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (The German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-Second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from January 1, 1910. GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

THE SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 101 Montgomery Street, corner Sutter Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn become part of the deposit accounts and earn dividends at the same rate from January 1. Money deposited on or before January 10, will earn interest from January 1. WM. A. BOSTON, Cashier.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, dividends have been declared at the rates per annum of four and one-eighth (4 1/8) per cent on term deposits and four (4) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earns dividend from January 1. Money deposited on or before the 10th day of January will receive dividend from January 1. R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

HUMBOLDT SAVINGS BANK (Member Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 783 Market Street, near Fourth.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all savings deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Monday, January 3, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal from January 1, 1910. H. C. KLEVESAHN, Cashier.

MECHANICS SAVINGS BANK (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), corner Market and Mason Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1909, a dividend has been declared on all savings deposits, free of taxes, at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum, payable on and after January 3, 1910. Dividends not drawn earn interest from January 1. Deposits made on or before January 10 earn interest from January 1. JOHN U. CALKINS, Cashier.

### The Continental Building and Loan Association

JUNCTION

Golden Gate Ave., Taylor and Market Sts. SAN FRANCISCO

has declared for the six months ending December 31, 1909, a dividend of six per cent per annum on term deposit stock and four per cent on ordinary or transient accounts.

EDWARD SWEENEY, President.  
WM. CORBIN, Secretary.

## BISMARCK CAFE

Seating Capacity, 1800

Leads in catering to San Francisco's epicures and music lovers

Music noon, evenings and after theatre by the famous Herr Ferdinand Stark's Vienna Orchestra  
PACIFIC BUILDING San Francisco Market and Fourth

#### AMUSEMENTS.

## NEW ORPHEUM O'FARRELL ST.

Between Stockton and Powell

Safest and most magnificent theatre in America

#### WEEK BEGINNING THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Matinee Every Day

ARTURO BERNARDI, "the Great Italian Protean Artist"; WILLY PANZER Troupe: UNA CLAYTON and Company; MR. and MRS. VOELKER; BASQUE GRAND OPERA QUARTET; BELLE DAVIS and HER CRACKERJACKS; FOX and FONIE'S CIRCUS; New Orpheum Motion Pictures; First Time Here of H. Gittus Lonsdale's comedietta, "THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM," presented by FRANKLYN UNDERWOOD and FRANCES SLOSSON.

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

## COLUMBIA THEATRE

Corner GEARY and MASON STREETS

GOTTLOB, MARX & CO., Mgrs. Phone Franklin 150

#### INAUGURAL ATTRACTION

Two Weeks—Beginning Monday, January 10

Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays

Charles Frohman presents

Wm. H. CRANE

In his greatest laughing success

FATHER AND THE BOYS

George Ade's best and funniest comedy

"American to the Core"

Seats: \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 50c, 25c

## VAN NESS THEATRE

Cor. Van Ness and Grove

PHONE MARKET 500

Two Weeks—Starting Monday Night, Jan. 10

Matinee Saturday

## OLGA NETHERSOLE

In her new American drama

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

Second Week—Miss Nethersole in a repertory of her successes.

## Savoy THEATRE

McALLISTER, Mr. Market

Phones: Market 130 Home 12872

This Saturday afternoon and evening—Last times of "The Alaskan"

Starting Sunday Matinee, Jan. 9

Other Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays

THE WOLF

A play of the Canadian Hudson Bay country, by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way"

Prices, from 25c to \$1.50; Thursday matinee, 25c, 50c, 75c. Seats at theatre and Emporium.

Next—"BREWSTER'S MILLIONS."

## DREAMLAND RINK

STEINER STREET, near Sutter

6 NIGHTS—5 MATINEES ONLY

Starting Monday Evening, January 10

Wm. Morris (Inc.) presents the world famous Scotch comedian and entertainer

HARRY LAUDER

With a company of celebrated associate players.

Julian Eltinge and special Lauder orchestra

Night prices—50c, 75c, \$1, \$1.50, \$2; matinees, 25c, 50c, 75c, \$1. Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Sutter and Kearny Streets.

## Mme. SEMBRICH

Assisted by Francis Rogers, Baritone

and Frank La Forge, Pianist

This Sunday aft., Jan. 9, at 2:30

Thursday eve, 13th, and

Sunday aft., 16th, at

GARRICK THEATRE

Seats \$2.50 to \$1.00—at box-office Sunday after 9:30.

Oakland Concert, Tuesday aft., Jan. 18

Sunday, Jan. 30, First Lyric "Pop" Concert.

## RACING NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

## OAKLAND RACE TRACK

On Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays, Saturdays

Six races on each of these days, rain or shine. First race at 1:40 p. m.

Admission, men \$2, ladies \$1.

For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.

No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President;

PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

A few weeks ago an eminent physician—published a work that was mainly devoted to the extravagances of washing. Other physicians, equally eminent, tell us to take cold baths and plenty of them, not cold baths but hot baths, no baths at all, but a rub-down with wet towels. If we were to suggest that none of these wisecracks knows what he is talking about we should be placed in the seat of the scornful and accused of deriding the "marvelous advance of medical science," so we may as well admit that all of them are right, including the first mentioned, who tells us bluntly that we wash a great deal too much and that we should be healthier and happier if we left the skin to clean itself, and this, we are assured, it will be very pleased to do.

And now comes another doctor who writes specially for women, and he tells his fair adherents that they should have three baths a day if they wish to be really beautiful. There must be a cold bath in the morning, a tepid one later in the day, and a "beauty bath" last of all. There is no need to bewilder ourselves with the composition of these baths. There are all the usual ingredients of alcohol, milk, oatmeal, rosemary, lavender, verbenas, lemons and alder flowers. The combined forces of the grocer, the dairyman, and the druggist can fill the prescription and we are promised the usual results of a satin skin and a seraphic complexion.

We have read all this jargon before and have often wondered how the country miss who works on a ranch and whose complexion is admittedly unrivaled can spare the time from her many duties to compound all these baths and washes, as she evidently must do. But this particular doctor has something novel to suggest. Evidently he has been dabbling in mental medicine by way of being up to date, and so he tells the bath devotee that all her efforts will be of no avail unless all worries are excluded with the shutting of the bath-room door. Let there be a combination of imagination and water, visualization and soap. "Call up," he tells us, "the beauties of Rembrandt and the shadings of Greuze," and as the perfumed and medicated waters pass gently over the skin let the mind be filled with exquisite visions and gracious ideals. The results, we are assured, "will be at once apparent."

In the course of a single chapter no less than thirty-eight ingredients of the bath are recommended, and if we count Rembrandt and Greuze there are forty. The idea is one that ought to be developed. Why not have a list of the sublime thoughts that may be advantageously combined respectively with the milk, the alcohol, the rosemary, and the oatmeal, such as alcohol and Turner, Burne-Jones and oatmeal, and so on? Otherwise we may stumble upon natural antipathies that will do us more harm than good.

New York society feels distinctly aggrieved at the discovery that the majority of Mrs. Astor's famous pearls were false. The revelation has laid all wearers of jewels under the cloud of suspicion, for how can we now be sure that anything is genuine? We can not take an expert around with us in order to give the exactly correct pitch to the awe in our voices when we talk of the decorations worn by the elite at the theatre or in the drawing-room, and without an expert we have no means of knowing whether we should be reverential or insolent. We certainly have no intention to go into obsequious raptures over paste diamonds or imitation pearls, and yet how are we to discriminate? Evidently the status of the wearer has nothing to do with the case, and so we are left confronting a difficult problem. Perhaps the wisest course is to continue to lick the boots of wealth and to be haughtily contemptuous of poverty. If wealth chooses to defecate itself by wearing imitation jewels we may at least preserve our own self-respect by ignoring an unpleasant possibility, and continuing to prostrate ourselves at the feet of those who could wear the real thing if they only wanted to. But in the meantime the spectre of Mrs. Astor's false pearls will continue to dim the flashing lustre that we have so much loved to gloat over from our 50-cent seats in the lofty and rarefied atmosphere of the theatre.

But if any considerable number of jewels are false, where are all the real ones? A year ago they may have been in pawn, but where are they now? Where are all the jewels of which we read in history, the jewels of pre-historic courts, of semi-barbarous peoples, the jewels of ancient India and Egypt and of the vanished kingdoms of Asia? There was certainly no lack of precious stones in those days unless tradition has deceived us, while as for gold it must have existed by the ton. Gold, of course, wears out, but precious stones do not, yet most of the noteworthy jewels of today have their authenticated histories and have originated within comparatively recent years. Where now are the innumerable great jewels of antiquity, for which we can account for a few of them it is only a few. Do they still exist in some mysterious hoard or have they been lost? The temples of India are notoriously rich in jewels, and

great numbers of them are freely exposed to view, but there is still a big deficit somewhere. And the deficit must be even larger than it seems if society women are wearing imitation stones to any great extent.

Princesses who write articles for magazines containing domestic disclosures may be assumed to have some special motive, but it is hard to understand the inwardness of the contribution just furnished to the *Peter Lloyd* by Princess Louise of Belgium. It is to be feared that Princess Louise has a sentimental nature and this is a thing to be sternly discouraged in those of royal blood.

Princess Louise writes about her brother-in-law, the late Archduke Rudolf of Austria, who married the Princess Stéphanie of Belgium. The story of the marriage and its results is fairly well known, but the Princess Louise suggests that there is another story that is not known, and this seems likely enough. The marriage is supposed to have been one of convenience and arranged, as such matters usually are, without any regard for the personal feelings of the principals. However that may be, it is undoubtedly true that the archduke fell in love with the Baroness Marie Vetsera and then moved heaven and earth to persuade the Pope to grant him a divorce in order that he might marry his *inamorata*. Perhaps he would have succeeded if the old emperor had joined his solicitations to those of his son, but Francis Joseph wanted no more scandals than had already fallen to his lot and he opposed the divorce scheme with all his strength.

Then came the tragedy. No one knows exactly what happened in the hunting-box at Mayerling, but it is believed that the archduke went to the room of Marie Vetsera and found that she had poisoned herself and was dead. Insane with grief, he heaped flowers upon her body and then shot himself, and so the bodies were found, that of the countess nearly concealed by flowers and her lover lying dead by her side. The emperor ordered that the chateau be razed to the ground, and a convent now stands upon its site. Let us hope that the *religieuses* are undisturbed by midnight visions and that no unwelcome thoughts of guilty love intrude upon their pious meditations.

And now the Princess Louise revives the story by her article in a magazine. She should have said either more or nothing, but then that is a way with women. What use is it to have a secret if no one knows of its existence?

"Always when in Budapest," says the Princess Louise, "I take the same walk. I walk to the City Park, my heart beating, and I suddenly come to a standstill before a statue. It is a huntsman in stone, who gazes dreamily before him.

"Long-forgotten scenes come back to me. A world of memories storms my soul—thoughts and feelings that never quit me. I see the crown prince before me in the strength of his youth. I hear his voice saying, 'Where shall I find the wife I want? Tell me her name!'

"Go to Belgium. There a flower blooms—my sister Stéphanie! And he went. I see the wedding, a picture of happiness, of peace. I see the spring; then so soon afterwards the autumn and the dreadful end.

"The voice of the Crown Prince Rudolf still rings in my ear. The year before his death we walked together in the beautiful park of Laxenburg. 'The most beautiful thing,' he says, 'would be to die when one is thirty, in full possession of strength, knowing and feeling one could do all things unfettered by circumstance!'

"Certain persons exist who say they know the facts of the crown prince's end. They are silent; they live upon the price of their discretion. They alone, perhaps, know the conclusion of the tragedy. I know all that went before in all its phases. I am silent, but for other reasons."

Perhaps the princess will write again. She has but whetted our curiosity and the number of those who know is waning fast. Baron Louis Vetsera, for instance, must have known all about it, but he died in Colorado two months ago.

By the way, another Princess Louise has just found herself the subject of a newspaper paragraph, but her tragedy was a small one. It was Princess Louise of Battenburg who managed to get a fishbone stuck in her throat while at dinner. The conventional princess would have summoned the court surgeons and there would have been a pretty how d'ye do, but Louise of Battenburg is made of sterner stuff than that. Without saying a word to any one she ran from the table, summoned a cab and drove to St. George's Hospital, where the resident surgeon quickly removed the offending bone but without knowing until afterwards the identity of his fair patient.

Canon Peters of New York will get himself into very, very serious trouble if he does not guard the unruly member. Indeed it is to be feared that he has already committed

high treason, and while he is no longer in danger of being hanged, drawn, and quartered, and while there is no Temple Bar upon which to display his head, he would do well to remember that a change in the modes of punishment in no way implies an exemption from penalty. That Canon Peters was actually speaking in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine is an aggravation of his offense. It should have suggested a better reverence for our masters.

Canon Peters says that we have a feudal system in America just as they used to have in Europe before they learned better, but whereas the European feudal system is dead ours is just getting itself triumphantly born. Rich people, he told his audience, now have a set of laws all to themselves, a sort of "higher law," that is above and beyond the atmosphere breathed by lesser mortals. Canon Peters was quite willing to give an example of what he meant. Take the recent Astor divorce case, for instance:

A few days ago a multi-millionaire couple were divorced in a method which some of the best and most conservative papers of the city have regarded as improper and scandalous, claiming that the courts made a distinction in their favor because of their wealth and position. It was, according to them, another of those recognitions by the courts of the privileged class.

Now in all soberness this seems to be rank anarchy. Can not Canon Peters be deported

or at least followed about by a corps of stenographic policemen? For what does all amount to but an attack upon the rights of property? Surely the canon does not mean to suggest there are things that money ought not to be allowed to buy—a private hearing in court, for example. If so—"off with his head!"

The divorce court, continues the canon, but follow a general rule nowadays more or less observable: the rule of special privilege for the aristocracy:

These people set themselves off from the rest of the community, and in so doing tend to arrange to themselves certain privileges which a large part of the community almost unconsciously concede them. This society is the goal toward which a certain number of people strive. They are flattered by any recognition from it, and at times you find the very courts showing the effect of this development.

It may be that the canon exploded accidentally, but we may at least hope that it will not occur again.

A portrait bust, heroic in size and erected on an artistic pedestal, of Marie Wilt in the part of Norma was unveiled recently in the foyer of the Royal Opera House, at Vienna. Wilt died in 1891, after a brilliant career, but the acceptance of the bust by the management was, nevertheless, a great surprise to the patrons of the opera, because previously no woman had been honored in that way.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They are telling this story of the late Senator McCarren: On the second day of his illness his nurse took his temperature and the senator asked her what it showed. "It's 99.4," was the reply. "When it gets to 100 sell," rejoined the patient.

Soon after King Edward had passed the huge concourse of children at Mousehold, Norwich, a little girl was seen by her teacher to be crying. "Why are you crying; didn't you see the king?" asked the teacher. "Yes, but, please teacher, he didn't see me," sobbed the little girl.

The editor of a metropolitan journal was lunching the other day with friends in Boston when some one began talking shop. "Do you suppose," asked this individual, solemnly, "that the time will come when poetry will be promptly to be written?" "It's here now," promptly replied the editor.

One of the shortest speeches recorded in forensic annals is that of Taunton, afterward a judge. Charles Phillips, an Irish orator, had made a flowery speech in an assault case. Taunton, who was for the defendant, said in reply: "My friend's eloquent complaint amounts, in plain English, to this: that his client has received a good, sound horsewhipping; and my defense is as short—that he richly deserved it."

Lord Lansdowne once congratulated Lord Crewe on an eloquent speech in the House of Lords. "I have followed it," he said, "with earnest attention, not only on account of the importance of the subject, but also on account of the noble lord's judicial attitude. I admired his earnestness and his eloquence, but what impressed me most was his impartiality." A pause. "Yes, until the last minute, I did not know on which side of the fence his lordship was coming down."

Mark Twain tells of a "nasty dig" he once gave in his Virginia City newspaper career to a man named Ferguson: "Ferguson, at Christmas time, invited me to see the presents he had given his wife. They were magnificent gifts. The man expected, of course, a write-up. Well, he wasn't disappointed. The next day, in a prominent place on the first page of the *Enterprise*, I inserted this paragraph: 'John H. Ferguson's Christmas gifts to his wife are being much admired. They include a diamond stomacher and many other beautiful specimens of cut glass.'"

A Chelsea artist—all London artists live in Chelsea—rose in the middle of the night on Christmas Eve, and, in pajamas and bare feet, proceeded to the coal-black room of his two little sons. He had in his arms toys, sweets, and picture books, and his wife with a glad heart watched him depart. But a minute after he entered the boys' room he uttered a terrible cry. "John, John, what's the matter?" cried his wife. "Oh," he groaned, "I've caught my foot in a rat-trap. A nice place," he added, reproachfully, "for a rat-trap. I must say!" "There, if I didn't forget!" the wife exclaimed. "Willic told me he was going to set it to catch Santa!"

There's an old dorky harber down in the House shop that has a gift of blarney that would put Bourke Cockran to the blush. One of the new representatives blew into the harber shop. He looked a little frowsy, and one would assume that he had dined heavily and slept lightly. The harber turned on the harney faucet at once. "Mistuh, yo' is a congressman, aint yo'?" he asked. "I am," was the reply. "Why do you ask?" "Oh, I jes' couldn't mistake it. I knows a statesman when I sees one. You reminded me of mah ole fren' Senator Thurman, of Ohio, jes' as soon as yo' set down in mah chair." "In what respect do I suggest that noble gentleman?" asked the new statesman. "Yo' hre'f, sah."

A traveling man who stutters spent all afternoon in trying to sell a grouchy business man a hill of goods, and was not very successful. As the salesman was locking up his grip the grouchy was impolite enough to observe in the presence of his clerks: "You must find that impediment in your speech very inconvenient at times." "Oh, n-no," replied the salesman. "Every one has his p-peculiarity. S-stammering is mine. What's y-yours?" "I'm not aware that I have any," replied the merchant. "D-do you stir y-your coffee with your r-right hand?" asked the salesman. "Why, yes, of course," replied the merchant, a bit puzzled. "W-well," went on the salesman, "t-that's your p-peculiarity. Most people use a t-teaspoon."

A Devonshire nian sent his club, just before Christmas, a fine large swan in a hamper. The hamper was addressed to the secretary, who notified the club members of the treat that was in store, and a special swan dinner was arranged. The swan came on, at this

dinner, looking magnificent—erect and stately on a great silver-gilt salver. But tough! It was so tough you couldn't carve the gravy. A few days later the sender of the swan dropped in at the club. "Got my swan all right. I hope?" he said to the secretary. "Yes, and a nice trick you played us." "Trick? What do you mean?" "Why, we boiled that swan for sixteen hours, and when it came on the table it was tougher than a block of granite." "Good gracious! Did you have my swan cooked?" "Yes, of course." The other was in despair. "Why, that bird was historic," he groaned. "I sent him up to be stuffed and preserved. He had been in my family for 200 years. He had eaten out of the hand of King Charles I."

Fog-Eye Smith of northwest Wyoming hore an appalling facade. His style of heauty was a blight. Depending upon his horric exterior, he was in the habit of trying to awe newcomers. On one occasion, affecting some displeasure at the manner in which a pallid stranger watered his liquor, Mr. Smith announced, frowning, that unless he detected immediate amendment he would send the neophyte home in a market basket. "Which I'll sure tear you up a whole lot," said Fog-Eye. Half an hour later Mr. Smith was found groping about on the floor under the poker table, hunting for his glass eye, and muttering to himself. The stranger asked with some evidence of impatience what new line of sentiments Mr. Smith was now harboring. That injured resident, glaring malevolently from beneath the furniture, replied: "Which I sure do hate a man with no sense of humor."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## It Irks.

Her every move is one of grace,  
And yet it riles me some,  
When we are in a public place,  
To see her stretch her gun.  
—Detroit Free Press.

## Transmigration.

This transmigration is a hore  
As near as I can see;  
A feller dies an' comes right back  
T' be a chimpanzee.

They say a feller never knows  
Just what'll come t' pass;  
He's likely t' infest a whale,  
Er mebbe some jackass.

An' yit, I reckon, if it's fate,  
I'd better make no fuss;  
Fer mebbe if I'm good I'll come  
An' be an octopus.  
—R. A. Johnston, in Puck.

## Going the Pace.

Man toils away, week in, week out,  
And saves and plans and frets,  
And tells the world his salary  
Is three times what he gets.

His wife, to prove her love for him  
Before all here below,  
Puts on the style she might afford  
If what he says were so.  
—Houston Post.

## Cactus Center's Slogan.

We feel that Cactus Center is the Southwest's nat'l hub.  
So we organized fer boostin' a Young Men's Commercial Club;  
Our leadin' gamblers joined in, and the barkeeps done the same,  
And the cowmen came a-runnin' for to help the boostin' game.

We was all enthoosiastic when we met to launch the thing,  
And the talk was mild and gentle, with no controversy's sting,  
Till some kyote said 'twas needful, and he volunteered the steer  
That we have some kind of slogan fer to catch the public ear.

The suggestions come a-pourin' from all quarters of the hall,  
Such as "Cactus Center Cackles" and "Hear Cactus Center's Call";  
And some yelled for one suggestion, and some clamored for a vote,  
And the chairman jumped the meetin' with a bullet through his coat.

So we've left the matter standin' in a sort of status quo,  
Which is what the ancients called it when the wheels refused to go;  
We are back to simpler problems, such as card hands and their powers,  
And we'll leave the slogan question to more peaceful burghs than ours.  
—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

Rosecoe Conkling once considered it his duty to impeach the testimony of a red-nosed witness, who, Mr. Conkling thought, had lied while in the witness chair. In addressing the jury Mr. Conkling spoke of him thus: "Gentlemen, I think I can see that witness now, with mouth stretching across the wide desolation of his face, a fountain of falsehood and a scpulchre of rum."

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Although there is merriment galore in the social life of the city this year, it is by no means a brilliant winter and veritable events are rare enough. The Cinderella Dance at the Palace on Thursday evening was one of the most exclusive affairs of the season, the hostesses or their families having long occupied an enviable position socially. Lent begins so early this year that one begins to hear whispers already of preparations for next year, when a horde of debutantes will blossom forth.

The engagement is announced of Miss Genevieve Walker of Philadelphia, granddaughter of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, to Mr. William Burke of Dublin, Ireland. No date is announced for the wedding.

The engagement is announced of Mrs. Jeanette Black Norris, widow of the late Frank Norris, to Mr. Frank Preston. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Marion Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, to Mr. Harry Campbell will take place on Wednesday afternoon next at the home of the bride on Scott Street.

The wedding of Miss Christine Kean Roosevelt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Emlen Roosevelt, to Lieutenant James E. Shelley, Eleventh Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on Tuesday of last week in New York.

The wedding of Miss Carol Duncan, daughter of Colonel J. W. Duncan, U. S. A., and Mrs. Duncan, to Lieutenant Reserve Potter Palmer, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., took place on Wednesday evening of last week at St. Margaret's Church, Washington, D. C., the ceremony being performed by the Rev. Herbert Scott Smith. Mrs. Foulis was matron of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Lillian Duncan Baxter, Miss Katharine Keefe, Miss Margaretta Brooks, and Miss Louise Jocelyn. Lieutenant Philip H. Bagley, Sixth Infantry, U. S. A., was the best man. Lieutenant and Mrs. Palmer will spend the winter in Florida.

Miss Laura Baldwin will entertain at a luncheon on Wednesday next.

The officers and ladies of the Presidio entertained at a Christmas dance on Thursday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Bullard and Miss Marie Bullard entertained at a dance on Thursday evening at Century Club Hall.

Miss Agnes Tillman was hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday of last week in honor of Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall.

Mr. Arthur Chesbrough was host at an informal luncheon at the St. Francis on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins was hostess at a bridge party at her home on Washington Street on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott entertained at an egg nog party at their home at Burlingame on New Year's Day.

Miss Janet Coleman was hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris (formerly Miss Lucie King) entertained a house party over the New Year at their bungalow on Tamalpais.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore are in Galveston, Texas.

Mrs. William C. Peyton left last week for Boston, and will spend several weeks in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry F. Scott spent the New Year week end at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at Bakersfield.

Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick and Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick have been spending a week at their country place at Pleasanton.

Miss Virginia Newhall returned this week to Boston.

Mrs. Mary McNutt Potter went from Paris to Switzerland for the Christmas holidays.

Miss Margaret Calhoun has returned from a visit to Miss Louisiana Foster in San Rafael.

The Rev. Edward Morgan will leave in the early spring for several months' stay in Europe.

Mrs. W. F. McNutt has returned from a visit of a few weeks to her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. David R. C. Brown, at Aspen, Colorado.

Miss Nina Pringle has been visiting Miss Genevieve Harvey at Galt.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will leave in the spring to spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ashe have been visiting in San Rafael as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. Porter Ashe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Reilly are spending the winter at Montreux, Switzerland.

Mrs. James Potter Langhorne will extend her visit to her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hammond, at Colorado Springs, until the end of the month.

Dr. Rupert Blue left last week for Washington, D. C., en route to Europe, where he will spend some months.

Mr. Christian Miller has returned from a brief Eastern trip.

Mrs. William Dull Pringle returned to her home in Oakland for the holidays, after a stay of a month at Raymond.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have recently arrived in New York from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle are spending the holiday season here as the guests of Mrs. Greer's parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood.

Mr. Charles Pringle has spent the holiday season here.

Miss Elsie Consmiller, who has been visiting at the John D. Spreckels home, has returned to Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel, Jr., are en route to Europe on their wedding journey.

Mr. Charles S. Fee and Miss Marcia Fee will leave next week for a trip to New York.

Miss Natalie Hunt and Miss Marion Marvin

are visiting Miss Doris Wilsbire in Southern California.

Mr. Roy Pike leaves this month for a brief trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Eogue have returned from a stay of several weeks in the East.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney are expected to arrive very shortly from the East, where they have spent the past six months.

Mr. Ferdinand Theriot is spending the holiday season in Portland, Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bornstein, now of Seattle, Washington, will be the guests for the winter of Mrs. Bornstein's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Schwabacher, 1900 Jackson Street, San Francisco.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt L. McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Spear, Mrs. O. M. Graff, Mr. C. W. Newbauer, Mr. C. N. Berry.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel C. G. Woodward, U. S. A., inspector-general, Department of California, sailed on the *Thomas* on Wednesday for an inspection tour in the Hawaiian Islands.

Colonel Edward E. Dravo, U. S. A., chief commissary, Department of Columbia, arrived here last week on leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen N. Foote, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at Fort Casey, Washington, and will proceed to Fort Stevens, Oregon, and assume command of that post and of the Artillery District of the Columbia.

Major Julius A. Penn, Twelfth Infantry, U. S. A., sailed on Wednesday for the Philippines to join his regiment.

Captain Edmund B. Underwood, U. S. N., has arrived at Mare Island Navy Yard, and reported for duty as commander of the *Independence* and as president of the Naval Examining and Retiring Board.

Captain John B. Milton, U. S. N., has been relieved as commander of the receiving ship *Independence* at Mare Island, and will on January 20 assume command of the Yerba Buena Training Station at San Francisco.

Captain Harry Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has arrived here and is assigned to temporary duty pending the arrival of his regiment from the Philippines.

Captain Frederick B. Shaw, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., left on Sunday last for two months' leave of absence.

Captain Carroll D. Buck, Medical Corps, U. S. A., is en route to San Francisco from Manila on the transport *Sheridan* and will be stationed at Alcatraz.

Lieutenant George E. Price, Fourteenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has had his sick leave of absence extended fifteen days.

Lieutenant Nolan V. Ellis, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for fourteen days, to take effect on January 22, to enable him to visit the Hawaiian Islands.

The Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., commanded by Colonel Alexander Rogers, U. S. A., sailed from Manila on the transport *Sheridan* on December 15 and on arrival here will go directly to Fort Des Moines, Iowa, for station.

"The School for Scandal" has made a distinct hit at the New Theatre and this is taken as proof that metropolitan audiences will patronize liberally standard plays when they are presented by capable actors. The production is beautifully mounted and is one of the most expensive of the season, and will do much to stimulate interest in the classics. Not in years has such a company of artists been gathered for any dramatic offering here or abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin (formerly Miss Pauline Duncan) are rejoicing in the recent advent of a son in their home.

## Rare Hogarth For Sale.

116 plates; 20x26; fine letter-press; well bound; probably only copy in America; \$100. 1606 Steiner st. nr. Geary. Phone West 5943.

## Florence Roberts's Tour.

For Florence Roberts's tour of the Pacific Coast cities the Shuberts have decided on but two plays for her repertory. They will be "The Transformation," a four-act drama which has been adapted from a foreign source by Rupert Hughes, and "Gloria," a three-act Florentine comedy by James Bernard Fagan. In support of Miss Roberts will be seen Maude Granger, Amanda Wellington, Iona Perry, Suzette Seigel, White Whittlesey, Homer Miles, Robert Stowe Gill, Russell Barrett, William C. Andrews, Grant Clark, Howard Pell Trenton, and George Pearce. In "The Transformation" Miss Roberts plays the part of Colinette Moreau, a Parisian seamstress, who marries a nobleman. She is sweet and pure and her love for her husband is ideal. That tranquil happy existence, however, is interrupted by the death in the first act of Colinette. Philippe flees to America. Two years later he receives a message from a friend telling him that he has discovered a living image of the dead Colinette. Spurred on by the desire to see the woman, he hastens to Paris, where, at a masked ball, he comes face to face with Erika, the ballet girl, who in face, form, and voice resembles his dead wife. From then on begins a gradual transformation of Erika. Of course, both parts are played by Miss Roberts, who sees in the dual character the best quality of "Camille," of "Zaza," and of "Magda."

Sir William Gilbert, in the libretto he has prepared for the new operetta for which Edward German has written the music, has gone back to the thoroughly Gilbertian fancies he used to indulge in in the days of his collaboration with Arthur Sullivan. The incidents of the play, which are a modernized version of Sir William's "The Wicked World," are supposed to occur in a skyey kingdom inhabited by fairies, who from their elevated position in the clouds are enabled to watch and to condemn the proceedings of the mortal world hanging in the ether beneath them. Each of the dwellers in fairyland is supposed to possess upon earth "a counterpart in outward form." To this kingdom come Eithis and Phyllon, Gothic knights of rude bearing and indifferent morality, with whom, notwithstanding, coarse roysterers as they are, the fairies with one accord fall in love. The introduction of mortal passion into fairyland, and the miseries that thereupon ensue, constitute the chief argument of the drama.

A French physician has been writing in one of the Paris papers about a cure for colds which, he says, is very old, but which a long time ago fell into disuse and was practically forgotten. It is a very simple remedy, the only requirement being that the patient refrain from all liquids for a period of from twenty-four to forty-eight hours. A spoonful of tea or coffee may be taken at meals and a small glass of water at bedtime, if thirst is very great. But it is much better to do without all liquids entirely if possible. It is not necessary, says the physician, to remain indoors while the cure is being tried—in fact, he recommends that the patient get out of doors and breathe the fresh air. He says that the "dry cure" is infallible.

Skaters in New York City's Bronx district enjoyed their graceful winter pastime on ice five inches thick in Van Cortlandt Park the day before Christmas.

A choice selection of wedding, engagement and anniversary gifts are to be found moderately priced at E. B. Courvoisier, 431 Sutter Street, near Powell.

The Emporium White Sales commenced Jan. 3d, and continue throughout the month. Some of the greatest values in The Emporium's history in

Linens, Domestic, White Goods, Embroideries, Laces, Waists, Women's and Children's Dresses, Undermuslins, Scarfs, Centers and Fancy Linens.

Assortments are the largest The Emporium has yet offered. The best money's worth always and every purchase protected by that fair and liberal Money-Back Policy which guarantees satisfaction or money refunded.

*The Emporium*

Market St., between 4th and 5th, San Francisco

# Pears'

Most soaps clog the skin pores by the fats and free alkali in their composition.

Pears' is quickly rinsed off, leaves the pores open and the skin soft and cool.

Established in 1789.

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Both under management of Palace Hotel Company

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### UNEXCELLED TRAIN SERVICE

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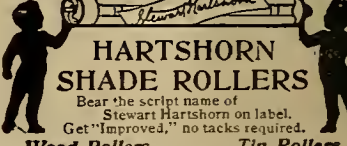
## Hotel del Monte

DEL MONTE EXPRESS, the through parlor car train, leaves San Francisco daily at 2 p. m., arriving at Del Monte at 5:45 p. m.

DEL MONTE LOCAL leaves San Francisco at 3 p. m. daily, arriving at Del Monte in time for dinner.

An ideal arrangement for week-end parties.

H. R. WARNER, Manager  
Hotel del Monte, California

 **HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS**  
Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label. Get "Improved," no tacks required.  
**Wood Rollers Tin Rollers**

### HOTEL NORMANDIE

Sutter and Gough Sts.

A comfortable, high order, uptown hotel, now under the management of

THOS. H. SHEDDEN  
Formerly manager of St. Dunstan's

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FEB. 8 Small Party Comprehensive Route \$1475

PASSION \$240

PLAY EUROPE (60 days) and up

Educational Tours—Preparatory Reading  
THE BOSTON TRAVEL SOCIETY  
203 Berkeley Bldg, Boston, Mass.

### JUST WAISTS

THE LARGEST EXCLUSIVE SHOP IN THE UNITED STATES

*The Paragon*

Geary and Grant Ave. : San Francisco

FOR RENT—Jan. 15. Choice sunny flat, 8 rooms, furnace, 2 baths. Fine marine view. 2560 Vallejo Street.



FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The new Columbia Theatre, just completed, at the corner of Geary and Mason Streets, will begin its career next Monday night, offering as its opening attraction the distinguished comedian William H. Crane and his company in George Ade's comedy, "Father and the Boys." Gottlieb, Marx & Co. have built a very handsome playhouse, fitted it with care and good taste, and it is representative of the best in theatrical architecture. The opening will be one of the great events of the year in dramatic importance.

William H. Crane is too well known to need introduction. He is today the dean of American comedians, and the theatre-goer who has not seen him is of the most brief experience. His present production, George Ade's "Father and the Boys," gives him a most congenial part, and he has had only high praise for his impersonation. The comedy is the brightest of that bright author's works, which is saying a great deal when "The College Widow" and "The County Chairman" are remembered. The story deals with a man who has toiled all his life to amass a fortune and build up a business for his two sons, only to find that he has fallen behind the procession and lost his grip on them. In order to bring the boys to their senses the old gentleman cuts loose and not only marches abreast of them, but is soon in the lead. The boys are forced to look after their father's neglected business, and the old gentleman meanwhile has the time of his life. Margaret Dale is leading woman, and others well known in the cast are Louis Massen, Percy Brooke, Adele Clarke, Elsa Payne, Mildred Beverly, Vivian Martin, Forrest Orr, Sidney Blair, and John P. Brown.

The last performances of that musical comedy of the North, "The Alaskan," will take place at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee one of the big New York successes, "The Wolf," by Eugene Walter, author of "Paid in Full" and "The Easiest Way," will begin an engagement limited to one week. Andrew Robson, who scored such a success as Jules Beaubien when "The Wolf" was first seen in this city at the Van Ness Theatre, returns in the same rôle and with a company of players of reputation. While there are all the elements of the melodrama in "The Wolf," it holds the attention at all times and can be set down as a most effective play. It is one of the best written in years, and by a then almost unknown author. There are three acts, with the action beginning one morning and ending the next, in the Canadian Hudson Bay country. Its long run at the Lyric Theatre, New York, proves it to be an unusually interesting production. The usual matinees will be given Thursday and Saturday.

Olga Nethersole, at the Van Ness Theatre the week beginning January 10, will stir especial interest, as this eminent player will be seen in a rôle entirely different from anything she has heretofore essayed. When this epoch-making play, "The Writing on the Wall," was first produced it created a sensation by its literary and dramatic qualities, as well as the audacious manner with which it assailed that crying evil of every great city—the tenement-house congestion and its abuses. The press teemed with eulogistic comments, State officials became interested to such an extent that legislative measures were enacted to redress the evil, and eminent writers said that in this instance the mission of the stage had been achieved—the mission of disclosing to the public by photographic reality the actual condition of affairs as they exist, placing, as it were, the danger post before the pitfall and thus saving the individual or community. Miss Nethersole, in her many years as a disciple of realism, it is said has never disclosed such artistry as she reveals as the devoted mother, loving wife, and tenement reformer. Matinee Saturday.

The announcement that Harry Lauder, the celebrated Scotch comedian and entertainer, will appear for six nights and five matinees in this city at Dreamland Rink, starting next Monday evening, January 10, has created much interest, and since Monday morning, when the seats were first placed on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, there has been an unbroken line of admirers of the wonderful

little Scotchman who were anxious to secure choice locations for one or more of his entertainments. His entire tour across the continent has been a series of ovations, and it was a lucky thing for San Francisco that as commodious an auditorium as Dreamland could be obtained. Mail orders have been pouring in from all parts of the State, applications having even been received from Reno.

Mr. Lauder, alone, holds his audiences for over an hour, and for the rest of the entertainment Julian Eltinge will give his latest feminine characterizations, "The Nell Brinkley Girl," "The Bathing Girl," "Eily Riley," and his latest sensational dance, "The Cobra." Cyrano, the famous juggler will perform some startling feats. Mlle. Berthe, a distinguished Hungarian violinist, will be heard in classical and popular selections, and the Marimba Band, composed of native Guatemalan musicians, will discourse their quaint and charming music. The Harry Lauder Orchestra of fourteen pieces, under the leadership of Charles Frank, will accompany the Scotch singer in his songs, some of which are "Tobermory," "Stop Yer Ticklin'," "Fou th' Noo," "Safest o' the Family," "Wedding o' Sandy McNab," "Queen Among the Heather," "I've Loved Her Ever Since She Was a Baby," "Over the Bounding Sea," "I Love a Lassie," "She's Ma Daisy," "He Was Very Kind to Me," "When I Get Back Again to Bonnie Scotland," and "A Sprig o' White Heather."

The Scotch societies of the city are going to attend in a body on Monday night, which is practically sold out, but, on account of the immense size of Dreamland, choice locations for all the remaining performances may be secured. Evening prices range from 50 cents to \$2 and for the matinees a scale from 25 cents to \$1 prevails.

The Orpheum continues to break all theatrical records in this city in the way of attendances, for at every performance, he it afternoon or evening, the theatre is packed to the doors. The management announces for next week a programme which will introduce several of the most recent and most famous European and American vaudeville triumphs. Arturo Bernardi, styled in Italy "The Great Bernardi," who will make his first appearance in this city, is the most famous protean actor in Europe. He was imported as the summer feature of Hammerstein's popular New York roof garden, and he has been secured for the Orpheum Circuit before returning abroad. He plays all the characters in two comedies, the first called "The Escapade of Geralamo" and the last a skit entitled "The Surprise." In between he makes up as Wagner, Verdi, Meyerheer, Sousa, and other renowned composers and from the orchestra directs the music in the style and manner of these maestros. The Willy Pantzer troupe includes Willy Pantzer, the most ingenious of all acro-pantomimic artists, and the juvenile members of his troupe follow his example enthusiastically. This season the troupe is presenting what it calls "The Limit," Miss Una Clayton and her players will appear in a one-act sketch called "His Local Color," of which Miss Clayton is the authoress. She plays the character of an East-Side New York waif, "Tina," who is a pickpocket. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Voelker will introduce their musical interlude, "Twilight in the Studio." Mr. Voelker is a proficient violinist and his wife is his accompanist. Next week will be the last of the Basque Grand Opera Quartet, who will be heard in new selections, also of Belle Davis and her Crackerjacks, and Franklin Underwood and Frances Slosson. Mr. Underwood and Miss Slosson will present for the first time in this city a new comedieta called "Things Are Seldom What They Seem."

The second attraction at the new Columbia Theatre will be Marie Cahill in her latest musical play success, "The Boys and Betty." It is said to be even more delightful than her former bit, "Marrying Mary."

"Brewster's Millions" will follow "The Wolf" at the Savoy Theatre.

TO LET—Modern sunny middle flat on Pacific Ave. near Webster. Apply at 2333 Pacific Ave.

With the Stage-Driver into Yosemite

The locomotive, the electric car, and the automobile have successively rung and tooted the knell of the stagecoach, and with it goes a character whose lines have been drawn for us by Thackeray and Dickens, by Bret Harte and Frank Norris—the stage-driver.

It was my good fortune last week to meet that prince of stage-drivers, Henry Hedges, on my way into Yosemite. Though this was our first meeting, we were old friends in five minutes.

As I sat in the club-room of the Hotel del Portal swapping travelers' tales with other guests who had come from all parts of the world to see one of its greatest wonders, Yosemite in winter, Hedges crossed the hall and I marked him for my own. Spare, iron-thewed, six feet tall in his top boots, with eyes that see and a mouth that speaks only when in his own pleasures, you would have picked him out in a crowd.

Manager Babb of the hotel soon effected an introduction and the next morning saw us leaving El Portal on our way to Yosemite. Down the wooded knoll on which the hotel stands, past the picturesque station, and the stage with its four horses swung merrily into the road up the Merced Cañon, with the rushing, foaming river on the right. Just across is the Indian village and up above, dropping from a skyline of two thousand feet, is Chinquapin Falls. On the left, within a quarter-mile of the hotel is Crane Creek Falls with its series of cascades and pools.

Less than a mile up the road, as the horses lean on the traces, we pass under an arch and leave the State of California for the National Park and the real climb of 2100 feet is begun. The road is cut and blasted out of the mountainside, and a most excellent road it is, patrolled by the Forest Ranger and kept in repair by the Federal Engineer.

"This isn't stage-driving," says Hedges. "This is just park-driving. I drove the first stage into Yosemite over the old Coulterville road in '74. That was stage-driving. And I drove over the Waxona Big Tree road. Thirty-four years I've handled the lines and never lost a horse. And last year I drove President Taft. You bet he enjoyed it, and so did I. Said he'd have to come again and spend more time. Wish he'd come in winter when the snow is all over the valley and the trees and rocks are covered, it's shorely is a beautiful sight."

As we wind up and up the gorge the cliffs become more and more rugged. There is Pulpit Rock, appropriate as are all the names given to nature's sculptury in Yosemite—a very giant's rostrum. The Veiled Nun, probably 600 feet in height, seems to have been chiseled and then colored on the smooth face of the rock. Then comes the Elephant's Head, a mammoth pile of rock whose outline shows clearly the great trunk, the flapping ear, the massive brow, and huge neck. Under Arch Rock we bowl, stopping a moment for snapshots, and soon, passing the summit, we begin to drop down to the floor of the valley. Above us on the left is Wildcat Fall—a veritable wildcat in its ferocity; and up there, on the face of the rock where no human hand has ever been is the perfect picture of a snow-white Maltese cat. She looks small enough sitting calmly there, but is probably thirty feet



A Mile-Long Toboggan in Yosemite.

long. Now we cross the stream which left the precipice three thousand feet above as Wildcat Falls. Pay no heed to the notice nailed to a tree by some wag, commanding you to "Drink no water." Get down on your knees like Gideon of old and drink your fill, for, though you search the world, you shall quaff no bumper to excel this sparkling nectar fresh drawn from Sierra snows.

Turning sharply to the right, we leave behind us the Cascades whose hoisterous leaps from ledge to ledge echo through the cañon. The snow begins to lie upon the ground in patches. Little white-capped rocks poke their heads up in midstream. The trees begin to carry feathery white tufts, and through the branches we see the Three Graces, all wearing hoods of snow. A few minutes and we are below Bridal Veil Falls, dropping like a river of snow from the lip of the precipice. A few more turns and suddenly in the brilliant sunshine the great El Capitan looms before us, overpowering in its immensity, vivid in color, gleaming in the crystal air against the blue sky and the snowy foreground.

Now we meet scattered parties on snowshoes; then the tinkle of bells is heard and two sleighs come dashing past. Over there, at the foot of the Sentinel, a gay crowd is dashing back and forth on the glasslike pond. As we reach our journey's end we come face to face with the ever-beautiful Yosemite Falls, and as we gaze and gaze, ever satisfied yet never satisfied, we realize that here is the supreme masterpiece.

"Well, sir, are you going back with me?" says Henry, as we clamber down from the seats at his side. And a day or two later, after taking the trails to Vernal and Illilouette Falls, visiting the Le Conte Memorial Lodge, skating on Mirror Lake, and using up all our funds in the desire to show our friends the beauty of scenes we can not describe, we find ourselves once more upon the stage, and once again Mr. Hedges, cigar in the corner of his mouth, sombrero pulled over one eye, gathers the lines and releases the brake. "Git up, Mike," he says, and at his voice Mike straightens up like a boy caught loafing.

"Broke this team in myself, all four of them, last spring. Not one over six years old, and they know every foot of the road." Thus it began, and as we reeled off mile after mile he poured out a stream of quaint anecdote and story. People he had met, happenings along the road, legends of the valley. "They do say," he would begin, lighting a fresh cigar—but why should I steal Henry's thunder? Go to El Portal yourself, enjoy the beautiful surroundings there, the warm, sunny climate, the perfect service of the Hotel del Portal, and the thoughtful care of the management. Stay as long as you can at El Portal and then take the stage ride of fourteen miles into Yosemite and let Henry Hedges tell you his own stories in his own inimitable way.

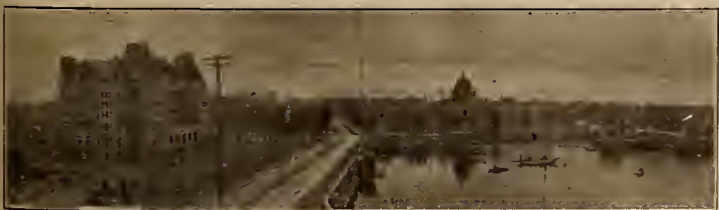
H. R. B.

Recent arrivals at Hotel del Portal were: Robert Elmore, of Halsey & Co., New York; A. Mack of San Francisco and party of six; Charleton C. Gunst, Leon Guggenheim, Jr., J. L. Lilienthal, Louis Sloss, Jr., L. Gerstle Mack, Robert Koshland, Mrs. Sophia Luenthal, Dr. and Mrs. Max Rothschild, Mrs. Henry Lynde, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Kimble, Wallace W. Everett, editor of the Pioneer Western Lumberman; Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Sloss and family, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Walters and family, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Hart.

A party of eighteen made the trip to Yosemite from Fresno, stopping both ways at the Hotel del Portal.

A jolly crowd of newspaper men registered at the Hotel del Portal this week: F. W. Richardson, Berkeley Gazette; R. Campbell, Sacramento Star; George E. McLeod, Stockton Record; R. O. Rea, Stockton Independent; George H. Moore, Lodi Sentinel; H. L. Dungan, Oakland Enquirer; R. C. Harrison and I. H. Curtis, San Bernardino Sun; F. V. Dewey, Hanford Journal.

Other visitors have been: Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Morse, Lodi, Cal.; Mr. and Mrs. George Swann, Stockton; Mr. John Pike, Manager "Blue and Gold," Berkeley; Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Griffin, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. E. M. McCord and party, Modera; Morris English, Oakland; Miss Marie Kelly, Montreal; Thomas Prather, Oakland; Mr. and Mrs. D. Ghirardelli and two daughters, San Francisco.



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THE EMPRESS HOTEL, Victoria, B. C.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?"  
"No, she takes it."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Jones (at the ball, to Mrs. Cotterson)—  
How beautifully your daughter sits out her  
dances.—*Life.*

Louise—And tell Tom not to worry about  
me. Mory—I did. He said he wouldn't.  
Louise—The horrid brute.—*Life.*

"I just can't sleep." "Why don't you try  
reading the President's message?" "I don't  
need sleep that badly!"—*Houston Post.*

Jack—So your efforts to win the rich  
heir were fruitless, eh! Tom—Fruitless!  
Oh, no! I got the lemon.—*Boston Transcript.*

"You used to be an awful spendthrift."  
"Yep. But I ain't any longer." "Ah! Re-  
formed?" "No—I spent it all."—*Cleveland  
Leader.*

"Who was the greatest financier ever  
known?" "Noah; because he floated his stock  
when the whole world was in liquidation."—  
*Til-Bits.*

"I never dare to look down when I'm  
standing on a high place," said Mrs. Lap-  
sling. "It always gives me an attack of ver-  
digris."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"What was your husband saying to you  
last night?" "Nothing." "Why, I was sure  
I heard him talking to you for over an hour."  
"You did."—*Houston Post.*

"Do you like my new hat?" asked Mrs.  
Brooke. "Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. Lynn.  
"I had one just like it when they were in  
style."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

"This advertisement savors of pessimism."  
"What's that?" "Gentleman offers to ex-  
change a Christmas present for something  
useful."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"How did you enjoy the musicale?" "Oh,  
I applauded at the wrong time, as usual.  
Thought the orchestra tuning up was a clas-  
sical number."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Miss Rogers—How did you imagine any-  
thing so beautiful as the angel in your pic-  
ture? Artist—Got an engaged man to de-  
scribe his fiancée to me.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"I want to look at some dresses suitable  
for automobiling," said the lady. "Yes,  
ma'am," replied the polite clerk; "these walk-  
ing-skirts are the thing."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy  
and the Bear?" asked a boy of his father.  
"It's very short. 'Algy met a bear; the bear  
was hulgy; the hulge was Algy.'"  
—*London News.*

Pedestrian—How far is it to Aldershot?  
Let me see. Well, as the crow flies—  
Footsore Tommy—Never mind 'ow the beggar  
flies; 'ow far is it as the beggar 'ops?—  
*Punch.*

Caller—How pleased you must be to find  
that your new cook is a stayer. Hostess—  
My dear, don't mention it. She's a stayer,  
all right, but unfortunately she's not a cook.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Figg—Gasser says he kept perfectly  
cool last night when that hurglar got into the  
house. Mrs. Figg—So his wife told me. She  
found him trying to hide in the refrigerator.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

Traveler (in *Drearyhurst*)—Nice, clean  
little town you've got here. Uncle Welby  
Gosh (on his dignity)—Thanks; it haint been  
muckraked in none o' the magazines yit. I  
b'lieve.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Do you ever find it desirable to oppose  
your wife?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton.  
"I always feel less likely to annoy Henrietta  
if I can avoid being her partner in a bridge  
game."—*Washington Star.*

Mistress—Did you have company last night,  
Mary? Mary—Only my Aunt Maria, mum.  
Mistress—When you see her again will you  
tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on  
the piano?—*Illustrated Bits.*

"You didn't use to object to your husband  
playing poker?" "No, but that was before  
I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game,  
but I can not afford to play it unless he stops  
playing poker."—*Houston Post.*

"Johnny," said the boy's mother, "I hope  
you have been a nice, quiet boy at school  
this afternoon." "That's what I was," an-  
swered Johnny. "I went to sleep right after  
dinner, and the teacher said she'd whip any  
boy in the room who waked me up."—*Boston  
Sunday Post.*

Proud "Autumn" Father—Bless me, it's  
really marvelous about that baby of mine.  
You'll hardly credit it, but every time it  
looks up into my face it smiles—positively  
smiles. The "Fed-up" Friend—Well, I sup-  
pose even a baby has some glimmering sense  
of humor.—*The Sketch.*

"I have a good position to offer a worthy  
college graduate. I presume you have some  
bright young man in your senior class?" "Sure,"  
said the professor. "What are your require-

ments? Would a football player suit you,  
or do you prefer a mandolin expert?"—  
*Washington Herald.*

"What is this?" inquired the dealer.  
"That's a cigar stump," explained the Chris-  
mas shopper. "One of the kind my husband  
smokes. I want to match it. Got anything  
in that shade?"—*Pittsburg Post.*

"Father," said Little Rollo, "what is a  
happy medium?" "I suppose, my son, that  
it is one who can earn several hundred dol-  
lars a day by making tables and chairs move  
around the room."—*Washington Star.*

Physician—Have you any aches or pains  
this morning? Patient—Yes, doctor; it hurts  
me to breathe; in fact, the only trouble now  
seems to be with my breath. Physician—All  
right. I'll give you something that will soon  
stop that.—*Boston Globe.*

"Civilization," remarked the cannibal king,  
"promotes some strange ideas." "To whom do  
you especially refer?" inquired the missionary.  
"Among you the ultimate consumer is re-  
garded with sympathy. Here he is considered  
very lucky."—*Washington Star.*

Father-in-Law—I suppose you are aware,  
Henry, that the check for \$10,000 I put among  
your wedding presents was merely for effect.  
Groom—Oh, yes, sir! and the effect was ex-  
cellent. The bank cashed it this morning  
without a question.—*Boston Transcript.*



## HOTEL SAVOY

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"Twelve Stories of  
Solid Comfort"Building, concrete,  
steel and marble.In most fashionable  
shopping district.Bound magazines in  
reading room.Most refined hostelry  
in Seattle.Absolutely fireproof.  
Rates, \$1.50 upByron  
Hot Springs

One of the world's most curative springs,  
2½ hours from San Francisco; one of Cal-  
ifornia's best hotels and a delightful place for  
rest and recreation. See Southern Pacific In-  
formation Bureau, James Flood Building, any  
S. P. Agent, or Peck-Judah, 789 Market St.,  
San Francisco, or 553 S. Spring St., Los An-  
geles, or address manager, Byron Hot Springs,  
California.

## Ninety-Fifth Half-Yearly Report

OF THE

San Francisco  
Savings Union

Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco.

Temporarily Located at

## NORTHWEST CORNER CALIFORNIA AND MONTGOMERY STREETS

Our new building at junction of Grant Avenue with  
Market and O'Farrell Streets to be completed this year.

Money deposited on or before January 10th will receive  
interest from January 1st.

## Sworn Statement

of the Condition and Value of Its Assets and Liabilities

December 31, 1909:

## ASSETS

Loans secured by first lien on real estate wholly within the State of California	\$12,521,204.46
Loans secured by pledge and hypothecation of approved bonds and stocks	1,014,941.35
Bonds of municipalities and school districts of the State of California, rail-road bonds and bonds and stocks of local corporations, the value of which is	9,735,137.40
Bank premises	700,000.00
Other real estate in the State of California	613,859.14
Furniture and fixtures	500.00
Cash in vault and in bank	1,800,012.18
Total assets	\$26,385,654.53

## LIABILITIES

Due depositors	\$24,085,291.63
Capital paid up	1,000,000.00
Reserve and contingent funds	1,293,744.00
General tax account, balance undistributed	6,618.90
Total liabilities	\$26,385,654.53

San Francisco, December 31st, 1909.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE, President.  
(Signed) R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

State of California, ss.  
City and County of San Francisco

We do solemnly swear that we have (and each of us has) a personal knowledge of the  
matters contained in the foregoing report, and that every allegation, statement, matter, and  
thing therein contained is true, to the best of our knowledge and belief.

(Signed) LOVELL WHITE.  
(Signed) R. M. WELCH.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1909.  
(Seal)

(Signed) FRANK L. OWEN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco,  
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THIRTY-THIRD YEAR  
ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**One Aspect of Party Elimination.**  
In contempt alike of precept and example the city of Boston has so modified her charter as to eliminate like party initiative and party responsibility. The thing has been done not only theoretically but actually. Ballots in municipal elections bear the names of candidates without party or other designation; there is no means whatever by which a voter apart from previous or unofficial information may have knowledge of the political affiliations of the candidates. This with minor regulations to the same effect has so entirely eliminated the ordinary motives of politics as to reduce the municipal campaign which has been pending for several weeks to a ruck of personalities. Ex-President Eliot authority for the statement that nothing more important has been permitted to enter into the formal consideration of voters, and so for weeks Boston has been torn by a series of fierce personal fights signifying nothing so far as careful observation goes more edifying than a general state of political demoralization. The situation has had another serious side. One of the mayoralty candidates has confessed that he has spent \$10,000 in the campaign. He accuses his chief opponent of having spent \$200,000, and the charge is not

denied. Two other candidates, neither of whom has a possible chance of election, have spent \$5000 each. The various candidates for the city council have, it is estimated, expended an aggregate of \$20,000. All of which implies that whatever advantages may lie in the Utopian scheme of absolute non-partisanship in municipal elections, they are not reflected in elevation of the political game in the virtues of simplicity and economy in campaign methods.

**The Ballinger-Pinchot Case in Perspective.**  
The country is taking a profound interest in events at Washington, not that they relate directly to things vastly important, but because they are significant of other and greater things. Neither Mr. Pinchot nor Mr. Glavis are commanding figures. Nobody would care anything about the comings and goings, the poses or the intrigues of either if it were not for the fact that they are presumed to represent certain principles and certain interests in administration antagonistic to the President of the United States.

Mr. Taft came into the presidency under the patronage of Mr. Roosevelt and as the avowed representative of what is rather vaguely called the Roosevelt policies. He was supported ardently by Mr. Roosevelt and his admirers. At the same time he was supported by the critics of Mr. Roosevelt. There were large numbers the country over who while entirely in sympathy with the highest ideals in government were distrustful of and weary to disgust with Mr. Roosevelt's methods. The Rooseveltians thought they saw in Mr. Taft another Roosevelt. The critics of Roosevelt thought they saw in him a man of equal virtue, of higher poise, a truer dignity, and a respecter of legal and orderly ways of doing things.

There have been many things within the ten months of Mr. Taft's presidency to disappoint the Rooseveltians, many of whom have been glad to be disappointed. Preferring Roosevelt to all others, they have not been unwilling that events should take a course tending to justify them in their own minds at least in insisting upon his return to the presidency. Now not even the most enthusiastic Rooseveltian has discovered anything in Mr. Taft's administration to sustain a charge of bad faith, but—he is not Roosevelt. And naturally he has not pleased those who found the measure of their imagination and approval filled by Roosevelt and his ways of doing things. The Roosevelt way was arbitrary, hurried, and spectacular. In closing a door Mr. Roosevelt's way was not merely to shut it, but to slam it. He knew little of law and cared nothing at all about regularity of method. It was his way to do what he wanted to do, law or no law. Mr. Taft, on the other hand, is a lawyer naturally and by training; he does nothing excepting upon reflection and by authority. If the laws do not justify him in taking any desired course, his way is to wait upon, the development of law. He looks well before he leaps; he arrogates to himself in the presidency no authority which the law does not define. And so while sharing fully in the inception of the so-called Roosevelt policies, and desiring their enforcement, he has changed the whole plan and tone of administration—not the scheme of things in any sense, but the ways of doing things.

The contrast between the Rooseveltian and the Taft ways of doing things has been especially marked in the policy of the government in the matter of public lands. In the administration of these properties Roosevelt, acting wholly without authority of law, practically nullified the powers of several departments in relation to land matters and put at the head of land management a close personal friend, Mr. Gifford Pinchot of Pennsylvania. Pinchot was nominally chief forester of the United States, a minor office under the Secretary of Agriculture. In fact he was the whole thing in the matter of public lands, not upon any basis of law, but

because he had the backing of the President. Mr. Pinchot is all kinds of an amiable man, but he is a man possessed of a single idea. He is a zealot, not to say a crank, carrying his notions so far as to have no sympathy with that kind of material progress which involves utilization of the natural resources of the country. He is a man of strict personal honesty—that kind of honesty which suspects any other man of being a knave. He has administered the land affairs of the government upon the theory that others are trying to despoil the country and he alone trying to conserve its interests. Through him forest reserves were created not only where there were forests to be saved, but where forests might be induced to grow—and all this upon the slenderest warrant of law or upon no warrant at all. Whatever Pinchot recommended Roosevelt did. Whenever the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of Agriculture, or the Attorney-General complained of Mr. Pinchot's aggressive doings they were rebuked.

When Mr. Ballinger came into the Secretaryship of the Interior he found that department bereft of the powers which the laws give it in the matter of the public lands. He promptly took over certain matters which had been yielded to the Forester, finding things pretty badly messed up. There had been withdrawals of lands upon one pretense or another without warrant of law with no end of other complications, all amounting to a mix-up abhorrent to a mind regulated by legal and orderly maxims. Mr. Ballinger's course was an infringement upon the privileges and activities of Mr. Pinchot. Like most men when they find their powers curbed, Mr. Pinchot's vanities were hurt, and perhaps his over-zealous spirit was wounded, for beyond a doubt Mr. Pinchot's heart has been in the work which he has been doing within or without the law.

Here we have the fundamentals back of the events of the last ten days. Mr. Pinchot, representing the Rooseveltian idea, was checked and thwarted by a superior authority—Secretary Ballinger, representing the Taft way of doing things. There was a conflict in which Ballinger, having the backing of the law and of the President—all this with a fixed purpose and a steadier mind—came out the winner. Then a zealous clerk under Pinchot (one Glavis), eager in support of his chief, sought to besmirch Ballinger and to impeach his motives. The President himself looked into Glavis's allegations, sustained Ballinger and justified his dismissal of Glavis, at the same time seeking to so smooth over matters that both Ballinger and Pinchot might remain in the public service. So matters stood up to the explosion of ten days ago.

Discussion of the points at issue between Secretary Ballinger and Mr. Pinchot had, prior to the reassembling of Congress after the holidays, reached a degree of seriousness and of acrimony justifying a congressional inquiry. If Secretary Ballinger was right, then he was a greatly abused man; if Mr. Pinchot was right, then Mr. Ballinger was not fit for high office. Senator Flint of California demanded an investigation and it was so ordered; and the Senate called for the papers in the case. Among these papers there was an opinion rendered by the Attorney-General to the President with respect to certain charges made by Glavis against the integrity of Ballinger. The Attorney-General, Mr. Wickersham, had made an exhaustive study of the case, his conclusion being that Glavis was a victim of "megalomania"—in other words, that he is one stimulated by vanity and conceit to an overwrought sense of his own importance—and that he had been guilty of insubordination and slander partly through the inherent defects of his own character, partly because he had seen only one side of the record. When it became known that this report was to be read in the Senate, Mr. Pinchot wrote a letter to a personal friend, Senator Dolliver of Iowa, taking the ground that Glavis is



truthful and patriotic man, and that he has been badly used by Secretary Ballinger and the President for righteousness sake. He induced Dolliver to read this letter in the Senate at the same sitting in which the Wickersham report was read.

In plain words, Mr. Gifford Pinchot, a subordinate in the Department of Agriculture, undertook to set himself up in the Senate of the United States and before the country as an opponent and critic of the President with respect to a matter which the latter had looked into and finally determined. It was an act of studied insubordination and incivility, an act which the President could not in self-respect disregard. No doubt this was Mr. Pinchot's calculation. He deliberately sought the character of martyrdom as a vantage ground for further controversy. Presumably he expected the friendship of everybody who for any reason stands opposed to the Taft administration. Possibly he expected the support of ex-President Roosevelt, whose close personal friend he has long been, and possibly he may get it. It is at this point that interest in the whole incident is most intense. For if in the controversy to come Mr. Roosevelt shall take the side of Pinchot, giving to him the weight of his support, it will be nothing less than a declaration of war by Roosevelt against Taft. The fact that Roosevelt is in Africa is an element in the case of almost melodramatic interest.

If it was Mr. Pinchot's calculation by personally affronting the President and so getting himself dismissed to make a hero of himself before the country, his plans have singularly miscarried. Public opinion may be divided between Rooseveltism and Taftism, but there are none willing to see the President of the United States snubbed and flouted by a subordinate or by anybody else. The public has, with a singular satisfaction, observed the spirited action of Mr. Taft in dismissing Mr. Pinchot for insubordination and rudeness. So far as we can see, there are no reserves—nobody is saying a word in justification of Mr. Pinchot. He played audaciously and apparently he has lost, although there remains the possibility that he may get from out of Africa a letter framed to fire the heart of all who look to Roosevelt as the inspirer of their ideas and opinions. Will he get such a letter? And if he gets it what effect will it have upon the American public? These are interesting questions because as they shall be answered we may know what to look for in 1912. The *Argonaut's* guess is that if Mr. Pinchot gets any letter at all from Mr. Roosevelt it will be a purely personal one—one that will give him no aid or comfort in his assaults upon Taft. Mr. Roosevelt will, no doubt, privately sympathize with Pinchot, but he will not join in any movement against Taft. He has been President himself and will be the last to consent that the acts of a President may be reviewed and combatted by his subordinates. Furthermore, Roosevelt's political arrangements, if he has any, are undoubtedly with Taft; and he will not allow his friendship for Pinchot to drag him into support of impertinence and into affiliation with a losing cause. Nobody reads the public mind better than Mr. Roosevelt, and he will know by instinct, even though he be in the heart of Africa, that Taft has strengthened himself with the American people by his prompt and decisive course with Pinchot—that this act will go far to nullify the impression that he is too kindly of nature, that he is lacking in executive energy.

Perhaps this is a good time to say that not at any time is Mr. Roosevelt likely to be drawn into open antagonism with Mr. Taft—the Rooseveltians to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Roosevelt will not, we think, under any circumstances contest the Republican nomination with Taft in 1912. His home-coming will be spectacular after a manner dear to his heart—for he is an egregiously vain man—but he will not be drawn into a candidacy in opposition to Taft. On the contrary, he will support Mr. Taft for a second term. There will be another chance in 1916, and even then Mr. Roosevelt will not be an old man.

We are now to have an investigation at the hands of Congress of all the matters in controversy between Ballinger and Pinchot. Ballinger has invited inquiry and the President, who is of course warmly interested on Ballinger's behalf, wants all the facts of the case developed. "If there is anything in this matter," he has said, "that I don't know about I am anxious to have brought to the light." Upon such a basis the inquiry

should be searching and exhaustive, and it ought to be pursued in a purely judicial spirit. It is to be noted, however, that there has already appeared a note of partisan feeling. The resolution of inquiry as originally proposed in the House of Representatives left it to Speaker Cannon to name six members of the investigating committee, but before its adoption the resolution was so modified as to leave the selection of committeemen to the House itself. This result was brought about by the so-called insurgents in combination with other Republican critics of the administration and the consolidated Democratic vote. Undoubtedly it was a defeat for Mr. Cannon; undoubtedly it implies a certain unfriendliness to the administration on the part of the House. By some it is taken as an indication that the House members of the committee will be unfriendly to Ballinger, although we think it easy to misjudge this phase of the case. But this much is assured, there will be no bias on the part of the House members of the committee of friendship towards Ballinger. After this incident nobody will be able to say, whatever the results of the inquiry may be, that he has been whitewashed.

In the rapidly organizing coalition at Washington between the "insurgents" and the friends of Pinchot—not to mention Roosevelt—we may see how groups of politicians fundamentally opposed to each other are brought to work in coöperation and to the same ends. Cannon is an autocrat, hence he is opposed by the "insurgents." Pinchot has pursued an autocratic course in land matters, put the law to one side, been a law unto himself, and yet his cause is espoused by the insurgents. The insurgents, hating autoeracy, are nevertheless on the side of Pinchot because it affords them a means of striking at Cannon. As yet nobody is willing to strike at Taft, nevertheless his figure looms in the background, and if nothing intervenes to alter the course of events he and the insurgent group will be bitterly and openly at enmity before the close of the present session of Congress.

In the meantime President Taft will make a grievous tactical as well as a grievous moral blunder if, as suggested in the dispatches from Washington, he shall employ the patronage of the government to support a policy of ostracism of the so-called insurgents in Congress. The insurgents are men whose views with respect to tariff legislation accord with those expressed by the President two years ago and who refused to accept the legislation of last year as a full and fair response to the pledges of the party which Mr. Taft represents in the presidency. The difference between Mr. Taft and the insurgents, if there be a difference, is one which may be maintained honestly. It is certainly one which may be maintained on either side without personal resentment, most certainly without moral delinquency. The patronage of the government is in the hands of the President for high public reasons; it is not his to use on the one hand as a bribe or on the other as a club. Neither Mr. Taft nor anybody else has a right to read out of the Republican party any senator or member of Congress who insists that the party in Congress shall redeem a pledge made by the party in convention at Chicago two years ago.

#### Back to the American System.

Illinois was early among the States to adopt the direct primary. "It has," declares the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, "been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It is enormously expensive. It doubles the cost of holding elections to the public treasury. It is so costly to candidates that only men of wealth have under it any chance of getting a nomination for any important office. It is a bar against new men coming forward. It confines the 'people's choice' to rich men and yelling demagogues. In the light of the notorious facts it is plain that the time has come for Illinois to discard the direct plurality primary and go back to the American system of representative party government."

That this utterance represents something more than the chance opinion of a newspaper is confirmed by recent action on the part of the Republican organization leaders in Cook County (Chicago), who have agreed upon a primary bill providing for the nomination of candidates by conventions to which delegates are to be chosen much as under the old system. Around the primaries are to be thrown all the safeguards of a regular election. The details of this plan are not available, but the principle of it is sound, since experience has shown that only under the representative system

which it reestablishes can the people of any considerable community have any real opportunity of making choice of candidates for public office.

In connection with this action in Illinois and with the general discussion of the direct primary, an excerpt or two from a recent book by Hon. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," is timely. Mr. Bryce says:

Party has been a practical necessity—and I am not now speaking of the natural human tendencies that develop an shape it, but of the political circumstances that call it into being—because in a large, free community, where each man has his own affairs to occupy him, there must be some means of bringing current questions to the knowledge of the citizen of explaining their meaning and purport, of presenting an advocating particular proposals for handling current issues. The larger the community grows, the greater need for this. Accordingly, those who think together and wish to act together must organize; and their organization becomes a party.

Furthermore, in a large community the great bulk of the citizens do not and hardly can know who are their best men the fittest to think, to lead, to be selected for office. When persons have to be chosen by vote to hold office, there must be some means of recommending them and getting the elector some of whom will be remiss, or heedless, or ignorant, to come and vote for them. Where the community is a very large one, or where the structure of society does not indicate particular persons as *prima facie* fit men for office, there must be some means of selecting particular persons to be candidates, else voting will be all at random. A party organization supplies the obvious means. This function of nominating candidates increases not only the range of its action, but its power, because ambitious men become forthwith eager to control it and to develop it for their own purposes.

Independence is a good thing; conscience a vital thing. Politics would soon become rotten if the citizens did not exercise their own judgment and keep in check that instinct of association which make the strength of party spirit. But one must also beware of magnifying small differences, of indulging the habit and exaggerating the tone of independence into which there may possibly enter a spice of vanity and self-importance.

These extracts are from Mr. Bryce's latest book "The Hindrances to Good Citizenship." It is a book which ought to interest every thinking man who speaks the English tongue, particularly Americans, who have found Mr. Bryce, in times both remote and near, counselor of exceptional wisdom.

#### Prosecuting Office Looted of Its Records.

The prosecuting attorneyship is a continuing office. Men come and go but the office itself is one without period. Whatever pertains to this office belongs to the office itself, and not to somebody who may chance for a time more or less brief to hold it.

There is pending before the courts a considerable number of cases upon which the prosecuting office has been engaged during the past three years. Not only the ordinary resources of the prosecuting office have been enlisted in this work, but a vast amount of other work has been done by special agents employed at large cost. The reports of these agents make part of the record and are essentially public property, paid for by the public in support of prosecution in cases still pending. But Mr. Fickert finds to his embarrassment that these reports, secured at such cost, have either been destroyed or taken away by his predecessor. There is nothing in the records of the office to show for labors for which a special appropriation of nearly a hundred thousand dollars was made by the public through the board of supervisors.

In the prosecution of criminal cases it is of course essential that the prosecuting office shall have a report of testimony in particular cases taken before the grand jury. In the Calhoun case specifically, Mr. Fickert finds no such report. That the prosecuting office has at one time such a report is well known, for it was freely used both in the Ford and Calhoun trials. Manifestly, like the reports of the special agents above referred to, it has been destroyed or "lifted."

It would appear that the very least that the late administration of the prosecuting office could have done in support of its indictments, would have been to pass on to the new prosecutor such records as belong to the office and as are essential to the business of prosecution. These records, we repeat, belonged to the office, not to any particular incumbent of the office. They had been made and accumulated at the public cost. We don't know if there be any special name for this sort of thing among lawyers, but plain men who deal in ordinary form of speech call it looting.

It is further to be noted that Jim Gallagher, an essential witness in the graft cases, one whose testimony had been bought and paid for with immunity from individual punishment, is still missing. The pretense is that nobody knows his whereabouts, although it is



shrewdly guessed that the late prosecutors could tell where he might be found if they were willing to do it. It is further suspected that his absence is under an arrangement to which they are party.

Manifestly, the late prosecutors do not intend that the new prosecutor shall have such aids in his work as were possessed by themselves, even though these aids were paid for with public money and belong in common honesty and decency to the prosecuting office. Possibly there is fear that with these aids Mr. Fickert might be successful where these precious incompetents have so pitifully failed. In any event, Mr. Fickert finds a situation in which he is called upon under the law to proceed against certain persons criminally charged, but at the same time he finds his office unprovided with those records and evidences accumulated by his predecessors essential to the work in hand.

We commend this situation to the consideration of those whose faith in the good intentions of the late prosecutors has survived so many shocks during the past three years. We commend it likewise to the consideration of the general public which has been asked to have confidence in the late prosecutors and required to pay their bills.

#### Lloyd George and Winston Churchill.

The political struggle in England has not produced, so far as it has gone, any supremely great men, although some of the combatants are still young enough to justify hopes for their future. There is plenty of striking ability and conspicuous capacity, but of that strange fire that we call genius there is no visible spark. There is no Gladstone nor Beaconsfield in sight, no one with the commanding dignity of Salisbury or the magnetic fervor of Bright. It is by no means a battle of pygmies, but neither is it a battle of giants.

But if there are no great men in the English field there are many interesting men, and curiously enough they are all upon the government side. Lansdowne is a man of some ability, but portentously solemn and dull, while Chamberlain's illness has kept him in almost silent obscurity. Balfour is of a fine intellectual type, but no one's pulse ever beat the quicker for anything that he has said or done. These three men seem to embody the whole of the leadership against the government, and we have to look in the other camp for the interesting personalities and contagious enthusiasms that rank second only to genius in effectiveness and force.

Asquith, as premier, takes of course the first place, but Asquith has the disadvantage in English eyes of being a lawyer, and lawyers are not favored for the high positions in English politics outside of the legal departments. None the less he is recognized as a man of sound judgment and unblemished record, a logical and convincing speaker, and with a natural ability that has carried him from entire obscurity to the first position under the crown. There is probably no other man who could have brought to the liberal premiership the entire confidence of his party or who could have so well combined the virtues of audacity and prudence.

None the less the man of the hour is Lloyd George, he chancellor of the exchequer and the framer of the budget. Like Asquith, he is a man of humble birth who in his youth practiced law in a little Welsh town until his capacity was recognized by his election to Parliament. His first notable deed was to advise his fellow-townsmen to break down the wall of the churchyard in order to conduct a funeral that had been forbidden by an intolerant clergyman, and this action was upheld by the court, and so Lloyd George was fairly started on his career of reformer. The budget is the authoritative expression of a political faith that Lloyd George has preached in season and out of season, with a passionate fervor that his enemies call fanaticism. Indeed, much of the opposition to the budget rises from the conviction that its success means the ultimate and not far off premiership of Lloyd George, and if the fiery Welshman can do so much in the single field of finance what would he not do as the chief adviser of the crown, the head of the cabinet, and the leader of his party?

Lloyd George's chief lieutenant and most enthusiastic supporter is Winston Churchill. It is a curious combination, for whereas Lloyd George is a man of the people Churchill is an aristocrat of aristocrats, a member of the great house of Marlborough, and the son of that firebrand of Toryism, Lord Randolph Churchill.

But it can hardly be said that Winston Churchill has yet won his spurs in the field of politics. He is an admirable speaker, he is of attractive presence and with a vivid and magnetic personality, but it is not yet clear how much he owes to solid ability of the enduring kind and how much to the fortuitous circumstances of his birth and parentage and the accidents of an adventurous youth. He went to the Boer war as a newspaper correspondent, was taken prisoner and succeeded in making his escape in a somewhat daring and dramatic manner. This was a good preparation for his subsequent avowal of liberal opinions and his natural brilliance has kept him in the forefront. Much as he owes to the fame of his father, he owes still more to his mother, whose reputation as a politician and as an author has stood her son in good stead. Mrs. Cornwallis West when she was Lady Randolph Churchill was a staunch Tory, loyally supporting her husband's cause on the platform and in the press and famous for her brilliant campaigning. But with the disappearance of Lord Randolph and the emergence of Winston as a radical champion, Mrs. Cornwallis West promptly transferred her allegiance to the other cause and has supported her son as earnestly as she once supported his father. All of which seems to show that the political "convictions" of even the most brilliant women are of the heart rather than the head, and domestic rather than national.

Whatever may be the result of the forthcoming elections, we are certain to hear more of Lloyd George and of Winston Churchill. They are young enough to face defeat with equanimity and even to gather strength from the adversities of opposition.

#### McCarthy Starts with a Bang.

In taking office two days ago the wore or less Honorable Patrick H. McCarthy read a long discourse on civic affairs, mostly a setting forth of what had immediately preceded his administration. He declared that for all of its pretensions the reform régime had been a wretched failure—that it had wasted public funds; that it had engaged in questionable transactions; that while pretending to virtue it had permitted an "open town"; that it had been inefficient and derelict at a multitude of points. Mr. McCarthy did not indulge in this tedious and offensive recital—we say offensive because he spoke in the presence of the retiring city government—for the sake of hearing himself talk. His aim was to exhibit a record in comparison with which his own record, to be made, will not appear at a disadvantage.

McCarthy was elected by a combination of sinister interests and he will undoubtedly serve these interests. Under arrangements already made he is bound to give license to many questionable things. He does not propose that his own administration, whatever it may be, shall be compared with the pretensions of that which came before him, but rather with the actual record, which is very far out of accord with these pretensions. When the case is understood there appears a logical motive for the amazing tirade with which Mr. McCarthy assumed the mayoralty.

Mr. McCarthy has already shown that he will be his own boss, that he will be a very active and dominant boss. By his initial appointments to office he has surrounded himself by men whose political and other fortunes are dependent upon his own. He has not studied the public service and its needs; he has rather studied the interests of P. H. McCarthy and established his policies to answer them. In the various administrative posts he has put men to be depended upon not merely to take orders, but to take McCarthy's orders. Whatever else we are to have, we shall not have the spectacle of a municipal government operated by forces outside of itself. There will be no Boss Ruef as in the case of the Schmitz administration; there will be no Boss Phelan as in the case of the Taylor administration. The powers of the mayoralty and the authorities of the mayoralty will be under one hat.

San Francisco will do well to take a long breath and steady herself for an ordeal. It will not be worse—probably, indeed, it will be better—than the Schmitz era; certainly it can not be worse than the Taylor era. But it will be bad enough, and we shall have to stand it. It is possible that good may come of it, since as a community we may be impressed with the fact that if we are ever to have both decency and efficiency in the mayoralty we must elect both decency and efficiency to the mayor's office. The optimistic theory that you can elect a scoundrel or a dodo to high administrative office and as a result get virtue and wisdom in administra-

tion may possibly be exorcised by this new experience, although we admit there is little hope for it. You have, fellow-citizens, in Mayor McCarthy precisely what you wanted—or at least what you voted for. If he leads you a merry dance—and he will—you have no right to complain.

#### A Municipal Clean-Up at Portland.

Under the operations of the direct primary Portland, Oregon, found her civic affairs a year ago in a most degenerate state. Municipal politics had gotten down to a personal basis. There was no organized and responsible initiative, no responsibility of any kind. Various departments of municipal expenditure had been seized upon and possessed by aggressive operators. There was a paving combine, a sand trust, a garbage combine, with other groups profiting by the lack of system, authority, and honesty in public expenditures. The tax rate had gone soaring and the city, long noted for a policy of financial conservatism, had gotten deeply into debt.

When things reached a point where endurance became criminal there was called a conference of citizens to consider ways and means of bettering municipal conditions. This movement was not called by the name of "reform," it sounded no melodramatic note, it meant business—just business, nothing more. Somebody suggested that there was one man in Portland who could pull the municipal affairs into shape. His name was Simon—Joseph Simon. He was a lawyer, had been a State senator, and a United States senator; he had been a good deal more than less of a political boss, although his operations savored more of political generalship than of ordinary boss-ship. He was not a popular man, for his operations in times past had yielded persistent personal enmities. Particularly the Portland *Oregonian* had criticized Mr. Simon in many of his activities and its general policy had been that of opposition during the period of his senatorial service.

But it was the common opinion, including that of the editor of the *Oregonian*, that Mr. Simon was the man for the special job of house-cleaning of which Portland stood in dire need. Therefore a committee representing many citizens called on Mr. Simon and asked him to be a candidate for the mayoralty. He did not want the mayoralty or any other office. He had had his fill of public life; it had yielded him nothing and he wanted no more of it. But no man can resist the appeal of a whole community, and practically the whole community called upon Mr. Simon as an expert in public affairs and as a man skilled in politics to make a contest for the mayoralty to the end of reestablishing wholesome and progressive conditions in the city of Portland.

Thus urged and thus supported Mr. Simon undertook the commission. He won a nomination and in due time was elected to the mayoralty. He has considered the office a public trust, at the same time he has made no pretensions in line with those of the conventional reformer. While in stern opposition to vicious things, he still recognized that certain forms of vice are persistent and can not be eradicated. Therefore he attempted no demagoguery in connection with these things. He suggested and enforced a policy of rigid police supervision under conditions tending to augment the public revenue and to prevent private graft. In other matters he proceeded in the same spirit. In brief, Mr. Simon in his half-year of service as the mayor of Portland has acted as the director of civic affairs rather than as a politician ambitious for private advantage and advancement. He has ordered the affairs of the city precisely as he would have directed the affairs of Ladd & Tilton's bank if he had been called to that responsibility. He has had the backing of the sane and stable elements of the community: at the same time he has had to contend with the long and short-haired enthusiasts for moral impossibilities, since Portland like every other community is hurdled with its fair share of cranks and impracticables.

Now comes the Portland *Oregonian* with a review of Mr. Simon's operations for the half-year of his administration. The *Oregonian*, be it remembered, is no special friend of Mr. Simon. Indeed, in times past it has been his severest critic. But in the mayoralty it has supported him in the enforcement of policies agreed upon by the business and other responsible elements of the city of which Mr. Simon is the representative. "Mayor Simon," says the *Oregonian* of January 2, "assisted by those associated with him, in the first six months of his administration has done more than his



promised." Then follows a list of achievements which we think it worth while to reproduce, although some of the things referred to are purely local. The recital is as follows:

Elimination of paving combine and reduction in cost to property-owners of all hard-surface pavements.

Establishment of "hard-surface" policy, opposition to gravel and macadam streets, and encouragement of all first-class pavements all over the city.

Cleaning up of the water front in the city limits, all scows being removed.

Forwarding of proposed Broadway high bridge plans up to Port of Portland Commission; rushing work on Madison span. Securing location for garbage crematory and bids for construction.

Sand trust overcome and price of sand lowered.

Sites and apparatus selected for children's playgrounds.

Agitation for closed draws during rush hours, with success in sight, government officials seeing justice of request.

Lowering of tax levy, in accordance with pre-election promise—from 6.6 mills to 4.9 mills.

Park projects outlined; plans for boulevard system begun.

Huge reservoirs at Mount Tabor started; second Bull Run pipe line to be laid.

Introduction of flushing system in street cleaning.

Abolition of redlight district.

Here is a suggestion of what may be done in any city when there is mutual agreement and coordination among respectable and responsible elements. When the real forces of a city pick a man for the work to be done and then support him in it, the job of getting the affairs of a municipality into good shape is neither difficult nor protracted. Some day perhaps San Francisco may be wise enough to imitate the example set by Portland—to put into the mayoralty a man competent for the work to be done and with the resolution and energy to do it without fear or favor.

#### Editorial Notes.

Every critic of the demand by organized labor for monopoly of all labor has constantly to meet the charge of hostility to labor. The *Argonaut* knows how it is, for it frequently receives protests against its strictures against the assumptions of labor unionism by readers who fail to comprehend its views, plainly as they are set forth. The *New York Sun*, also a critic of the aggressions of labor unionism, has likewise and again and again to explain its views to those who can not or will not understand plain speech. The latest of these explanations appears in the *Sun* of the 5th inst., and is as follows:

The *Sun* is not "hostile" to "all kinds of labor" or any kind of labor. It is and will continue to be hostile to the assumption by any combination of laborers of the sole or a superior right to labor, to the exclusion and the injury of other laborers. It believes in the indispensable right of every man to sell his labor as he chooses, to work for whom he will and with whom he will. It wishes well to labor unions so long as they promote the welfare of their members without encroaching upon that of non-members or of the community. The great mass of working men and working women is "scab" labor. Yet we see constant insolent effort by the leaders of the little minority that calls itself "organized labor" to monopolize the name of "labor." We see these labor leaders and their unions, or some of them, claim special privileges, exemptions, laws, erect themselves into a class, maim or kill independent laborers, ruin employers who will not obey their rules, defy the courts, play upon the cowardice of jelly-backed politicians to extort further immunities and privileges, work arrogant injustice. We do not care for an oligarchy. We feel no desire to crawl at the feet of Gompers and his like. Freedom of labor, equality of right, protection for the meanest son of Adam to work in his own way, subject to laws equal for all: that is our platform.

This is sound doctrine. It is not new, but it is none the worse for being old. Again and again it has been set forth, and in all the overmuch of counter-discussion it has never been contraverted—nor can it be. It is the *Sun's* platform. So is it the *Argonaut's*. It is the platform of all men of clear understanding, unbiased purposes, and of honest intent.

It turns out precisely as every intelligent man suspected, that the rural mail delivery is a money-consuming whirlpool. The scheme has many advantages, but it is precisely calculated to serve the political diplomacies of rural congressmen at the cost of the public purse. No easier way to coddle a neighborhood and at the same time to provide a public job for some favorite was ever found than to establish a rural mail route. Now Mr. Hitchcock finds that the Postoffice Department is loser to the tune of \$28,000,000 per year on account of the rural mail delivery service. A natural and direct remedy it would appear would be to cut down the service, but this is not easy, since every proposal to this end involves a popular protest. Indeed, the movement even in the face of the figures

above quoted is the other way; the number of delivery routes and the service in connection with them tends rather to increase than diminish. Postmaster-General Hitchcock sees no direct way out of it—or perhaps he is too practical a politician to urge curtailment of a service so easily available for political uses.

The country is not observing with edification the course of Mr. Knox in the State Department, to which he came with a very high reputation for legal knowledge and individual judgment. That he has badly bungled the Nicaraguan situation is now admitted, and it looks as if he were in the way of similarly bungling the Manchurian situation. The Crane incident is another circumstance to his discredit. Mr. Knox appears to lie under the fear of the Japanese bugaboo. He seems not to know that the surest way to develop pretension and arrogance on the part of Oriental nations is to deal gingerly with them.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

Japanese affairs loom up once more in the news of the week as proof of the smallness of the world and of the impossibility of divorcing east and west. The most unpleasant item in the budget is the statement that the new Japanese ambassador has been instructed to urge the abrogation of the existing treaty one year in advance of the date that it bears—that is to say, in July, 1910, instead of 1911. The treaty has been in force since 1899. It was to remain in force for twelve years and could then be abrogated by either party at a year's notice. It would therefore expire in 1911, and the object of the present move is to advance this date by one year.

The treaty has a somewhat wide scope, and the Japanese objection is directed against one clause only, the clause that allows of the exclusion of immigrants and the segregation of children in the public schools. It reads as follows:

It is, however, understood that the stipulations contained in this and the preceding article do not in any way affect the laws, ordinances, and regulations with regard to trade, the immigration of laborers, police and public security which are in force or which may hereafter be enacted in either of the two countries.

By abrogating the whole treaty the Japanese government hopes to get rid of this clause. There is nothing else in the treaty objectionable to Asiatic susceptibilities.

We need not look far for the reasons underlying the plea of urgency that Baron Uchida will advance. The California legislature will meet in 1911, and it would certainly have something to say if negotiations between Tokio and Washington were then in progress. It is thought that the sting would be taken from California opposition by bringing the question to a head between the two governments before the assembling of the State legislature.

On the other hand, the United States government has its own reason for resisting an abrogation of the treaty before the date originally fixed. The Washington authorities are by no means anxious to incur the odium of changing a treaty in which California is vitally interested at a time when California herself is largely inarticulate and to do this by a departure from the original agreement. But there is a better reason still. In 1911 Great Britain must undertake a precisely similar rearrangement of her Asiatic immigration problems in connection both with Canada and Australia, and there is much to be gained by forcing Japan to settle these questions *en masse* rather than piecemeal. Canada and Australia have warm feelings about Asiatic immigration, and it has taxed the skill of the British foreign and colonial offices to temper the indignation of the colonies to a point consistent with imperial treaties. The present arrangements that govern Asiatic immigration to Canada and Australia are due for revision in 1911, and Washington has everything to gain by waiting until then before giving the subject whatever reconsideration it may deserve.

The control of Manchurian railroads seems far enough removed from Japanese immigration, but the two questions are of course intimately allied. It is an ancient device of diplomacy to forestall an awkward demand by one still more awkward, and the proposal to neutralize the Manchurian railroads is intended as an offset to Baron Uchida's New Year's card about immigration and as a provision for a basis of negotiation. From the meagre news now at public disposition it is impossible to say the full meaning of the proposal or to forecast its fate. England, Germany, and Italy seem to view it with benevolence, as well they may, seeing that they have nothing to lose and much to gain. Bystanders will usually agree that thieves ought to relinquish their booty and submit it to a general division, but the acquiescence of the thieves themselves is quite another matter, and a somewhat important one when the thieves are strongly entrenched and heavily armed. Japan and Russia are in possession, and they intend not only to remain in possession, but each of them has a philanthropic intention to oust the other. France will certainly take the Russian view.

And yet if the Manchurian demand is intended as a basis for some give-and-take arrangement it is hard to suppress the belief that it is badly chosen and that the jubilation expressed at Mr. Knox's "acumen" is misapplied. The integrity of Manchuria, its availability for the trade of all nations, is not one of those things that should be a subject for barter, while the suggestion that the United States allow Japan a free hand in Manchuria in exchange for the exclusion of her immigrants is very much like agreeing with a burglar that he may plunder our house at will so long as he is care-

ful to wipe his boots upon the doormat. The trade in Manchuria is absolutely essential to many American interests as to thousands of our over-producing factories. In view of the precise obligations entered into by Japan, it ought to belong to the domain of the irrevocably fixed and immutable, a the proposal that it be surrendered in exchange for the right to exclude a few coolies is simply preposterous. The United States has already the right to exclude the coolies, a right no way dependent upon Japanese favors or concessions, a for that reason it is not upon any possible bargain-count. We shall see what we shall see, but recent experiences with Mr. Crane and with a United States consul in Manchuria may well prepare us for some agreement with Japan that may appropriately be signed "Your very faithful and obedient servant."

The proposal for increased rates upon second-class matter has naturally aroused an angry hum in the hives of the publishers. There is certainly room for criticism in suggestion that such masses of putrid garbage as a *Sund* issue of the *New York Examiner* should be carried at 1 rates, while the *Century*, for example, should be mulcted at a higher price.

For an explanation we must of course look further than the revenue reasons that are so glibly advanced. If the postoffice wishes to save money there are at least a dozen ways in which it can do so with advantage to the service as to the advance of public morality. To the complaint that magazines require a much longer haulage than do newspapers it may be replied that the low rates were granted to magazines for this very reason and because of the advantage accruing to the whole country from the wide circulation of this kind of literature. In other words, the magazines were encouraged by the postoffice because they circulate widely and now we are told that they must be discouraged—because they circulate widely.

Of course the real reasons are much otherwise. Such proposals are usually born at a much lower level than that which they see the light, and their final sponsor knows nothing of the depths from which they sprung. If the magazines are to be penalized it is for none of the reasons given, but rather because they have spoken too freely of current abuses and because they have placed them before the public in form that insures of their being read and that appeals to the imagination. In other words, magazines have become nuisances to those who delight in darkness because their deeds are evil and who would welcome the suppression of Mr. Tarbell, for example, as a new charter of emancipation.

That there is actually a deficit in the Postoffice Department that must be made good by an increase in rates is by means certain. Indeed the certainty is that there is no such deficit. If private citizens and mercantile concerns were to cease mailing letters altogether the postoffice would still have to pay from seventy-five million to one hundred million dollars a year for attending to the business of the government and for the dispatch of the vast volume of official communications. Yet this business does not appear anywhere in the postoffice accounts, whereas it should be treated as a credit. It is as though the owner of a grocery business should supply his family and a large circle of friends from his store without allowing the transaction to appear upon his books. *The Review of Reviews* makes a proper comment upon this way of doing business when it says that it is a scandal and a public disgrace that business should be done so loosely at Washington that no postoffice records are allowed to show what actually costs to distribute the speeches of congressmen, the documents sent out from the agricultural and other departments, and the millions of letters relating to government business. It is just as much a matter of government expense to transport official documents as to transport troops. The War Department makes record of the cost of transporting troops, but no reports of the Postoffice Department indicate the cost of carrying the government's own materials.

Nicaragua has momentarily disappeared from the stage, she seems to have done so. A few days ago the State Department sent an urgent message to the American ambassador in Mexico to the effect that the case of James A. Cook was "causing considerable agitation" in the United States. The average citizen may be considerably agitated. He often, but not about James A. Cook, for he never heard of him before. But the telegram about Cook, who was a railway conductor in Mexico and who is now in prison on a charge of train robbery, was actually a part of the Nicaraguan affair.

It was an effort at reprisal upon Mexico for her part in the Zelaya fiasco. When the State Department emitted the astounding threat that Zelaya should be placed upon trial and deposed autocrat promptly went to Mexico, and like the little vulgar boy in the "Ingoldsbys Legends" he "put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out." Mexico was already smarting at being ignored in the Nicaraguan affair, and Zelaya was received as an honored guest and fêted and banqueted in a way usually reserved for popular matadors. Had the State Department allowed itself to make the incalculable blunder of threatening the personal prosecution upon a murder charge of the head of a neighboring State, however small and insignificant, is one of those things that "no fellow could understand." Mexico, already with a sore head, was quick to show the exact value that she placed upon that threat, and then the counter move was made of demanding an explanation of the Cook affair. Mexico was again quick to take up the challenge by first ignoring the demand and then by the reply that Cook was being tried in accordance with the law which would take its usual course. It is said to be due entirely to Mr. Taft that we are not more deeply in the mire of indignity than we are. Mr. Knox was anxious to use warships to secure the capture of Zelaya and this was forbidden by Mr. Taft.



## THE NEW THEATRE.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Offers Some Criticisms on the General Management of the Great Enterprise.

The New Theatre is having troubles of its own, and they are pretty serious troubles at that. One would think that when a theatre had all the money it wanted and carte blanche from its backers as to the spending of it, that it would be a comparatively easy matter to get things in running order. But such has not been the case with the New Theatre. Mr. Ames has been given a free hand, the founders have not interfered. In fact they have cheered and encouraged him, and began the season by presenting him with a gold medal as a token of their good-will and as a proof of their belief in what he had done by way of preparation and what he would do by way of accomplishment.

From the night of the private performance to the present moment things have gone wrong. Mr. Ames seems to be learning his lesson in the glare of the footlights. He is groping his way in full sight of the public. In the first place there are so many people in the organization that they fall over each other. The company is enormous, and yet it is being added to every whip stitch. There are so many people behind the scenes engaged in running the mechanical end of the performances that they get all tangled up and terrible things happen. Bags of shot drop upon the stage from the flies, ropes drop in front instead of behind the curtain, lights won't work, and if they do they shine in the wrong places. On the night when "The School for Scandal" was first produced the most sympathetic audience could not help laughing. Not a thing went right, and when the audience applauded and the curtain was rung up it would not budge. When it did, instead of the actors the stage hands stood revealed. And yet the play had been rehearsed until the actors were ready to drop. Once it was from nine in the evening until eight the next morning, so I am told, and yet there was no evidence of such painstaking.

As for the selection of plays at the New Theatre it has been inexcusably bad. The very opening play was a mistake. Shakespeare was all right and proper, but why "Antony and Cleopatra"? No one but Mr. Ames had a hand in the choice. His will is law at the New Theatre, and rightfully so, for he is the responsible manager. It is not a popular play and is one of the least effective on the stage of Shakespeare's dramas. For such an occasion "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," or "Much Ado" would have been better. The audiences of the New Theatre are only average audiences; they like to be entertained as well as do the audiences that patronize the Broadway theatres. Then, if we were to have "Antony and Cleopatra," why didn't we have the barge? Even those who have never read the play know all about the barge and the asp, and they feel cheated if they do not have both. You might as well give "The Merchant of Venice" without the Rialto bridge and the maskers. The barge would have given the management a great opportunity for a magnificent display, but the opportunity was allowed to pass, and only the suggestion of it was painted on the back drop.

As "Antony and Cleopatra" was Shakespeare it was a dignified play to open this palace of a theatre with, but why in the name of dignity was it followed by such an unimportant play as "The Cottage in the Air"? This trifle was not even new. In the first place it was taken from a story by the Countess von Arnim (Elizabeth, of the German Garden), and was already running successfully at another theatre as "Such a Little Queen." At best it is not an important play and in the circumstances had no place in the New Theatre.

Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife" is an interesting play, but it was not new and hardly worth the rewriting given to it for production in this country. I call it a play just for peace sake, but it has little or no dramatic value. It is merely the presentment of two sides of a story in dramatic form. There are actors and there is scenery, but the story could be as well told as acted. And after all it does not get anywhere. It shows the consequences of a strike upon the laborer and upon the capitalist, but it does not tell you which is right and which is wrong, probably because the author has not made up his mind on the subject. The mob scene in this play has been extravagantly praised, but I do not find it as realistic or as marvelous a bit of stagecraft as the mob scene in Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Votes for Women," which, by the way, was not more of a play than is Mr. Galsworthy's "Strife," though both in their way are interesting.

The first really new play to be presented by the management of the New Theatre is Mr. Edward Sheldon's "The Nigger." The very name is unworthy of this playhouse, the play more so. It is said that Mr. Corbin read a thousand plays to discover "The Nigger." My sympathy to Mr. Corbin, for he must have read a thousand terrible plays if this was the only one worth producing. The first night audience seemed to like it and expressed itself with enthusiasm, but it was not found much favor since. You have probably read the plot of this play: A man who has every reason to believe that he is white falls in love with a white girl and she with him. By accident he discovers that he has negro blood in his veins and he confesses his discovery to the girl, who renounces and

denounces him with horror. Before he leaves her he takes her in his arms and imprints kisses upon her lips, cheeks, eyes, nose, every inch of her face, in a manner to put the famous Nethersole-Sappho kiss into the Sunday-school class. This is bad enough, but the dragging into a play given in a theatre that is supposed to stand for decency and high art of an incident founded on an unspeakable crime seems to me to be going a long way past the limit of what may be said and done in the theatre. How respectable men and women can sit through this play, and how decent parents can allow their sons and daughters to see it passes my comprehension. That it is witnessed by decent people and discussed in drawing-rooms only shows how hardened we have become. If we do not draw the line at putting before the footlights the one crime that arouses people to lynching the criminal, where in Heaven's name are we going to draw it? I am told that Miss Annie Russell refused the leading part in "Paid in Full" because of a questionable scene in the second act. That she did not refuse to play the leading part in "The Nigger" shows that she has experienced a decided change of heart. The objectionable scene in "Paid in Full" is milk for babes compared to the kiss scene in "The Nigger." The very fact that Mr. Sheldon has called his play by so offensive a name shows that he intended to handle the subject without gloves. Fortunately he is a very young man and has time before him to do better work. He is just young enough to think that to lay bare the secrets of the charnel house means strength. He will realize before long that it is weakness. To paint putrid sores does not mean a great artist, it means a man groping his way, who to attract attention goes to any extreme. To put the most loathsome side of the negro question before the footlights does not mean a powerful play. It means merely a misguided playwright who will one day repent of his sins. But what of the management that accepted it and produced it in a theatre supposed to be dedicated to the best in dramatic art and which if its founders are to be believed stands high above commercialism! Since the first night there have not been very large audiences to see this play, which speaks well for the patrons of the New Theatre.

Mr. Ames tried an experiment a few nights ago. He gave a pantomime, "Historie d'une Pierrot," with Rita Sacchetto as Pierrot. It did not prove a wise experiment, for but a small audience turned out to see it, and that, unlike most small audiences, was not enthusiastic. The pantomime since the days of George L. Fox has not flourished in this country. We like it when we see it abroad, but it does not please us when imported. There have been some beautiful performances of pantomime in New York, but we do not take kindly to them even when so popular an actress as Ada Rehan whitens up as Pierrot.

Another snag that the New Theatre has run up against is the opera comique which it was so nominated in the bond should be given there on certain nights and at certain matinees during the week. A foolish arrangement it has always seemed to me and a mixing up of interests that could never blend. It was thought when the New Theatre was first planned that to give opera comique there would make it more attractive to the stockholders, many of whom could not get boxes at the Metropolitan Opera House. The experiment has proved to be not only a nuisance, but a failure. There was bitter feeling between the opera managers and the theatre managers over rehearsals. Each claimed that the other did not give it a chance to do itself justice. The unhappy singers were poked off anywhere when they could not get the stage of the New Theatre for rehearsals. They were even sent over to Brooklyn to rehearse, which was regarded as the last feather upon the nightingale's back. Black looks have been looked and black words spoken and bad blood coursed in the veins of both sides. Now the matter is settled once and for all, though not for this year. Next year the New Theatre will have no opera. It will be devoted exclusively to the drama, which would seem to down the rumor that it was to be turned into an opera house and a new temple reared to Thespis.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1910.

To Judson Thurber, boatswain of the United States revenue cutter *Bear*, belongs the credit for the success of a series of experiments in feeding fur seal pups which may result in new steps being taken by the Federal government for the preservation of seals in the islands and rookeries of the Bering Sea. Thurber has practically accomplished what a number of scientists have failed to do, and has aroused the general interest of the officials of the fisheries bureau. Despite the failure of all the scientists who have attempted to find a way of keeping fur seal orphans from starvation, he has succeeded in raising several pups "by hand." The fish commission is expected to make an investigation in the near future, and if Thurber's scheme is found practical stations may be established in the Bering Sea for the purpose of feeding the orphan pups by artificial means and so preventing the extinction of the species.

Wewauta, a postoffice in West Virginia, was so named because the villagers in their petition to the Postal Department said: "We don't care what you call it, only we want a postoffice." The request was granted, literally.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Fraulein Elizabeth von Paar, the famous fencing teacher in Vienna, is on a sight-seeing journey through the United States. Miss von Paar says that as far as she could judge the American women are much quicker to acquire a knowledge of fencing than their English or French sisters, but that they are not so thorough and rarely care to become experts.

The Duke of Connaught starts this month from London for a visit to South Africa and additional experiences in big-game shooting. The duke will be accompanied by the duchess, together with Princess Patricia and Prince Arthur of Connaught. Some three months will be passed by the royal party in camp not far from Nairobi, where the duke hunted on a former occasion.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland recently received General Stewart L. Woodford, president of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Commission, who formally presented to the government of the Netherlands an official gold medal struck in commemoration of the 300th anniversary of the discovery of the Hudson River and the 100th anniversary of the inauguration thereon of steam navigation.

The lecture on love which Jeanne Granier, the French actress, recently delivered at a hunting lodge entertainment at which the Kaiser was present, is the topic of the humorous comment of the day in Europe, and among the suggestions of possible results is one in a French paper that various popular French actresses be substituted for France's ambassadors at European capitals, Mme. Granier to take the post at Berlin.

Professor George Severance of the agricultural department of the Washington State College, drawing a salary of \$2000 a year, has resigned to take charge of three farms just beyond the boundary line in Canada, with a salary of \$3000 a year and all of his expenses paid, and is also to have an interest in the profits. An automobile is to be provided for his use in his work on the farms. The college farmer is evidently coming into his own in a motor-car.

There are probably not many land-owners who ply the hoe and rake at the age of eighty-two, but Lord Haddington has always given the closest personal attention to his property, and gardening in particular has always been one of his keenest delights. Eleventh earl and a representative peer for Scotland, Lord Haddington succeeded to the title nearly forty years ago, and for more than a quarter of a century he has been lord lieutenant of his county.

Captain Kaempff of the *Deutschland*, while walking near the Battery in New York one day, was introduced by a mutual friend to the captain of one of the Cunarders. The friend felt elated at bringing the two prominent navigators together, but was surprised when Captain Kaempff said, "I am glad to shake your hand, captain, but we hardly need an introduction, do we?" Although they had never met personally until that moment, the two mariners had been talking to each other for four years at sea by wireless.

Señor Don Rafael Altamira y Crevea, professor of the general history of Spanish law in the University of Oviedo, is now in New York, returning from a long journey, including Argentina, Chili, Peru, and Mexico, made in the interest of the idea of which he is especially the champion, that of a closer intellectual union between Spain and the Latin-American countries. Professor Altamira has made a long series of contributions to the history of his country, culminating in his History of Spain and of Spanish Civilization.

Chandler Egan of Chicago is the foremost amateur golf player of the United States for 1909, according to the ratings by leading golf authorities in the East. A ranking of the sixteen best golfers of 1909 made by Hugh L. Fitzpatrick, recognized as the dean of American golf reporters, who has prepared the ratings for several years, puts Mr. Egan at the head, with W. J. Travis second. There are five other Chicago men in the list. It is not stated that these gentlemen go to Indiana or Wisconsin to find room to knock the little ball about.

J. Pierpont Morgan was educated at the University of Gottingen. Discussing the German universities at a dinner, Mr. Morgan said: "A great many young American students finish up in Germany. They have quite a reputation there. A great German biologist once said to me: 'I think we shall have to exclude your young compatriots from our schools. They no sooner come here than they begin to cheat.' 'Cheat?' said I, alarmed. 'How so?' 'Why,' said the biologist, 'they only pay tuition for one, but they learn enough for three or four.'"

The rapid promotion in the British navy of Captain David Beatty, husband of the daughter of Marshall Field, is attracting attention in England. A special order has been issued by the admiralty providing for Captain Beatty's promotion to rear-admiral without the required six-year service as captain. Captain Beatty, "the handsomest officer in the navy," is a social favorite, and his quick promotion, which is compared to that of Nord Nelson, is popular. He is thirty-eight years old. He has distinguished himself in service on the Nile and in China, and at the admiralty is regarded as one of the most capable officers in the British navy.



## HIS BROTHER'S KEEPER.

By Rudyard Kipling.

"Whist?"

"Can't make up a four?"

"Poker, then?"

"Never again with you, Robin. 'Tisn't good enough, old man."

"Seeking what he may devour," murmured a third voice from behind a newspaper. "Stop the punkah, and make him go away."

"Don't talk of it on a night like this. It's enough to give a man fits. You've no enterprise. Here I've taken the trouble to come over after dinner—"

"On the off-chance of skinning some one. I don't believe you ever crossed a horse for pleasure."

"That's true. I never did—and there are only two Johnnies in the club."

"They've all gone off to the Gaff."

"Wah! Wah! They must be pretty hard up for amusement. Help me to a split."

"Split in this weather! Hi, bearer, *do burra—burra* whisky-peg *lao*, and just put all the *barf* into them that you can find."

The newspaper came down with a rustle, as the reader said:

"How the deuce d'you expect a man to improve his mind when you two are *bukking* about drinks? *Qui hai! Mera vasti bhi!*"

"Oh! you're alive, are you? I thought pegs would fetch you out of that. Game for a little poker?"

"Poker—poker—*red-hot* poker! Saveloy, you're too generous. Can't you let a man die in peace?"

"Who's going to die?"

"I am, please the pigs, if it gets much hotter and that bearer doesn't bring the peg quickly."

"All right. Die away, *mon ami*. Only don't do it in the club, that's all. Can't have it littered up with dead members. Houligan would object."

"By Jove! I think I can imagine old Houligan doing it. Member dead in the anteroom? Good Gud! Bless my soul! Impossible to run a club this way. Call the Babu and see if his last month's bill is paid. Not paid! Good Gud! Bless my soul! Impossible to run a club this way. Babu, attach that body till the bill is paid." Revel, you might just hurry up your dying once in a way to give us the pleasure of seeing Houligan perform."

"I'll die legitimately," said Revel. "I'm not going to create a fresh scandal in the station. I'll wait for heat-apoplexy, or whatever is going, to come and fetch me."

"This is *pukka* hot-weather talk," said Saveloy. "I come over for a little honest poker, and find two moderately sensible men, Revel and Dallston, talking tombs. I'm sorry I've thrown away my valuable evening."

"D'you expect us to talk about buttercups and daisies, then?" said Dallston.

"No, but there's some sort of medium between those and sudden death."

"There isn't. I haven't seen a daisy for seven years, and now I want to die," said Revel, plunging luxuriously into his peg.

"I knew a Johnnie on the frontier once who did," began Dallston meditatively.

"Half a minute. Bearer, *cherut lao!* Tobacco soothes the nerves when a man is expected to hear a whacker. We know what your frontier stories are, Martha."

Dallston had once, in a misguided moment, taken the part of Martha in the burlesque of "Faust," and the nickname stuck.

"Tisn't a whacker, it's a fact. He told me so himself."

"They always do, Martha. I've noticed that before. But what did he tell you?"

"He told me that he had died."

"Was that all? Explain him."

"It was this way. The man went down with a bad go of fever and was off his head. About the second day it struck him in the middle of the night."

"Steady the Buffs! Martha, you aren't an Irishman yet."

"Never mind. It's too hot to put it correctly. In the middle of the night he woke up quite calm, and it struck him that it would be a good thing to die—just as it might ha' struck him that it would be a good thing to put ice on his head. He lay on his bed and thought it over, and the more he thought about it, the better sort of *bundabust* it seemed to be. He was quite calm, you know, and he said that he could have sworn that he had no fever on him."

"Well, what happened?"

"Oh, he got up and loaded his revolver—he remembers all this—and let fly, with the muzzle to his temple. The thing didn't go off, so he turned it up and found he'd forgot to load one chamber."

"Better stop the tale there. We can guess what's coming."

"Hang it! It's a *true* yarn. Well, he jammed the thing to his head *again*, and it missed fire, and he said that he felt ready to cry with rage, he was so disgusted. So he took it by the muzzle and bit himself on the head with it."

"Good man! Didn't it go off then?"

"No, but the blow knocked him silly, and he thought he was dead. He was awfully pleased, for he had

been fiddling over the show for nearly half an hour. He dropped down and died. When he got his wits again, he was shaking with the fever worse than ever, but he had sense enough to go and knock up the doctor and give himself into his charge as a lunatic. Then he went clean off his head till the fever wore out."

"That's a good story," said Revel critically. "I didn't think you had it in you at this season of the year."

"I can believe it," said the man they called Saveloy. "Fever makes one do all sorts of queer things. I suppose your friend was mad with it when he discovered it would be so healthy to die."

"S'pose so. The fever must have been so bad that he felt all right—same way that a man who is nearly mad with drink gets to look sober. Well, anyhow, there was a man who died."

"Did he tell you what it felt like?"

"He said that he was awfully happy until his fever came back and shook him up. Then he was sick with fear. I don't wonder. He'd had rather a narrow escape."

"That's nothing," said Saveloy. "I know a man who lived."

"So do I," said Revel. "Lots of 'em, confound 'em."

"Now, this takes Martha's story, and it's quite true."

"They always are," said Martha. "I've noticed that before."

"Never mind, I'll forgive you. But this happened to me. Since you *are* talking tombs, I'll assist at the séance. It was in '82 or '83, I have forgotten which. Anyhow, it was when I was on the Utamamula Canal Headworks, and I was chumming with a man called Stovey. You've never met him because he belongs to the Bombay side, and if he isn't really dead by this he ought to be somewhere there now. He was a *pukka* sweep, and I hated him. We divided the canal bungalow between us, and we kept strictly to our own side of the buildings."

"Hold on! I call. What was Stovey to look at?" said Revel.

"Living picture of the King of Spades—a blackish, greasy sort of ruffian who hadn't any pretense of manners or form. He used to dine in the kit he had been messing about the canal in all day, and I don't believe he ever washed. He had the embankments to look after, and I was in charge of the headworks, but he was always contriving to fall foul of me if he possibly could."

"I know that sort of man. Mullane of Ghoridasah's built that way."

"Don't know Mullane, but Stovey was a sweep. Canal work isn't exactly cheering, and it doesn't take you into much society. We were like a couple of rats in a burrow, grubbing and scooping all day and turning in at night into the barn of a bungalow. Well, this man Stovey didn't get fever. He was so coated with dirt that I don't believe the fever could have got at him. He just began to go mad."

"Cheerful! What were the symptoms?"

"Well, his naturally vile temper grew infamous. It was really unsafe to speak to him, and he always seemed anxious to murder a coolie or two. With me, of course, he restrained himself a little, but he sulked like a bear for days and days together. As he was the only European society within sixty miles, you can imagine how nice it was for me. He'd sit at table and sulk and stare at the opposite wall by the hour—instead of doing his work. When I pointed out that the government didn't send us into these cheerful places to twiddle our thumbs, he glared like a beast. Oh, he was a thorough hog! He had a lot of other endearing tricks, but the worst was when he began to pray."

"Began to—how much?"

"Pray. He got hold of an old copy of the *War Cry* and used to read it at meals; and I suppose that that, on the top of tough goat, disordered his intellect. One night I heard him in his room groaning and talking at a fearful rate. Next morning I asked him if he'd been taken worse. 'I've been engaged in prayer,' he said, looking as black as thunder. 'A man's spiritual concerns are his own property.' One night—he'd kept up these spiritual exercises for about ten days, growing queerer and queerer every day—he said 'Good-night' after dinner, and got up and shook hands with me."

"Bad sign, that," said Revel, sucking industriously at his cheroot.

"At first I couldn't make out what the man wanted. No fellow shakes hands with a fellow he's living with—least of all such a beast as Stovey. However, I was civil, but the minute after he'd left the room it struck me what he was going to do. If he hadn't shaken hands I'd have taken no notice, I suppose. This unusual effusion put me on my guard."

"Curious thing! You can nearly always tell when a Johnnie means pegging out. He gives himself away by some softening. It's human nature. What did you do?"

"Called him back, and asked him what the this and that meant by interfering with my coolies in the day. He was generally hampering my men, but I had never taken any notice of his vagaries till then. In another minute we were arguing away, hammer and tongs. If it had been any other man I'd 'a' simply thrown the lamp at his head. He was calling me all the mean names under the sun, accusing me of misusing my authority and goodness only knows what all. When he had talked himself down one stretch, I had only to say a few words to start him off again, as

fresh as a daisy. On my word, this jabbering went on for nearly three hours."

"Why didn't you get coolies and have him tied up, if you thought he was mad?" asked Revel.

"Not a safe business, believe me. Wrongful restraint on your own responsibility of a man nearly your own standing looks ugly. Well, Stovey went on bullying me and complaining about everything I'd ever said or done since I came on the canal, till—he went fast asleep."

"Wah-at?"

"Went off dead asleep, just as if he'd been drugged. I thought the brute had had a fit at first, but there he was with his head hanging a little on one side and his mouth open. I knocked up his bearer and told him to take the man to bed. We carried him off and shoved him on his charpoy. He was still asleep, and I didn't think it worth while to undress him. The fit, whatever it was, had worked itself out, and he was limp and used up. But as I was going to leave the room, and went to turn the lamp down, I looked in the glass and saw that he was watching me between his eyelids. When I spun round he seemed asleep. 'That's your game, is it?' I thought, and I stood over him long enough to see that he was shamming. Then I cast an eye round the room and saw his Martini in the corner. We were all *bullunccers* on the canal works. I couldn't find the cartridges, so to make all serene I knocked the breech-pin out with the cleaning-rod and went to my own room. I didn't go to sleep for some time. About one o'clock—our rooms were only divided by a door of sorts, and my bed was close to it—I heard my friend open a chest of drawers. Then he went for the Martini. Of course, the breech-block came out with a rattle. Then he went back to bed again, and I nearly laughed."

"Next morning he was doing the genial, hail-fellow-well-met trick. Said he was afraid he'd lost his temper overnight, and apologized for it. About half-way through breakfast—he was talking thickly about everything and anything—he said he'd come to the conclusion that a beard was a beastly nuisance and made one stuffy. He was going to shave his. Would I lend him my razors? 'Oh, you're a crafty beast, you are,' I said to myself. I told him that I was of the other opinion, and finding my razors nearly worn out had chucked them into the canal only the night before. He gave me one look under his eyebrows and went on with his breakfast. I was in a stew lest the man should cut his throat with one of the breakfast knives, so I kept one eye on him most of the time."

"Before I left the bungalow I caught old Jeewun Singh, one of the *mistries* on the gates, and gave him strict orders that he was to keep in sight of the sahib wherever he went and whatever he did; and if he did or tried to do anything foolish, such as jumping down the well, Jeewun Singh was to stop him. The old man tumbled at once, and I was easier in my mind when I saw how he was shadowing Stovey up and down the works. Then I sat down and wrote a letter to old Baggs, the civil surgeon at Chemanghath, about sixty miles off, telling him how we stood. The runner left about three o'clock. Jeewun Singh turned up at the end of the day and gave a full, true, and particular account of Stovey's doings. D'you know what the brute had done?"

"Spare us the agony. Kill him straight off, Saveloy!"

"He'd stopped the runner, opened the bag, read my letter, and torn it up! There were only two letters in the bag, both of which I'd written. I was pretty *average* angry, but I lay low. At dinner he said he'd got a touch of dysentery and wanted some chlorodyne. For a man anxious to depart this life he was *about* as badly equipped as you could wish. Hadn't even a medicine-chest to play with. He was no more suffering from dysentery than I, but I said I'd give him the chlorodyne, and so I did—fifteen drops, mixed in a wine-glass, and when he asked for the bottle I said that I hadn't any more."

"That night he began praying again, and I just lay in bed and shuddered. He was invoking the most blasphemous curses on my head—all in a whisper, for fear of waking me up—for frustrating what he called his 'great and holy purpose.' You never heard anything like it. But as long as he was praying I knew he was alive, and he ran his praying half through the night."

"Well, for the next ten days he was apparently quite rational; but I watched him and told Jeewun Singh to watch him like a cat. I suppose he wanted to throw me off my guard, but I wasn't to be thrown. I grew thin watching him. Baggs wrote in to say he had gone on tour and couldn't be found anywhere in particular for another six weeks. It was a ghastly time."

"One day old Jeewun Singh turned up with a bit of paper that Stovey had given to one of the *lohars* as a *naksha*. I thought it was mean work spying into another man's plans, but when I saw what was on the paper I gave old Jeewun Singh a rupee. It was a beautiful little breech-pin. The one-ideaed idiot had gone back to Martini! I never dreamt of such persistence. 'Tell me when the *lahar* gives it to the sahib,' I said, and I felt more comfy for a few days. Even if Jeewun Singh hadn't split I should have known when the new breech-pin was made. The brute came in to dinner with a dashed confident, triumphant air, as if he'd done me in the eye at last; and all through dinner he was fiddling in his waistcoat pocket. He went to bed early. I went, too, and I put my head against the



door and listened like a woman. I must have been shivering in my pyjamas for about two hours before my friend went for the dismantled Martini. He could not get the breech-pin to fit at first. He rummaged about, and then I heard a file go. That seemed to make too much noise to suit his fancy, so he opened the door and went out into the compound, and I heard him, about fifty yards off, filing in the dark at that breech-pin as if he had been possessed. Well, he was, you know. Then he came back to the light, cursing me for keeping him out of his rest and the peace of Abraham's bosom. As soon as I heard him taking up the Martini, I ran round to his door and tried to enter gayly, as the stage directions say. 'Lend me your gun, old man, if you're awake,' I said. 'There's a howling big brute of a pariah in my room, and I want to get a shot at it.' I pretended not to notice that he was standing over the gun, but just pranced up and caught hold of it. He turned round with a jump and said: 'I'm sick of this. I'll see that dog, and if it's another of your lies I'll—' You know I'm not a moral man."

"Hear! hear!" drowsily from Martha. "But I simply daren't repeat what he said. 'All right!' I said, still hanging on to the gun. 'Come along and we'll bowl him over.' He followed me into my room with a face like a fiend in torment. And, as truly as I'm yarning here, there was a huge brindled beast of a pariah sitting on my bed!"

"Tall, sir, tall. But go on. The audience is now awake."

"Hang it! Could I have invented that pariah? Stovey dropped off the gun and flopped down in a corner and yowled. I went 'ee ki ri ki re!' like a woman in hysterics, pitched the gun forward and oosed off through a window."

"And the pariah?" "He quitted for the time being. Stovey was in an awful state. He swore the animal hadn't been there when I called him. That was true enough. I firmly believe Providence put it there to save me from being killed by the infuriated Stovey."

"You've too lively a belief in Providence altogether. What happened?"

"Stovey tried to recover himself and pass it all over, but he let me keep the gun and went to bed. About two days afterwards old Baggs turned up on tour, and I told him Stovey wanted watching—more than I could give him. I don't know whether Baggs or the *pi* did it, but he didn't throw any more suicidal splints. I was transferred a little while afterwards."

"Ever meet the man again?"

"Yes; once at Sheik Katan dâk bungalow—trailing the big brindle *pi* after him."

"Oh, it was real, then. I thought it was arranged for the occasion."

"Not a bit. It was a *pukka pi*. Stovey seemed to remember me in the same way that a horse seems to remember. I fancy his brain was a little cloudy. We iffined together—after the *pi* had been fed, if you please—and Stovey said to me: 'See that dog? He saved my life once. Oh, by the way, I believe you were there, too, weren't you?' I shouldn't care to work with Stovey again."

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a holy pause in the smoking-room of the Foopare Club.

"What I like about Saveloy's play," said Martha, looking at the ceiling, "is the beautifully artistic way in which he follows up a flush with a full. Go to bed, old man!"—From "Abaft the Funnel," by Rudyard Kipling. Published by B. W. Dodge & Co., New York.

An artificial eclipse of the sun can be produced by means of the camera and the sensitized photographic plate. It was first done in New York by Edwin Fair-ax Naulty. There is a striking similarity between the effect produced on a photographic plate by an actual eclipse, by Professor S. P. Langley, and the effect produced on a photographic plate by artificial means by Naulty. The corona in the artificial eclipse photographs—for two were taken on September 12 and others since—comes out in striking detail and bears a wonderful similarity to the radiance seen about the sun when in an actual eclipse the body of the moon is interposed between the sun and the earth.

In half a century the United States Department of Agriculture has grown from a mere beginning to an institution with over 11,000 employees. Congress supplies it with an annual income for its expenditure in the neighborhood of \$15,000,000, while half as much more is spent by the States in their agricultural experiments, colleges, and experiment stations. Of its employees, nearly 3000 are scientists, hundreds are administrative officers, and thousands are clerks and elpers. There are a dozen bureaus, ranging in expenditure from \$60,000 to \$4,000,000.

A section of the amphitheatre in King Arthur's round table field in Monmouthshire, England, has been partially exhumed. The Archaeological Society has made excavations around the walls, and the searchers found the main entrance, the sand which formed the bed of the arena, and a cornerstone. From inscriptions on the stone they trace the date of the theatre back to 110 A. D., or 1800 years.

## JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

The Daughter-in-Law of the Great Comedian Writes a Volume of Illuminating Reminiscence.

It is well for the memory of Joseph Jefferson that he should have had a daughter-in-law so well equipped both with ability and with material to illustrate his often repeated sentiment: "It has been dear to me—this life of illuminated emotions, and it has been magnificently repaid." That sentiment is indeed the keynote of Mrs. Jefferson's recollections, and she has been well advised to play upon it rather than to attempt the more formal biography that usually contains so much that we are not concerned to know. The author takes her subject *in medias res*, allowing herself to be led onward by the more shining points in memory, and although she must inevitably lead us to the end of all human things it comes without any of the sadness that would be irrelevant to a life so full of sunlight.

What, for example, could be better chosen than the reproduction of the conversation between Jefferson and C. Edwin Booth Grossman, the grandson of Edwin Booth, who had been invited to join the great actor upon one of his fishing excursions. Fishing was one of Jefferson's excuses for being out of doors, and as he sat in indescribable costume preparing his lines his young friend asked him one of those straightforward questions for which youth has its special immunity: "Do you consider acting the highest form of art?"

"Oh, yes! Certainly I do. Of course, there are plenty of people who deny that acting is an art, but I hold that it is a very high art. It is foolish to think otherwise. It may not be so much the art of production; but it's the art of reproduction—that's it! To be able to reproduce night after night the same emotions and effects that you portrayed the first night! Gracious, isn't that art?"

"Look at me!" he went on, while Billy, the skipper's mate, split open clams, "no matter how long I play a part—a hundred nights or a thousand—I must play that part exactly the same as the last performance as I did at the first. And how am I going to do that? It's all well enough to talk about inspiration of the moment, but suppose that doesn't come, and if I don't know how to bring about the same effect without the inspiration, where am I?"

Perhaps a less modest man would have laid his stress upon the production rather than upon the reproduction. Edwin Booth, he went on to say, was a great actor, but a greater man, and he knew him before he was married, "and then his eyes seemed to be scanning the mysterious scroll of the future."

He was ever ready to talk about the stage, but always in the broad generalizations that were so far removed from personal criticism or censure. In almost the last message that he gave to the public he says that we need not fear for the future either in plays or in players, but dramatic greatness must come in new ways:

It is a chromo-lithographic age. A man has to learn so much to be fairly abreast of his time that he would be as old as Methuselah before he would have time to think of being a Shakespeare. After he has read all the English and foreign classics and kept up with the reviews and magazines and tried to get hold of the names in the Russo-Japanese war, what time would he have to be a Sheridan? Then everybody writes, and that means diffusion. Quality must suffer in the face of such a quantity. It is chromo-lithographic and not divinely pictorial.

"Is the tendency, however, toward refinement?" "Yes, on the whole. Our stage is decent. I am no milk-sop of the drama. I do not object to problem plays if the problem is vital and the expression of it not offensive to decent ears. I hold of the play as I do of the player, that it should be always above its audience—a little above it, not too high, for then the audience can only see into the 'flies,' if I may use a stage phrase for extreme and fruitless looking up. In the same way the actor has a stern responsibility to his hearers. He is under bonds to respect them and their wives and children as he would have his own respected. He must not inflict coarseness upon those 'in front' any more than he would tolerate it in his own parlor.

Along similar lines is the general advice that he gave to some ambitious actor who wanted to know the royal road to success:

The surest way to fail is to imitate some one else. You must be yourself.

Never try to gauge the intelligence of your audience by the price of seats.

Always keep the promise you make to the public. Always do the thing you can do the best.

Never allow vulgarity or impurity to tarnish a performance.

He had learned to look favorably upon the star system, although once he had believed it to be "the most pernicious that could be put upon the public." Shakespeare, he said, invented it, for the principal characters in his plays are stars, and Romeo and Juliet are double stars:

Of "Romeo and Juliet" there is a story told, and it illustrates the philosophy of the dramatic art and the wonderful flexibility of Shakespeare's characters, that they can be conceived and executed upon entirely different actors. David Garrick and Barrie were playing Romeo in London, and one seemed to have as much power with audiences as the other, though the men were entirely different. Garrick was small in stature and insignificant, while Barrie was an imposing man, tall, with splendid physique and a most beautiful voice. London was divided as to which was the best Romeo. Mrs. Seward, who was playing Juliet for both, was consulted. This was a very difficult question for the lady to answer. "The gentlemen play the part so differently and yet so magnificently that it is very difficult for me to decide. I will show you the effect that they have on me, and you can draw your own conclusions. In the balcony scene when Garrick is making love to me as Romeo, he is so eager and so ardent that I am afraid every minute that he will leap up to me; and when I act with Barrie he is so fascinating that I have to control myself for fear that I will jump down to him."

The story of the chance meeting of Jefferson with

General Grant is of course as widely known as it deserves, but it will always bear telling again:

Jefferson liked to tell the following story upon himself. He was, of course, well known personally to thousands of men whom he did not know. He was constantly meeting strangers who always remembered him, and the fact that they had met him, but whom he did not always remember. He was very sensitive upon this subject, and was greatly distressed when he forgot a face or a name which he ought not to have forgotten. One day, coming down in the elevator from the top story of the Mills building in Wall Street, New York, he noticed a stout, compact little man who entered the car at the next floor, who looked at him for a moment, evidently waiting for recognition, and then held out his hand and said: "How do you do, Mr. Jefferson!" The actor, of course, responded in his usual cordial, hearty way, and replied: "Why, why, why! How do you do? When did you come to town, and how long are you going to be here?"

The stranger said: "But I live here, Mr. Jefferson, and you don't know who I am!"

"Well," the protagonist confessed, "I know your face perfectly, of course, but I can't place you. I see many faces, and I'm apt to get confused in my study of physiognomy."

The little stout, compact stranger smiled as he turned his cigar over in his mouth, and said, "I'm General Grant!"

It is not so well known that Jefferson was among those invited to Grover Cleveland's house to hear the returns read on the occasion of his second nomination:

Just before midnight, at a time when the excitement seemed greatest, ex-President Cleveland suddenly sprang up, exclaiming, "There! I do believe I forgot to dry my fishing line!" and hurriedly left the room. Towards daylight, when there remained no doubt as to his nomination for a second term, and he had received the congratulations of all present save one, Mr. Cleveland turned to look for Mr. Jefferson. He was standing before the great landscape window (a feature of the new dining-room which had been added to the old building), his hands folded behind his back, gazing intently upon the reflection of the rising sun flushing every cloud with color and repeated in the waters of Buzzards Bay; forgetful of all save that beautiful picture. Mr. Cleveland crossed the room to where he stood and spoke to him. "Joe, aren't you going to congratulate me?" Mr. Jefferson started, turned to him, and grasping his hand warmly, said, "Oh, I do—believe me, I do! but—good God!" turning again to the beautiful scene, his face reflecting its glow—"if I could paint like that"—his hand sweeping the horizon—"you could be emperor of the world and I wouldn't exchange places with you!"

Mr. Jefferson was elected to succeed Edwin Booth as president of the Players' Club, and upon one occasion he sent a poem of greeting when he was unable to be present. There are eleven stanzas, of which three may be quoted here:

And on the last day, when we leave those we love,  
And depart in a solemn procession,  
I hope that we'll play star engagements above,  
For I'm sure they admit the profession.

As for me, when I knock at the gate (with some fear)

I know that St. Peter will say:

"Walk in, young comedian, and act with us here,  
But, for Heaven's sake, get a new play."

And now, friends, Good-Night! (or Good-Morning, I fear).  
Proceed with your innocent joys.

In closing I wish you a happy New Year!

"May you live long and prosper," dear boys.

There are innumerable minor anecdotes in this charming book, but they are none of them insignificant. Among them is the incident related by Edward B. Tilton in illustration of the enthusiasm that Jefferson was able to evoke even in the uneducated:

Landre, our driver, knew only of the theatre and actors by what he had heard in Mr. Jefferson's home. When the play was billed there, he went to Mr. Jefferson and something as follows occurred:

LANDRE—"Play comin' to theat'?" (theatre).

MR. JEFFERSON—Yes.

LANDRE—"Yo ack?" (act).

MR. J.—No.

LANDRE (surprised, but struck with an idea)—Ah! Mars' Char'e ack?

MR. J.—No.

LANDRE (puzzled, but hopeful)—Oh! Mars' Tom—he ack?

Mr. Jefferson being compelled to reply in the negative, Landre, in desperation, inquired: "Den who de hell ack?"

It has been said that Joseph Jefferson did in America what Sir Henry Irving had done in England to elevate the personality, the social and intellectual standing of the actor and the stage, and that so great was his power that his lifetime witnessed a revolution in the public attitude toward the drama. It was no mere conventional sentiment that called him "The Dean of the Dramatic Profession."

It would be possible to reproduce as many good things as there are pages in this substantial book. That the author has effaced herself is evidence of her literary competence, and the evidence is confirmed by a perusal of one of the few books of its kind that contain no superfluous or uninteresting matter.

"Intimate Recollections of Joseph Jefferson," by Eugénie Paul Jefferson. Published with numerous illustrations by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$3.50.

The National Geographic Society was organized "to increase and diffuse geographic knowledge" in January, 1888, by about twenty scientific geographers and explorers of Washington, among whom were the late J. W. Powell, the first explorer of the Grand Cañon and the first director of the United States Geological Survey, A. W. Greely, who at that time held the record of the farthest north, and George Kennan, Siberian traveler and explorer. In the first few years the membership was limited to scientific geographers, but because of the acquisition of Hawaii, the Philippine Islands, and the South African and Russo-Japanese wars, the scientific element felt that the society could accomplish more in educating the public by opening the membership to all intelligent and educated persons who were interested in the subject of geography. As a result the society's membership has grown very rapidly until now it exceeds fifty thousand.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Martin Eden*, by Jack London. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

We may at last congratulate the author upon the writing of a real novel with a beginning, culmination, and end, and with a plot that marches steadily forward to its goal. "Martin Eden" has many irritating defects, but it is a vital piece of work and by far the most commendable of Mr. London's longer stories.

Martin Eden is a young sailor who has rendered a service to Arthur Morse and in acknowledgment has been invited to dinner. At the latter's middle-class home he meets his sister Ruth, who is a girl of the conventional high-school graduate variety but with a showy culture that both dazzles and inspires the uncouth young sailor. Martin has great intellectual possibilities and the force to attain them, and his instant infatuation with Ruth starts him on the path of self-culture which he sees is the only one leading to his goal.

Martin's efforts are described with imagination, pathos, and force. He leaves the sea and engages in a heart-breaking struggle for a living that shall give him time for the novel work of literary exploration. Reading omnivorously and without guidance, starving and half-clad, he slowly coordinates his studies and tries his prentice hand at expression. Then he becomes engaged to Ruth and the sale of his literary wares becomes imperative if he is to find a home for the idol whom we see at once to be pitifully unworthy. Every cent that he can save goes for postage stamps and his miserable room is littered with rejected manuscripts. It is the old story of Gruh Street in a new dress, the tragedy of genius, and Gruh Street has seen greater writers than Martin Eden to whom recognition came only as an obituary.

The great defect of the story is its obviously autobiographical intention, and the novelist who calls upon high heaven to witness his sufferings, his merits, his self-sacrifice, and his genius is gravely trying the patience of his readers. He earns their severity when he pursues his editorial enemies under transparent disguises and lampoons them because they have failed to recognize his ability or have misjudged the popular taste by rejecting his contributions. The editor who declines a manuscript passes no judgment upon its merit. He only expresses the opinion that it would not be acceptable to his readers, an opinion that may of course prove to be wrong. And the author who is thus rejected has no more right to make his egotistic plaint to the public in the guise of a novel than has the unappreciated shoeblack or the neglected harbor. Martin Eden had no valid complaint because the editors sniffed dubiously at his unusual contributions, nor can we weep tears of pity because he had to wait for acknowledgment until he was nearly thirty years old. It would have been good for him to wait until sixty. The rule of impenetrable silence about one's own sufferings is a good one, while sympathy was never yet earned by allowing a spiteful resentfulness to follow success.

*Latter-Day Problems*, by J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

It is perhaps true that political economy allows a fuller expression of the personal equation than any other subject of its kind. The author, who is professor of political economy in the University of Chicago, here gives us ten essays, all of them marked by knowledge and research, but nearly all of them from the standpoint of a placid satisfaction with things as they are and an unctuous contentment with institutions that are now in the super-heated fires of public opinion. What, for instance, are we to say to the assumption that Socialists are those who have failed in the struggle for wealth? What are we to say to the logic of such a sentence as this: "Since the Socialist grieves at the unequal distribution of material wealth . . . one is obliged to ask at once why the Socialist does not himself set to work and accumulate wealth as well as others?" And again how shall we characterize the complacency that can say: "We have come where we are today solely because . . . we have succeeded in repressing inequality due to injustice, tyranny, and force. In truth, great accumulations of capital were never possible until equality and justice of treatment were secured to all." And lastly we may marvel at the statement that the very poor pay "no taxes to speak of." Taxes, from the economic standpoint, are not measured by dollars, but by the proportion that they bear to income, and the very poor are therefore much more heavily taxed than the well-to-do.

The author's effort to show that our present economic system in its main features is in accord with Christianity is particularly unpleasant. The economic system may be unavoidable. It probably is unavoidable. It may be incapable of reform except by painfully slow and toilsome stages, but to speak

of it as Christian is little short of repulsive. The injunction to "take no thought for the morrow" may be a piece of sublime idealism, but it is certainly incompatible with our present economic ambitions. The author writes so interestingly and so suggestively that it is a pity that he should weaken a cause so often good by apparently underrating the intelligence of his readers. Every one nowadays knows something of political economy. To the man in the street it is not quite a mystery like the binomial theorem, and the man in the street has good reasons of his own for refusing to believe that everything is for the best in this hest of all possible worlds, or that his moral character might suffer by a change that gave him a larger share of the world's good things.

*The Exile of St. Helena*, from the French of Philippe Gonnard. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$3.50.

The author sub-titles his work "The Latest Phase in Fact and Fiction," and to the extent in which he succeeds in disentangling the two he deserves the thanks of historical and political students.

The fiction that centres around Napoleon owes its origin to two sources. Firstly we have the fable that always clusters around a heroic figure, and secondly we have Napoleon's deliberate effort at self-justification by a process that was certainly of the special plea variety, even if it did not amount to a falsification of fact. Napoleon undertook the work upon his memoirs with a definite intention to reach certain results that should be to the credit of his memory and for the benefit of his family. Among them was the establishment of his contention that he was a faithful adherent of the revolutionary idea, and that he was forced into a dictatorship only by the irresistible march of events. Another was his belief in God, and still another that he was naturally a man of peace who was driven into war by the hostilities of Europe. To estimate the motives of another is difficult, while to estimate our own is nearly impossible, and it may be that these and other motives appeared so desirable to Napoleon that he was actually persuaded of their possession. However that may be, his memoirs are all written toward them and around them, and the great Napoleonic legend is the result. It is an assertion of motives and a special and partisan plea for their existence.

The author's task was a difficult but a necessary one. Each contention of the legend is arraigned in front of ascertained and known fact and judged accordingly, while the process is one of such extraordinary care and amplitude as to command ungrudging admiration and assent. The Napoleonic legend, whether it proceed from Napoleon himself or from his enthusiastic and sometimes fanciful admirers is subjected for the first time to ruthless analysis, and the result is an historical work of the first magnitude and importance.

*Modes and Manners of the Nineteenth Century*, by M. Edwards. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; 3 vols.; \$7.

A glance at these captivating volumes with their illustrations upon every page carries with it a suggestion that fashion is responsible for a good deal more than folly, that it has wiped out that delicate correspondence between prevailing thought and prevailing modes that once characterized our dress. National costumes are already a thing of the past. Welsh and Norwegian maidens, for instance, have discarded their distinctive garb in order that they may imitate Paris, or try to do so, and a dreary effort at uniformity, a uniformity of imitation, has displaced a picturesque and national individuality. But even as nations we no longer respond sartorially to political or social change, whereas in the earlier years of the last century a changing régime of politics and dress went hand in hand. The French revolution swept away the personal magnificence that preceded it, while it in turn was displaced by the directory and the empire with their instant reflections in the prevailing modes.

Nothing more ample than the present work could be devised. The whole century passes before us in review so far as it can be reproduced from the pictures and the engravings of the day. The letter-press is an admirable combination of sprightliness and philosophy, while the illustrations, both colored and plain, should be a veritable treasure house of suggestion and information. The work is certainly the result of laborious research, and too much praise can hardly be given to the care and effectiveness of its preparation.

*The American People: A Study in National Psychology*, by A. Maurice Low. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$2.25.

The author is an Englishman whose acquaintance with America is long enough and sympathetic enough to justify his inquiry as to whether the American people are the continuation of an old race, or the beginning of a new one. While we need somewhat to

clarify our definition of a race and perhaps to justify the water-tight compartment conception which is usually prevalent, Mr. Low's general purpose is clear enough and he pursues it with much logical and historical care.

He marks for us a clear distinction between the Pilgrim and the Puritan, allowing little to the former and well-nigh everything to the latter in the upbuilding of the race. The Puritan at the beginning was above all things an Englishman, but through the force of circumstances he diverged from the parent stock and in less than a century he had produced a new race. It is therefore to the Puritan and to the new and controlling circumstances in which he found himself that the author devotes his attention.

Of the kind nothing better about the early American Puritan has ever been written either as a general appreciation or as a survey of his possibilities and limitations. The Puritan, he tells us, was a "human Englishman" who had no desire to be otherwise until the conditions of his new life forced him to evolve a national individuality of his own. A new task was before him in a new climate with the need of new organizations, and so the links of an imitative sympathy were gradually broken and the new race was fairly upon its feet. The author draws from a wealth of historical lore and advances his argument with a concise lucidity that makes good reading.

*Landscape Painting*, by Birge Harrison. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

A title so conventional hardly prepares us for a handbook so rich in practical advice conveyed in such intimate and conversational form. The preface tells us, indeed, that it is the result of a promise to put into permanent form certain impromptu talks on landscape painting given before the Art Students' League of New York. Those who heard these talks were certainly fortunate, if we may judge from a reproduction that is effectively instructive from beginning to end.

The author covers a wide range that includes Color, Vibration, Refraction, Drawing, Composition, Pigments, Framing, Temperament, Character, and Impressionism. Even the subconscious self finds a place, and the artist is encouraged to assume the possession of powers over which the psychologists are still wrangling and put them to work for him in his art. Flashes of genius, he tells us, represent the beautiful and perfect correlations and harmonies that can only be compassed at the source of things "and without the bungling interference of reasoning man." Memory is one of the manifestations of the subconscious self, and that Japanese artists work nearly wholly from memory is the secret of their "synthetic charm." In illustration we are told of a Japanese wood carver who was intrusted with a design whose principal motive was the tortoise. When the purchaser found him working with a live turtle in the room he was blushing confused. "The honorable gentleman will pardon me," he said. "I am a simple artisan. Had I been an artist I should not have needed the turtle here to copy from."

Mr. Harrison has certainly given us an entertaining book and one that can not fail to be of practical value. It is enriched by twenty-four illustrations.

*Poems*, by Oscar Wilde. Published by Brentano's, New York.

It is well that we should have this dignified edition of Oscar Wilde's poems if only as a reminder of the rarely beautiful work of a man who to his own misdeeds had the added guilt of the scapegoat. Oscar Wilde will live as one of the real poets of the century, and his work will have an immortality mercifully denied to his character.

A valuable feature of the book is the weighty introduction by Temple Scott. Wilde's life and work have never been better epitomized, more fairly or more charitably. The spirit that Wilde sometimes expressed was a fine spirit, a "splendid force." The man himself was "a glorious companion, a brilliant and enlightening fellow, and a brave and ready friend." It was his calamity

To drift with every passion till my soul  
Is a strangled lute on which all winds can play,  
Is it for this that I have given away  
Mine ancient wisdom, and austere control?

*Sicily, the Garden of the Mediterranean*, by Will S. Monroe. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$3.

Sicily is a country of which we know very little, but a glance at Mr. Monroe's book convinces us that the loss is ours. It is not a travel book, although it is necessarily the result of travel, and therefore it is without that note of egotism and self-importance that is usually to be found in the record of a journey.

In spite of the title with its scenic suggestion, the bulk of the volume is devoted to the human side of the question. We are allowed to see the Sicilians as they were and as they are, and their history is one that may well arrest the attention of the student. The Sicilian aborigines include such little-known

peoples as the Sikans, the Sikels, and the Elymians, and then for three thousand years we find a procession of Phoenicians, Greek Carthaginians, Romans, Saracens, Norman French, and Spaniards. Then comes the liberation of Sicily by Garibaldi and his "thousand men in red shirts," and so we reach the Sicily of the present day, with its mingling of many traits and its no inconspicuous product of literature, music, painting, sculpture, and architecture.

The prevalent view of Sicily is not a favorable one. It may be that the "American" English authors who have found so many unkind things to say about the Sicilians have been too quick to judge from externals, and if so Mr. Monroe's work may well serve as a corrective. Certainly he himself shows no signs of prejudice in either direction, and his book may be commended for the light that it throws impartially upon a people of whom we might well know more.

*God and Man*, by E. Ellsworth Shumaker, Ph. D. (Yale). Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

It is as true in philosophy as elsewhere that there is no new thing under the sun, and if Dr. Shumaker has restated an ancient system it is with a wise recognition of the antagonism between the new and the true. "Above, so below" is one of the most venerable of philosophic axioms, and upon it have been based all systems of mysticism. Man's microcosm contains the possibilities of the highest consciousness in the universe and the divinity within him awaits only the development that shall follow effort. The all-pervading consciousness of Deity may become his individual consciousness if he will but render transparent the veils that hide the light. As the author himself expresses it: "He seeks to develop from self-consciousness into consciousness of the all." A similar aspiration is credited to Buddha when he said: "Foregoing self, the universe grows I."

Dr. Shumaker states his position with much persuasive force. Wholly free from the extravagances that mar so many modern writings upon mysticism, he shows the golden ladder of conscience as the path that may lead us away from the limitations of self to that something that is so infinitely high that we call it God. He denies any limit to the knowledge acquiring powers of man, and doors that must remain permanently closed any state of consciousness that is beyond reach. The book is one warmly to be commended to those who wish for a scholarly and sincere presentation of a philosophy that has never been absent from the world and that is now being presented once more with many harmful crudities and superstitions that are excluded from this wise and temperate work.

*The Pool of Flame*, by Louis Joseph Vance. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This unusually good story of adventure centres around the possession of a wonderful ruby originally stolen from the eye of an Eastern idol, and the effort of Colonel O'Rourke to obtain the reward offered for its restoration. The gallant Irishman is dogged half-way round the world by those who would take the gem from him, and although we know that he will finally triumph his success brings a sigh of relief. The incidents of the story are all good, but the character of O'Rourke is so well drawn that he deserves to rank almost with Captain Kettle. Mr. Vance should tell another story with this colonel for a hero.

George Meredith.

The announcement of a memorial edition of the works of George Meredith is one to arouse the attention of Meredith lovers all over the world. The publication has been undertaken by Charles Scribner's Sons, who believe that there will be twenty-seven volumes, containing not only all Mr. Meredith's novels, stories, poems, and essays, but a great deal of entirely new material not previously published in any form, including a novel "Celt and Saxon," and an unfinished comedy "The Sentimentalists." The poetry volume also will contain some stanzas not before published.

The publication will begin at once with "The Shaving of Shagpat" and "The Order of Richard Fevelev," and it is expected to maintain an average of two volumes a month. The many illustrations have been selected with much care, and the volumes will have an appearance in every way worthy of their subject and familiar to those who possess the New York edition of Henry James lately concluded. They will be sold only by subscription and in sets. Price per volume, cloth \$4, and in half levant \$4.

The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, have published "A Child's Guide to Biography," by Burton E. Stevenson. The book deals with American men of action—statesmen, pioneers, great soldiers, and great sailors. It is well adapted to arouse a love of biography and to guide it when it is aroused. The price is \$1.25.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Mr. Winter's Poems.

*The Poems of William Winter.* Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$2.

Mr. Winter's chief claim to our appreciative memory is as a dramatic critic. Beyond the circle of the stage itself his identification with the theatre is stronger than that of any man now living, while the service that he has rendered by his struggle for ethical values is none the less signal because it may have to wait awhile for full recognition. First and foremost Mr. Winter is a dramatic critic. That he is also a poet is incidental to a warm nature used to vigorous expression and to the sustenance of strong and beautiful things.

The sincerity of Mr. Winter's poems is a large compensation for their defects. Not that the defects are numerous or aggressive, or more serious than an occasional tendency to express commonplaces in metre or to deviate unintentionally into imitation. He is less fortunate in his poems to individuals than in those upon general subjects, possibly because of a certain stress of friendliness that has been stronger than the poetic inspiration. And there are some few poems that are slight enough to justify omission.

None the less the collection is a notable one and it ought not to be missed from the poet's shelf. Nowhere is there the least indication of banality or of a fall from a uniform level of high thought and imagination. That Mr. Winter has been writing poetry for a long time we are reminded by his note on "Orgia" that it was published in 1860 and that its authorship has been variously ascribed to the many human derelicts in whose pockets manuscript copies have been found. Some of its twenty-eight stanzas are of the kind that haunt the memory, perhaps unwelcomed:

I laugh, like the cruel and turbulent wave;  
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.

I laugh at joy, and well I know  
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;  
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.

I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;  
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.

I will drink to my soul, in its terrible mood,  
Dimly and solemnly understood.

There are about one hundred and fifty poems in this volume of some three hundred pages. It will be seen therefore that Mr. Winter's muse has not led him to any extended flights. The present edition is a collection of all that the author has published in the past with such additions as commend themselves to him. It represents, he tells us, all that he wishes to preserve, and it merits the admiration due to lofty and sincere thought and to an expression that is always correct and that is generally full of force and music.

*A Book of Operas*, by Henry Edward Krehbiel. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

No one is better qualified than Mr. Krehbiel to write on any subject pertaining to music, and in this book he fully sustains his reputation for lucid and instructive exposition. His object is to deal with the principal operas and to explain their histories, their plots, and their music, and he does this in the course of seventeen chapters, each one devoted to an operatic work. There are forty illustrations.

## New Publications.

From the superintendent of State printing, Sacramento, comes the first special report of the bureau of labor statistics, entitled "Labor Laws of California," compiled by Commissioner J. D. Mackenzie.

The D. Van Nostrand Company, New York, has published a little volume of "Lessons in Telegraphy" for use as a text-book in schools and colleges and for individual students. The author is Charles Henry Sewall and the price is \$1.

A selection from "Grimm's Animal Stories," translated by Lucy Crane, has been published by Duffield & Co., New York. The text is bold and the numerous full-page colored illustrations by John Rae are worthy of their subject.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published a compact volume of "Selections from the Works of Samuel Johnson," edited with an introduction and notes by Charles Grosvenor Osgood, preceptor in English in Princeton University.

"Rural Hygiene," by Isaac Williams Brewer, M. D., is "a handbook of sanitation designed for the use of students in the agricultural schools and colleges and for the residents of the rural districts of the United States." It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25.

"Selected Tales of Mystery," by Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated in color by Byam Shaw, is a substantial and handsome volume boldly printed on stout paper and containing nearly

everything of Poe's that is worth reproduction. Nothing could be better for presentation purposes. The publishers are the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

"Rafael in Italy," by Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple, has been added to the "Little People Everywhere" series published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. This illustrated series now numbers a dozen volumes and has a marked educational value.

"Boys and Girls of Seventy-Seven," by Mary P. Wells Smith, is a fourth volume in the "Old Deerfield" series, and is devoted to the Revolutionary War and to the events culminating in the surrender of Burgoyne. It is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco, have published a little book entitled "My Chums in Caricature," by Herschel Williams. A descriptive verse appears at the head of each page and at the foot are blank lines for the name of the friend whose character approximates thereto.

"The Crime of the Congo," by A. Conan Doyle, is a terrible arraignment of an order of things in the dark continent that we may now hope is upon the point of passing away forever. Dr. Doyle deals specially with the assertion that the scandal is due to the rivalries of rubber concessionaires, some of whom are Americans, and his disproof seems to be conclusive. The book is published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

"Sure Dart," by F. H. Costello, is described as "A Story of Strange Hunters and Stranger Game in the Days of Monsters." The prehistoric monsters are portrayed with a careful attention to accuracy, and our interest in the men who hunt them is all the keener for the absence of the customary and pretentious effort to analyze the prehistoric mentality. It is published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco. Price, \$1.25.

"The Boy's Catlin: My Life Among the Indians," edited with biographical introduction by Mary Gay Humphreys, consists of the most interesting parts of George Catlin's famous book about the North American Indians and their habits, specially arranged for boys and well illustrated by reproductions of the author's drawings. It would be hard to find a book of more wholesome fascination for boys. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Those whose faith in human nature is on the down grade should read "Miss Selina Lue," by Maria Thompson Daviess. The book is not only a delightful study of village life, but an unrivaled character sketch of a young woman to whom beneficence is as natural and as unconscious as breathing. The reader will not soon forget Miss Selina Lue with her fine humanity, her humor, and her charity. The book is published by the Bohrs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price, \$1.

The John McBride Company, New York, have published "The Question of the Hour," by Joseph P. Conway. It is described as "a review of the foundation and development of the Catholic Church in the United States," and its purport may be judged from its further description as "the story of the oldest, the largest, and the most progressive church in the country; the patron of Christian education, true science, and sound philosophy; and the only harrier now opposed to pseudo science, false philosophy, skepticism, and doubt." Its price is \$1.25.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. H. Snowden Ward, co-author with Mrs. Ward of "Shakespeare's Town and Times," has arranged for a lecture tour of the United States early this year.

Elizabeth Dejeans, author of "The Winning Chance," has returned to California, after making satisfactory arrangements with the Lippincotts for the publication of her new story.

The distinction of knighthood conferred upon Lieutenant Shackleton was timed with the appearance of his book, "The Heart of the Antarctic." But why a knighthood, which is almost the lowest of the awards ever given in England? If Lieutenant Shackleton had only been a brewer he might have expected a baronetcy at least or even a peerage.

The National Academy invented by New York has published its list of "immortals," and it is interesting to note that two-thirds of its total membership are of the metropolis. Boston is allowed an appropriation of fourteen, Baltimore two, Philadelphia two, Washington two, and Georgia one. As a counterweight to this amazing fertility of the Atlantic coast we find Mr. John Muir of California with a lonely seat among the mighty, but there is not a single representative of genius from the unexplored and savage wildernesses that lie between the two oceans.

A news item states that an American collector has paid almost four thousand dollars for a pamphlet of hut thirty-two pages, a pamphlet published no earlier than 1843. The price (\$3800) is said to be the greatest ever

put down for a book published in this country. The little book contains two tales: "The Murders in the Rue Morgue" and "The Man That Was Used Up"; the publisher was William H. Graham of Philadelphia; the author, Edgar Poe. If a fraction of this amount had been paid to the living author it might have saved his life-story from some of its most tragic features.

Admiral Chadwick in his just published volume on "The Relations of the United States with Spain" reverses the opinion previously held by him that the destruction of the *Maine* was due to exterior forces. He believes now that it was due to a mine or torpedo outside the ship.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## The Witch's Tryst.

A witch-erone rides  
Her besom steel  
Athwart the starless night.  
The scared moon hides  
As from a deed  
Of shame and ghastly fright.

The beldam shakes  
Her skinny hand,  
As if to curse the earth.  
The darkness quakes,  
As though a band  
Of hell-hounds yelped their mirth.

But look! The moon,  
Grown bolder, shines  
Down on a funeral field.  
There, at night's noon,  
Some ancient pines  
A soft, warm shadow yield.

The witch! Drops she  
In that weird place,  
As one who doffs disguise!  
She bends her knee  
With saintly grace;  
Whilst tears fall from her eyes!

What would she do?  
What sweet thrill creeps  
Through her time-withered breast?  
Does one she knew  
And loved there sleep  
The sleep of endless rest?

And does she deem,  
In this dim hour,  
That she shall greet again  
The lost love-dream  
Whose joy and power,  
Grave-hid, so long have lain?

—William Struthers, in Boston Transcript.

## The Hetch Hetchy.

Have you found the Happy Valley?  
No? then follow—I have seen  
Where it lies,  
Shoon and staff—oh, leave your alley!  
Pass the foot-hills, pass the green  
Gates that rise.

Soft it slumbers, locked in granite,  
Cliffs like silver-mailed knights  
Ranged around.  
And the mountain breezes fan it—  
Snow-plumed winds from hoary heights  
Glacier-crowned.

There slim waterfalls dash madly,  
Breaking, foaming, thundering  
As they pass  
Into blue-eyed brooks that gladly  
Trail their gauzy gowns and ring  
Bells of glass.

There the Rancharia, laughing,  
Down her cleft of granite trips  
Like a girl;  
Leaps to meet her lover, quaffing  
Cataracts through foamy lips  
As they whirl.

And Tuolumne the river  
From his plunges mountain-deep  
Rests awhile;  
Winds with many a curve and quiver  
Down in flowery glades asleep,  
Mile on mile.

Come—neath plumed cedars lying  
We shall hear his crystal tune  
Filmy soft;  
Watch his foamy fringes flying  
Till the mountain-climbing moon  
Rides aloft.

Then the stars will guard our slumbers—  
Never head in royal bed  
Lay so still—  
While the stream sings lulling numbers  
And the ghostly shadows tread  
Where they will.

Oh the golden days that shimmer  
In that deep entranced vale  
Richly bright!  
Oh the twilights dim and dimmer  
Till from granite shoulders pale  
Falls the night!

Come, friend, pass the frowning portals!  
'T is the Magic Valley—stay—  
'T is your quest.  
Come, forget that we are mortals—  
Where the gods have had their way  
Men are blest.

—Harriet Monroe, in Century Magazine.

Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown), the author of "Haremluk," has been speaking on the life of Turkish women before various clubs in New York and Boston. She has been questioned several times in regard to her nationality and each time has brought a more spirited reply—"I am Greek, I was, and I shall be Greek."

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## GREASER OR GRINGO?

A California Episode of the Spanish-American War.

"Diego, quick, quick! Diego Caldera, I've got a bite," and a fat hoy of eleven nearly fell into the stream in his excitement.

It was a warm day in August, but the sun and the cloudless blue of the California sky were both alike tempered by the green of the redwoods. The boy, in straw hat and overalls, was standing on the fern-grown banks of a hillside stream. The youth, dark, swarthy, Spanish in every line of his small, clean-cut figure, was busying himself with the comfort of the unhitched horse.

"Diego, quick, quick, oh, Diego!" came in accents of entreaty and despair.

"Shure, Charlie, darlint, an' 'tis hurryin' Oi am," came the startling answer in incongruous, unmistakable brogue, as Diego Caldera moved with characteristic Spanish slowness toward the excited child.

"Shure, here Oi am now. Pull aisy; no, that way. Slow now." Thus was the prize triumphantly landed, the while Charlie Henderson's eager blue eyes, big as saucers, were ready to bulge out of his head with excitement and joy.

In Charlie's opinion, Diego Caldera, his father's coachman, was the personification of all earthly greatness. No one could cast a line like Diego; Diego knew just when and where the fish would bite; Diego had gone deer-hunting; Diego understood all about everything that was wonderful—horses and dogs, birds and trees. There was nothing worth knowing that Diego couldn't teach a fellow.

His history, too, was as marvelous as was Diego himself. Diego was Spanish, real Greaser Spanish; but when he was very young, his papa and mama had left him with the brothers to bring up, and they had never come after him again. That was why Diego couldn't speak Spanish and his English had a brogue. The brothers had had a brogue. Wasn't it wonderful? Some day, when Diego's papa had made lots of money, maybe he would come after Diego in a private car; maybe he was a prince and had had to hide Diego away. After all, Diego wasn't truly Greaser himself; he was going to vote, like father, and he spoke with a brogue. He was real American sure.

Diego himself mused little about his origin, but the asylum child felt for his master's son the love of Jonathan for David. All that long summer in San Mateo County they hunted, drove, and fished together at all times, hours, and places. The late nights, after the harness was cleaned and the stable swept, saw Diego tying flies for tired little fingers—his own more tired still—or nodding over blown-out eggs and carved whistles, surprises for the morrow.

The family, it is true, rather suffered by all this. It was "Oh, Diego, mother doesn't want the carriage today. Tomorrow will do as well"; or "Father doesn't mind if he walks home from the station tonight. Father just loves to carry bundles." But what count comforts of elders against afternoons in fairy-land?

I am afraid Big Sister was not as philosophical when she had to tramp home through the dust in her first, grown-up, city tailor-made. Big Sister slapped.

Thus the happy months sped on—on, like all happiness, toward the end. The following spring found the Hendersons preparing for an extended stay in Europe. After the first despair of parting, intense for the child, hopeless for the youth, the two had their photograph taken together. Both were stiff as to pompadour and aggressively new as to raiment. Charlie had protested vigorously against the necessary scrubbing. "My ears won't show on the picture," he wailed; but Bridget had rubbed relentlessly on. In large, round, childish characters, Charlie inscribed himself "Yours loving Charlie," while Diego, in turn, had laboriously written "Yrs. until Deth, Diego Caldera."

That cheap, country photograph is on my desk as I write, and, while I look, the years fade away and I see again the dusty county road with the lumbering brake-wagon and the beaming, childish face close to the other—*O tempora, O mores!*

Scarcely, however, were the photograph prints dry, when the country was electrified by the blowing up of the *Maine*. What followed is history. War was declared and Charlie decided to go as drummer boy. His luggage was already packed in a handkerchief and on the end of a stick when Diego found him in the barn. Only the argument that he should serve his country by catching spies abroad dissuaded him. Even Diego could not console him for deserting his country and fleeing to Europe. He ought to be "right there" (sobs) in the Presidio (furtive tears wiped off on the horse blankets) firing off the cannon when San Francisco would be bombarded.

Again and again he canvassed the situation with Diego. Those Greasers must be licked. "They're no good, Diego, no good at all. Of course, Diego, you're not a Greaser. You're an American with a brogue, remember that, Diego, a real American with a

brogue." Diego remembered. The milk of human kindness is thicker far than blood.

When he said good-bye to Diego, between sobs, Charlie reiterated, "Diego, write to me. Diego, we've got to lick those Greasers. And let me know about Pompey and Bruno and the red cow and everybody, Diego."

It was in New York that Charlie received the letter from Diego.

"My own darling boy," the letter ran: "may the blessing of the saints be on my darling's head, crossing the mitey oshun. Charlie, the fields wasn't grene no more, the sky wasn't blew no more, I cudden slepe no more, I cudden eat no more without you. I remembered everything you sed. 'Diego,' you sed, turning the big blew eyes of you on me, 'Diego, them Greasers is no use at all. We must lick them Greasers, Diego! So I thot and thot, the long nites I cudden slepe for longing of you, till I knew the best I cud do, and 'tis what himself wud do if he wuz a man, wud be to lick them Greasers; so 'tis volunteered I am and 'tis fight them Greasers I will with the last drop of blud in my body. The red cow has a calf. George Riley told me. Yrs. until Deth, Diego Caldera."

They never heard again.

Diego Caldera, American volunteer, fell fighting the Spaniards at the battle of Manila. EDITH HECHT.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1910.

## Great Dead of 1909.

The year 1809 was noted as the birth-time of many great men. Lincoln, Gladstone, Darwin, and a score of others eminent among their fellows came into the world in that remarkable twelvemonth. The year 1909 is little less notable for the number of deaths among the great that have marked its passage. None of the lists made up so far will seem complete, but this shows the greatest losses of the year in a world-wide survey:

## Royalty and Nobility—

Don Carlos of Spain.  
Lily, Duchess of Marlborough.  
The Grand Duke Vladimir.  
Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester.

## Men of Affairs—

Lord Amherst of Hackney.  
Amzi L. Barber.  
M. A. Bass.  
J. C. Brown.

Sir Donald Currie.

E. H. Harriman.

Prince Hilkoft.

Robert Hoe.

John S. Kennedy.

W. J. Palmer.

A. A. Pope.

H. H. Rogers.

George C. Thomas.

Joseph Wharton.

## Army and Navy—

General O. O. Howard.

Lieutenant-General H. C. Corbin.

Brigadier-General J. B. Babcock.

Major-General A. E. Bates.

Marquis de Gallifet.

Admiral von Senden Bilbran.

Vice-Admiral Pascual Cervera.

Rear-Admiral G. A. Converse.

## Politics and Diplomacy—

Ex-Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock.

Governor J. A. Johnson (Minnesota).

Governor G. L. Lilley (Connecticut).

Governor S. G. Cosgrove (Washington).

Ex-Governor Frederick Holbrook (Vt.).

Senator D. A. DeArmond.

Ex-Senator W. M. Stewart.

Ex-Senator William Lindsay.

W. I. Buchanan.

Miguel Iglesias.

Theodore Barth.

Sir Curzon Wyllie.

Prince Ito.

Chang-Chih-Tung.

Ex-President Amador, Panama.

Ex-President Penna, Brazil.

Ex-Premier Badeni, Austria.

Ex-Premier Bent, Victoria.

The Marquess of Ripon.

The Earl of Leicester.

Viscount Selby.

Baron Tweedmouth.

Lord Gwydyr.

Sir E. J. Monson.

## Bench and Bar—

Justice R. W. Peckham.

John P. Hoe.

Frederick de Maartens.

Gerald FitzGibbon.

## The Church—

Bishop W. H. Hare.

Bishop B. J. McQuaid.

Dr. Theodore L. Schuyler.

Rabbi Samuel Salant.

Archbishop W. S. Smith.

Archbishop Arth. Sweatman.

John of Cronstadt.

Fr. George Tyrrell.

## Education and Science—

Anthorn Dohrn (biologist).

Emile Hassen (botanist).

Sir William Thompson, M. D.

Professor von Renvers M. D.

Simon Newcomb.

C. D. Wright, president Clark University.

J. H. Carlisle, president Wofford.

Professor Lombroso of Turin.

Professor Marvin of Cornell.

## Art—

W. P. Frith.

E. H. Barnard.

Peter Kroeyer.

Louis Loeb.

Lady Alma-Tadema.

Charles F. McKim (architect).

Alfred Massel (architect).

Russell Sturgis (critic).

E. J. Gregor, P. R. I. W. C.

Emmanuel Poiré.

## Literature—

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

George Meredith.

Catulle Mendes.

Richard Watson Gilder.

("Father") J. B. Tabb.

Henry C. Lea.

George Manville Fenn.

Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Sir Theodore Martin.

Mrs. Martha Finley.

Edward Everett Hale.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

F. Marion Crawford.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

John Davidson.

J. M. Synge.

Elinor Macartney Lane.

Augusta E. Wilson.

Rudolf von Gottschell.

M. E. M. Davis.

## Journalism—

Alexander K. McClure.

Peter F. Collier.

William Lloyd Garrison.

Mayo W. Hazeltine.

W. M. Laffan.

James MacArthur.

Albert Langen.

## The Stage—

B. C. Coquelin (aine).

Helena Modjeska.

Adolf von Sonnenenthal.

Wilhelmina Mitterwurzer.

E. A. H. Coquelin (cadet).

Henrietta Chanfrau.

Lionel Brough.

Clyde Fitch.

Dudley Buck.

Heinrich Conried.

Charles Bordes.

William Castle.

Richard Golden.

Olive Logan.

## The Hereditary Principle.

There was an ocean pilot, and his eldest son was blind.

And deaf and dumb from childhood, likewise vacant in his mind;

But of course he was a pilot when his daddy's course was run,

And he navigated vessels as his father's eldest son.

There was a clever surgeon, who would cut off legs and arms,

And invent an operation in a thousand nameless charms;

He'd an eldest boy who'd never seen an operation done,

But succeeded to the practice as his father's eldest son.

There was a pious parson who, when folks to danger strolled,

Would perform the part of shepherd and restore them to the fold;

He'd a son, an unbeliever, but when Heaven that parson won,

There succeeded to his pulpit his agnostic eldest son.

There was a judge who ordered wicked criminals to jail;

He'd an eldest son—a forger—who absconded from his bail;

When that judge above was summoned through a tinnick in a bun,

His vacant place was taken by his outlawed eldest son.

The pilot and the parson and the surgeon and the judge

Were all declared impostors, but they all refused to budge;

What mattered lack of knowledge or the evil they had done,

While each claimed his proud position as his father's eldest son?

God preserve the fine old fetish, full of sweetness and of light,

That big bulwark of our freedom called "Hereditary Right!"

Which, to driver and drunkard and the dastard virtue shuns,

Means the right to govern Britain in the house of eldest sons.

—London Daily News.

Following "Brewster's Millions," which runs for but one week at the Savoy Theatre,

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THE COLUMBIA THEATRE.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

San Francisco, in its present phase, has become a city of openings. Not the least momentous of these is the opening of the Columbia Theatre, for which playhouse the owners and managers, in a spirit of sentiment, had reserved the familiar name of the leading San Francisco theatre, also their property, which went up in smoke during our famous conflagration.

So Monday night was a gala night. One solid concourse of people assembled on the street in front of the theatre was rewarded by the spectacle of an endless file of carriages and motors driving up, from which descended San Francisco's famous beauties dressed in their grandest and gayest. Not a soul dared show him or herself in the lower circle in other than evening clothes, and the auditorium was a big part of the show, suggesting a brilliant parterre of human blossoms.

On this occasion the play was not entirely the thing, but after the preliminaries of viewing the handsome, tastefully decorated new theatre and listening to a congratulatory speech from the mayor were over, the audience surrendered itself to witnessing, with evident keen enjoyment, the representation of George Ade's comedy, "Father and the Boys."

I shouldn't wonder if some time George Ade would find himself enshrined in the affections of the American public in some such way as Mark Twain is. In a very much less degree, naturally, but he stands for so many things for which Americans—that is, real Americans—cherish a liking and a sentiment.

For one thing, like "Father" in the play, he has a kind of humorous tenderness for funny, old-fashioned ways and modes of speech, and enjoyments, and standards generally that smack of old New England and the Middle States. And with that he is intensely modern, so that he looks at "Father" and "the Boys" with a sympathy for and a comprehension of their inevitable pullings apart, resulting from the enormous changes that have swept over social and financial America since the sixties, that could only be felt by one who loves this democratic land of ours both in the phases of its homespun past and its high-colored present.

"Father" naturally receives an ideal representation at the hands of Crane, who, we are reminded, was as perfect a David Harum as could be materialized. "Father" is a dear old boy; almost too bright and good to build up the colossal fortunes of the Morewoods. But then we hasten to remind ourselves that there was a time when fortunes were amassed by men of probity, and the beginnings of the wealth of "Father" dated from that epoch. So this shrewd, kindly, warm-hearted, cool-headed old pater gets up early and goes to business, while his sons each maintain a bric-a-brac desk in the office guiltless of the business documents which encumber the paternal desk, to which they daily repair somewhere about noon. Billy has a social bee in his bonnet, and his somewhat feminine tastes are indicated by choice specimens of Sheffield plate, framed photographs of social celebrities, and a tea-table. Tonnies affects athletics, and the two diversify business hours by a cavening of labor—so-called—with the society of those who share their pet pursuits. Father looks on, amusing himself by utterances of homely, comic philosophy, which mark the ache at the good man's heart; for he wants his pleasure-loving boys to realize that "life is real, life is earnest." The picture has its true side, which all will recognize in spite of the exaggerations incident to the drama. The old-fashioned type of father passing away, but a few of him still survive. We shall miss him when he is gone, and we are appreciative of George Ade's creative, and William Crane's representative, ability in bringing him before us on the stage.

The play is devoted to showing how the paternal Morewood finally scared his light-minded sons into seriousness by becoming gay himself. Of course this involves the usual improbabilities, and we perforce surrender ourselves to unthinking enjoyment of the merry comedy, the unreeling of which calls for four very entertaining acts.

Mr. Crane is surrounded by a good company, the most notable members of which are Margaret Dale and Louis Massen. Curiously enough, Margaret Dale, who used to be fairly incrustated with elegant artificialities of speech, is in "Father and the Boys" acting the rôle of a handsome but illiterate girl whose crude, uncultivated speech is characterized by a mixture of homeliness and modern slang. Miss Dale is supposed to do after-dinner "stunts," as a paid entertainer, and is therefore dressed to the queen's taste. Although she is not altogether a comedienne by instinct she graces the rôle and makes it a telling one.

Louise Massen, whom we have seen many times in the past in Bronson Howard dramas and Henry Arthur Jones melodramas, gave a very clever impersonation of a society black-leg.

No other characters called for specially inspired treatment; the remaining rôles were enacted by players who brought to them ease, understanding, suitability of appearance and manners, so that the whole performance was characterized by good taste, good style, and finish. Forrest Orr and Sidney Blair made the sons plausible and likable, and Vivian Martin and Elsa Payne were pretty and refined as the two girls, although the little one needs to cultivate naturalness. The two society dames did not fit so well into the picture. Events became very high-colored toward the last, but then Ade permitted himself to gallop gayly away from realism when old Morewood took the bit in his mouth and began to kick up. Fathers do break out that way sometimes, but, even in the pursuance of a creditable scheme to wake his boys up, and even in a gleefully improbable comedy, it was a little hard to conceive of a nice, wholesome old "Father" trotting round the country with a gayly dressed "skirt" and casting a smirch upon his good old-fashioned name, even if it was a mistaken smirch. It was a little too suggestive of the antics of a trite Parisian husband off on a "tear," and one wondered if the old fellow could ever explain it away when he left the unconventional precincts of Goldfield and went back to New York.

The longevity of a beautiful and exquisitely cultivated soprano voice is amazing. There was Sembrich, on Sunday last, singing like a plump little angel of twenty. In the great majority of her selections her voice was so pure, so sweet, so unforced, so deliciously flexible, so gay and arch in expressing joy, that an unseeing listener ignorant of her identity would have believed the unseen singer to be in the bloom of youth.

There were, too, other elements besides the surpassing art of the diva that made for a particularly successful concert. For one thing, the programme was well chosen, and the words of each song were printed out in full. For another, Frank La Forge, of the cameo profile and the carefully disposed lock of hair, is the accompanist, and in his line he can not be surpassed. He has acquired a little more restraint in his youthfully cultivated mannerisms, and his sympathetic intuition in keeping pace with and matching the mood of a singer he accompanies, together with the deliciously sweet tone and delicacy of execution in his gems of accompaniments, always tend to give him an exalted place in the regards of a concert audience. And there was still another element that tended toward a special atmosphere of success. The baritone was young, unheralded, and nearly scared to death. And when he sang, with a frightened fixity of gaze, the beautiful aria "Eri tu" from "The Masked Ball," he proved that he was not so frightened but that he could make a hit. His voice is agreeable, and exceedingly sympathetic, and he sings with great expression. In fact, Francis Rogers is an artist, and proved the fact in his every number.

Sembrich was in great spirits and excellent voice. Prodigal by nature, she responded to the lavish acclaim of her delighted audience by encore after encore, and when the long concert was over her listeners had made gratifyingly extensive acquaintance with her scope as an artist. She gave Italian aria, heavenly little German *lieder*, some of the favorite English concert numbers like "The Lass with the Delicate Air," with an adorable accent, more encores, and then Mr. La Forge had the pleasure, so often tasted by him, of hearing one of his compositions—a beautiful little song called "Retreat"—sung by one of the world's artists.

Some of the notably enjoyable selections were "Ernani Involami," sung by Sembrich, the Border Ballad from Walter Scott, and "Drink to me only with thine eyes" that Mr. Rogers gave, and a duet rendered by Mme. Sembrich and Mr. Rogers, the harp-like sweetness of which might make angels envious.

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company will be heard for a limited number of performances at the new Columbia Theatre in the latter part of next month. A change of bill will be given every night.

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The Sembrich Concert.

The last Sembrich concert will be given Sunday afternoon, January 16, at the Garrick Theatre, and on this occasion the great diva will give the entire programme alone, with the one exception that so many requests have come in to have her sing a duet with Mr. Rogers that it is probable she will give such a number as an additional feature. The programme for this really important event will be divided into three parts, the first being devoted to classical airs by Bach, Paradies, and Handel, the second to German classics by Schumann, Schubert, and Brahms, and the third to modern works by Massenet, Richard Strauss, Paderewski, Frank La Forge, and others. Altogether Mme. Sembrich will sing over twenty great numbers.

Seats for this concert are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday evening, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the Garrick Theatre at 9:30 a. m.

On Tuesday afternoon next Mme. Sembrich and Messrs. Rogers and La Forge will give a concert at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland. Seats for this event are to be secured at the box-office of Ye Liberty Theatre only. The great programme given in this city on Thursday night will be repeated at the Oakland concert.

Singers can learn by listening to the work of this artist, who has rarely been equaled in the history of the art.

Mme. Nellie Widmann-Blow.

Mme. Nellie Widmann-Blow, mezzo-soprano, whom Manager Ernest Horstmann will present in a concert at Kohler & Chase Hall on January 21, will offer a well selected programme. Besides the "Arie und Recitativ" from the opera "Xerxes," by Handel, and the aria from the opera "The Prophet," "O Geht, O Geht," by Meyerbeer (Bettelarie), she will render songs of the best German *lieder* composers, such as Brahms, Schubert, Van Eyken, Strauss, Wolf, etc. A series of four English songs by Coombs, Henschel, Bond, and Del Riego will conclude the programme.

Mme. Widmann-Blow is not only one of the best younger *lieder* singers with an excellently trained voice, but she is also an accomplished pianiste. She began her studies as an instrumentalist, but decided to take up exclusively the study of vocal art. The results of her studies in St. Louis with one of the best and most successful vocal teachers of that city were so good that she decided to go to Germany, where she finished her studies with Alexander Heinemann, the *lieder* singer who is now touring England with such success.

La Forge in Chopin Recital.

Frank La Forge, the eminent young pianist with Mme. Sembrich, and who has several times visited this city with Mme. Galski, announces a programme of Chopin compositions, to be given at the Hotel St. Francis in the Colonial Ball Room next Wednesday afternoon, January 19, at three o'clock. The following works of the Polish "tone poet" will be given: "Fantasie Impromptu"; Preludes—A major, D flat major, and C minor; "Ballade," A flat major; Nocturnes—F sharp major, and D flat major; "Impromptu," F sharp major; "Valse," C sharp minor; "March Funebre," and "Scherzo" in C sharp minor.

The tickets for this event will be \$1, and may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the St. Francis Hotel news stand.

La Forge is among the foremost of American pianists and composers, and his advent here as a soloist will receive the support of piano lovers.

Marie Cahill, who made a hit here season before last with the production of "Marrying Mary," will be the second attraction at the Columbia Theatre, opening there on Monday, January 24, in her newest musical play success, "The Boys and Betty." The comedienne delighted New Yorkers for months at Wallace's Theatre in this piece, which was adapted by George V. Hobart from a French farce, "La Papillon." The music is by Silvio Hein, who will direct the special orchestra. A good supporting company will be seen and heard in the production. Seats go on sale Thursday of next week.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is this season appearing in a new drama written for her by Edward Peple, author of "The Prince Chap," entitled "Vasta Herne," in which the creator of "Zaza" and "Du Barry" plays the name-part, that of a talented woman who falls into the hands of an unscrupulous publisher.

Louis James, supported by Aphie James, will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre following the Netherlands engagement. Mr. James is this season presenting two elaborate Shakespearean revivals, Edwin Booth's version of "King Henry VIII" and "The Merchant of Venice."

Mme. Teresa Carreno, the greatest of women pianists, will play a number of the works of her favorite pupil, Edward MacDowell, at her concerts in this city next month.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Mrs. Taft wishes it to be understood that while democratic simplicity is a good thing at the White House it must not degenerate into democratic negligence. Mrs. Taft does not use precisely this language, but by a fair inference this is what she means. And, by the way, what a lot might be written upon democratic simplicity if one was only on space rates, which is *journalisme* for paid by the yard. Was it not Chesterton who said that the man who eats *paté de foie gras* because he likes it is leading the simple life much more effectively than he who makes his dinner of water gruel under the belief that it is good for him? In the same way democratic simplicity is a matter of temperament and taste. To make a fashion of it is to destroy it. It is one of the things that can not be imitated.

But to return to Mrs. Taft, who is creating a new heaven and a new earth in the White House. Every one who has experienced White House hospitality in the past will remember that there were guests and guests, and that an invitation by no means implied an admission to the Holy of Holies. It would be impolite to say that the guests were divided into the sheep and the goats, but none the less there was a distinction between invited guests and "specially" invited guests in just the same way that a ticket may carry us into a theatre, but not into a box. The plain, ordinary, common, or garden guest entered the red corridor, and if he was unversed in White House ways he was apt to imagine that he had "got there" and that there was nothing left for his aspiration except a seat in heaven with a crown and harp. And, by the way, there is something disturbingly unrepugnant about this idea of crowns in heaven after all the unpleasantness connected with their abolition from earth, but that is a deviation that must be left for some future occasion when the Bible Trust is trying to get itself into the tariff. How one thing does lead to another to be sure!

But the White House guest, if he kept his eyes open, found that he was mistaken. At one end of the corridor was a doorway barred with a silken cord and guarded by glorified policemen who had never heard of graft. Certain guests who radiated an atmosphere of haughty condescension might be observed to advance fearlessly to the barrier, exchange sundry calisthenic signs with the policemen who had never heard of graft and so on into a *sanctum sanctorum* known as the blue room. These favored ones were the "specially invited guests" who basked in a more than usually expansive presidential smile and who might even be favored with an abstract of the President's repressive measures against the comet. So there were grades even in heaven and we might have watched a social aristocracy a-bornin'.

Now the result of this selective process was deplorable from the point of view of the tailor and the milliner. It was inevitable that the "special" guest should wash his face until it positively shone, while just the plain guest would satisfy himself with a rub around the middle. Any old thing in the way of dress would do for the red room, while upon the other side of the silken cord was a display of gorgeousness that would have made Solomon ask, "What's the use?" And this outrage was conducted in a so-called democracy and in full view of Mr. Roosevelt while he was discussing the simple life with Pastor Wagner.

But Mrs. Taft will have no more of this. Never again—at least not for three and a third years—shall the silk cord exercise its fell discrimination between guests or mark the stages of social ascent. There are to be no more "specially invited guests," or rather all guests shall henceforth be special. But the leveling process is to be upward and not downward. The dress of the red corridor must emulate that of the blue room rather than the dress of the blue room degenerate into that of the red corridor. All guests must henceforth have clean faces and fresh ribbon in their hair, and any sort or kind of eccentricity in dress will result in exclusion. The lady who wears a "rat" or whose curves are not according to Hoyle will be treated as an insurgent.

Every one who has traveled in Europe is familiar with the offensive habit of the hotels in plastering their advertising labels all over their guests' baggage. The self-respecting traveler tears these labels off as soon as he can, and there is the record of one enterprising soap manufacturer who retaliated by affixing a number of "Use Jones's Soap" stickers to the walls of the bedroom. If the hotel had a right to advertise its supposed advantages upon his property surely he had a similar right to advertise his soap upon theirs. But he couldn't get the proprietor to see it in quite that light.

That these labels are so affixed as to convey a secret message is not so well known, but it is a fact. The precise situation of the label has a significance perfectly understood by the waiters in other hotels, who will know as soon as you heave in sight whether you

are addicted to liberal *douccours* or whether you are among those who believe that virtue should be its own reward. A single glance at your baggage is enough for the waiter, and he will know at once whether to treat you with a lofty disdain or whether he should crawl before you upon that portion of his anatomy favored by the serpent after the Fall and that rhymes with jelly. It is one or the other with the European waiter, and it is the position of the label upon your baggage that guides his deportment. There are some vacuous snobs who treasure these labels and who would no more think of soaking them off than of obliterating a hattle scar. If they knew their secret message, known to the whole world-wide freemasonry of waitersdom, they would not view them with such complacency.

It is pleasant to know that there are some forces stronger even than that of caste in royal circles. For example, the late King of Belgium was never admitted to the other royal circles of Europe, while Queen Victoria would hardly even admit that he existed. For Leopold was not only a libertine in action, but also in speech. He was, in fact, so saturated in vice that he could not be trusted to behave himself in the presence of a royal lady. He simply did not seem to know of the line that divides the proper from the improper.

Even under Queen Victoria the English court was never squeamish and was always tolerant of well-meaning ignorance or national custom. There was no objection to the Oriental monarch who insisted upon killing a sheep in the drawing-room assigned to his use, and we even hear of a hastily improvised code of signals during the same royal visit and which was intended as a warning to all ladies present that they must at once leave the room and remain outside until it was safe for them to reappear—a matter of a few minutes. These were not questions of vice, but of a simple and honest barbarism, and the potentate referred to was never allowed to suspect that killing sheep in drawing-rooms was unusual or that his frankly committed abominations were likely to cause remark. But with Leopold it was different. Queen Victoria would not have touched him with a dung fork, and while Edward has all the broad tolerance of a man of the world and can stand a bad smell with any one, it was noticed that upon his last visit to Marienhad he went out of his way to pay attention to Countess Lonyay, the daughter of King Leopold who had experienced no small measure of his brutality.

When the aged Lady Cardigan threw discretion to the winds and wrote her reminiscences of aristocratic life in England, she probably had no idea that she was forging a political weapon against her order. War against the House of Lords had not been declared nor had the character of the hereditary caste been made one of the main issues in a great political struggle. But times have changed within a few short months, and now Lady Cardigan is being triumphantly cited as a witness for the prosecution and in support of the charge that the English lords as a body are unfit to rule, and, indeed, almost unfit to live.

Lady Cardigan's evidence is not of the kind to be gainsaid. It can not be waved upon one side as backstairs gossip or as the mere chattering of lady's maids who have heard more than they were intended to hear, or who have supplemented the knowledge orally acquired by surreptitious peeps through the keyhole. Lady Cardigan's blood is as blue as the bounding ocean. She is the widow of two great aristocrats, her second husband being the Lord Cardigan of Balaklava fame. She has received more offers of marriage than she could count on her ten fingers and her ten toes. She is still the friend of the king, she is over eighty years of age, and she is the mistress of vast estates. She writes, therefore, as one having authority and not as the scribes, and her hook, that was no doubt inspired by a sort of Puck-like malice, has become nothing less than an engine of destruction. She draws a picture of aristocratic life that has all the fidelity of a photograph, and while a few years ago it might have produced nothing more than a sneer of contempt, it is now handed about from hand to hand as proof of what these aristocrats have to say of themselves.

The hook is certainly a sultry one, even when we make all allowances for a feminine inclination to scandal. It is quite unsuited to the mythical *jeune fille*, inasmuch as reticence is by no means the aged authoress's strong suit. Whatever she remembers she sets down faithfully in black and white, while there are some passages that would bring a blush to the cheeks of a grenadier guard. Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *London Review of Reviews*, is so mightily moved by its perusal that he breaks forth into a chant of denunciation that reminds us of Sir Walter Scott's Puritans. These people, he says, who now try to usurp supreme power over the nation are "very much like the aristocratic order which came to an end by the guillotine in France. They are a people laden with

iniquity, a seed of evil-doers, children that are corrupters, they have forsaken the Lord, therefore for them also awaiteth the fate predicted by the Hebrew seer for the corrupt nobles of his time when he said, 'Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure, and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth shall descend into it.' For long years judgment hath tarried. But who knows but that the day of reckoning, the day of the wrath of the Lord, may be at hand?"

Yes, indeed, who knows? Certainly not Mr. Stead. It is perhaps fortunate that the "wrath of the Lord" is not dirigible by excited politicians who are apt to forget that the faults of aristocracy are not so much inbred in a caste as they are incidental to every form of wealthy idleness. Nine-tenths of us would be dissipated if we had the time and the money, and nine-tenths of us are dissipated in proportion to our possession of these dangerous luxuries. It is just as well not to talk over-much about the wrath of the Lord. We might attract it.

Some one asks what becomes of the Paris waiter, as you rarely see an old or even a middle-aged *garçon*. Does he die young or retire with a competence? If it is only the good who die young we may answer the first question in the negative, and as the Paris waiter is a horn gambler we mete out similar treatment to the second.

No, the Paris waiter does not die young, although he might thereby render some slight atonement for his misdeeds and for his original mistake in getting born. He does not save money, partly for the reason aforesaid, and partly because he has no money to save. He gets tips, it is true, and he regards them as his right, inasmuch as he is paid no wages and must often pay a premium for his place. His net earnings make it hard to save anything, and when he has a few sous they disappear at the gaming table.

The waiter soon gets tired of his profession and then he leaves it. But first he will travel all over Europe, and the same man who brings you an absinthe in Paris will be already in St. Petersburg before you get there and will bring you tea on the day of your arrival. A few months later he will be in Switzerland, and you may see his familiar face any day in Leicester Square or some other foreign quarter of London.

There is a reason for his peregrinations. He is naturally a wanderer and then, too, he wants to learn the languages. When he can chatter in half a dozen tongues he will go to London and become an interpreter or a professor of foreign languages. London is full of them, of polyglot fellows who will teach you any of half a dozen languages for about 40 cents an hour, either by the course or each lesson separately. And they teach well, too, if you are not too particular about grammar and pronunciation.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Professor Huxley was once asked for an expert opinion for the government on a subject which he had studied profoundly, and he said: "There are, you know, three kinds of liars—liars, damned liars, and experts."

Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a serious operation a few days before. Mrs. Kelley called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition. "Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelley asked. "No, but I am," said Casey.

Professor William James of Harvard recently made this comment upon a very exquisite and very idle millionaire sophomore from New York: "What time he can spare from the adornment of his person he devotes to the neglect of his duties."

Dr. Johnson at a musicale was obliged to hear the remark that the violinist's solo was very difficult. "Difficult, sir?" roared Dr. Johnson—he was always made to "roar" in all the anecdotes about him and to address every one as "sir"—"difficult, you say, sir? I wish it were impossible!"

In an outward-bound Boston car the other evening there was not a seat left. A lady entered and not a man noticed her standing, apparently. Finally one man rose from his seat and offered it to the lady. She thanked him, adding: "You are the only gentleman in the car." She was startled by the answer: "Yer hetcher life I am, kiddo."

Miss Mary Morris, daughter of the late William Morris, poet and craftsman, said at a dinner in New York: "I like the American taste for its frankness. Better be frank, even if wrong. The pretty American girl was by no means hopeless whose comment, on first seeing the incomparable glory of the Venus de Medici, was: 'I wouldn't be seen dead with ankles like that!'"

A St. Louis woman recently succumbed to the attractions of Mr. O'Grady, the "human ostrich" in a dime museum. She is said to have fallen in love with him while he was eating tacks at one of his exhibitions. "I thought I would like to cook for a man like that," confessed the blushing bride. "He can't be fussy about his meals." So the happy couple were united by a justice of the peace.

Father Dooley had just tied the knot. He looked expectant. The bride looked sheepish, and Pat, shifting from one foot to another, looked guilty. At last he began: "I—I—don't like to be man, father, but I changed me clothes in a hurry and left me wages in me other pants." Then he added, in a whisper, "Take me down in the cellar; I'm a plumber, and I'll show ye how to fix the gas meter so 't won't register more than 40 per cent."

Flossie and Mabel touring the country on one of the famous see-it-if-you-can summer excursions, were tramping the streets of New Orleans. A comely brunette of delicate complexion and stately carriage swung gracefully by them. Flossie, excitedly nodding toward her, whispered loudly, "Oh, look, Mabel! There goes one of them beautiful octagons." "Huh!" exclaimed Mabel. "What a goosie you are, Flossie, dear. That isn't what they call them at all. She is a pronounced nectarine."

The following story rests on no more substantial foundation than fleet gossip. But just before the fleet left for that trip around the world there were some newspaper talk of a possible clash with Japan. The yarn goes that a highly placed person asked Admiral Schroeder, in the course of a chat, what he would do if the Japs fired on his ship. Schroeder snuffed. "They won't fire on my ship," said he, positively. "But if they did?" "Now," said Schroeder, angrily, "if they did, hey? What the dickens do you think I'd do? Sue 'em?"

Senator Robert L. Taylor of Tennessee, while governor of that State, attended a Christmas Eve banquet which extended far into the night, and when he went to his home he attempted to gain his room without awakening his wife. He was unsuccessful in this, however, and she called out through the darkness: "What time is it?" "Just ten, my dear," he answered. At that moment the clock sounded two strokes. "Did you hear that? It's two o'clock," said his wife. "But, my dear, are you going to take the word of a nickel-plated clock against that of the governor of Tennessee?"

A clergyman noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, decided to give them a few words of advice. He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, and then told the young lady how

she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and forsaking father and mother, follow him everywhere he went. The bride appeared very much troubled at this, and faltered out: "Must I follow him to every place he goes?" "Yes," said the clergyman; "you must follow him everywhere until death do you part." "Gracious!" cried the girl. "If I had known that before I would never have married a postman."

It was customary for Perkins, on leaving his office at noon Saturday, to spend the afternoon joyously outdoors, engrossed with golf balls and highballs. Being a clever chap, he was a champion in both pastimes. On one Saturday, however, he was compelled to spend the whole day disposing of pressing business matters. His wife and little daughter, as usual, were awaiting him on the porch. "No game today," he explained to Mrs. Perkins, as the little one rushed impulsively into his arms and he picked her up and kissed her. "No game today," he repeated. Miss Margerie sniffed the air and said, "Well, papa, you do smell awfully of golf!"

A Milwaukee man and his wife recently received a call from an old friend whom they had not seen for years. Just before the three sat down to a little supper in the German style, the wife, seizing a favorable opportunity, whispered to her husband: "We have only three bottles of beer in the house—just enough to go around. Don't ask him to have more." "Very well," answered the husband, who chanced to be thinking of something else at the time. Half an hour later the host, to his wife's consternation, asked the guest to take more beer. The invitation was politely declined, but still the host did not desist. A dozen times the caller was urged to drink; a dozen times he firmly refused. When he had departed the wife took her husband to task. "What on earth made you persist so? Didn't I tell you there were only three bottles? Why did you insist upon his having more beer, more beer, more beer?" "Mercy!" exclaimed the husband. "I forgot entirely." "But," continued the wife, "why did you suppose I was kicking you under the table?" "My dear," blandly replied the husband, "you didn't kick me!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Stage-Struck.

"Aha!" said the egg,  
As it splattered a bit,  
"I was cast for the villain  
And made a great hit!"  
—Current Literature.

Touching.

At first she touches up her hair  
To see if it's in place,  
And then with manner debonnair  
She touches up her face.  
A touch to curls behind her ear,  
A touch to silken collar,  
And then she's off to hubby dear—  
To touch him for a dollar.  
—New York Herald.

Going, Going!

Man has but little here below,  
And he will have less yet,  
If he has to share his franchise  
With a bloomin' suffragette.  
—New York Star.

A New Year Suggestion.

Since friendship has been Platonized  
And Pearyized the pole,  
All Teddized our policies  
And Aldrichized the whole;

Since Congress has been Canonized  
And Morganized our art,  
Since Japanized our western coast  
'till, Hobsonized, we start—

Let's have our music Gambleized,  
Let's Watsonize our foe,  
Let's Fletcherize our daily food  
Till, Osterized, we go.  
—Chicago Tribune.

The Two Obstructions.

"Take off your hat!"  
Rude men behind her cried,  
And she (just think of it) complied;  
But they were still unsatisfied,  
And yelled with their mouths opened wide,  
"Take off your rat!" —Chicago News.

F. B. Sanborn, after hearing Horace White and other younger experts in finance instruct Boston at a public dinner on the merits of the central bank, gives it as his idea that we ought to have it, but probably never shall get it, for the same reason that the ordinary wild duck can not be made as good eating as the canvasback by feeding it on wild celery. "It will do it," said the tavern-keeper of the Adirondack forest; "I know it, for I've tried it—only, d—n 'em, they won't eat it."

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

As the Lenten season draws nearer the events grow more frequent, and every hour seems filled with something of social moment. The rehearsals for "Professor Napoleon," the charity extravaganza, are taking up much time, and it is probable that no more brilliant affairs than the four nights of the play will prove have taken place here for years.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bessie Rinehart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Rinehart of Covington, Virginia, to Mr. Christian Miller, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller of this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Bernice Wilson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Wilson, to Mr. Robert Schurman, son of President Jacob Gould Schurman of Cornell, and Mrs. Schurman. No date is announced for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Cushing, daughter of Mrs. Sidney Barlow Cushing, to Mr. James Jenkins took place on Wednesday of last week at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael. The ceremony was performed at half-past twelve by the Rev. G. Marshall Cutting, rector of St. Paul's. The bride, who had no attendants, was given away by her brother, Mr. John Cushing. Mr. Miller Griffith was the best man. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony and the breakfast which followed at the Cushing home. On their return from their wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins will make their home in Mill Valley.

The wedding of Miss Marian Wright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright, to Mr. Henry Avery Campbell took place on Wednesday afternoon last at the home of the bride's parents on Scott Street. The ceremony was performed at four o'clock by the Rev. David Evans of Grace Church. The bride's attendants were Mrs. Edward Torney (formerly Miss Jeannette Wright), Mrs. Henry M. Rideout (formerly Miss Frances Reed), and Miss Nina Currey. Little Miss Louise Langley and Master Kirkham Wheeler were flower bearers. Dr. Shadworth O. Beasley was best man. After the wedding journey Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will live in this city.

The wedding of Miss Mattie Milton, daughter of Captain John B. Milton, U. S. N., and Mrs. Milton, to Lieutenant George F. Neal, U. S. N., took place on Wednesday afternoon of last week on board the receiving ship *Independence* at Mare Island. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Chaplain Fraser, U. S. N. The bride was attended by Mrs. Frederiek G. Kellond (formerly Miss Katherine Selfridge) and Mrs. Robert P. Sherman of Los Angeles (formerly Miss Ruth Foster). Mr. John Neal of Chattanooga, Tennessee, brother of the bridegroom, was the best man and the ushers were Lieutenant Frank McCammon, U. S. N., and Assistant Naval Constructor Charles Willis Fisher, U. S. N. They will be stationed at Mare Island.

The wedding of Miss Mary de Fremery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William C. B. de Fremery, to Mr. David Atkins took place on Thursday evening of last week at St. John's Church, Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Edgar Gee at nine o'clock. Miss Susan de Fremery was the maid of honor and the flower girls were little Misses Virginia de Fremery and Adeline Howard. Mr. Bruce Porter was the best man and the ushers were Mr. Donald de Fremery, Mr. David Goodale, Mr. Arnold Weber, and Mr. Robert Houghton.

Miss Gertrude Perry will entertain at a tea in the Laurel Court of the Fairmont on Saturday, January 22, in honor of Miss Ruth Richards.

The Cinderella Ball took place on Thursday evening of last week at the Palace Hotel, the following being the hostesses: Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Joseph Donohoe, Vicomtesse Philippe de Tristan, Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. J. J. Price, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. William Elkins, Jr., Mrs. William Tubbs, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Truxtun Deale, and Miss Flood.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis entertained at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening of last week, going afterwards with their guests to the Cinderella Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained at a dinner on Wednesday evening of last week at their home on Green Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham of Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn entertained at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening of last week, and their guests going later to the Cinderella Ball.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk entertained at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening of last week before the Cinderella Ball.

Miss Virginia Newhall and Miss Frances Newhall entertained at a luncheon on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Bessie Ashton.

Mrs. Pierre Olney was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at the Fairmont for her debutante daughter, Miss Anna Olney.

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry entertained at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Mrs. Barry, wife of General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., and Miss Ellen Barry.

Mrs. Alfred Ford entertained at an "at home" on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle was the hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday afternoon of last week at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Ellen Barry.

Miss Dorothy Woods entertained at an informal tea on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Genevieve Walker.

Mrs. Russell Selfridge entertained at a bridge party on Friday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Edith Hall and Miss Ethel Patton.

Mrs. Edward H. Kittredge entertained at luncheon last Friday at the Palace Hotel in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Frank F. Baldwin, who is visiting here from Honolulu. Among those present

were Mrs. Irving Scott, Mrs. William Cluff; Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Magee, Mrs. Charles Wheeler, Mrs. Reginald Knight Smith, Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Mrs. Bentley, Mrs. Willett.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Duane Hopkins, and Miss Jennie Crocker at the St. Francis on Wednesday.

Mr. Douglas Grant, who has returned from Del Monte, was host to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant and a number of friends at lunch at the St. Francis.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William H. McKittick has arrived from Southern California and is the guest of Miss Minnie Houghton.

Mrs. Harold M. Sewall is en route from her Eastern home to San Francisco and will spend some weeks here as the guest of her sisters, Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Elizabeth Ashe. She will visit in Washington, D. C., and New Orleans before coming here.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham have returned to their home in Santa Barbara, after a fortnight's sojourn here.

Mrs. Allen Lewis arrived recently from her home in Portland for a visit to her mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle.

Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett and Mrs. James E. Robinson have returned from a visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will leave in the early spring for England, where they will spend most of the summer.

Miss Julia Langhorne has returned from a week-end visit to Miss Annie Brewer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent (formerly Miss Luey Gwin Coleman) will leave shortly for Mr. Vincent's old home in New Orleans, where they will spend a few weeks and will enjoy the Mardi Gras.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard and Mr. Eyre Pinckard have returned from New Orleans, where they spent the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis are again at their Bakersfield ranch, after a brief stay in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William Ford Nichols, Jr., are here from their home in Montana as the guests of Bishop and Mrs. Nichols.

Mr. Millen Griffith has returned to Yale, after spending the holidays with his mother, Mrs. Edwin L. Griffith, in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. La Boyteaux have returned from Del Monte, where they spent the holidays.

Mr. Louis F. Monteagle will leave next month for New York and will be followed a little later by Mrs. Monteagle, who will go abroad for a visit before returning to San Francisco.

Mrs. William P. Harrington is visiting her daughters, Mrs. Niblack and Mrs. Leahy, in Annapolis.

Miss Margaret Thompson is visiting at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Benet at Benicia.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Du Val have arrived from their home in Paris and are the guests of Mrs. Du Val's mother, Mrs. M. A. Tobin, at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Neil Donald Gunn has returned from Southern California and is spending a month or two at Del Monte.

Mrs. Theodore Payne and her sons, Mr. Clarence Payne, Mr. Herbert Payne, and Mr. Arthur Payne, have closed their Menlo Park home and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, Jr., and Miss Vera de Sabla are sojourning at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Merritt Reid and Miss Merritt Reid are at present visiting in New York.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney have returned to San Francisco, after several months' sojourn in the Eastern States.

Mrs. James Irvine and her son, Mr. J. W. Byrne, spent the holidays at Del Monte.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Miss R. C. Thayer, Mrs. S. E. McLane, Mrs. M. J. Hyde, Mr. M. Simpson, Mrs. Robert Lord Coleman, Miss Coleman, Mr. H. C. Goldrick, Mr. A. M. Hunt, Mr. Thomas Quirk, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt L. McDonald.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Monte are Mr. R. A. Pabst, Mr. H. R. Verrue, Mr. F. M. Ames, Mr. Ivan B. Beer, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Berry, Mr. C. E. Hillis, Dr. William Watkin, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Carter, Mr. Andrew Carrigan, Mr. T. B. Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome J. Marx, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Waldeck, Mr. and Mrs. V. M. Holder.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Major-General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., commander of the Department of California, returned on Thursday from an inspection trip to Honolulu, accompanied by Colonel Walter Finley, U. S. A., chief of staff, Department of California, and Captain Frank K. Ferguson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., aide-de-camp.

Colonel R. H. Pierson, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has arrived here from Fort William Henry Harrison on leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert R. Stevens, U. S. A., chief quartermaster, Department of California, will leave on March 7 for four months' leave of absence.

Major William W. Forsythe, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, which took effect on January 6.

Major Tyree R. Rivers, inspector-general, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty in the Department of Texas, and will sail from San Francisco on April 5 for Manila.

Major Beach B. Ray, paymaster, U. S. A., sailed on the *Korea* for his station at Honolulu, after a leave of absence.

Major Morris K. Barroll, paymaster, U. S. A., has arrived here from Portland, Oregon, en route to the Philippines.

Captain Claude B. Swezey, Eighth Cavalry, U. S. A., who has been here on leave of absence, left last week for his station at Fort Huachuca, A. T.

Captain E. H. Rubottom, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., has arrived from Fort D. A. Russell, Wyoming, and is a patient at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain James P. Robinson, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave, which took effect upon his relief from duty at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Captain Harry F. Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., on temporary duty here, has been ordered to take charge of the office of the inspector-general of the department during the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Woodward, inspector-general, U. S. A., in the Hawaiian Islands.

Captain Frederiek G. Lawton, Nineteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to join his company at the Presidio of San Francisco, from Fort Bliss, Texas, where he now is.

Captain Edgar A. Macklin, Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for treatment.

Captain Robert L. Carswell, Medical Corps, U. S. A., having reported at headquarters, was ordered to proceed to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and report to the commanding officer for duty.

Captain William A. Wickline, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and will proceed to Fort Niagara, New York, for duty in command of Company C, Hospital Corps, U. S. A.

Commander E. W. Eberle, U. S. N., has been detached from the training station at San Francisco and the *Pensacola* to duty in command of the *Milwaukee*.

Paymaster J. F. Hatch, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard, Mare Island, and ordered to the naval station at Cavite.

Past Assistant Paymaster E. H. Tebeau, U. S. N., is detached from the Navy Yard at New York and ordered to Mare Island.

Lieutenant William H. Smith, Medical Corps, U. S. A., a patient in the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, having been reported fit for duty, will return to his proper station, Fort Shafter, Hawaii, on the first available transport.

From his fifteenth to his twenty-second year Ibsen worked as a pharmacist's clerk at Grimstad, a little Norwegian seaport. A committee of Grimstad citizens is now gathering funds to purchase the old drug shop, which is in pretty nearly the same condition as sixty-five years ago. The committee reminds us that Ibsen's works contain faithful and touching descriptions of his life at Grimstad, and that the memory of the place "seemed to stir him to extraordinary emotion." In his old age, we are told Ibsen often expressed his longing for the little town on the Skager Rack with the clatter of its shipyards and the smell of resin and tar.

Augustus Thomas was approached by a manager recently with a suggestion that he write a play for a certain star. Mr. Thomas's reply was illustrative of what it means to be an accepted dramatist in this country. He said: "In the first place, I don't write plays for stars. If I should write a play which happens to fit your star, very well. I have only one set of terms for anybody—5 per cent royalties on all weekly gross sums up to \$5000; 10 per cent on all sum amounts over that; then 50 per cent of the profits. I will stand half the losses."

One of the many new and attractive features of the Hotel Astor, New York, is the "mirror promenade" which is just being completed. A wide corridor, more than six hundred feet in length, will be bordered on both sides with mirror panels so that the representatives of the gentler sex may see themselves reflected to the best possible advantage.

Vera Michelena has been engaged for the cast of "The Flirting Princess," now in Chicago. Miss Michelena, who has been appearing in vaudeville, and who was the prima donna of "The Waltz Dream" and other musical comedies, will play the title part of the Egyptian princess in place of Violet Dale.

London managers say that from the sale of programmes they derive in a season from £2000 to £3000. What the sale of programmes cost their patrons in temper and indigestion can not be established.

Picture framing that is in perfect taste and moderately priced. E. B. Courvoisier, 431 Sutter Street, near Powell.

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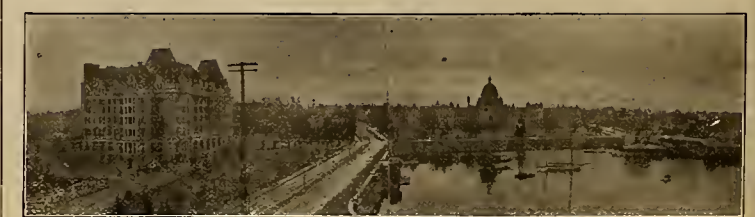
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THE EMPRESS HOTEL, Victoria, B. C.



## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

At the Van Ness Theatre Olga Nethersole will begin the second and last week of her local engagement Monday night. She has duplicated the success of her former visits during her first week in "The Writing on the Wall," the Hurlbut drama of life among the tenements of New York, and will repeat the play for one or two performances during the latter half of her stay. Besides "The Writing on the Wall," Miss Nethersole will be seen in a selection of the best rôles of her extensive repertory, and will include performances of "Magda," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "Camille." As Magda in Sudermann's drama the actress has a part well suited to her temperament, and one in which she appeared to advantage on her last San Francisco visit. In the exacting rôle of Paula Tanqueray in Pinero's problem play no one can excel Miss Nethersole. She stands by herself as the leading exponent of Pinero's greatest emotional heroine. Again as Camille her art will be shown at its best. Altogether the Nethersole repertory for the coming week is an attractive theatrical bill of fare. In all of her plays Miss Nethersole will be supported by the full strength of her excellent company, the best that she has ever had in her support, and proper and sumptuous scenic accompaniment will be given all the dramas. There will be the usual matinees.

The last performance of Eugene Walter's great melodrama, "The Wolf," will be given at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee Cohan & Harris will present, for one week only, that comedy success, "Brewster's Millions." This play is adapted from the most popular story ever written by George Barr McCutcheon. It is full of humor and the dramatic possibilities in it have been well developed in the stage adaptation made by Winchell Smith and Byron Ongley. The rôle of "Monty" Brewster is taken by Royal Tracy, upon whom the heaviest burden of the play rests. Determined to win the \$7,000,000 left by an uncle, providing he spends a million left by a grandfather, inside a year, he embarks on a career with the sole idea of separating himself from his ten hundred thousand dollars. He employs a big force of clerks to do nothing, buys stocks that are sure to go down, deposits moneys in tottering banks, is an angel to an actress, publishes books for poor authors, and crowns his follies by taking his friends on a world cruise on a yacht, and succeeds, when he despairs of reaching

the goal, by outwitting his friends. They judge him mad and would save him and his fortune by hoisting a signal of distress on the yacht in an awful storm, which results much to their surprise in furthering his plans. By much hard work and great cleverness he actually becomes a pauper and wins the girl he loves. The staging of the play is remarkable, and the yacht scene is a marvel of realism. Among the players are Gus Christie, Carl W. Gerard, Fred Loomis, Louise Sanford, Franklin George, Richard Webster, Arthur Brahms, Den Wilkes, Katherine Ray, Marie Horton, Morgia Lytton, Gene Foxcroft, and Henry Carl Lewis.

William H. Crane's engagement at the new Columbia Theatre will continue for a second and last week, commencing with next Monday night, January 17. Matinees will be given Wednesday and Saturday. The comedian and his company have been eminently successful in the presentation of George Ade's comedy, "Father and the Boys." There is plenty of good humor in the performance. The play, the company, and the new playhouse are described elsewhere in this paper.

The Orpheum programme for next week is fully up to the high standard of this most popular of theatres. The Eight Geishas, who will appear for the first time in this city, are real Japanese girls imported from Nagasaki, Japan, and are considered to be one of the most remarkable novelties brought to this country for vaudeville. Their act consists of singing and dancing to the accompaniment of the samisen, a Japanese kind of banjo. Their posture dancing is illustrative of Japanese poems and legends. They also introduce dances of a humorous character. Jean Clermont's Circus is a novelty from Germany, a most pretentious display of dogs, ponies, and roosters. A French poodle sits up and plays on a piano, to the accompaniment of the orchestra. A fox-terrier sings a tune. Clermont himself is a comedian who helps in keeping the ball of fun rolling. Brown, Harris, and Brown are sure to please. Harry Brown is an original comedian; Miss Viola Harris is remarkable for her singing and handsome costuming; Elbert Brown renders two pretty numbers with expression. The Doherty Sisters, Anna and Lillian, will give songs and dances. Their witticisms are said to be new. Next week will be the last of the Willy Pantzer Company, Una Clayton and company, Mr. and Mrs. Voelker, and of the Great Bernardi, who is proving a sensation.

## When Patti Snubbed the King.

When Mme. Patti—who celebrated her jubilee the other day—was about nineteen, she went to sing for the first time in Homburg, accompanied by her father. Now, the gallant old Emperor William was there (says a writer in *M. A. P.*), and when the young diva was presented to him he asked her to join him at seven o'clock the next morning on the promenade while he drank the waters. Patti made a little moue, and the next morning she did not join the illustrious water-drinker. The emperor, amazed, sent his enquiry to know if she was indisposed. "I am very well indeed," said Patti. "And you may tell his majesty that not for him or any other king in this world does Patti get up before seven o'clock in the morning to see him drinking water." The old king—for he was king then—like his majesty of Cole, was a jolly old soul, and laughed heartily when he heard the message.

A year or two before the Emperor William died, Patti visited Berlin and sang there for three nights at the Royal Opera House. At her last appearance, the old emperor tottered to his box to hear her, and sent her an invitation to visit him after the opera was over.

"Oh! I ran then," said Patti, "and I could hardly help crying when the kind old man held out his hand to me, saying, 'It is good of the queen of song to visit the King of Germany today. Does she remember how she snubbed him once at Homburg?'"

David Bispham is prominent among those who ask for grand opera in English. Public opinion, he says, should do here what the Kaiser did in Germany—namely, demand that opera be sung in the language of the country. Bispham defies anybody to "get any sense" out of an opera given in a tongue he does not understand, and if no sense of meaning is attached by the great majority of the auditors to the thing they see and hear, how can they seriously think of it and love it as an art?

At the first Lyric "Pop" concert, to be given on Sunday afternoon, January 30, the Lyric String Quartet will play works by Schubert, Mozart, and Beethoven, and the soloist will be Mrs. B. M. Stich, a soprano with a beautiful voice and excellent method, who will sing a group of songs by Franz and Brahms, with Miss Lydia Reinstein at the piano.

Frank Bacon is in Chicago, a member of the cast of "The Fortune Hunter," and is attracting favorable attention.

## The Pasmore Trio in Chicago.

In the issue of December 30 the *Musical Leader* has the following notice of the Pasmore Trio of San Francisco, who appeared at a concert with the Chicago Madrigal Club in the Illinois city:

"The Pasmore Trio, consisting of Mary Pasmore, violinist; Dorothy Pasmore, 'cellist, and Suzanne Pasmore, pianist, were found to be distinct acquisitions to the American concert platform, to which they have returned after several years in Germany. That they understand the value of ensemble playing in its real meaning was shown from the beginning and to the end of their performance. They play with delicate refinement, delightful expression, and with a musical understanding that must impress all who revere the art of chamber music playing, which is the highest form of musical expression. The Pasmore Trio has purity of tone, an appreciation of tone quality, and know the meaning of contrasts, as was shown in their differentiation of the variations of the Tschaiowsky A minor trio. The work is one in which the individual players have means for individual expression and each one of the sisters was shown to be an artist of uncommon equipment. They will be heard again with pleasure."

As to Smith, a correspondent of the *London Chronicle* points out that while there are now about 350,000 members of the great family in England alone, in Old Testament times, according to the First Book of Samuel, "there was no Smith throughout the land of Israel." This verse the late Bishop Wilberforce spotted as the hardest one in the Bible to quote without smiling.

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## Who Was It?

Every week sees a score or more of well-known San Franciscans on their way to Yosemite Valley for a few days of sleighing, snow-shoeing (if there is such a word), skating on Mirror Lake, at the foot of the great Half Dome or on the pond by Sentinel Rock, tobogganing down the long slide below Glacier Point, or riding the trails to Vernal Falls, Illillouette Falls and Columbia Rock. Every one comes back filled with enthusiasm over the trip, the novelty of the sports, the absence of all discomfort or hardship on the trip, the crisp dryness of the atmosphere which prevents any feeling of cold, and the excellent service at the Hotel del Portal.

Every one has some story to tell, either on himself or some one else—the figures that Brown cut on the ice, which were not numerical figures, the fun that Smith had on the trail to Vernal Falls with Julia (the mule), or vice versa, the sled that made too sharp a turn and deposited a row of laughing, rosy-cheeked girls in the soft snow—all these add to the gayety and enjoyment of the trip, both at the time and afterwards.

One of the stories going the rounds has for its hero the well-known member of a club not a thousand miles away from Post and Leavenworth Streets, as the society reporters would say. The Hotel del Portal stands on a wooded (not wooden) bench overlooking the rushing Merced River. Over the river hangs a swinging foot bridge, the centre of which is a favorite place for snapshots. Just below is the ruin of the oldest hotel in Mariposa County, which dates back to the early fifties. Before the bridge was hung there the miners and others who wished to cross the river seated themselves on a single plank depending from a trolley wheel on



Sleighs Filled with Rosy-Checked, Laughing Girls Dash over the Snowy Floor of Yosemite Valley.

a steel cable and pulled themselves over. This is now one of the diversions of the guests at the Hotel del Portal, and the clubman in question essayed the journey. The start was easy, for the cable sags in the middle and the trolley, with its burden, runs gently down the incline, but here the fun began, the contest between muscle and avoirdupois—and the law of gravitation won. Swinging there, forty feet above the foaming river, the unfortunate traveler could only sit and puff, then try again, encouraged by the shouts of his friends on the bank, work up a

few feet, only to slip gently back again to the middle, as much exhausted by his laughter as by his efforts. And, finally, a rope having been secured from the hotel, he was drawn in triumph to the river's brink, where he was kept dangling until certain promises were sworn to under duress. It is not recorded what the dinner cost him to keep the story quiet, and he won't tell. Manager Babb of the Hotel del Portal knows, but he only shakes his head and smiles. At any rate, everybody says it was a great trip.

THE GOSSIP.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How do you keep your razor sharp?" "Easy enough. I hide it where my wife can't find it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"How Tillie's clothes hang about her! Why, they don't fit her at all." "But think how much worse she would look if they did."—*Life.*

Guest—Gracious! What long legs the new waiter has! Host—Yes, I engaged him specially for the diners who are in a hurry.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

Lady (in modern book store)—I wish to see all of the latest books. Salesman—Very well, madam. Will you kindly step on board this scenic railway?—*Life.*

Follower of Events—A Harvard professor favors a revision of the Ten Commandments. Ultimate Consumer—Gee whiz! Upward or downward?—*St. Louis Star.*

"The old monitors are being dropped from the navy." "So I see." "Obsolete, I judge?" "Yes; they never did have the right kind of dancing decks."—*Pittsburg Post.*

"What part of the railway train do you regard as the most dangerous?" inquired the nervous man. "The dining-car," answered the dyspeptic.—*Washington Star.*

Mr. Mellow (confidentially to attendant at the Zoo)—Old man, where they keep the jaguar? Lead me to the jag-uh-war. Got speshal interes' in jaguar.—*Puck.*

"I'll be ready in a minute," she said to her husband. "You needn't hurry now," he called up some time later, "I find that I shall have to shave again."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miss Kidder—S'h! Carrie has dyed her hair black. Don't tell anybody. Miss Askitt—Is it a secret? Miss Kidder—Yes; she wants to keep it dark.—*Boston Globe.*

Patience—They say she got all her furniture on the installment plan? Patrice—She did. She has had four husbands, and she got a little furniture with each one.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I thought you said you told your wife everything you did." "I do." "It's mighty strange. She hasn't said a word to my wife about the \$10 you borrowed from me."—*Washington Star.*

She—Don't you think woman's suffrage would be a fine thing? He—I know I could always persuade my wife to vote as I wanted by telling her I intended voting the other way.—*Boston Globe.*

"The dress Mrs. Style wore at the opera was a perfect poem," said Mrs. Howard. "As far as it went, no doubt," replied her husband, "but I thought some cantos were missing."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Why can't that prima donna sing more than twice a week?" "I don't know," answered the impresario, "unless it's because she tires out her vocal cords arguing with me about salary."—*Washington Star.*

"Now, your conduct during the trial may have considerable effect on the jury." "Ab, quite so," responded the ultra-swell defendant. "And should I appear interested or just mildly bored?"—*Kansas City Journal.*

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively; but I thought you were twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Dubbs (with newspaper)—It tells here, my dear, how a progressive New York woman makes her social calls by telephone. Mrs. Dubbs—Progressive. Huh! She's probably like me—not a decent thing to wear.—*Boston Transcript.*

"I'm sure," said the interviewer, "the public would be interested to know the secret of your success." "Well, young man," replied the captain of industry, "the secret of my success has been my ability to keep it a secret."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Cholly—The deuce, old chap; I can't go to the party. I have no collah-buttons. Reggie—Go across the street and buy some, dear fellow. Cholly—But I can't. Nobody has my measurements except my tailor, dontcherknow.—*Life.*

"What's that party kicking about?" said one New Yorker. "Oh, he's one of those guys who are lucky and don't know it," replied the other. "He came here on a round-trip ticket from Philadelphia and lost the return coupon."—*Washington Evening Star.*

"What are they moving the church for?" "Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggins, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than 300 feet from a church. I give 'em three days to move the church."—*Chicago L. Cal. News.*

Cincinnati Tourist (who, for the first time, is just entered a restaurant in Paris)—Have you ordered? St. Louis Tourist (who has reached the table some minutes before, and now looks up from a French bill of fare)—

Yes. Cincinnati Tourist—What did you order? St. Louis Tourist (impatiently)—How do I know?—*Chicago Daily News.*

"The way to run this country," said the egotist, "is to put thoroughly wise, capable, alert, and honest men in control of all affairs." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "but what are we going to do? There's only one of you."—*Washington Star.*

"Your father doesn't think you have been especially well behaved," said the small boy's uncle. "I know that," answered the precocious juvenile. "But things I have heard mother say make me think he isn't any great judge of high-class deportment."—*Washington Star.*

"I'd hate to be a millionaire." "Gosh! Why?" "Well, millionaires are always getting letters threatening them with all sorts of horrible fates unless they immediately pay the writers large sums of money." "That's nothing. I get just such letters on the first of every month."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Why," asked the judge, "do you think your husband is dead? You say you haven't heard from him for more than a year. Do you consider that reasonable proof that he has passed out of existence?" "Yes, your honor. If he was still alive he'd be askin' me to send him money."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I trust," said the new minister, "that you are bringing your children up in the way they should go." "Oh, yes," replied the wife of the man who had just got \$1,000,000 for an improved pig scraper, "we've hired a teacher to give them dancin' lessons and quit sendin' them to the public school."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Speaker Cannon, at a Washington banquet, had been criticizing a political opponent. "His advocacy of those measures is only half-hearted, anyway," the Speaker said. "It is as half-hearted as Old Uncle Eli Baxter's affection for his wife. Uncle Eli kept a crab and oyster emporium in the village of Deerun. He was rich, according to Deerun standards, and the village gossips said that his wife, a young and pretty woman, had married him for his money. A friend dropping in for a cold boiled crab one morning, noticed that Uncle Eli looked woebe-gone. 'What's the matter, uncle?' he asked. 'Rheumatiz again?' 'Wusn't rheumatiz,' said Uncle Eli, shortly. 'It's my wife. She's been kissin' young lawyer Shyster, who takes his meals here with me.' The visitor dropped in amazement the crab claw he had been picking. 'Impossible!' he cried. 'Impossible, oothin'." said Uncle Eli glumly. 'I seen her do it.' The voice of the crab eater quivered with awe and interest. 'Then what are you goin' to do about it, Uncle Eli?' he asked. 'Do?' said the old man sourly. 'What can I do? If I let the cat out of the bag that I've lost confidence in lawyer Shyster, he's liable to change his eatin' house.'"

A New Yorker whose business keeps him on the road says that in Omaha the general breeziness of the West is shared by the waiters in the restaurants. "A legal light of that town recently entered an eating-house and was immediately approached by a waiter, who observed cheerfully: 'I have deviled kidneys, pigs' feet, and calves' brains.' 'Have you?' coolly asked the lawyer. 'Well, what are your troubles to me? I came here to eat.'"

## The Place, All Right.

The newcomer had just encountered a glaring hillboard: "Classic Drama at the Plutonian Tonight! William Shakespeare in His Great Creation of Hamlet! Booth and Barrett as Rosencrantz and Guildenstern! Wagner and Mozart Orchestra! Seats Free! Everybody Welcome!"

"Surely this can't be Hades, with this great dramatic feast free to all?" he suggested hopefully to a bystander.

"Oh, it's hell, all right," groaned the bystander. "You see, they use a drop-curtain depicting sunrise in the Alps surrounded by the names of fourteen kinds of whisky and sixteen varieties of chewing-gum; the local smart set enters during the progress of the second act; the performance is preceded by moving pictures showing a chase after criminals in automobiles; the man behind you has already witnessed the show four times; the ushers sell the complete words and music of the production at 10 cents a copy, and the audience invariably demands 'Casey at the Bat.'"—*Puck.*

Another newspaper man has been taking a rise out of London, Ontario. Mr. Edmund Vance Cook of Cleveland, Ohio, has been visiting the inland city of Ontario and records some of his impressions in the Cleveland press. The Canadian Sunday in London struck Mr. Cook all of a heap. He pens his experiences thus: "Picture the American guest at the Tecumseh House, rolling over in bed, fumbling to the phone and yawning. 'Send me up mornin' paper.' The bellboy brings stationery, of course. 'What's this?' demands the guest. 'I want mornin' paper.' The bellboy vanishes and returns with more stationery, black-edged. 'Yessir. Mournin' paper, sir.' The guest says a word or two and the bewildered boy tries again, and yet again, bringing him everything from flypaper to sandpaper. 'Newspaper!' roars the guest, in black-face caps. 'Mornin' newspaper!' The boy drops his jaw. Noospaper? On the Sawbath? Andin Lunnon? Man! Man! And has no one warned you to flee from the wrath to come? The visitor goes out into the silent streets. Everything is shut up so tight he marvels that the churches are permitted to do a side-door business. It is Sunday in London! A cemetery is a carnival to it."

Kentucky Tailor—Hip pockets? Customer—Yes. Tailor—Large or small? Customer—Half pints.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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GEORGE L. SHOALS, Business Manager.

## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - Editor

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### The Aviators at Los Angeles.

The great meet at Los Angeles has been one of the most successful in the history of aviation. It brought out the leading mechanisms of aerial navigation and commanded the service of men of the first rank in aviation practice. It attracted, too, great numbers of lookers-on, and it is believed that it has rewarded its projectors with a substantial profit. Southern California affords ideal conditions for practice of this kind, the general conditions—including the weather—being alike favorable and dependable.

The incidents of this meet have done much to inform the country with respect to the present development in aviation matters. Hitherto we have looked upon the flying machine as a direct challenge to violent death. But from observation at Los Angeles it appears that this idea is wide of the mark. Accidents there were at Los Angeles, but nothing serious, nothing tending to exhibit aviation as more dangerous than motoring at high speed. Aviation today is about where motoring was ten years ago, making the same appeal as a sport and similarly tempting to hardihood. There is little doubt that this meet will inspire scores or hundreds in California to take up aviation as a sport, and doubtless we shall soon have flying clubs precisely as we have automobile and riding clubs all over the country.

As yet there is little to indicate that the flying

machine will serve any large or general commercial use. But it would be a venturesome man to stake much on the theory that it is incapable of such development. It is only a little while ago that the automobile was a toy; today it is a necessity of business as well as an agency of sport and pleasure. It is quite within the possibilities that the history of the air car and its developments will match the achievements of the surface motor.

### Matters at Washington.

Not even such good will for the Taft administration and such hopes for its success as the *Argonaut* cherishes can obscure or disguise the fact that Mr. Taft's tour of the country last fall was a mistake and a failure. In administration as in other games it is not commonly wise to lay the cards face up on the table. There are values in public expectation, even in public uncertainty, which are likely to be lost when all reserves are put aside. Mr. Taft's chief indiscretion was the speech at Winona, Minnesota, in which he declared a satisfaction quite too complete and cordial in the tariff achievements of Congress last spring. This utterance gave him no strength with the stand-patters; at the same time it chilled the more progressive element in the party, nullifying their enthusiasm even though not sacrificing their personal good will. The President probably said more than he meant. Most certainly he said more than he ought to have said. The public does not accept the work of the last Congress as a settlement of all party obligations in the matter of tariff revision, and nothing that the President or anybody else may say will silence the demand for further—and a more definitely downward—modification. The effect of the Winona speech was to involve the President in a species of skin-deep but none the less irritating antagonism with the West. It did not destroy respect or hope, but it weakened perceptibly a confidence and good will which a man artful in such matters might have turned to good account.

In the course of his tour Mr. Taft was amazingly frank. He spoke, indeed, with such freedom and upon a range of subjects so wide as to trench upon materials which might discreetly have been saved up for the annual message to Congress. Now the country has become accustomed to a good deal of "ginger" in these annual outgivings. If the judicious have sometimes grieved over the Message in recent years, the general public has found a certain entertainment in it. Its slap-dash extravagances, and its boyish exuberances, during the Roosevelt era served to divert even where it did not edify. Habit is not only a profound but an insidious motive, and the American people had grown unconsciously to expect spirited talk in the President's message. The Taft message was a disappointment. There was in it nothing new, nothing striking, nothing to keep the reader awake. Most of what the President had to say to the country had been said in the course of his tour. Where it was not made up of warmed-over material the message was heavy with routine information of no interest or significance to the general reader. Worse still, there were palpable omissions, for the President failed to discuss with sufficient positiveness matters concerning which public interest was most intense, notably the matter of interstate regulations and the issues of conservation. These two subjects Mr. Taft left for future consideration. A more adroit feeler of the public pulse—a man skilled in dealing with the public mind—would have put these matters foremost in the message, postponing its overmuch of routine information to later and minor occasions.

If Mr. Taft had said in the annual message what he has said within the week in a special message on the subject of conservation, it would have taken the wind completely out of the sails of Mr. Pinchot and his clique, and Mr. Taft himself would have been spared

an unpleasant experience. It was because the annual message left room for doubt and question as to what the President intends to do in the matter of conservation, that Pinchot ventured as he did in waters so far beyond his depth. Unquestionably he became impressed with the notion that the "sacred policy" was to be abandoned, and enthusiasm—not to say fanaticism—combining with vanity prompted him to a course which otherwise he would never have thought of. Yet we think, on the whole, the incident is not to be regretted, since it has exhibited to the country a phase of Mr. Taft's character which it has been glad to see. There had developed unconsciously doubts as to the spirit of the man. His persistent good nature, his easy-going ways, his famous smile, his perfect poise, had tended in many minds to raise questions of his capacity for energetic and forcible courses. The prompt dismissal of Pinchot has, on the whole, tended to promote respect for the President, because first, it exhibited the positive and energetic side of his character, and because second, it has shown that he is not afraid to wield the big stick, even against the closest of Mr. Roosevelt's personal friends. Beyond a doubt Mr. Taft stands better with the public for having taken insubordination and impertinence by the scruff of its neck and given it the swift kick it deserved.

Other incidents of the past few weeks have tended to clarify the situation at Washington. The President has made plain exactly what he wants in the way of legislation. He wants certain amendments to the interstate commerce act tending to its greater efficiency on lines already laid down. He wants a law providing for the voluntary federal incorporation of corporations. He wants action putting upon the statute books the so-called Roosevelt policies relative to conservation of natural resources, as recommended in Secretary Ballinger's annual report. He wants a law creating a postal savings bank system. He wants a law for the reorganization of the government of Alaska. He wants a law providing statehood for Arizona and New Mexico. He demands drastic reductions in appropriations with economy in federal expenditures. This programme is as positive as the most ardent Rooseveltian could wish, and it has the merit of being carefully defined. It completely answers the charge that Taft is drifting away from the scheme of statesmanship and of politics with which he has been identified. It cuts the ground from under those who have been willing to see the Taft administration drift from its moorings and rush headlong upon its own destruction.

It has become apparent within the last few days that whatever differences there may have been between the President and the so-called insurgents, the administration is to have the practical support of all Republican elements in Congress during the coming session. The insurgents are fixed in enmity against Speaker Cannon. They resent his autocratic ways as a presiding officer and as organizer of the committees of the House of Representatives. They especially resent his open alliance with the stand-pat tariff and financial doctors of the extreme East. They are not pleased with the sentiments declared by Mr. Taft in the Winona speech. At the same time they have no wish to break with the administration, are disposed now as in the past to give the President a cordial support. And while this does not mean that the administration programme before Congress will be swallowed without salt, it does mean that it will have at the hands of the insurgents the same friendly consideration as by other Republican members of Congress.

If Mr. Pinchot cherished a notion that by slapping the President in the face he could establish himself as an approved figure before the country, he must by this time be disillusionized. His little group of personal friends may and probably do consider him a



hero. But the general public sees in him one who in a spirit of bumptiousness, impertinence, and vanity thought to affront the head of the government. The President's energetic but well-poised response completely knocked the pins from under Mr. Pinchot's pretensions, and the conservation message which followed within a few days showed both the abstract rights and the common sense of the situation to be with the President. In the face of these developments Mr. Pinchot's appeal to the public has fallen flat. Nobody recognizes him as having the right to make such appeal; nobody sees him other than as a bureaucrat puffed up with self-conceit to the degree of conceiving that he might flout and insult the President of the United States and find approval and applause in so doing.

The investigation to be undertaken by Congress of the differences between Ballinger and Pinchot must in the nature of things be of general interest. The public, to be sure, is not vastly interested in a personal sense either in Ballinger or Pinchot, but it is interested in the question—the crux of the whole matter—whether this is to be a government of official initiative or a government under the law. The Pinchot idea, as developed in Mr. Pinchot's official course, is that the government in pursuing the public good should do not only what the law directs but a multitude of things which the law does not prohibit. In other words, Mr. Pinchot's idea in the administration of his bureau was to act as legislature, judge, and executive. He imbibed this idea from Roosevelt, who habitually acted upon it. The management of the public lands during the past eight years, to be laid bare by the coming inquiry, will show to what extent this idea has been developed in administrative practice.

The Taft idea is directly contrary. In administration Mr. Taft will do what the law directs or permits, and where further authority of action is desired he will appeal to Congress. There can be, we think, no question among men of conservative spirit, certainly there will be no question among lawyers, as to which of these two theories is the sound and safe one. It is, we take it, a practical assurance that Congress, naturally jealous of its own authority and powers, will reject the Pinchot idea—or more properly the Roosevelt idea—and sustain the theory upon which Mr. Taft has established his administration.

It may not be out of place to step aside from our theme for a moment to observe the attitude of the English mind towards corresponding ideas in relation to British government. In English administration there has been no such innovator as Roosevelt, although under the English system such a man might find a freedom of action unwarranted under a rigid constitution. Yet it is to be noted that the lawyer is not a favorite character with the English people in the sphere of political administration. It is not the habit of the English people to establish the legal type of mind in posts of high administrative authority. The desire, conscious or otherwise, is for a freedom and a readiness of administrative action not commonly to be found in men whose characters have been formed in and through legal study and legal practice. The implication would appear to be that under the English standards of a progressive government, something a little freer than strict legal interpretations of things is desired.

In our own country we have looked with a much kinder eye upon the lawyer in the sphere of statesmanship. Many of our presidents have been lawyers, and by far the greater number of senators and members of Congress. It is a pretty well defined idea in the American mind that far above the generality of men the lawyer is qualified to make laws and to administer them. Something of this idea goes with our scheme of written constitutions, national and State. Much of it comes, undoubtedly, from the fact that we have no class of hereditary law-makers, presumed to be prepared by education and habit for public service. Something, too, is to be accredited to the fact that we are without that vast body of tradition which is at once so powerful a motive and so profound a resource in British statecraft.

#### San Francisco's Loss.

At Los Angeles last week several hundred non-union conductors and motormen connected with the Los Angeles electric railway system presented to Mr. Henry E. Huntington a colossal silver loving cup in testimony of their personal regard for him. It was an occasion of some ceremony with addresses on both sides, those on the part of the presentors breathing the warmest spirit

of appreciation and respect. This incident may be taken to illustrate the satisfaction felt by Mr. Huntington's many thousand employees in the conditions of their work. It is interesting to recall, too, that but for the blight of labor unionism Mr. Huntington's activities, which have meant so much for the development of Los Angeles and the surrounding country, would have been carried on in and about San Francisco. He was here for several years before going to Los Angeles, but he did not find the conditions to his satisfaction. He had been bred in the school of his uncle, Collis P. Huntington, the very first tenet of which was that of equality of opportunity for all men without distinction of condition, relationship, or color. Mr. Collis Huntington carried out this theory religiously in his railroad enterprises and in his great ship-building plant at Newport News. To a man imbued with these ideas the dictatorship in labor matters by men of the P. H. McCarthy type, which he found in San Francisco, was offensive, intolerable. It was easier to go into a free atmosphere than single-handed to fight irritating and limiting conditions; and so Mr. Huntington carried his high energies and his great fortune to Los Angeles. They were fortunately not lost to the State; and perhaps we should not bemoan the gain of Los Angeles, even though it has been at our cost. At the same time it is interesting to reflect upon what might have been for San Francisco but for the removal of this one man—not to mention the multitude of others of the same spirit.

#### Explanation and Prophecy.

It is easy to understand why Mr. McCarthy brought the powers of his laborite constituency to bear against the proposal to buy the Spring Valley Water Company's plant. It is true that that plant is a first necessity if the city is to own its own water supply. It is true that at the price agreed upon the property was a bargain. It is manifest that no such bargain can ever again be arranged, but that when the city shall in the future buy this plant, as it must, the price will be much larger. It is true that the most capable engineers and financiers, including both friends and enemies of the Spring Valley Company, earnestly counseled this purchase. But Mr. McCarthy cared nothing about all these considerations for a reason entirely good to his type of man. Under the scheme of purchase the vast sum of \$35,000,000 would have been paid out for a tangible and definite property. There would have been no rake-off in it for anybody, no possible way through contracts, labor schemes, supplies, or other devices to turn any part of the sum to private or party account. It would have been a square, straight, clean deal. The city would have gotten its money's worth for its money. Mr. McCarthy wants no such deal. If \$35,000,000 or any other sum is to be raised upon the city credit for any purpose he wants a chance to handle the money. There you have the explanation.

The attitude of Mr. McCarthy towards the Lake Eleanor scheme is more easily comprehended. Here was a project condemned by engineers and financiers, a project which had not one leg of common sense to go upon. But it involved the expenditure of some forty millions of dollars. The city government will handle the money. Mr. McCarthy and his precious board of laborite supervisors are the city government. Of course, Mr. McCarthy was for this project. To be sure, he knew nothing about it as an engineering or as a business proposal. But about these matters he cares nothing.

Probably San Francisco will bury a vast amount of money in this Lake Eleanor project. And, yet, there is not the slightest chance that it will ever be brought to completion—that one gallon of water will ever be brought by it into San Francisco. The *Argonaut* has consulted three capable and disinterested engineers, the opinion of each being that the scheme is impracticable from every point of view. In the first place, the right of the city to do what is proposed is questionable; the very first move will involve us in a lawsuit with private riparian owners. Then the amount of water available after the Turlock Irrigation Company shall have claimed its full rights is not sufficient to supply the city in ordinary years, and it will be nothing at all in exceptionally dry years. Third, if there were water to be had at Lake Eleanor and if it were brought here, it would be unfit for use until it shall have been purified after so long a journey under the conditions proposed. The thing is impracticable, impossible, and yet we are likely to undertake it under the persuasions of a sensational press and a general demagogic conspiracy in

which politics and greed have supplied the principal motives.

We hope somebody will remember in time to come that before this enterprise was decided upon the *Argonaut* showed up its impracticability, that it foresaw and foretold that every dollar put into this project would be wasted or worse than wasted. In the end we shall not have a supply of water from Lake Eleanor nor from Hetch Hetchy, but we shall have the very excellent supply of the Spring Valley system. In the end the municipality will acquire this system by one process or another, and the cost will be not the \$32,000,000 for which the property was offered in 1907, not the \$35,000,000 for which the property was again offered in 1909, but a sum vastly larger. In the meantime we shall no doubt have sunk and otherwise squandered vast sums in pursuance of the Lake Eleanor scheme. San Francisco will look back ten years from now upon a loss and waste aggregating full half what the Spring Valley system would have cost if the city had had the business sense, the sanity, to accept the proposition which has just been rejected.

We are truly a peculiar people in San Francisco. Two weeks ago we turned out practically half of the registered municipal vote to accept an utterly foolish scheme of municipal railroad construction. Last Friday, when a matter of infinitely greater importance was up to the public for determination, we cast only one-third of the registration. In round numbers eight thousand fewer citizens took the trouble to vote in the vital matter of water supply than in the matter of a detached municipal railway line. Where such vagaries are possible nothing ought to be surprising. Apparently the community is animated by no serious consecutive or dependable motives in the ordering even of its most important affairs.

We are now to see what will be the attitude of the old-time critics of the Spring Valley Water Company in relation to the new order of things. In the recent campaign they have gone before the public, recommending the purchase of the Spring Valley system for the sum of \$35,000,000, taking the ground that at this price the property is a bargain. Now, unquestionably, the Spring Valley Water Company will insist upon the collection of revenues calculated upon a basic value of at least \$35,000,000. This will necessitate increased revenues, possibly increased charges at certain points in connection with the water service. What will the *Chronicle*, and the *Call*, and the *Examiner*, and Jimmie Phelan, and Dr. Taylor, and the others who have the habit of "arraigning" the Spring Valley Water Company say and do in view of the new conditions and of their own record?

#### The English Elections.

It will still be several days before the English elections are entirely complete, thanks to a system especially devised to allow the voter to exercise his franchise in every constituency where he happens to hold property. But enough progress has been made to justify a forecast of probable accuracy. Scotland and Wales, still largely unpolled, will be solidly liberal, that is to say, for the government, and Ireland will send her usual quota of home-rulers who are to be counted among the government forces. Even though the Unionist or anti-government party continue to gain at their present ratio, the government will still have a majority of about ninety, and under ordinary circumstances this is ample. It is always the aim of both the great parties in England to secure a majority large enough to make them independent of the Irish vote and safe from a chance combination of opposition men and home-rulers.

It may be assumed therefore from present indications that the present government will be returned to power with a majority reduced but still large enough. With the issues so confused it is not easy to attribute the result to its precise causes. The status of the House of Lords, the revolutionary budget, and the alternative scheme of protection all played their parts, but which of them were uppermost in the mind of the voter it is hard to determine. Would the government have been weaker or stronger if it had confined the issue to the budget and refrained from the attack upon the lords? Does the decrease in the majority indicate a growing partiality for protection, or merely an unwillingness to assail the upper house? What part was played by a general fear of socialist tendencies? These are questions that every one may determine for himself in the absence of precise facts.

None the less, the main fact remains undisputed that



the government that passed the budget, that attacked the lords, and that is the foe of protection will be once more in power unless the unexpected happens. It would be a mistake to suppose that the issue is necessarily settled by the elections. Whatever right the House of Lords possessed to reject the budget in the first place they still possess, and it is quite upon the cards that they may again reject it when it is once more presented. They may argue with some plausibility that the appeal to the country was not made upon that issue at all, but rather upon their own status, and that in any case the reduced majority justifies their action and now justifies its repetition. Such a course seems to be hardly consistent with political sanity, but then we all know that whom the gods would destroy they first send mad.

In this connection we may recall a significant avowal made by the prime minister at the beginning of the struggle. Mr. Asquith, speaking with all caution and deliberation, declared that the Liberal party would not again take office without an assurance that it would be out of the power of the lords to frustrate their projects. That seems to imply only one thing. It means an intention to secure the king's consent in advance to coercive measures, and the only coercive measure is a valid threat to create enough radical peers to swamp the opposition in the upper house. Nominally the power to create peers is in the hands of the king as the "fount of all honor." Actually and under normal conditions the power lies with the prime minister, who "recommends" those whom he wishes to reward. But whether the king would exercise his prerogative and object to an abnormal creation of peers, not for the sake of conferring dignities upon individuals but for coercive purposes, is quite another matter. Rightly or wrongly, the king is supposed to be strongly opposed to the action of the lords and to be in sympathy with the government, but he is all for a quiet life and will take the shortest road to reach it. If Mr. Asquith should ask in advance of taking office for a guaranty of power to deal with any situation that may arise, and should get it, the lords must accept the inevitable and submit. But if the king should refuse and the prime minister should decline to take office there would be a decidedly ugly situation. We have to remember also that the Liberal party is now pledged to a general reform of the House of Lords, irrespective of any particular measure, and it is hard to believe that the upper house will consent to any really effective reform except at the point of the bayonet. The elections are therefore far from promising any immediate finality to the struggle, and its sharpest phases may indeed be still in the future.

### McCarthy Plans to Fly Higher.

In the amazing pronouncement in which Mr. McCarthy declared that he held himself *first* as President of the Labor Council and *second* as Mayor of San Francisco, there was a suggestion of future higher flights in the political sphere. It would be the same, said the mayor, "whether as governor or as United States senator"; in any position he would be *first* President of the Labor Council of San Francisco.

That this reference to his loftier political ambitions was not merely casual, on the other hand that it was founded in definite calculation, we now have evidence in the doings of the State Building Trades Council, which has been in session during the week at Monterey. Of his body, numbering some 375 unionists from different sections of the State, Mr. McCarthy has easily been the hero. His appearances have been greeted with tumultuous applause, his utterances have been accepted as law and gospel, and his references to larger political plans have been hailed with noisy approval.

Nor is this all. The convention at Monterey took formal steps for the organization of a State Union Labor party for the avowed purpose of doing in State affairs what has been accomplished under McCarthy in San Francisco. The convention had in view nothing less than control of the affairs of the commonwealth. An official report by Mr. Tveitmoe declared the object of the convention to be that "the unions of the State shall protect themselves . . . by organizing and electing supervisors, senators, congressmen, governors, and all legislative officials from their own ranks." To the end of such organization committees were named and a scheme, based on Mr. Tveitmoe's idea, was carefully formulated.

So we are to have a State party in the interest not of the working man merely, but of the working man who affiliates with organized labor under the dictatorship of McCarthy and Tveitmoe. We are to have a

political party whose openly declared purpose it is to sustain the interests of a special class and to be organized by that class from among its own membership. No suggestion was made as to scheme of procedure, but the scheme will no doubt be a replica of that under which McCarthy achieved the mayoralty of San Francisco. There will be combination of the organized labor element with every other element and project which has a stomach in it. The method will be to bring all the special pleaders, all the self-seekers, all the disrespects, together in a movement in which organized labor shall hold the dominating voice. The theory is that a scheme which succeeded in San Francisco may be made to win throughout the State.

It may be possible in large cities, where the sordid forces of society are concentrated and where the interests associated with them have become capitalized, to patch up arrangements which, under special conditions, may be successful, as in the recent case of San Francisco. But in the State at large the thing is hardly possible. No party founded upon a mere class and partisan interest, proposing to ignore and override other interests, ever did or ever will succeed under our system in a large and permanent way. We have now and again seen temporary successes of political movements like these. Kansas has been fertile in instances of spasmodic and transient political action. But in the long run failure is certain, for the people will not sustain the pretensions of any one class, much less a class which is a mere minority in a single sphere of life and which seeks to bend every other element and interest to its own purposes.

That a labor party can be successful even temporarily in California we do not believe, and yet there are tremendous possibilities of political mischief in the fool primary law which a cowardly legislature gave us a year ago. In Oregon, operating under a similar law, we have seen a man elected to the highest office upon a bare vote of seventeen per cent of the whole vote of the State. A system which permits this sort of thing may yield any result.

### Editorial Notes.

Laura McDonald, the waitress who killed her two-years-old child early in 1909 and who later was acquitted of her crime on the ground of emotional insanity, is again an object of public attention. At the home of Miss Maud Younger, in whom she had found a staunch friend, she attempted on Sunday night to commit suicide by inhalation of gas, this being the second attempt at self-destruction by the same method. The explanation given by the would-be suicide is that of weariness with life and of a longing to be with her child. The cause, back of all, is something very different. Experience everywhere shows that there is no strain upon character including the powers of self-control like that of a radical change in fortune, particularly if in such change there be abandonment of fixed habits of mind and body. Laura McDonald is a woman of no particular education and without those sources for self-entertainment which overbear the tedium of time. Under normal conditions work would have filled her hands and occupied her mind. Under the bounty of Miss Younger all this was lost. She had no resource of mind because her mental development was limited; she had no companionships because while cut off from natural associations she was not qualified for new and higher connections; she had no work to occupy her time and her mind. It was natural, even inevitable, that she should brood upon those memories which must crowd upon a woman of tragic history. What Laura McDonald needed—what she needs—is work, work of hand with such work of mind as she is capable of. Work would have saved her from the morbid distemper which seized upon her under a radical change of fortune and habit. Work may still save her if it can be so ordered as to fill her time and restore the tone and poise of her mind. Work and work only can do these things for one in Laura McDonald's condition. Idleness, especially idleness with vacuity, inevitably breeds mental distempers. It puts the severest possible strain upon the healthy mind; it puts an unbearable strain upon a mind haunted by sad or galling memories. Work, not only to the Laura McDonalds, but to the rest of us, is not merely the sauce of life, but its salvation.

If Governor Hughes of New York insists, as it now appears that he will, upon returning to private life at the end of his present official term, it will be a grievous

loss to the public service, not only of the State of New York, but of the country at large. Men of the Hughes type either in public life or out of it are rare. A man of this type in a conspicuous place like the governorship of New York is like a light set upon a hill—he is useful for what he is at home, he is useful likewise for the inspiration and guidance of those who see him from afar. It is easy to understand Mr. Hughes's disinclination for further service in the governorship. He is in moderate personal circumstances and he is in the best working years of his life. When he entered upon the duties of the governorship he abandoned absolutely all his private and personal plans. He has not retained membership in the law firm of which he was the head; he has done nothing whatever in a business or professional way. All his time and all his energies have been given to the State. The remuneration is not large—indeed, the maintenance of the executive establishment is said to cost more than his salary. He has, of course, the right to order his life in his own way, to abandon public life and devote himself to money-making. But the loss to the State and the country is very great.

Cardinal Gibbons is the latest and most significant critic of the steadily climbing cost of living in the United States. The cardinal sees in it not only a hardship to multitudes of people, but profound moral hazards. He sees no reason for it, and without precisely saying so, he thinks, manifestly, that there is something wrong in our legal or social system. The condition certainly is serious, and it is one which presses with special severity upon the salaried classes. It is, too, a condition which comes home to every household, especially impressing itself upon the women of the country. And this being so, it does not require a prophet to foretell that the country must soon in its social and political attitude manifest its discontent. It would not be surprising if the next presidential campaign shall be involved with considerations of this all-pervading and all-pressing grievance.

The promised congressional inquiry into the increased cost of living is one of those palatable soporifics that are neither remedies nor even the assurance of remedies. Indeed, we may well be suspicious of the alacrity that is being shown by some members of Congress in their eagerness to get to work upon the problem. It will be remembered that Congress turned its attention in this direction upon a previous occasion, but the only tangible result was a resolution that the cost of living had advanced to such a point that life at Washington was no longer possible upon the existing allowance, which therefore should be raised, and promptly was raised, by another \$2500. Congressmen then felt that they had done their whole duty to the country and that the most pressing feature of the problem had been solved. It looks very much as though the same problem were about to be solved in the same interesting way.

In the midst of all this national and international talk about the Manchurian railway, we can but recall that there would have been no problem in relation to this road if plans made by Mr. Harriman some four or five years ago had not been thwarted and defeated through the personal animosity of the then President of the United States. Mr. Harriman had arranged for financing the Manchurian railway under a plan which, without discrimination against other countries, would have imposed an American policy upon that system. Likewise, it would have connected it with an American trans-Pacific navigation system with advantages not easy to over-estimate. It was one of the great projects of the greatest projector in transportation that this country has ever known. That it should have failed is a pity, indeed; that it should have failed for the reasons that it failed, is a national discredit.

A regrettable result of the excitement in English politics is the platform use of a homely and satisfying word that we have agreed to ban in polite society. Lord Milner caused a distinct shudder of delighted appreciation when he shouted "Damn the consequences!" and, emboldened by his example, both Lord Dunmore and Sir George Luck ventured unabashed into the forbidden vocabulary. Times have indeed changed much since Sydney Smith ventured mildly to reprove Lord Melbourne for his iron-clad terminology. Interviewing Lord Melbourne upon the subject of the charity commission, Mr. Smith found it necessary to suggest: "Now, my lord, let us assume that everybody and everything in connection with this matter is damned



and so proceed to business." But if the forbidden word is to intrude once more it will not be for long. The suffragettes will see to that, when they have once dominated the political platform.

Taking note of the fact that San Francisco is going to try municipal ownership and operation of street cars, the *Chicago Record-Herald* remarks unkindly that "if San Francisco can do this successfully, it should be very simple elsewhere."

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Nearly every one has read the bald announcement that King Edward has consented to arbitrate in the dispute between the United States and Chile, but not one reader in ten thousand knows, or even wants to know, the nature of the difficulty. And, by the way, what has become of The Hague tribunal, which was created for the express purposes of acting in such matters as this, and why is it necessary to invoke the friendly aid of an individual? King Edward will certainly get no thanks for his trouble, at least not from the unsuccessful claimant, whereas The Hague tribunal is indifferent to gratitude and is very much in the position of the ordinary corporation of which it was said that "it has no soul to be damned nor body to be kicked."

The trouble between the United States and Chile had its origin in Bolivia, and one of the main problems is the value of the Bolivian coinage. The Alsop Company, who are in the position of plaintiffs, agreed that payments should be made to them in bolivianos, and the boliviano was then worth about a dollar, but has now depreciated to 40 cents.

The story begins in 1876. At about that time Don Pedro Lopez Gama advanced a large sum of money to Bolivia which he had borrowed for the purpose from Alsop & Co. This would seem to argue that neither Don Gama nor the Alsops could have been in their right minds, but that is a question for the alienist rather than for the historian.

In due time the inevitable happened. The Bolivian government was unable to pay, or unwilling to pay, or both, and so Don Gama turned over his debt to Alsop & Co. for collection and in settlement of their own claim against him. The Bolivian government by no means repudiated the debt—in words—but they did pretty much the same thing when, with a thousand stately expressions of regret, they expressed their inability to meet the call just at the moment and their intention to do the right thing at some future time when their financial stringency was not quite so severe. In point of fact, they promised to pay the Alsops the sum of \$35,000 bolivianos with interest at 5 per cent. As security the government offered a part of the customs receipts at Arica, and they also granted to the company a concession for twenty-five years to work the silver mines in the Caracoles district.

That seemed to be very satisfactory and the plan might have worked admirably but for the war between Bolivia and Peru on the one side and Chile on the other. Chile was victorious and the terms of peace included the cession to her of Arica and Caracoles, that is to say, of precisely those territories upon which the Alsops relied for the payment of the debt. Chile was filled with honorable intentions in the matter and undertook to respect all obligations, but the Alsops soon complained that the mining laws of Chile were different from those of Bolivia, and that they were exposed thereby to heavy and unforeseen expenses. Moreover, Chile began to make excuses as to the cash payments, and as a matter of fact nothing whatever was paid.

So the matter went on until 1892, when a commission was appointed by the United States and by Chile to investigate the whole case. A stated time was allowed for the report, but when that time had expired it was found that the members were still drinking each other's healths and paying flowery compliments, and had done nothing else. The actual problem was in *statu quo ante*, as the diplomats say.

Since that time Chile has offered to settle the case upon three separate occasions, but for a mere fraction of the amount actually due. It is not alone a question of the amount of money actually advanced, or whether repayment shall be made in the original number of bolivianos. That would be relatively easy, but there is the more complicated question of the amount of loss sustained by the Alsops as a result of the difference between the mining laws of Chile and Bolivia. Now King Edward is to arbitrate, and presumably this means that he will get the advice of a few eminent English lawyers who will devote themselves to unraveling the tangle.

There are persistent rumors of the retirement of Mr. Bryce from the British ambassadorship at Washington. He is said to be dissatisfied with the refusal of the Canadian government to send an attaché to cooperate with him in Canadian affairs and to feel himself handicapped by the absence of expert experience in the business of the Dominion. Mr. Root was the first to suggest a Canadian attaché, and Mr. Knox revived the project, but Sir Wilfred Laurier, the Canadian premier, raised objections on the ground that complications would be likely to result from such a step. The matter was then before the Ottawa parliament, but the premier's objections caused the matter to be dropped, and now the story of Mr. Bryce's retirement is revived. Indeed, it is said that his successor has already been chosen in the person of Sir Maurice de Bunsen, who has been British ambassador at Madrid since 1906. Sir Maurice is a descendant of Baron de Bunsen, who was once the Prussian minister to Great Britain and a great friend of Queen Victoria in her early life.

Walter Wellman thinks that the popular reception of the President's message will determine finally the question of a second term. The President himself is said to feel that he

has done his whole duty by the submission of his recommendations, and that upon Congress must rest the responsibility for their adoption or rejection.

Many factors, says Mr. Wellman, are working both for and against Mr. Taft at this time. Upon the unfavorable side is the fact that "the President distinctly and decidedly made a bad start last summer with the tariff bill":

The most favorable view of public opinion that can be consistently expressed is that the people still regard him as on trial or probation, and do not expect much of him.

Without doubt a majority of Republicans have quietly made up their minds that he is a failure, and that he "will not do," that he lacks earnestness and forcefulness, that he tries to carry water on both shoulders, and that he falls between two stools.

A public man, like a public speaker, having once missed a chance to charm and win his public, finds it the more difficult to regain the lost ground and get them later on, no matter how great his work or how eloquent his words.

Among factors favorable to the President, Mr. Wellman enumerates the following:

Americans have a strong sense of fair play, and the people, as a whole, are not going to see Mr. Taft condemned before he has had a fair chance to show what he can do.

A large part of the business men and men of affairs throughout the country, whose influence counts for so much in the long run, are disposed in his favor.

The country is prosperous; prosperity came with the Taft administration, though, of course, by coincidence merely, and is likely to remain throughout his administration.

The men who are now for Taft and likely to be for him in the future are men of substance, of power, counting for five times as much, man for man, as the average citizen when it comes to the selection of delegates to a national convention.

Many thoughtful men are asking themselves if the more quiet methods of President Taft are not, after all, better for the country than the more picturesque and dramatic performances of his predecessor and possible successor.

It need hardly be said that success or failure does not depend upon facts, but from a nearly irrational public opinion. Mr. Taft is said to believe that results are the only things that count, and that rhetoric and resounding declarations count for nothing. It may be so, but experience seems to suggest that King Demos is more responsive to a well-turned phrase or a felicitous catchword than to the most concrete facts of beneficent legislation.

The proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways can not be said to have been received by the countries of the world as a heaven-sent inspiration. In spite of the blatant assurances of various newspapers that this, that or the other country is twisting itself around its own neck in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, it is just as well to recognize that no country whatsoever has so far signified its approval of the suggestion. It is quite easy to snatch a sentence from some obscure German newspaper and cable it to this country with adorning head lines that suggest the approval of the chancellor, and this is pretty much what has been done. There is no country in Europe that will not think twice before throwing the gauntlet straight into the face of Japan and Russia and without some better reason than a suggestion that is certain to be rejected. So far the results have been entirely negative, with a single exception. The one positive outcome of the proposal is that Russia and Japan have begun to feel that they are brothers in affliction, and that whereas we might have had some good reason to anticipate the customary falling out of thieves with a resulting profit to honest men, we have now to witness a renewed solidarity of the predatory interests against an attack from which both might suffer alike.

What is a poor nation to do that has no airships? We are well acquainted with the warship scare, and indeed it is, like the poor, ever with us, but France sounds the first note of national panic at the absence of aerial craft. France feels that she is left naked to her enemies, or so it would seem from a correspondence with the war minister that has just been published.

France, it seems, has only one airship, the "Ville de Paris," as compared with Germany's ten. The fevered patriot already sees the ten hovering over Paris and dropping havoc into the city. To allay these fears, the war minister has issued a statement to the effect that by the year 1911 France will have a "satisfactory fleet," and that French engineers and constructors are busy modeling and constructing many kinds of aeroplanes and dirigibles. It is the intention also to establish a school for pilots and a practice course between Nice and Marseilles. Therefore, if France can but keep the Ten Commandments until 1911 she will be safe.

There is no reason why British statesmen should not appeal to the Constitution of the United States if they can get any comfort from it, but surely Mr. Balfour, the leader of the opposition, should be better informed than to base his appeal upon ludicrous misinformation. In his election address Mr. Balfour protests against the proposed tax upon unearned land values and quotes the Constitution as follows:

In the United States of America it is a fundamental principle of the Constitution that all kinds of property shall be taxed alike, and that no one form shall be prejudiced by special taxation.

Now the Constitution says nothing of the sort. It does not say that the same tax shall be levied upon tobacco and tea kettles, but that the tax, when levied, shall be applied equally throughout the country—that is to say, that "all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States." A moment's reflection might have shown Mr. Balfour the ludicrous impossibility of taxing all forms of property alike.

The ferry service at New York has been increasing for 272 years, but now it is beginning to fall off owing to the many tunnels under the rivers. The present great system of ferries grew from the single skiff Cornelius Dirksen had in 1637, which started from where Peck slip now is and took people to New Jersey.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### The Point of Objection.

LOS GATOS, CAL., January 12, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: It seems to me the editorial note in your issue of the 8th inst. shows that you do not understand the reason why objection is made to Virginia occupying the space allotted to her in the statuary hall at the national capitol with a statue of Robert E. Lee, or you would not have entered into a moment's argument to prove that Robert E. Lee was worthy of any honor Virginia could bestow upon him—a fact so patent and so universally admitted as to need no argument.

The objection raised against placing his statue in the national capitol, is not against Robert E. Lee, or Virginia's love for him, but is against clothing that statue in Confederate uniform.

Let Virginia offer to place a statue of Robert E. Lee there, as an honored American citizen, clothed in citizen's dress, and there would be no objections from any source.

The Confederate uniform would always be a reminder of that unfortunate struggle, the animosities created by which on both sides are being buried by all who served in either army, all of whom are now ready to take each other by the hand as though they had served in the same ranks.

Those who are trying to keep the animosities alive, and who give utterance to sentiments tending to nurse the feelings between the North and South which give rise to such questions as you ask at the end of the editorial I am taking exceptions to, are the non-combatants, and those who are governed by their influence.

JAMES C. STRONG,  
(Late) Colonel and Brigadier-General by Brevet.

#### The Fair Maid of Kent.

"This day," diarized Pepys flippantly, "I did kiss a queene." But the poor royal lady had been dead already more than two centuries (observes a writer in the *Illustrated London News*). She was none other than the Queen of Henry V., the French Princess Katherine, to gain whom he devastated France and whom he wooed in the fashion that Shakespeare has made us wot of—and afterwards she married a Welshman, and so was the mother of the Tudors, great-grandmother of Queen Elizabeth. Yet the mummified body of this princess, wife and mother of our kings, was for centuries exposed to be seen and handled on payment of twopence by casual visitors to Westminster Abbey. I was reminded of this ghastly true tale the other day, when the rumor ran that the coffin of the "Fair Maid of Kent" had been discovered at Stamford, and it was rather a relief to learn that the coffin had proved to contain a black-bearded monk, so that the remains of another great lady had been spared the indignity of exposure to curious eyes. It is quite an argument for cremation that such an enormity can never befall the earthly casket of a departed soul when the cleansing fire has made a final end.

"The Fair Maid of Kent" has a history that is romantic enough to justify the interest shown in this revival of her memory. It is a notable achievement, to begin with, to live on in history as a "Fair Maid" after being the wife of three husbands. Such was Joan's record! Of course, her proper style and title is Princess of Wales, for her third marriage was with the Black Prince, by whom she was the mother of King Richard II. How she became Princess of Wales is the most amusing incident in her story. She is one of the historical instances of a successful proposal coming from the lady. The Black Prince, heir to the throne of Edward III, was supplicated to make suit for a timid friend to the lovely and wealthy widow, Joan, Countess of Kent in her own right as a granddaughter of Edward I. The hero-prince undertook this office of friendship, but his cousin soon interrupted him, sweetly but proudly. "When I was a child," she said, "I was disposed of by others; but now, being of years of discretion" (she was thirty-three and the Black Prince was three years younger) "and mistress of myself, I will not degrade myself by marrying beneath my own rank. I can not but remember that I am of the royal blood of England, and I am resolved never to marry again—unless, cousin, it can be with a person princely and of virtuous record—like yourself!" This was more dignified than Longfellow's Priscilla's—"Why don't you speak for yourself, John?" but it had no more obscure meaning, and the heir to the throne, "the glory of his sex for military performance and all princely virtues," was won by the judicious boldness of "the flower of hers for the delicacy of her beauty, the sprightliness of her wit, and the goodness of her heart."

They were married at Windsor Castle in 1361, and "were an example to the English court during all their wedded lives of that nuptial felicity which flows from a well-placed mutual affection." Nevertheless, when she died, Joan did not choose to share the royal tomb of her princely husband in Canterbury Cathedral. Her will began: "I, Joan, Princess of Wales, Duchess of Cornwall, Countess of Chester, etc., order my body to be buried at Stamford near the monument of my late lord and husband, the Earl of Kent"—which was why the Stamford excavators hoped that they had unearthed the coffin of this great lady. Yet another point of interest about her story rests in the title of that "late lord": he was simply named, before his marriage, Sir Thomas Holland, and became the Earl of Kent merely by his marriage with Joan, Countess of Kent in her own right as heiress of her father's title. Now why has this good and reasonable custom of allowing a peeress in her own right to confer her title upon her chosen husband dropped out of use?

Game Warden Morgan of Los Angeles County says that three thousand mountain lions have been killed in California within the past two years, and that deer are much more plentiful as a result.



## "THE CITY."

Miss Jeannette Gilder Says that Only One of Clyde Fitch's Unproduced Plays Will See the Footlights.

Clyde Fitch left several unproduced plays, but "The City" is the only one that will see the footlights. The others are light and airy things, that would be nothing without his guiding hand at the time of rehearsals. There are certain of Fitch's plays that would sound very foolish if read, but acted under his direction have been most amusing. Take "Girls," for example. When Mr. Charles Frohman read it he could see nothing in it, and he did not believe that New York audiences would stand for it; that it was too slight even for those who apparently ask nothing in the way of solid stage food. The Shuberts accepted it and it was one of the big successes for two or three seasons. If I had read it I would probably have agreed with Mr. Frohman, but when I saw it acted I was greatly amused. Mr. Fitch selected his own company and instructed them in the way that he wished the lines interpreted, rehearsed them in the "business," which was all of his own invention, and the result was that New York audiences loved it. I saw it twice and I would see it again with the same company, but that unfortunately is scattered to the winds. Two of the company have been "starred" and a third was to have been, but it was decided not to produce the play that she was to have appeared in without Mr. Fitch's guiding hand.

"The City" is the most powerful play that Clyde Fitch ever wrote, and it is the most unpleasant. It is not unpleasant in the way that "The Nigger" is unpleasant or in the way that "The Easiest Way" is unpleasant, but rather in the way that "Ghosts" is unpleasant.

The first act takes place in the library of the home of George Rand, a prosperous banker in the country town of Middleburg. Rand's wife and daughter, Cicely, are trying to persuade him to leave Middleburg for New York. Mrs. Rand is tired of entertaining the same people at her tea parties, and Cicely, who has been (half) educated at a fashionable boarding school, yearns for a place where there will be more doing than in her native town. She flatters her father by telling him what a great financier he is and how he could hold his own, and more, alongside the great financiers of the city. His wife argues that he has got all there is to get out of Middleburg. He is the leading citizen, the biggest banker, a warden in the church, and the trusted adviser of every one, but the field is not big enough for his obvious talents. To all their cajoling he turns a deaf ear. He is firm, obstinate they think, and cuts the conversation short. At this juncture his son, fresh from college, whom he intends for his successor in the bank as well as for his heir, enters and the attack is renewed. Young George complains of the narrow life in Middleburg and paints glowing pictures of the larger life in New York. The old man shakes his head. There's no use in discussing the question; he prefers to "be it in Middleburg rather than to be *nit* in New York." Turning his back upon further arguments he takes up the evening paper, and the disgusted family leave the room.

Scarcely are they out of the way before George Frederick Hannock, a drug-devoured degenerate, enters and begins at once to blackmail Rand, who, making a slight bluff at not yielding to his demands, finally writes him a check for a large amount. Hannock knows of certain of Rand's ways that are dark, and he holds this knowledge over the banker's head to wrest money from him from time to time. He is a wretched specimen of humanity—pale, emaciated, trembling, nerve-wracked, vindictive, and altogether bad. As he exits Rand, Jr., enters and expostulates with his father for allowing such a creature to come into his house. The father is agitated but tries to control himself. He tells his son that he does not feel well, and that he has felt badly for some time. Then bracing himself for the ordeal, he stands before his son and confesses to his sins. Not only has he been tricky in business, but he was the betrayer of a woman by whom he had a child, and that child is the degenerate Hannock. George is thunderstruck. His father, whom he has always regarded as the soul of integrity, is dishonest in business and a libertine! When he pulls himself together he faces the situation manfully. Hannock does not know of the relationship, he only knows of the banker's crookedness. George is sworn not to reveal either secret. He reminds his father that Hannock is just as much his son as he (George) is, and he must be cared for. He is his brother, and he will care for him, even though he does not tell him of their relationship. The father leaves the room while George buries his face in his hands, sitting crouched in a corner of the sofa. He is aroused from his stupor by the sound of something falling. A dull, decisive sound. Instinctively he thinks of his father and rushes into the hall. In a moment all is confusion off the stage, and here we see the old Fitch. It is one of the cleverest things by way of "business" that this playwright has ever done. You hear the family sobbing, you see the servant run to the telephone and hear her call the doctor, who comes quickly. Then all is still. You know that the doctor is looking for any sign of life, and you feel that the family are watching his every movement, though they make no sound. Then you hear his voice telling them that all is over,

and the bereaved children come sobbing on the stage. Suddenly an outer door on the other side opens and the oldest daughter enters from some village function. She is laughing and in high spirits. At sight of her brother and sister her face falls, she clutches at her heart. What is it, who is it? She knows that something awful has happened. They tell her that her father is dead, a sudden stroke; and he who was so full of life and energy but a few moments ago is now cold and dead. The curtain falls upon this scene of grief and the audience breathes a sigh of relief. But this is only a beginning of the high tension.

The next act shows the library of George, Jr., in his handsome New York home. He has turned his back upon Middleburg and is now a banker and a public citizen of the metropolis. He has political ambitions. He aspires to be governor of the State. Hannock, still drug-devoured, still degenerate, but being more prosperous, a little better looking as to clothes and hair, is his confidential secretary. Vorhees, who is the political manager of George, does not like Hannock and he says that he must be sent away. George hesitates, but is told that he must discharge his secretary or forfeit the nomination.

Hannock is getting more bold. He does not cringe as much as he did. He feels his power over George, and when Vorhees asks him to resign he declines to do so unless he is "fixed." Vorhees denounces him and is more than ever determined that George shall get rid of him. Finally George takes his courage in his hands and tells Hannock that he must go. The latter turns, like the worm that he is, and says that he won't. Cicely intercedes for him and tells her brother that she loves him, and that if he goes she will go with him, for she is his wife, they were married that very morning. You may imagine the effect of this declaration upon George. If a man could drop dead of horror he would have done it then and there. Instead he sends the girl from the room and in quick, fierce words tells Hannock that it is impossible, that he can not be Cicely's husband, and that he must go and never see her again. Hannock defies him with contemptuous words. George sees that there is but one thing to do; he must tell the truth to this man.

"It can not be," he says in hard, tense words. "She is your sister!" Hannock stares at him with cold, lifeless eyes while he tells him the story. When it is finished the wretched man, who seems to be more dead than alive, suddenly makes a spring at the other's throat, and in a hoarse, rasping voice he shouts: "You are a ——— liar!" The audience by this time is sitting on the edge of the seats and holding on to itself with clinched fists.

Cicely hears the loud voice of Hannock and probably thinks that her brother is doing him an injury. She comes running into the room. George hurries towards her to send her back, when Hannock draws a revolver from his pocket and shoots her dead in her brother's arms. George carries her from the room and Hannock becomes a jibbering idiot for the time being. When George returns he wrests the revolver from the murderer, who is about to shoot himself. There is a hand-to-hand struggle between the two men for the possession of the weapon, which George finally gets and throws out of the window. At this moment the police enter the room and seize the murderer, who, raving and jibbering, is carried out as the curtain falls.

Women fainted and men shuddered, while those who had strength of mind sufficient to prevent them from fainting and shuddering shouted frantically. Such an excitement I have seldom seen in a theatre. "Author! Author!" shouted a man behind me, showing that he was entirely unprejudiced, for he did not know who the author was, much less that he was lying quietly in his grave while all this shouting and clapping was going on over his swan song.

Tully Marshall, who did not do such wonderful work as the discontented husband in "Paid in Full," played the part of George Frederick Hannock. I doubt if any one, except perhaps George Arliss, could play it so well. He became famous over night. Now I suppose that he will have stardom thrust upon him. Few escape it, more's the pity.

The last act? Yes, there was another act. I came near forgetting it. It was a quiet act, as it had to be after the storm that preceded. It gave the audience time to pull itself together before it went home or to steady its nerves at Rector's.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.  
New York, January 11, 1910.

It was proved long ago that ants have the power of seeing the—us—invisible rays of the ultra-violet portion of the spectrum. They fear the light for their larvæ, and when allowed choice between different degrees of light always carry them to the darkest place accessible. When given the choice between a compartment lighted with yellow light and one dark to our eyes, but under the actinic ray, the ants unhesitatingly chose the yellow light, showing that to their eyes it was darker than the other, to man invisible.

Turkey has but a single university, that of Constantinople, with faculties of medicine, law, theology, science, and letters. In this last department, the literatures studied are the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and French. In time, says the minister of public instruction, Nihil Bey, the study of German and English will be added.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Ballad of the Bird-Bride  
(ESKIMO.)

They never come back, though I loved them well;  
I watch the South in vain;  
The snow-bound skies are bleak and gray,  
Waste and wide is the wild gull's way.  
And she comes never again.

Years ago, on the flat white strand,  
I won my sweet sea-girl;  
Wrapped in my coat of the snow-white fur,  
I watched the wild birds settle and stir,  
The gray gulls gather and whirl.

One, the greatest of all the flock,  
Perched on an ice-floe hare,  
Called and cried as her heart were broke,  
And straight they were changed, that fleet bird-folk,  
To women young and fair.

Swift I sprang from my hiding-place  
And held the fairest fast,  
I held her fast, the sweet, strange thing:  
Her comrades skirled, but they all took wing,  
And smote me as they passed.

I bore her safe to my warm snow house,  
Full sweetly there she smiled;  
And yet, whenever the shrill winds blew,  
She would beat her long white arms anew,  
And her eyes glanced quick and wild.

But I took her to wife and clothed her warm  
With skins of the gleaming seal;  
Her wandering glances sank to rest  
When she held a babe to her fair warm breast,  
And she loved me dear and leal.

Together we tracked the fox and the seal,  
And at her hehest I swore  
That bird and beast my how might slay,  
For meat and raiment, day hy day,  
But never a gray gull more.

A weariful watch I keep for aye  
Mid the snow and the changeless frost;  
Woe is me for my broken word!  
Woe, woe's me for my honny bird,  
My bird and the love-time lost!

Have ye forgotten the old keen life?  
The hut with the skin-strewn floor?  
O winged white wife, and children three,  
Is there no room left in your hearts for me,  
Or our home on the low sea-shore?

Once the quarry was scare and sky,  
Sharp hunger gnawed us sore,  
My spoken oath was clean forgot,  
My how twanged thrice with a swift, straight shot,  
And slew me sea-gulls four.

The sun hung red on the sky's dull breast,  
The snow was wet and red;  
Her voice shrilled out in a woeeful cry,  
She beat her long white arms on high,  
"The hour is here," she said.

She beat her arms, and she cried full fair  
As she swayed and wavered there:  
"Fetch me the feathers, my children three,  
Feathers and plumes for you and me,  
Bonny gray wings to wear!"

They ran to her side, our children three,  
With the plumage black and gray;  
Then she bent her down and drew them near,  
She laid the plumes on our children dear,  
Mid the snow and the sea-salt spray.

"Bahes of mine, of the wild wind's kin,  
Feather ye quick, nor stay,  
Oh, oh! but the wild winds blow!  
Bahes of mine, it is time to go;  
Up, dear hearts, and away!"

And lo! the gray plumes covered them all,  
Shoulder and breast and brow;  
I felt the wind of their whirling flight;  
Was it sea or sky? was it day or night?  
It is always night-time now.

Dear, will you never relent, come back?  
I loved you long and true.  
O winged white wife, and our children three,  
Of the wild wind's kin though ye surely be,  
Are ye not of my own kin too?

Ay, ye once were mine, and, till I forget,  
Ye are mine for ever and aye,  
Mine, wherever your wild wings go,  
While shrill winds whistle across the snow,  
And the skies are bleak and gray.

—R. Marriott Watson.

Colonel Charles Chaille-Long, soldier, lawyer, explorer, diplomat, and author, has been honored by the American Geographical Society, which has awarded him the Daly geographical medal for his services in Africa. The special work for which he was honored was the solution of the Nile-source problem. In 1874 Colonel Chaille-Long explored the unknown Nile north of Uronogani, discovered Lake Ibrahim and supplied the final evidence needed to prove that the river issuing from Victoria Nyanza is the White Nile. One of the inscriptions on the medal is a quotation from a letter written by General C. G. Gordon, governor-general of the equatorial provinces of Egypt, to the New York Herald, January 23, 1880. Colonel Chaille-Long served in the Civil War, later as chief of staff to General Gordon in Egypt, and has been in the military and diplomatic service in several parts of the world. He now lives at Wilmington, Delaware.

Mrs. Emma B. Kennedy heads the list of large taxpayers in New York City with an assessed property valuation of \$6,000,000. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. Russell Sage follow with \$5,000,000 each.



## TWO STRANGE COMPANIONS.

By A. A. Major.

Looking back upon it now, it seems that I must have hated Harvey Darrington, the essence of him, the thing in the abstract which he embodied in the concrete and tangible, longer than the span of my own life. For the instant when the image of him first impressed its indelible outlines upon my retina, I saw danger, it cautioned me with a shrewdness as new to my nature as the hate itself. The hate within me must have been a thing of cunning.

As I took his extended hand, the puny fragility of the thing was smothered in my clasp. I closed my grip upon it, and the man winced as the bones crunched together under the pressure. I heard his teeth click as he restrained a cry of pain, and from his little cold gray eyes he darted at me a look which unveiled his soul to my sight for an instant and showed to me the venom of the snake for the heel that presses upon its head. So swift had been our exchange of hostile glances that no one had noticed. The next instant he was smiling and I was smiling, but we, the two of us, knew and understood that our natures were in opposition, and that the innate aversion within us marked us for the principals in a struggle not to be ended until the one of us had seen the other down.

A Chicago firm intended the purchase of some thousands of acres of land for the exclusive raising of sheep, and I was informed that Harvey Darrington was looking over the large Dawson ranch for this express purpose. The old man, Jim Dawson, commissioned me with the task of showing off the ranch to Darrington, being well acquainted with the whole country, and also because of some previous experience with sheep in Texas.

We were peculiar and strange comrades, the embodiment of two spirits which were at war. My position was galling; to live with this man whom I had met only to hate, to ride with him the long hours of the day, with the knowledge of him ever at my side, urging and prompting me, with a twitching of the fingers, to throw myself upon him and to grasp his throat. Ah, that smile of his, with the devil behind it, that careful, pleasant, interested smile, how I hated it! I still must wear one as false and deceitful. It was our game, the game of two demons with murder in their hearts, who smiled, smiled always, and jested, discussed, related, even argued, with the enthusiasm and spirit of relatives. It was the way we chose to play our game. What did it matter that there was no other to see? Encircling this game of ours was a refinement which came to be silently understood as a kind of armed truce between us which disapproved of the actual brutality of physical conflict and made it a battle of wills rather than of brawn and bodily strength. For my part, I could have killed him a number of times, but what I desired was to see his smile fade, his will break, his spirit droop. Then only would my hate be satisfied.

As the days added themselves together, each one placing us at a greater number of miles from the ranch house and bringing us closer to the thin fringe of cacti where the swell of the grass plain drops away into the first sand areas of the desert, a scheme evolved itself within my mind whereby my purpose might be accomplished in a manner which seemed to me at once satisfying and skillful. We made camp within a mile of its fringe upon the last night before I knew we should reach the edge of the desert. The next morning in arranging my saddle blanket, I inserted between the light blanket and the heavy saddle a number of burs, common to this part of the plains and strangely irritating to horseflesh. The bur stickers or barbs are forced through the blanket into the flesh beneath by the pressure of the saddle. Darrington was already in the saddle waiting for me when I mounted. This I had planned. As my weight settled into the saddle the horse suddenly threw up his head and leaped straight into the air, coming down with stiff legs planted in a bunch. He lowered his head and threw his heels into the air until his body was almost perpendicular, pitching dreadfully. He squirmed, bucked, reared, danced, threw himself into the air again with a sharp turn to the right which nearly did for me and made me claw leather. Then, without a moment's warning, he was away. I turned my head to motion Darrington to follow. He was watching me, smiling interestedly. I had no need to prompt him. He was coming. If my horse would only run three or four miles it would be easy to become perplexed, but I had no fear of that issue, my only hope being that the race would last.

Exhaustion was getting the better of pain and fear, and gradually I felt the pace break. I reined in sharply, and the horse answered obediently, coming to a full stop in a dozen paces. I saw Darrington's dust-cloud bearing down upon us a quarter mile away as I dismounted. I quickly loosened the girth and removed the saddle. Then I slipped the blanket from the poor beast's tortured back and began to pick out the burs. Darrington arrived as I was removing the last one, his horse equally blown.

"See, this is what caused all the rumpus. Very careless of me not to clean the blanket before saddling," I cried, holding up the bur for his inspection.

"Yes, very careless," he replied with his devilish smile. "Strange," he added very thoughtfully, "there

were none in my blanket. You must have found a patch of them."

I did not answer him and arranged the blanket, preparing to resaddle. When I had completed the task and turned to him again, he was looking about him over the unbroken stretch of sand. The prairie was gone. About us, billow on billow, stretched an endless sea of sand with the even swell of a peaceful ocean. With his hand raised to shade his eyes, he was peering back in the direction from which he seemed to have come.

"H— of a fine place, this," he said. "I can not exactly distinguish the course we followed, we made so many turns, and it all looks alike. Strikes me we came in from about there. But we can get back all right."

"Oh, sure, we didn't come very far. We can get out easy enough. Right back there is where we started," pointing my hand in the direction he had referred to. I smiled. I could not check it. And I anticipated, when he should turn again, to see his cheek pale a trifle, to find his eyes filled with anxiety. But I was disappointed, he turned to me, smiling pleasantly, as if about to challenge me to a game of cards.

"Well, let's be off on our way," he called cheerily, turning his horse to the right and taking the course we had agreed upon, and I followed willingly. He was leading me into the heart of the desert.

After riding for two hours, Darrington pulled up. He had reached the top of one of the sand hills. As I came up, he was gazing toward the horizon, again shading his eyes. He stood up in the stirrups and looked in every direction. I did not take the trouble to follow his example. When he had finished the circuit he turned to me. He looked at me coolly for a few moments and he understood that he understood the predicament we were in. But there was no indication of fear in his blue eyes, only a grim resolution and determination to play out the game and win. A sort of admiration sprang up within me for him, which was tempered with a desire to wear him out, break him, make him whine, sob, and beg, to have the satisfaction of seeing fear of death in his eyes, and hear the cry on his lips for mercy. I recognized it was to be a battle and also the likelihood of my own ruin, in fact, the impending probability of such an end, for I was as much unacquainted with the waste as he. I began to grow very thirsty, with the strange burning desert thirst that craves water in large quantities. Examining my canteen, I found it about three-quarters full.

Every hour or two Darrington halted to survey and change the course. I remained behind, allowing him to pilot our voyage upon this shifting, sandy ocean. He did not favor me with another look, but simply set the direction of our progress without any seeming care as to whether I followed; and he understood why I would follow.

He would have perished rather than ask me to take the lead and bring him back to the land of life. I believe that he had an idea that I could find out the way and anticipated that I might try to desert him, and leave him to his destiny. Nightfall came, and we almost fell off our horses, and the animals themselves sank down upon the sand without moving from their tracks. I dozed off immediately, but awoke presently. I stirred and went over to my horse with the intention of taking the saddle from the poor beast's back, so that it might rest more easily. As I reached the animal, I observed Darrington raise his head and watch me. I began loosening the girth. He was on his feet immediately, but lay down when he saw what I was about. I do not believe he slept at all, but know that he kept an eye on me, for later in the night he came and waked me with the suggestion that we be progressing, as we could make better time in the cool of the night.

On the morning of the fourth day we found that Darrington's horse had perished in the night. He stood close by, looking at it steadily for a few minutes, and then turned to me. From his expression I was certain that he expected that I would now ride away and leave him to his fate, for he was smiling up at me as though to wish me an enjoyable journey to the city and that I might find all the folks well. This was the way Darrington met the prospect of walking out of a hell that he could not evade on horseback. I climbed into the saddle and drove the spurs into the horse's flanks. A weakness came over me; a terrible one which I must flee from. This man was too great for the hate that was within me. He seemed to be getting the better of me and all through my admiration.

After riding for the period of an hour or more I pulled my horse up and returned. There was no satisfaction in allowing this man to stay behind. I began to have my doubts, indeed, had been for the last hour. I had been thinking and my whole view was changed. It seemed a pity to let a man like Darrington die, he who could smile in the face of death which was confronting him with certainty. If he had shown the white feather, and had cursed, but he was game to the end, and his smile I could not forget; it haunted me.

I was extremely anxious now to save the man I had set out to destroy. I retraced my steps in as great haste and speed as I could compel my horse to assume. I was in as great a hurry to locate him as I had been to leave him. I even had fears, sickening fears that I might not be able to find him. It was a

chance in a hundred, nay, in a thousand, that I should, but I succeeded and in a couple of hours more I discerned a tiny figure of black moving upon the white. When I caught up with him he was toiling doggedly along, feet shuffling and head down. Yet when I overtook him he smiled his welcome.

"It was impossible to do it, Darrington," I said. "You win. I guess we'll stick it out together."

He was actually unwilling to share the horse with me. "That isn't fair and right to you," he said. "Ill-luck was mine and I'm willing to fight my way out alone. You stand a chance of finding your way out; together your chance is severed in two."

He proceeded to take his course again, but I covered him with my revolver and called him to stop. He smiled at me over the weapon, pleasantly.

"Oh, that has no terrors for me now," he said. "That you know, would be rather a favor compared to this," and he waved his hand in the direction where earth and sky meet.

"Look here, Darrington, you fail to get my idea," I said. "Either we get out or not together, as the case may be. If you refuse to ride, I'm going to walk."

The expression of his face instantly changed. Coming up close, he looked at me for what seemed a very long time. Then, without a word, he climbed up behind me, and we started once more our pathless ramble upon the chartless and sandy sea.

The horse lasted a day and one-half longer. When we began our wandering on foot we were unable to speak above a whisper, and without water. The remainder of our journey is hazy. Somehow we kept with one another. It is all a blur to me, a nightmare of fire, waking in spasms to discover Darrington falling at my side. Then there is a faint recollection of finding him on the ground and my inability to arouse him, of dragging him, then of crawling, swooning, and crawling again, with a bloody mist before my eyes, then, blank.

A shepherd watching his flock near the fringe of desert espied two tiny objects upon its pale face which appeared to him very slowly moving. Being of an inquisitive nature, he investigated, and it is to him we are indebted for our lives.

That was twenty-one years ago, and Darrington and I have been going it with each other ever since. In those twenty years he has not let slip by one summer spending a month or two on my farm at the lake. I have taught all his kids to ride and rope and tether. He still has that smile, which seemed to change astonishingly since our rambling on sandy seas. I am not ashamed to admit that I was in error. The antithetical nature of our beings which inspired hate was one caused through ignorance and misunderstanding which is as old as the hills. We have talked it over and laid its memory away, for we have come to the conclusion that it was wisely given us, thus to make entry into each other's lives, and that this hatred was as a terrible, raging, and fierce fire, wherein the waste and refuse is burned away, while the gold comes forth pure, true, stronger, and richer for the burning.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1910.

The *Outlook* believes that this presentation of fact will remove some erroneous impressions of English governing forces: "Lord Curzon, who is one of the most effective debaters in the field, stung, perhaps, by the frequent declaration that the lords are intellectual nobodies and by Mr. Churchill's specific challenge to any one 'to justify and defend the character and composition of that assembly,' has recently made an analysis of the composition of the upper house and a defense of the hereditary principle, with illustrations of its prevalence in professional and commercial life, emphasizing especially the many examples of hereditary genius in statesmanship in such families as those of Grenville, Cecil, Stanley, Cavendish, Gladstone, Pitt, Fox, and Churchill. In the last two hundred years, he told his hearers, 41 prime ministers have been peers and 1 commoners; the upper house has furnished 56 foreign ministers, and the lower 8; 46 colonial ministers have been peers, and 25 commoners; 29 peers have been war ministers, and 31 commoners; of the first lords of the admiralty, 48 have been peers, and 28 commoners. Lord Curzon also called attention to the fact that in the present House of Lords there are 170 members, former commoners, who were transferred to the upper house because of their distinguished services or on the death of their fathers. The Liberal governments have been much more prodigal in creating peers than the Conservative governments. Since 1830 the Liberals have made 255 peers, while the Conservatives have made 181 and Lord Curzon commented upon the fact that the present Liberal government in four years has added thirty-five members to the body which it is about to destroy."

The most luxurious prison in the world is in Japan about fifteen miles from Tokio (asserts the *Springfield Republican*). In the midst of gardens, where flourishes medlars and cherry trees, where are seen ornaments ponds with water lilies, arises the palatial prison. The cells are spacious and airy. The lighting throughout by electricity and the apartments are furnished luxuriously. Bathrooms with marble baths, hot and cold water being laid on; dressing rooms and reading room—nothing seems to be wanted to make the sojourn in this prison pleasant. In fact, it seems an ideal country residence.



## SOMETHING ABOUT TALLEYRAND.

The Princesse Radziwill Publishes the Diaries and Correspondence of Her Grandmother, the Duchesse de Dino.

Talleyrand has received surprisingly little attention from the biographers, perhaps because he stood so close to a greater light that his genius was eclipsed. Even in the delightful book given to us by the Princesse Radziwill, and that professes to illuminate the latter years of his life and his English embassy, we find only an occasional mention of the French diplomat who made so deep an impression upon the politics of the world. Talleyrand and diplomacy are almost convertible terms, and no ordinary difficulties await the biographer who would deal adequately with a life that was almost wholly subterranean, and that depended so much upon its powers of successful secrecy and of that kind of chicanery that we admire in statecraft and abhor elsewhere.

The Princesse Radziwill has not, indeed, attempted a biography. She has confined herself to the more prosaic but perhaps hardly less difficult duty of editing the diaries and the correspondence addressed by her grandmother, the Duchesse de Dino (afterwards Duchesse de Talleyrand et de Sagan), during a period of thirty years, to M. Adolphe de Bacourt. The editor tells us that some few months before her death in 1862 her grandmother informed her of her literary legacy and gave her instructions for its disposal. Presumably those instructions were inconsistent with an early publication, for we are told that they would not yet have seen the light but for the fact that the niece of the princesse, the Comtesse Jean de Castellane, published the story of the early years of the Duchesse de Dino, and it was then considered desirable to supply the continuation.

The diaries and the correspondence of the duchesse have all the vagaries, the brilliancies, and the precipitancies of their feminine authorship. It is hard to suppose that their writer foresaw their publication in a form so rigidly faithful and without either explanatory notes or an accompanying thread of narrative. The first entry is dated from Paris on May 9, 1831, and records an article in the *Moniteur* and a general attitude of the public toward M. de Talleyrand that is "both just and flattering," sufficiently remarkable as "reason is not the fashion nowadays, and less so in this country than elsewhere." The next entry comes from London four months later, and speaks of *émigrés* of women in Paris and a commotion made by "fifteen hundred of these horrible creatures" and the disinclination of the Garde Nationale to use force toward the fair sex. Then we have an uninterrupted stream of clever gossip about men and things in England and France, indeed just such a medley as would find its way into the diary of a clever and witty woman whose interest in the froth and sunshine of life was mingled with a keen appreciation of its deeper issues.

Thus we have a reference to the rumored engagement of Lord Palmerston to Miss Jerningham, "overdressed and bedizened." Mme. de Lieven of the Russian embassy said Miss Jerningham reminded her of the usual advertisement in the *Times*: "A housemaid wants a situation in a family where a footman is kept." Then comes a note that "young Baillet," who had just been assassinated in Paris, had often boasted of having killed several people in the same way in the trouble of 1830, and "is it not curious?" But we do not know "young Baillet" until we turn to the notes at the end of the book and find three biographical lines devoted to him:

I have just heard an amusing thing said by the old Marchioness of Salisbury. Last Sunday she was at church, a rare thing with her, and the preacher, speaking of the Fall, observed that Adam, excusing himself, had cried out, "Lord, the woman tempted me." At this quotation Lady Salisbury, who appeared not to have heard of the incident before, jumped up in her seat, saying, "Shabby fellow, indeed."

The duchesse had a great admiration for the Duke of Wellington, whom she often met. His "honest common sense" is admirable, and as truth and simplicity are rare "one is anxious to gather up the crumbs":

The Duke of Wellington's memory is very sure. He never quotes inexact; he forgets nothing and never exaggerates; and if there is anything a trifle abrupt, a little dry and military in his conversation, what he says is nevertheless attractive owing to its naturalness, its fairness, and the perfect good manners with which he says it. His manners are, indeed, excellent, and a woman has never to be on her guard against a conversation taking an awkward turn.

There are several references to the Duke of Wellington scattered through the pages. Upon one occasion the duchesse asked him how he comported himself during his conversations with Don Carlos when he threatened the pretender with arrest, and this led to some curious information as to the etiquette that governed the duke's correspondence during the Peninsular War:

I told the duke that I had seen many people who were very curious to know what title he had given Don Carlos when he was with him. He said, "You see from what I have told you that there is nothing in the conversation that I had with the prince which might not be printed; there is nothing which could offend any one. The curiosity you mention reminds me of that shown by all Spaniards during the Peninsular War, to know the manner in which I addressed Jerome Bonaparte when I communicated with him as I often did. His French correspondence was often intercepted and brought to me. It contained much information that I could not allow him to have, but also news of his wife and children of which I had no wish to deprive him, and which I used to send through the French outposts. On these occasions I used to write to the French general, saying, 'Acquaint the king that his wife, or his eldest daughter, or his younger daughter, is better, or not so well,

as the case might be, that they have gone to the country,' etc., etc. I never said the King of Spain, and I addressed my communications to the French general commanding, and not to the Spanish generals of Joseph's party. Thus in this title of king there was no recognition to be inferred. It was a piece of civility and nothing more, and as such was of no consequence."

The duke had no high opinion of Mme. de Staël, whose "absurd pretensions" counterbalanced her wit and eloquence. Mme. de Staël wished to appeal to the duke in every capacity, "even in the most feminine," and one day she said to him that what she liked most in the world was to hear a declaration of love. She was so elderly and so ugly that the duke could not help replying: "Yes, when you can be sure that it's genuine." A good story, too, is told of Lady Londonderry:

Lady Londonderry, who is celebrated for her eccentricities, being near her time, and certain she would have a son, has ordered a little bussar costume—the uniform of her husband's regiment. When she was ordering it she told the tailor that it was for a child six days old. "Your ladyship means six years?" replied the tailor. "No, indeed," answered Lady Londonderry; "six days; it is for his baptism."

The Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, comes in for a measure of criticism. She was innately awkward, and George IV used to speak of her as "the Swiss governess." Nevertheless, her political conduct "shows much prudence," and as she is likely to be regent this is important. "No one knows what her political opinions are, or to what party she leans":

Her obstinate conduct towards the Fitzclarences is small-minded of her, and to explain it she affects a ridiculous prudery. I know that in answer to the remonstrances of Lord Grey on the subject, she said, stupidly enough: "But, my lord, you would not have me expose my daughter to hear people talking of bastards and have her asking me what it meant." "In that case, madame," replied Lord Grey, "do not allow the princess to read the history of the country which she is destined to rule, for the first page will teach her that William of Normandy was called the Bastard before he was called the Conqueror." It is said that the duchess was much annoyed with Lord Grey.

Then comes an appreciative reference to Talleyrand. The curiosity and interest that he arouses are as great as ever. "As we were leaving our carriage at Kensington the other day we saw women being lifted up by their husbands in order to see him better":

M. de Talleyrand told me yesterday that when he got rid of his priest's orders he felt an extraordinary desire to fight a duel. He spent two whole months diligently looking for a quarrel, and fixed on the Duc de Castries, who was both narrow-minded and hot-tempered, as the man most likely to gratify him. They were both members of the Club des Echees, and one day when they were both there M. de Castries began to read aloud a pamphlet against the minority of the nobility. M. de Talleyrand thought he saw his chance, and requested M. de Castries to stop reading what was personally offensive to him. M. de Castries replied that at a club everybody might read or do what he pleased. "Very well," said M. de Talleyrand, and placing himself at a *tric-trac* table near M. de Castries, he scattered the pieces lying on it with so much noise as to drown entirely the voice of the reader. A quarrel seemed inevitable, and M. de Talleyrand was delighted, but M. de Castries only flushed and frowned, finished his reading, and left the club without saying anything. Probably for him M. de Talleyrand could not cease to be a priest.

The mental condition of the English king finds a frequent mention in the diary. It is "much whispered" that the spring weather has an unfavorable influence upon the king, and "when one thinks of the family history of the House of Brunswick one finds reason to be alarmed." His "curious mental agitation" and a "strange loquacity" are all duly noted, and the queen is the only one who has any "salutary and moderating influence" upon him:

At the state ball he said to Mme. de Lieven that people's minds had been rather unbalanced lately, and pointing to his cousin, the Duke of Gloucester, he added: "Now, for instance, he believes in the transmigration of souls, and he thinks that the souls of Alexander the Great and Charles the First have passed into his." The princess replied rather flippantly: "The dear departed must be much astonished to find themselves there." The king looked at her with an uncertain air and went on, "Fortunately he is not clever enough to bring his head to the block," which for his majesty is really not so bad.

The king's mind was at least strong enough to show him the danger that would result from a royal opposition to the reform bill, although at one time he seems to have meditated such a step. Recording this fact, the duchesse takes occasion to tell us what she thinks of Chancellor Brougham:

The poor king, in spite of his scruples of conscience, has supported reform, so the lord chancellor says he is a great kine, and joyfully adds, with that verbose intoxication which is so characteristic of him, that yesterday was the second great day in the annals of the beneficent English revolution. This strange, undignified, unconventional chancellor dined with us yesterday. He is dirty, cynical, and coarse, drunk both with wine and with words, vulgar in his talk and ill-bred in his habits. He came to dine with us yesterday in a morning coat, ate with his fingers, tapped me on the shoulder and conversed most foully. Without his extraordinary gifts of memory, learning, eloquence, and activity no one would be more anxious to have done with him than Lord Grey.

We have a grisly story of Lady Holland to the effect that she gave out that her eldest daughter was dead in order not to be forced to surrender her to her first husband. Subsequently ceasing to care for the child, she brought her back to life again, "and to prove that she was not buried she had the grave opened, and the skeleton of a goat was found in the coffin." This, says the duchesse, is "going a little too far." Then, apropos of nothing, comes a story of Lady Aldborough and Lady Lyndhurst:

Lady Aldborough came one day to Lady Lyndhurst and asked her to be so kind as to find out from her husband, who

was then chancellor, what steps she should take in an important case. Lady Lyndhurst refused, in the rude and vulgar manner which is characteristic of her, to undertake to obtain the required information, adding that she never interfered in such tedious matters. "Very true, my lady," answered Lady Aldborough, "I quite forgot that you are not in the civil line." Lady Aldborough is witty, and what she says is brilliant, even when she speaks French. She is often a trifle too bold and free-spoken. Thus, when she heard how the Princesse de Léon had been burned to death, and when some one said that the prince had been more of a brother to his wife than a husband, Lady Aldborough exclaimed, "What! Virgin as well as martyr! Ah! that is too much."

The king, it appears, subsequently had sufficient mental balance to look forward with the utmost satisfaction to the queen's visit to Germany and a consequent relaxation of the marital supervision to which he was ordinarily subjected.

No one doubts that he expects to enjoy himself very much in his renewed bachelorhood, and every one trembles to think of the kind of enjoyment he may fancy. The nature of his pleasures, no less than the kind of person he is likely to ask to share them, is a source of anxiety to decent people. There is no doubt that he has singular projects in his head, for the other day at dinner he shouted out to an old admiral, who had been a great friend of his long ago, to ask "whether he was as great a rascal as ever." The admiral answered that the days of his follies were over; but the king replied "that for his part he meant to begin again."

The duchesse speaks often of Talleyrand's powers of repartee and of a certain habit of irritation that was often displayed toward the emperor himself. It was Talleyrand who said in 1812 "It is the beginning of the end," a phrase that at once became a commonplace. When he was told upon one occasion that all the *matériel* of the army was lost he replied, "Not at all, for the Duc de Bassano has just arrived":

But to come to the second story which M. de Talleyrand so often tells—he says that the Persian ambassador, who made such subtly witty replies to the Emperor Napoleon, was a very tall, handsome man, whereas another Oriental, the Turkish ambassador, was a little man, short, squat, common, and ridiculous. At a great ball, given by Count Potocki, the two ambassadors were ascending the staircase, and the little Turk darted forward in order to enter the ballroom before his colleague. The latter, seeing himself passed, stretched out his arm so as to make a kind of yoke, under which he calmly allowed the Mussulman to pass.

A glimpse of the *émigré* tragedy is afforded by the story told of the grandmother of the Duc d'Arenberg:

The grandmother of the present Duc d'Arenberg, an intimate friend of Maria Theresa, a great and noble lady in all respects, came to France under the consulate to secure her removal from the list of *émigrés* and the restoration of such of her property as was still sequestered. She stayed with the Maréchale de Beauveau, who was a friend of hers. She had to write to Fouché requesting an interview, which being granted, she went to the Hôtel de Police. Her carriage was not allowed to enter, and she had to alight and cross the dirty courtyard. The minister was engaged and could not receive the duchess, whom he referred to his principal clerk. The latter said she might sit down while he was looking for the box with the papers about her case. He began to turn over an index and exclaimed, "But your name was removed a fortnight ago; it is struck out altogether, and since I am the first to give you the good news I must have a kiss, Citoyenne d'Arenberg." Whereupon he seized the duchess and kissed her on both cheeks. But before Madame d'Arenberg was at the bottom of the steps he called her back, shouting: "Hi! Citoyenne d'Arenberg! I made a mistake; it is not you, but one d'Alembert, who is struck out." So the poor duchess had to go back to Madame de Beauveau having been kissed by the clerk but not struck out of the list. The first consul, who heard the story next day, ordered the duchess's name to be struck out at once, and she got back her property.

It fell to the lot of the duchesse to notify Talleyrand that the Baronne de Talleyrand was approaching her end, a mission naturally distasteful, although she was aware that "his heart is not interested":

I racked my brains to find some oblique way of getting at the subject without speaking directly of a seizure. My first remarks were received in silence, after which M. de Talleyrand immediately changed the subject. Next day, however, he returned to it, but only to refer to the embarrassment it would be to be in mourning if she did die, of the funeral, and of the cards that would be sent out. If the princess did die, he said, he would go out of Paris for a week or a fortnight, and all this he said, not only without any trace of grief, but even in a tone of obvious relief. He immediately proceeded to enter on the financial questions of importance which are involved in his wife's death which would repossess him not only of her annuity, but also of other moneys in which she has only a life interest. All the rest of the day M. de Talleyrand showed a kind of serenity and gayety which I have not seen in him for a long time, and which struck me so much, that when I heard him positively humming a tune, I could not help asking him "if it was the fact that he was soon to be a widower that put him in such spirits." He made a face at me like a mischievous child, and went on talking about all there would be to do if the princess were to die. He will have the satisfaction of an easier income, which will be a relief to him, as for some years past his revenues have, to his great annoyance, notably diminished owing to several causes. Besides this, it is probably a relief to him (though he will not acknowledge this even to me) to see a bond snapped which was the greatest scandal of his life, because it was the only one which was irremediable.

The baronne died on December 9, 1835, but the now aged statesman seemed to be in no way affected except by a haste to be rid of an agitation. Of the death of Talleyrand himself there is no mention in these diaries, but he lived for three years longer, dying in 1838.

The memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino do not add materially to our knowledge of politics or history, but they certainly illuminate a social epoch by a wealth of *causerie* of the kind in which brilliant women excel. Its publication is abundantly justified even without the connecting thread of narrative that would have added to its interest and value.

"Memoirs of the Duchesse de Dino," edited with notes and biographical index by the Princesse Radziwill (née Castellane). Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Candles in the Wind*, by Maud Diver. Published by John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author is gradually taking a front place among those who write about India. Indeed, we may doubt if any other writer gives us so composite and convincing a picture of that curious mixture of soldier and civilian that makes up Indian society.

"Candles in the Wind" is the best story that Maud Diver has yet given us. Not only does it introduce a delicate problem of race psychology, but we are not irritated by the intolerable domination of husbands over wives that is so much a feature of the other two stories that make up the trilogy.

The central idea of "Candles in the Wind" is the social position occupied by the half-caste. Dr. Videlle's mother was a Hindu, and although he has an important government position and is received upon terms of external equality, there is still a certain race prejudice not wholly unreasoning that sets him apart from the class to which he nominally belongs. The white man holds aloof from him and the high caste native despises him.

To his original mistake in being born Dr. Videlle adds a further error when he goes to England and marries a girl whom he deceives by telling her that his mother was a Spaniard. When Mrs. Videlle goes to India with her husband she learns accidentally that her husband is a half-caste, and then begins a long struggle between her sense of duty and the repugnance that she can not overcome. Videlle is by no means a bad fellow and his only faults are those almost inevitable to one who inwardly protests against an undesired social inferiority and who can not wholly repress the Hindu traits that are of course a part of his nature. Then the situation becomes still further complicated by the infatuation of a young officer of sappers for the pretty and unhappy wife. Videlle is obviously superfluous, and we all know what happens to superfluous husbands when the novelist gets to work. The angel of death himself is not more inexorable—and we are sorry for Videlle.

But the narrative is not the greatest of the attractions. The author knows India intimately and she has an enviable power of sharing her knowledge. She shows us the life of the country from many standpoints, giving us the idea of a storehouse of experience so well stocked that incidents can be selected with a fastidious and dainty care.

*The Bockwoodsmen*, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mr. Roberts gives us fourteen stories of men and animals and one story of men only—fifteen in all—and we like the animals better than the men, perhaps because we know less of animals and therefore are not so critical. The story-teller can do almost anything he likes with an animal so long as he is interesting, and the chief trick of making an animal interesting is to endow him with a sort of childlike humanity. But pictures of men must in some way conform with universal experience, and Mr. Roberts's men do not always do this. We may doubt, for instance, if such an one as "Red McWha" was ever so "gentled" as in Mr. Roberts's story, while other of his human characters are too artificial to be spontaneous. "Nature faking" is permissible with animals, because we don't know enough of them individually to be sure that it is faking, but the standard for human beings is much more exacting. Nevertheless the fourteen stories are good reading.

*A Journey in Southern Siberia*, by Jeremiah Curtin. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$3.

In spite of some well justified criticisms of Mr. Curtin's earlier works on the Mongols, the fact remains that his researches cover a ground never before explored, that they are of incalculable value to many departments of science, and that they display a combination of energy and erudition almost without a parallel in the mental history of the world. Dr. Eliot in his too brief preface tells us that he knew more than sixty languages and dialects and spoke fluently every language of Europe and several of the languages of Asia. When he undertook the journey of which this book is a record he learned the Buriat language in a few weeks, although his only teacher was a Buriat who knew Russian.

The journey in question was made in 1900, its object being to explore the birthplace of the Mongol race and to investigate the origins of a people who once subdued China, devastated Russia, conquered Burma and Persia, and established themselves in Asia Minor, thus completing—for the time—a victorious record that covered nearly the whole of Asia and a large part of Europe.

The extent of Mr. Curtin's success may be judged from the volume itself, which makes a far stronger appeal to the popular taste than his earlier works upon the Mongols. He is

in the advantageous position of describing a people whose existence is almost unknown to the average reader, a people who still preserve many of the customs, beliefs, and habits of thought prevalent at the time when Jinghis Khan and Tamerlane, their great countrymen, came from Lake Baikal. With a marvelous wealth of detail and colloquial illustration he describes their manner of life and so brings them within the pale of current knowledge. Birth, marriage, death, religion, the topography, myths, and folklore of the country are all described with a wealth of linguistic and anthropological knowledge that Dr. Eliot well says has seldom, if ever, been possessed by any single scholar.

*How to Help*, by Mary Conyngton, M. A. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

This book was first issued three years ago, but it is hardly recognizable under the amendments necessitated by research and experience. Especially gratifying is the statement that the forward movement of the last three years has laid its stress rather upon social justice than upon philanthropy or charity. We might, perhaps, ask with some pertinence whether an effort toward social justice is not a very real form of charity, perhaps the most real and the most permanent of all.

The book is not a defense of organized charity, although it seems to admit that organized charity has needed defense against the charge of coldness and rigidity. So far as these evils have been removed it is through the energy of the amateur worker, who has been insolently described as an "outrider," and it is good to find the author's assertion that it is not enough to give and that we must also do, and that the exclusion of the untrained is "a mischievous exaggeration." It is well to remember that charity is like mercy, in that it has a double beneficence, and that the kind of charity that blesses the giver can rarely find expression through the subscription list.

The book is therefore intended mainly for the amateur, although he will hardly remain in the amateur ranks after its perusal and practice. It shows, in other words, how practical benevolence can be made most efficient, how it can avoid the snarls of the dishonest, and how it can reach its goal by the shortest route. Its twenty-nine chapters are divided into four sections, "General Principles," "Application of Principles to Definite Cases," "Social and Preventive Work," and "General." It is enough to say in its praise that the imprint of knowledge and common sense is upon every page, and that the heart as well as the head has been engaged in its production.

*Sparrows*, by Horace W. C. Newte. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

The dangers that beset a girl who is unprotected in a big city have been made the subject of many a romance, and romance is the word that exactly fits most of them. Their authors usually ignore the fact that competent advice is always at the service of the young girl, and if she does not know it her own lack of intelligence is her chief enemy.

None the less, we read the adventures of Mavis Keeves in London with keen interest. The descriptive parts are true to life, and those who would understand the horrors of the "living in" system, now fast disappearing, can hardly choose a better guide. Mavis escapes from this particular danger by a narrow margin, and after that experience we might have expected that she would be suspicious of the well-dressed woman who comes so officiously to her aid in the restaurant. But suspicion at the right time is not Mavis's long suit, and she has still a long voyage before she makes port. Nor does our respect for her increase with longer acquaintance, and before we bid her a tearless farewell we begin to think that she is not quite so nice as we thought her. On the whole, the story has distinct merits in spite of over-plain speech here and there, but the author makes the mistake of allowing her heroine's stock to depreciate.

*The Florentine Frame*, by Elizabeth Rohins. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$1.50.

In this story a mother and daughter fall in love with the same man, a coincidence that doubtless happens sometimes in real life, but that carries with it a vague sense of repulsion. The reticent self-sacrifice of the mother is finely described, and we are no doubt intended to reprove the slightly unmaidenly impetuosity of the daughter who evidently wants pretty badly to marry some one. Genie is not of the kind to suffer in silence from suppressed matrimony, and we feel that it would have been better had Keith told her frankly that his innocent words must not be interpreted as a proposal.

The drawing of Keith is exaggerated and male readers will be impatient of his intellectual perfections. In the words of the immortal Betsy Prig, "there ain't no sich a person." If Keith had been just an ordinary human man, with a few aggressive failings,

we could better understand the adoring prostration of mother and daughter, for women are attracted by male faults far more than by male virtues. The women authors who can describe the kind of man that men like are few and far between, and George Eliot is one of them, but in the case of Keith we do not think that women would like him either.

*Air and Health*, by Ronald Campbell Macfie, M. A., M. B. C. M. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Of the making of medical hooks for popular reading there is no end, and we may well wonder if this concentration of individual attention upon the health does not do more harm in the production of hypochondria than it does good by an insistence upon "natural law."

The books themselves, separately considered, are of course irreproachable. Here we have a handsome volume of some three and a half hundred pages devoted to the advantages of fresh air. And yet it would seem that any one intelligent enough to read this book would not be among those who need the hygienic gospel. We have scientific considerations on the chemical nature of air, exhortations about respiration, ventilation and sanitation, chapters on temperature, humidity, climate, dust, germs, draughts, colds, the open-air treatment of consumption, in fact, upon all the forces that play for good or for evil upon the respiratory organs. It is precise, suggestive, analytic, and in every way commonsensible, but we may well wonder if all the hygienic books ever written for educated and intelligent readers have as much solid therapeutic value as the old-fashioned "divine carelessness" engendered by a still more old-fashioned and, in fact, nearly obsolete trust in providence.

*The Pleasure of Reading*, by Temple Scott. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

Reading has gone sadly out of fashion nowadays, for there is no true reading that is not in a measure an act of worship. A few good books—none of them "best-sellers"—will cover the whole range of mental aspiration.

and the culture of the world would be advantaged by the destruction of all the literary output of the last ten years. And a very small ark of salvation would accommodate everything worth saving during the last forty years.

Mr. Scott does not speak thus strenuously, but he would have us surround ourselves with a small library of masterpieces and consult the mood of the moment as we stand before the shelves. The book that is worth but a single reading is not worth possessing, for a book should be like a great picture, eternally new and always with its inspiration. Mr. Scott writes with an unusually keen literary appreciation and with direct and counseling appeal to the great fraternity of hook-lovers. He is courageous, too, for he gives us a list of a model library, and the temptation to add and to take away is strong, but—*chacun à son gout*, and Mr. Scott has a right to his preferences in a free country.

*The Shakspearian Stage*, by Victor E. Albright, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author is to be congratulated upon the collection of much curious information relating to the mechanical part of the Elizabethan stage. His object is to investigate the structure of a typical stage of that day and its accessories, and he draws his material from contemporary statements and records and from certain drawings considered to be presentments of the interiors of Shakspearian theatres. The contemporary statements consist mainly of the contracts for constructing the Fortune and Hope theatres and of Henslowe's *Diary*. The contracts are indefinite enough, but the author has used them to the best purpose in the production of a volume of some importance.

A hook of vivid movement and sensational adventure is "Trailing and Camping in Alaska," by Addison M. Powell, just published by A. Wessels, New York. The author leaves trade and statistics upon one side and devotes himself to the outdoor life from the pleasure-seeking point of view. The illustrations are good.

## The Progressive Pacific Coast

is the title of an article by Henry T. Finck, in the

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some Love Letters.

*Love Letters of Famous Royalties and Commanders*, selected by Lionel Strachey and prefaced by Walter Littlefield. Published by the John McBride Company, New York.

Why do people die and leave their love letters undestroyed? Is it carelessness or egotism? The litterateur may regard his or her love letters as an example of art, but how about the soldier or the statesman? How comes it that the most intimate, the most private of all correspondence is allowed to fall into the hands of those who will apply a cold analysis to its sentiment and its style?

This is the second volume of a series, the first being devoted to poets and novelists. Here we have the letters of Napoleon, Moltke, Marlborough, Mary of Scotland, Nelson, Lafayette, Cromwell, Gustavus Adolphus, and many others. For the most part the soldiers are a little over-inclined to mingle their battles and their love-making, and sometimes nearly to the exclusion of the latter. Napoleon begins a letter to Josephine: "My Dear: The enemy has lost 18,000 men in prisoners, with a great many killed and wounded, and he reaches sentiment only in the last lines. Elsewhere we find a stern letter of reproof, but with a gorgeous amend as a finish where he sends to his wife "a million flaming, equatorial kisses." The poet of passion might well envy the soldier such imagery as that. The Duke of Marlborough wrote a somewhat ponderous love letter, as might be expected, and he fails to enlist any general sentiment for "my dearest soul." Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote a good love letter. We have only a few of them and all addressed to Bothwell, but there must have been others, too many others. To Bothwell she says: "Pray remember your friend, and write unto her. Love me always." Gustavus Adolphus began his letters to Ebba Brahe pleasingly with "Honourable Lady, Heart's Darling Mine," and Ebba, replying, vowed that she would love "your majesty unto pallid death." Lafayette is rather unemotional. He writes informing letters to "My dearest love," and concludes one brief missive with "Good night, my dearest life! I love you better than ever." George IV wrote very poor letters to Mrs. Fitzherbert, quoting Shakespeare at some length as an author "that all persons of taste must love to enthusiasm." He hints that he himself may yet surprise his subjects by doing something of the same kind if the "lovely Margaritta" will hut, etc., etc.

On the whole, it must be agreed that men and women of action do not write good love letters. Napoleon is a shining exception, and even Napoleon reverts too often to his gory trade. It is worth noting, by the way, that Mr. Littlefield in his biographical note says that Napoleon was never vicious and never promiscuous in his attachments, unless swayed by his imagination and intelligence.

New Publications.

Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York, publishes a volume of commonplace verse by Elizabeth Colwell. It is entitled "Songs and Sonnets," and our sense of injury is deepened by the script type in which it is printed.

The growing curiosity on the subject of dry farming may be largely satisfied by perusal of a volume just issued by The Century Company, New York. It is entitled "Dry Farming: Its Principles and Practice." Its author is William Macdonald, M. S. Agr., Sc. D., Ph. D., and the price is \$1.20.

"Donkey John of the Toy Valley" is a story of the Austrian Tyrol, and the characters are the toy people who emigrate in such vast numbers and take up their abode all over the world wherever there are children to enjoy them. The author is Margaret Warner Morley and the publishers are A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco. Price \$1.25.

"Crime and Criminals," prefaced and published by the Prison Reform League of Los Angeles, is of good intention and it may do something to deepen the general belief that there is something gravely wrong not only with the criminal law, but with the punitive system. It is certainly unpleasant reading, but that may be a reason why it should be read.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published "The Piper," a play in four acts, by Josephine Preston Peabody. It is practically a dramatization of the Pied Piper of Hamelin legend, with twenty-four characters, the scene being laid, of course, at Hamelin. The work has a marked lyrical excellence, but the elimination of the supernatural element is a gratuitous weakness. The price is \$1.10.

An interesting work on "The Gilds of China" has been written by Hosea Ballou Morse and published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York. The Chinese gild corresponds with the mediaeval trade institutions of Europe, and is practically at the same point of development and fossilized there as with most things Chinese. The European gild was the birthplace of the labor union, and the

author's description of the present condition in China and his speculations as to the future have therefore an immediate interest for economic students.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

When "Pinkie and the Fairies" was produced a year ago at His Majesty's Theatre in London, the part of Aunt Inogen was played by Miss Ellen Terry. The Baroness von Hutten, well known as a novelist, is now appearing in it. She is the wife of the King of Bavaria's chamberlain, and is of American birth. Her publications include "Pam," "What Became of Pam," "Kingsmead," and "Beechy."

Josephine Dodge Daskam admits without extenuation or apology that she is the author of "Margarita's Soul."

Winston Churchill has sailed for Europe, to be gone till April, on his first vacation since 1902. He is first going up the Nile; later he will spend some weeks in France and England. Mr. Churchill is at work on a novel of American life to be called "The Modern Chronicle."

Mrs. Ralston, the editor of the dressmaking department of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is the author of "When Mother Lets Us Sew."

Charles Scribner's Sons will bring out during February "Predestined," a novel of New York life, by Stephen French Whitman, who after success in short story writing now attempts his first novel, and takes as hero a young man beset with temptations who begins his career in journalism and later writes books.

The fiftieth number of the *Cornhill Magazine* is full of reminiscences of its first editor, William Makepeace Thackeray.

The Macmillan Company have now ready the twenty-second volume of the new edition of the "Dictionary of National Biography," edited by Sir Leslie Stephen and Sidney Lee. This volume completes the set, and deals with the distinguished persons who died at too late a date to be included in the original work.

A new series of Palmer Cox's Brownies is running through *St. Nicholas*. The original Brownie book was published in 1887 and is still a prime favorite; and to date there have been seventy-two printings of the Brownie books.

An anonymous princess, supposed to be a Bavarian, is the author of "Poems of One Who Died Young," published in Munich and pronounced by the best German critics to contain some of the finest lyrics in modern German literature. In the book the princess describes her birth and her unhappy attachment to a prince of the royal house whose physical infirmities prevented her marrying him. Finally she gives a description of her own funeral services in a vast cathedral, telling that she is hurried in the wedding dress she never used. For reasons of state the princess was compelled to marry. There is a suggestion in several stanzas that the princess was a Bavarian, but as yet she has not been identified, and even her Munich publisher disclaims all knowledge of the writer of this successful hook.

New Books Received.

"César Franck," by Vincent D'Indy. John Lane.  
"Do It to a Finish," by Orison Swett Morison. Crowell.  
"Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale," by A. M. Broadley. John Lane.  
"Lake Victoria to Khartoum with Rifle and Camera," by Captain F. A. Dickinson. John Lane.  
"Life and the Great Forever," collected by E. Chesney. John Lane.  
"My Life in China and America," by Yung Wing. Henry Holt.  
"Passers-By," by Anthony Partridge. Little Brown.  
"Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany," by Robert M. Wernier. Appleton's.  
"The Christian Pastor in the New Age," by Albert Josiah Lyman. Crowell.  
"The Gilds of China," by H. B. Morse. Longmans Green.  
"The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children," by Constance d'Arcy Mackay. Holt.  
"The Library and the School," by various authors. Harper.  
"The Life of the Honourable Mrs. Norton," by Jane Gray Perkins. Holt.  
"The Rough Rider and Other Poems," by Bliss Carman. Kennerley.

"The Sinking Ship," by Eva Lathbury. Holt.  
"The Song of Sixpence Picture Book," by Walter Crane. John Lane.  
"The Up-Grade," by Wilder Goodwin. Little Brown.  
"Trees of California," by W. L. Jepson, Ph. D. Cunningham, Curtis & Welch.  
"Yesterday's Children," by Millicent and Githa Sowerby. Duffield.

CURRENT VERSE.

A Song of Content.

Above an emerald sea of sod  
How linen sails like snow;  
The floors are sanded, and the hearth  
Gleams with an Altar's glow.

A wholesome smell of bread, new-baked;  
The spinning-wheel's low hum;  
These, with an hundred homely tasks,  
Make of her day, the sum.

Yet search the whole world thro' and thro',  
Her happiness to match,—  
Her drowsy babe upon her breast,  
His hand upon the latch!  
—Edith Vaughan Michaux, in *The Craftsman*.

The Land of Yesterday.

Would you not seek the country town  
Amid green meadows nestled down  
If you could only find the way  
Into the Land of Yesterday?

How you would thrust the miles aside,  
Rush up the dear old lane, and then,  
Just where her roses laughed in pride,  
Find her among the flowers again!  
You'd slip in quietly and wait  
Until she saw you by the gate,  
And then . . . read through a blur of tears  
Quick pardon for the selfish years.

This time, this time, you would not wait  
For that brief wire that said, "Too late!"—  
If you could only find the way  
Into the Land of Yesterday.

You wonder if her roses yet  
Lift up their heads and laugh with pride,  
And if her phlox and mignonette  
Have heart to blossom by their side;  
You wonder if the dear old lane  
Still chirps with robins after rain,  
And if the birds and banded bees  
Still rob her early cherry trees.

You wonder if you went back now  
How everything would seem, and bow—  
But no! not now: there is no way  
Back to the Land of Yesterday.  
—Don Marquis, in *Putnam's Magazine*.

If Love Is Blind.

If love is blind, why is it that he spies  
So many wonders bid from other eyes—  
Strange new delights in earth and sky and sea,  
That lend the grayest day his sorcery?

If love is deaf, why is that he hears  
Sweet harmonies unheard of other ears,  
The softest whisper and the faintest breath,  
And, aye, the lightest word a woman saith?

If love is dull, why is it that he knows  
The very secrets of the bird and rose,  
The word that shall awake a sleeping heart;  
The honeyed poison needful for each dart?

If love can neither see, nor hear, nor know  
The wiser paths down which his subjects go—  
If none may understand his mystery,  
How is it that he holds the world in fee?  
—Charlotte Becker, in *New York Sun*.

The Year's End.

Full happy is the man who comes at last  
Into the safe completion of his year;  
Weathered the perils of his spring, that blast  
How many blossoms promising and dear!  
And of his summer, with dread passions fraught,  
That oft, like fire through the ripening corn,  
Blight all with mocking death and leave distraught  
Loved ones to mourn the ruined waste forlorn.  
But now, though autumn gave but harvest slight,  
Oh, grateful is he to the powers above  
For winter's sunshine, and the lengthened night  
By hearth-side genial with the warmth of love,  
Through silvered days of vistas gold and green  
Contentedly he glides away, serene.  
—Timothy Cole, in *Century Magazine*.

The Waiting Instrument.

I blame no man for failure here, for he  
Who wins no crown is like an instrument  
That silent waits the Master's touch to free  
The noble numbers that within are pent.

Untouched and unawake, and still it stands,  
Despite the glorious measures it contains—  
Who knows but that in those diviner lands  
'Twill swell the songs of Heaven with its strains?  
—Blakeney Gray, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

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## THE THEATRE IN GERMANY.

In the December issue of the *Nineteenth Century* appears an article by Gertrude Kingston on "German and English Theatres," an article written after a purposeful visit to the Fatherland and one that left the author "with a deeper sense of oppression and misgiving about the theatre in England than I felt before." The theatre in England, we are told, is still a "superfluous luxury" to be hounded by law-makers from pillar to post, whereas in Germany it is "a factor in the existence of a nation," and a national business that must be managed by the best minds of the day:

Let me at once dispose of a recent assertion that the high prices of theatre seats in England often account for an empty house, though I agree that any money is too much for a bad entertainment; the assumption that all German theatres are cheap is not quite accurate. In Munich, for instance, where you may still get a perfectly cooked dinner of five courses for two marks, equivalent to a little more than two shillings, showing that the cost of living is still low, the stalls nearest to the stage cost as much as ten marks or shillings, and a shilling extra for booking in advance. These prices, however, are charged at the very luxurious Künstler Theatre, which is the last word in modernity of outfit and management, and for an entertainment organized by the distinguished Berlin manager, Herr Reinhardt; indeed, at his Kammer Theatre in Berlin the most expensive seats are fifteen marks or shillings.

Every detail of theatre management in Germany is planned for the mutual benefit of actors and audience, and nothing is too small to escape a painstaking regulation:

The excellent practice of asking the audience to leave the auditorium in order to air it between the acts is one that might be adopted here with advantage. In most of the new buildings in Germany there is a spacious foyer more elaborately decorated than the theatre itself, and again the creature comforts of the visitor are attended to, for if his artistic enthusiasm has brought him out early to see a play that begins in the dinner hour, there are substantial and appetizing sandwiches of caviare, smoked salmon, or the national sausage; there is steaming soup, hot tea, iced coffee, cold lager beer, ready for consumption during the entr'acte, and no one is so delicate or so "refined" that he disdains it.

The German audience with its enlightened selfishness is willing to recognize that an occasional lengthy interval is necessary in the interests of art, and that the performers must rest after emotional stresses:

The long interval in the middle of the performance is one that is of great artistic value to the player, and it is noticeable that in France and in Germany the spectators accept the longest wait without a murmur out of respectful consideration for the artists, so understanding are they of the strain of a hard-working part on a player's vitality. The wear and tear of a quick change in a long run with an exacting part is often terrible, and must necessarily affect the performance. A slight accident in dressing causing a delay may throw the player into such nervous tension that it may be almost impossible to recover before the next emotion has to be portrayed, and I never remember to have seen the greatest of all emotional actresses, Sarah Bernhardt or Eleonora Duse, do themselves the injustice of a hurried interval after a scene that taxed their strength. But in the countries from which they come the audiences are theatre-lovers and not mere theatre-goers.

Among the many plays witnessed by the author while in Munich was "The Merchant of Venice," and she comments upon the simplicity of the scenery and the artistic and satisfying demands on the imagination:

The scenes in the Shakespearean plays were more suggested than presented. There was no attempt on that small stage to give us any impression of the canals and "calles" of Venice. A blue sky and a deeper line of sea, a stone parapet along it, two solidly built walls with the door of Shylock's house in one, a flight of marble steps, and that was all; yet when Antonio and Gratiano stood side by side looking over the stone parapet you felt they were straining their eyes to scan the horizon for the sight of the missing "argosy" across the lagoon. Portia's casket scene was a simple background of curtain with a view of a moonlit terrace through a narrow door; the hall of Justice a wide platform of steps stretching from left to right of the stage on which the Doge was seated and Portia pleaded, leaving the "parties to the suit" at the foot of the staircase with their backs and profiles to the audience. The intention was obviously to present a Veronese-like impression in order to heighten the Venetian setting, and it certainly succeeded, for the grouping of Antonio's friends on the steps as they took farewell of him before the Jew bares his knife was in effect exactly like a big canvas of the master's. The absence of minutiae was quite as remarkable as the prevailing presence of imagination. The artist's, the thinker's mind had been brought to bear on every detail that was omitted. The scene appealed to an audience, not so much by what was there as by what was not there, and the audience, an essentially German one, were apparently riveted, for they sat in silence through the many intervals of varying duration with something of the devotional silence of an audience at Bayreuth; theatre-tasters every one of them.

The author's reference to certain plays of Ibsen that she witnessed while in Munich is

made the occasion for a valuable comment upon the so-called modern drama and modern thought. She says:

At other playhouses while I was in Munich the works of Hendrik Ibsen held their own, for the "Pillars of Society" was to be seen at one house while "John Gabriel Borkman" was performed at another. Both are dramas that but for an occasional matinee are never to be found on an English play bill: this is all the more to be marveled at when we reflect that Ibsen is as much the father and master of the modern drama as Stendhal was forerunner to Balzac, and the whole band of analytic novelists in France of which Zola and René Bazin are the more recent exponents. Let it be understood that by the expression "modern" is meant "modernist" drama and not the work that is daily advertised—and no doubt with truth—as turning money away at the doors, comedy that for the most part is built on well-thumbed subjects treating of men and women that are to be met with nowhere and in no place save on the stage. Every one will recognize the popular stuff that I do not call modernist, for it is of the kind that serves up platitudes and sentiments that have done duty as the "plat du jour" with successive generations, dished up with the highly seasoned sauce most in demand at the moment, and by the literary "chef" also most in demand; plays in which the cigarette, the telephone, the bridge table, the motor car, the aeroplane, and a plentiful supply of fashionable inventions are pressed into service to hide a pitiful lack of inventiveness; this has no link with the genius of Ibsen. Perhaps in lieu of "modern drama" should be used the phrase "modern thought," of which the fiction of the day is more representative than the drama. It was Ibsen who first dissected women for us with the patient scalpel of the great anatomist of souls. It was Ibsen who introduced us to "Nora," the type for all time of the wife enslaved, held in bondage by the tyrant husband, and never has his indictment been summed up with more damning evidence and never has the wife's case been drawn up with more skill and pleaded with more subtlety.

A deserved tribute is paid to the art of the German actress. Of the Greek play "Lysistrata" we are told that nothing could surpass the rich sense of fun and the unconsciousness of self with which they tripped over quicksands in which the players of other countries would have been ergulfed. The same bacchanalian comedy in Paris was "by on means void of offense."

Nuremberg, with its small population of 200,000 souls, is yet able to sustain a generously capacious playhouse, and here again the same painstaking care for orderly comfort was to be found:

Drawn up outside was a long train of electric tramway cars, waiting to take the spectators back to their homes, east and west and south and north. There was none of that breathless struggle and rustle of silk cloaks and folded programmes that make the last quarter of an hour of a play almost inaudible to those who would rather lose their omnibuses and trains, than miss the finale of a play or a player that they have been interested in: from the actors' standpoint I know of few things more disheartening than to struggle with the wandering attention of an audience already mentally on the steps of a cab or carriage. This observation of practical details minute in themselves, which helps to avoid the pin-pricks and inconveniences for theatre-lovers of moderate resources, all tends to demonstrate the niche that the theatre occupies in the existence of the people.

And yet the author admits that the German nation has little or no imagination. Its success with the theatre is due to a recognition of the vital part that it plays in the national life and the consequent care that is directed to its efficiency. In other words, the German theatre has been assigned an honorable status instead of being tolerated as a vagabond that must be watched by a suspicious law and regulated by the police. The theatre must be recognized as an educational force, and, above all, it must be allowed the liberty that breeds self-confidence:

When the spirit of Truth is eliminated out of the drama, when the essence of life is destroyed in it, it has neither purpose nor possibility and can not help a nation to face its own bitter problems nor teach it to fight its own desperate evils. There is nothing to be learned from the theatre when the most serious and searching questions of the day are not permitted to see the light in it. There is no influence to be exercised by the author whose most noble intention is condemned as blasphemous, and whose most ignoble thought is encouraged as amusing. A few overworked financiers tired out with money-making in the city, a few weary lawyers sick of the grimy view of life acquired in the law courts, may assert that they go to the play to be amused (and these are the men that I have always heard express this sentiment); but we must keep in mind the vast majority of playgoers who do no thinking at all, and for them it should be in some sort an education to go to the theatre.

It now looks as if Maude Adams would really play in London next season and not be seen in this country at all. Reports have it that she is to open her English season in "L'Aiglon" and later appear in a new play which J. M. Barrie has written for her. Those who have seen the script of this comedy say it is the best thing Barrie has ever done.

## Agnes Booth's Many Characters.

The younger generation of American theatre-goers will not appreciate the loss the stage has suffered in the death of Agnes Booth at the home of her husband, Colonel John B. Schoeffel, in Brookline, early this month. It has been a number of years since this woman, who was called by Coquelin, aine, "the perfect leading lady," had been seen upon the boards. She was a woman of much charm, gracious, gentle, charitable, and lovable. For a full forty years she was before the American people, and many of the younger playgoers will be surprised to know that she was only sixty-three.

Marion Agnes Land Rookes was born in Sydney, Australia, on October 4, 1843, and although of English parentage, her father being a captain in the British army, she was as distinctly American in her life as she was in her dramatic training. She first went upon the stage as a dancer, but then she was only fourteen, and appeared as Columbine in a Sydney theatre. She came to this country late in 1857 and went upon our stage under the management of the famous Mrs. John Wood, appearing in San Francisco. It was only a short engagement, but even then Agnes Booth showed such promise that she readily secured an engagement in the stock company at Maguire's Opera House in San Francisco, then the most important theatrical organization west of Chicago. It was as Herminie in "A Winter's Tale" that she made her first great hit. In 1861 she became the wife of Harry Perry, an actor of some note on the Pacific Coast, and played under the name of Mrs. Agnes Perry until she married Junius Brutus Booth, brother of Edwin Booth, in 1867. Perry died a year after his marriage.

Agnes Booth first came East soon after the close of the Civil War, and in New York went to Niblo's in support of Edwin Booth. With Booth she appeared very successfully in "Richelieu," and her Julie, Desdemona, Virginia, Cordelia, and other leading feminine rôles in the tragedian's repertory of plays were highly praised. Agnes Booth herself was a product of that epoch of the stage which made actors rather than stars, and although she tried for a brief season to shine among the luminaries and met with much success, she will always be best remembered for her wonderfully efficient support.

Her work with the Union Square Theatre Company will be best remembered for her Lady Maggie in "Pink Dominoes," and for the keen byplay with which she enriched her part in "The Celebrated Case." She really was the making of "Old Love Letters," one of the earliest successes of Bronson Howard, and he was so charmed with her work that he made her a present of the play. Her character acting as Belinda in Gilbert's "Engaged" was delightful, this in the famous Daly Company. In the early eighties she had become the leading woman in the Madison Square Theatre Company, a position which she held for ten years, and it was there that she created the part by which she will be best remembered, Mrs. Ralston, in "Jim the Penman."

Junius Booth died in 1883, and two years later she became the wife of John B. Schoeffel, the manager of the Tremont Theatre in Boston. During recent years her appearances upon the stage had been few. She had played many, many parts, probably she herself had no idea how many. Her summers for a number of years were passed at Manchester-by-the-Sea, where she and her husband gathered about them many people prominent upon the stage and were the central figures of a theatrical colony.

## Enoch Arden as an Opera.

The march of new operas still goes on. The "Cœur du Moulin" and "Myrtil" presented as a double bill are the latest to be heard at the Opera Comique, in Paris. The Greek setting of "Myrtil," with its tuneful melodies, graceful dances, and pretty costumes is in direct contrast to the opera that follows and around which general interest had been centered for several weeks.

The keynote on which the "Cœur du Moulin" is based is immemorial and has met with an answering chord of sympathy in all countries. It is the same story Tennyson so wonderfully relates of Enoch Arden, the return of an exile after long years of absence, to his country to find the one he loved married to another.

M. Maurice Magre tells very simply the story and introduces a new element of emotion. When Jacques returns and finds his fiancée married to Pierre he has not the courage to renounce her and they are about to fly together when Jacques has a vision in which there passes before him all his infancy. The teachings of his mother which make life good and the heart courageous and the long-forgotten stories of the steady old mill-wheel, which has always been an influence for good in his youth, are followed by scenes of the sorrow and suffering his action would bring into the life of Pierre. Suddenly the spirits of the mill—the fairies of the wheat, of the water, of the wheel—surrounded him singing of goodness, pity, and courage, and Jacques, though heartbroken, accedes to their tender pleadings and parts forever with his sweet-

heart. Where simplicity is the chief element in the story, the principal characteristic of the music is its complication. M. de Severas is a clever musician and the music is moving and descriptive.

Mignon Nevada, the daughter of the once great American singer, Emma Nevada, has been secured for six opera performances in Florence. Mlle. Mignon will sing in "The Barber of Seville" and in "Rigoletto," with Battistini as the tenor.

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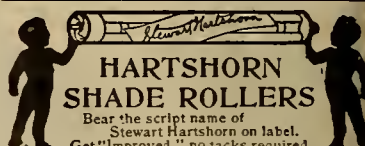
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## "THE WRITING ON THE WALL."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

They say that Olga Nethersole claims that the tenants of a large number of New York tenement houses have benefited by her presentation to the public of William Hurlbut's play, "The Writing on the Wall." It is possible. The play is a sermon, and although as a play it approaches failure, as a sermon it is a pronounced success, and carries a moral that would be apt to make small-conscience real estate owners somewhat thoughtful. Yet Miss Nethersole is not, as we all know, the sort of actress to make the spiritual appeal in that play, and, as a matter of fact, she doesn't make it. She has been occupied for years in translating to the public the real thoughts of the Magdas, the Paula Tanquerays, and the Saphos of the world. As a natural consequence she is a woman whose externals have put themselves in harmony with the ruling traits of such women. Voluptuousness emanates from look, gesture, movement. It has been trained into her by long practice and has become a part of her stage panoply. In "The Labyrinth" and "The Awakening" she gave—barring a multitude of mannerisms—a perfectly consistent interpretation of the intrigante of French fiction; the woman who, loving with all her passionate senses, stands swaying on the edge of an abyss, her heart turned desperately towards her lover, and her fighting soul towards her ghostly confessor.

And in "The Writing on the Wall" it was of those women that one thought, while the philanthropic wife discoursed of tenement-house abuses and dreamed of practical aid for the suffering poor. The philanthropy did not sit naturally upon her. One felt the incongruity. That gorgeous robe, all crusted and seamed with glimmerings of dull, rich gold, and gem-like opaline gleams, must, it seemed, cover the white body of a woman palpitating with guilty ardors for some secret lover. The appearance of the woman, her dress, her uncovered arms and bosom, her slow, languorous gait and gestures, all seemed like betrayals of a nature that craved far different interests than those of religion, charity, and practical philanthropy.

We kept looking for the illicit lover to walk in. And, indeed, he did finally, but he turned out to be a clergyman who did not exactly ring true in his avowals of love. The play itself, in fact, did not ring true at this juncture. Certain it is that there are enough of church scandals to induce us to believe that a fervent young clergyman who means well can easily acquire a desperate attachment to a beautiful parishioner who is a truly good woman, and yet who reciprocates. But this love affair was evidently roped into a rather dull and talky play in order to convince us that something was really happening. With the Mrs. Delatour affair it was different. It was more than conceivable that the husband would have a Mrs. Delatour tucked away somewhere, and, so hardened are we by contemporary drama, I think we all felt a shameless satisfaction when Mrs. Delatour was mentioned, at the prospect, however remote, of the characters of the play coming down off their transcendental perch and having some kind of a domestic scrimmage. The real, vital thing that happens in the play is the punishment that befalls the millionaire when his own child was the one to suffer through his persistent graft in regard to the tenement-house fire escapes.

It is at this juncture that Miss Nethersole gives one of her celebrated displays of stage emotionalism. In this branch of histrionics she walks with the tread of a mistress. Her suffering seems real, and is given with all the accompaniments of extreme abandon, of attitude and gesture, of an agonized voice, of frenzied yet low-voiced appeal. For she is too much of an artist in the depiction of suffering to offend our ears by unbridled noise.

And yet we are not moved. I do not exactly know why, but I fancy it is because, even in the kind of character she seeks to represent in "The Writing on the Wall," she still seems like an exotic of a woman; and not one of the every-day kind who walk in ordinary pathways and endure the sufferings of ordinary women. Her women are the kind who, under a surface of conventionality, are lawless at heart, and must inevitably transgress. In "Sapho" Fanny Le Grand suffers terribly. It is the woman's lot to charm, to inspire love, to return it in heaping measure, to give herself to her lover, to satiate, and to

be abandoned. But Sapho's was the kind of love that brings its own punishment, for it comes in a day, like a tidal wave, sweeping everything before it, and its very violence destroys.

So we look on curiously, troubled, but unmoved, really, by the sufferings of this woman, who writhes and moans, who throws herself prone, who kills her pride and supplicates her lover, and who, finally, as her last and greatest appeal, strives to tempt him by an appeal to his temporarily satiated senses. It is not a lovely sight. I think, like Jean, we, too, for the time being, feel satiated by Fanny's too opulent, too soulless attractions. This spectacle of a sinner, exhausted by sin, yearning for fresh youth upon which to expend her revived raptures is repellent to the better part of us, however much we may abandon ourselves to the curiosity that is always inspired in the humdrum ranks of the conventional by the spectacle of a lawless love.

I have noticed that people feel so, too, in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." The desperate suffering of such women as Fanny Le Grand and Paula is founded upon the living truth, for women of that kind are what they are because they will never take "no" for an answer from fate. "They want what they want when they want it," whether it is pleasure, admiration, or love. Resignation is not in their blood. They fight to the last ditch, and when hit, inevitable, overwhelming defeat comes, they are like animals; they suffer with the unrestrained ardor of the purely physical and cry out in protest to the insensate heavens. Their life has stored up within their souls no reserves of dignity, of restraint, of resignation. And so they moan, and writhe, and groan in torment, at which we look on in curious calm.

Miss Nethersole's leading man became familiar to us in Mansfield's various companies, in which he did excellent character work, as also in the company brought out here since the earthquake by Katherine Grey's management. But, however excellent a character actor Mr. Harrison Hunter is, he is not a happy choice as leading man in the drama of sentiment. Between them, he and Miss Nethersole fairly wallowed in artificialities. Mr. Hunter's expression of a lover's numerous variations, if novel, becomes a series of explosions of varying degrees. His deep, characteristic voice has no tenderness, and he is unable to express, upon the stage at least, a lover's ardor.

Miss Nethersole is different. The training she has given herself in her specialty has caused her to acquire a whole arsenal of women's weapons. Long, languid, heavily-lidded looks, cooings that express those troubled, insistent yearnings that only caresses will satisfy, hriet, tentative, yet clinging, touches of the hand, all these she plies with ample art. They are natural, and characteristic of the type of woman portrayed. But mingled with them are acquired faults in elocution that detract from the reality of the picture. If one should cut out from his mental picture of the complete representation those displays of emotionalism which are Miss Nethersole's high-water mark, he would find that the lines of the rest of the portrait were laid on with a blurring touch, and that there was a spirit of artificiality in the work. Yet Miss Nethersole does not strike me as an essentially insincere actress. On the contrary. But here she has acquired these disturbing mannerisms and this collection of unnatural inflections that suggest insincerity. And therein lies the great flaw in the artist's work. It is a work that narrowly escaped being a masterpiece, but, after all, it did escape it, and more particularly so from the total lack of appeal, in spirit at least, to sentiments which refresh and renew by taking us out of our prison of suffocating flesh.

### The Oratorio "Samson and Delilah."

Next Thursday evening, for the first time in twelve years, the great oratorio by Saint-Saëns, "Samson and Delilah," will be given in this city, at Dreamland Pavilion. Paul Steindorff, the well-known conductor, has formed a chorus of 175 voices and an orchestra of fifty for the work, and it will be directed by him. Hother Wismer, the violinist, will be concert master of the orchestra. Among the singers will be George Walcker, a new basso profundo here, who has sung in this oratorio and others in Europe, and many favorite San Francisco singers. The affair will be one of the great musical events of the season.

Ferris Hartman and his comic opera company continue to draw well in their long season at the Grand Opera House in Los Angeles. Hartman has put on several new pieces there, and all have been favorably received. Myrtle Dingwall, a favorite member of the Princess Theatre Comic Opera Company, who advanced from the chorus to sourette parts and gave evidence of dramatic talent as well as the possession of a good voice and personal charm, is now with the Hartman Company and succeeding notably in responsible speaking and singing roles.

The Lamhardi Grand Opera Company will appear for only eight days at the Columbia.

### Mme. Teresa Carreno.

The greatest pianist to visit us this season will be that wonderful woman, Mme. Teresa Carreno, who for many years has been admittedly the greatest woman musician, and who stands in the first rank of artists, regardless of sex. There is something about the playing of this remarkable woman that attracts and appeals. She plays with a fire, vigor, and intensity that have earned her the name of "The Lioness of the Piano," and yet in the works of gentler mood she is tender and gentle.

Manager Greenbaum has been able to secure hut two concerts in this city, as the demands for the services of this artist are continual, and her tour will consist of over fifty concerts. The dates here are Thursday night, February 3, and Sunday afternoon, February 6, at the Garrick Theatre.

The programmes are interesting and un-hackneyed. At the first concert she will play the Chopin "Sonata," Op. 58, and Edward MacDowell's "Sonata Keltic," besides works by Chopin and Liszt, and at the Sunday afternoon concert the Beethoven "Sonata," Op. 109, and Schumann's "Quintette," for piano and strings, will be the principal features. The Lyric String Quartette will assist.

Seats will be ready Saturday, January 29, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes are row to be had.

On Friday afternoon, February 4, Mme. Carreno will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting a programme entirely different from those at her San Francisco concerts, the Beethoven "Appassionata" and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" being among the works to be given. For this event seats will be on sale at Ye Liberty box-office.

Following Carreno will come Schumann-Heink.

### San Francisco Theatricals Twenty-Five Years Ago.

At the Baldwin Theatre in January, 1885, the Emma Ahcott Grand Opera Company gave, for its second week, "Mignon," "Mariana," "Bohemian Girl," "Barber of Seville," "Faust," "King for a Day," "Traviata," and "Il Trovatore." Ahcott, Bellini, Annandale, Hindle, Castle, Fahrini, Tagliapietra, Campo-hello, Broderick, Allen, and Tomasi were the principals in the company.

"Prince Northpole" was the bill at the Tivoli Opera House, with Helen Dingenon in the name-part, and Tilly Valerga, A. Messmer, Louise Leighton, Kate Marchi, and T. W. Eckert in the cast.

At the Grand Opera House Manager Bert was presenting "The Two Orphans." Mrs. Saunders was La Frochard, and Lillian Owen and Georgia Hayne the persecuted sisters. "The Ticket-of-Leave Man" followed, and after that "The Lancashire Lass." J. P. Rutledge was leading man.

The Standard Minstrel Company was at Emerson's Standard Theatre, and Charley Reed and Carroll Johnson were among the fun-makers there.

At the California Theatre was a "World's Fair" company in specialties, with Boh Slavin as one of the notable members. "Muldoon's Picnic" was the afterpiece.

Idalene and Ben Cotton were at the Bush-Street Theatre in "Irma the Waif."

There was fancy roller-skating at the Grand Pacific Rink, corner of Sutter and Jones Streets, and the Mechanics' Pavilion Skating Academy.

### The Sunday "Pop" Concerts.

Manager Will Greenbaum's Sunday "Pop" concerts promise to be more interesting than ever this season. Four of these educational affairs will be given and the prices have been placed so low that any student can afford to attend, for even in the great music study centres of Europe the prices are not as moderate. For the entire series seats may be secured for the nominal price of \$1, while a few seats are sold at \$2. These will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The first concert will be given at Kohler & Chase Hall on Sunday afternoon, January 30, on which occasion the new Lyric Quartette, composed of Misses Mary Pasmore, Sallie Ehrman, Viola Furth, and Dorothy Pasmore, will play the "Quartette" No. 15, by Mozart, the "Presto" from Beethoven's Opus 18, and the posthumous "Quartette" of Schubert. The soloist will be Mrs. B. M. Stich, a notable soprano, who will sing "Der Gang zum Liehchen" and "Liehstreu" by Brahms, and "Gute Nacht" and "Im Herbst" by Franz.

For single concerts the prices will be 50 cents and \$1, and seats for the first event will be ready next Thursday.

The concerts will be given at intervals of one month, and at the second one Mr. Frederick Biggerstaff will play the piano part in the first rendition in this city of Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette," for piano and strings.

The Princess of Wales has a fan covered with 6520 woodcock feathers, from the wings of 3260 woodcocks, there being only one feather of the sort in each wing. The Prince of Wales supplied the birds, and the making of the fan occupied one hour a day of a woman's time for more than a year.

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## Teresa Carreno

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## VANITY FAIR.

The news that the Baroness Vaughn was expelled from Belgium amid the jeers and execrations of the populace has surprised no one. It is just what we should expect from a virtuous proletariat schooled in the puritanic rigors for which Brussels is famous and incensed by a marital irregularity only to be found in the palaces of kings. The good people of Belgium emphasized the austerity of their own lives by the retribution that they wreaked upon a woman deprived by death of her protector and that, after all, is the main object of moral explosions of this kind.

Popular virtue is, after all, an amazing thing when we come to think of it, which so few of us do. It is only the cynic with his extravagances who can lay effective hands upon our phariseisms and turn them around so that the disinfecting sunshine shall fall upon them. It is so easy to prate of the righteous execration visited upon a woman who had enslaved the heart of a king, who had endowed herself with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, who had entrenched herself behind the fortification of her physical charms, and who had defied alike the conventions of the day and that plastic and nebulous thing that we call the sexual proprieties. Let us be sure that in condemning the Baroness Vaughn we are visiting our indignation upon sin itself rather than upon some particular form of sin to which we do not happen to be addicted and which is merely beyond our reach—and therefore hateful.

Indeed, why should we not hail the Baroness Vaughn as a sort of "captain of industry," if such a term can be applied to a woman. That is just where the rub comes in. The baroness is a woman and therefore she used the weapons for aggrandizement peculiar to her sex. But had she been a man, and therefore with male weapons, we might well have seen her canonized in popular magazines and held up to the young as a proof of what might be done by prudence, courage, and foresight. Here was a woman with every handicap that fate could furnish. Her birth was so lowly that at this moment one of her sisters is selling fruit in the Paris market, while another sister is said to belong openly to the oldest profession in the world and one that was not without its honor in olden days. She herself was a waitress in a French railway station, and we can not attribute her rise wholly to the whim of a depraved king always on the search for a new and pretty face. No, she must have had skill of no ordinary kind, an unsurpassed tact and address, and a mind that could lend itself to the difficult task of ingratiating and to the still more difficult feat of holding the wandering affections of the most inconstant king in Europe. Think of the intellect of the woman who could extract money from King Leopold, as crafty a financier as Wall Street could furnish. Think of the courage that could win a title and a palace, and of the great lessons that might be drawn from this story of the waitress who became a queen, dominating a kingdom so effectively that not a real aristocrat of them all dared so much as to emit a squeak in her presence. Her way of doing all these marvels was reprehensible, without a doubt; by which we mean that it was essentially feminine and therefore beyond the reach of the "captains of industry" with whom we are more familiar, and whom we adulate in paroxysms of obsequious fervor. But was it actually more nefarious? Did it necessitate a special effort of clerical labor on the part of the recording angel, or any peculiarly vivid splashes of red ink? We are not aware that the Baroness Vaughn impoverished anybody, enslaved anybody, degraded anybody, betrayed any widows or orphans, advantaged herself by the public misery, raised herself by those who were abused. Her crime was one that men can not commit—nor pardon, and we may believe that it was the nature of her offense and not the fact of offense that causes us to note with approval her forcible expulsion from that home of the domestic virtues, that citadel of marital purity, the metropolis of Belgium.

It is unpleasant to refer once more to the late Mrs. Astor, but revelation follows so fast upon revelation that silence becomes too great a tax upon human nature. A few weeks ago we learned that Mrs. Astor's famous pearls were only "near pearls," and had never come from the briny ocean or from the shell of the meditative oyster, and now it seems that her "eighteen-carat-gold dinner service" is not gold at all any more than the pearls were pearls, but only gilded silver. The information comes from the New York jewelry firm that were accustomed to repair the service, and they tell us that it was "an ordinary silver set, plated with gold." No one using the set, they say, could tell the difference, and upon one occasion they sold Mrs. Astor six knives and forks all gold-plated.

How are the mighty fallen! We have been gloating over Mrs. Astor's gold dinner service for years and, in fact, we seem to have acquired a sort of vicarious ownership of it. It was a sort of national asset, and the recollection of it enabled us to sniff superciliously

at the gauds of European aristocrats and to remind ourselves that we had things just as good at home. And now we learn that the pearls aren't pearls and the gold isn't gold.

It is some slight consolation to be told that an eighteen-carat-gold service would be of no use, as the metal would be too soft. A too impetuous guest might send the spoon right through the bottom of the potato dish, or at least bruise it so badly that it would suggest a domestic fray. No one, says the expert, can tell the difference between solid gold and gold plate, and this illustrates the old saying that it is just as well to have imitation plate and imitation jewels, for if you are rich every one will believe that they are genuine, while if you are poor no one will believe it.

And talking about jewels, that silly old yarn about diamond purchases being an index of prosperity is once more going the round of the newspapers. The country, we are told, is extraordinarily prosperous because the sale of precious stones in 1909 was three times greater than in 1908. Foreign automobiles also have been imported in unusually large numbers, that is to say, over two thousand machines came into the country last year.

Now it may be that we are very prosperous, but it is not proved either by diamonds or by automobiles. First of all, we want to know who it is that is buying the diamonds and the automobiles. Certainly the average citizen is not conscious of any sudden and added blaze of glory on the part of his friends, and he does not have to sit up nights to guard his newly acquired diamonds from the ubiquitous hurglar. If this suddenly increased trade in jewelry and automobiles simply means that a number of very wealthy men, who ceased to buy costly luxuries during the days of depression, are now once more allowing themselves a free hand, then it is by no means a sign of prosperity, but rather of an extravagance that is the forerunner of something very much the reverse of prosperity. There are no good inferences whatever to be drawn from heavy purchases of luxuries. Such purchases simply prove that a certain number of persons have money in their possession, but before we can attribute this to general prosperity we must know how they got the money and from what sources it has been drawn.

The late Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, left estate in Britain of the gross value of £324,860. She made the following bequests:

To her Majesty Queen Alexandra, "my ruby and diamond bracelet, which I would ask her to be graciously pleased to accept as a token of my respectful affection and regard for her majesty."

To Louise, Duchess of Devonshire, a ruby and diamond tassel.

To her grandson, Viscount Mandeville, her sapphire necklace.

To her granddaughter, Lady Mary Alva Montagu, a box marked "Mary" and its contents, and if she shall attain the age of eighteen years her necklace of fifty-three Oriental pearls.

To the second daughter of her son, the Duke of Manchester, a box marked "Alice" and its contents.

The duchess left £1000 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and several bequests to servants, including £150 a year to Marie Blaussfuss, governess to her late daughter; £60 a year to her chef, Louis de Maitre; £150 to her footman, Henry Kempster; and £30 a year each to her nurse, Margaret Dingwall, and her former maid, Elizabeth Wright. After making provision for her grandson, Viscount Mandeville, and settling £50,000 of her American estate on the younger children of the Duke of Manchester, the duchess left the residue on trust for the duke and his wife and children during his lifetime.

Our hearts swell with patriotic pride when we learn that Mr. Kerens of Missouri has been selected as United States ambassador to the court of Vienna, and that he will "reign in splendor" in the Austrian capital. How is that for democratic simplicity and the "neat but not gaudy" aspiration of a republican people.

No one ever supposed that Mr. Kerens was a diplomat, nor is any one ever likely to suppose it. Mr. Kerens happens to be a very rich man, in fact "one of the boys" who contributed largely to the party funds, and who now wants his pay. There being no particular demand for diplomatic intelligence at Vienna, a mere rich man is good enough, one who will "reign in splendor" and impress his magnificent vulgarity upon one of the most cultured cities in the world. Reliable reports say that the old emperor is keenly aware of the slight put upon him and resents the selection of his court as one of the ways in which our patriots may be paid. But it is not Vienna alone that is humiliated. Every decent American is humiliated by the assumption that he is fitly represented by a money bag.

An incident just reported from Calcutta helps us to understand where the world's gold goes. The Maharaja of Nepal, having cause for gratitude to the gods, decided to follow an ancient custom. Standing upon one of the

panes of a gigantic scales, he ordered the keeper of his treasure chamber to fill the other pan with gold to a corresponding weight, and this having been duly done, the gold was distributed to the great crowd of beggars and pilgrims who had assembled to witness the great thanksgiving. But the gold itself was not given. It was in the form of ingots and therefore unsuitable for distribution, but the jewelers present promptly bought it up and gave copper coins in payment, and the multitude was fed. Moreover, every one among them had a full meal of real food and a piece of cloth to cover their nakedness. Probably the maharaja could have weighed himself against gold ingots twenty times over and then

have made no very appreciable hole in his store.

The object of the Indian princes in thus hoarding of gold and jewelry is a little mysterious. It may be that they have an inherited preference for actual and tangible possession of their wealth, but who can trace the sinuosities of the Oriental mind. Perhaps they see visions and dream dreams of national independence and look forward to a day of opportunity when hard cash shall be the sinews of war. Who knows?

"What is their main reason for wanting a divorce?" "Because they are married."—Houston Post.

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**STORYETTES.**

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The dealer was busy filling bottles from a hogshead of wine. "What kind of wine is that?" queried an innocent bystander. "Don't know," answered the dealer. "I haven't labeled it yet."

At a fire recently a brave fireman came gasping and panting from the burning building with his beard and eyebrows singed in the flames. Under one arm he carried a small but heavy box, which he deposited in a place of safety with the air of a man who had saved a box of government bonds from destruction. On opening the box it was found to contain six bottles of a new patent fire extinguisher.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English dramatist, says that Richard Porson, the famous old critic and philosopher, had a very wise, comprehensive oath which he used on all occasions when strong language was necessary. If his bootlace broke or his shirt button came off he never said, "D—n the bootlace!" or "D—n the button!" He always said "D—n the nature of things!" thus putting the blame on the right shoulders.

Not long ago a party of statesmen—it seems fashionable to call them that—were down in Porto Rico. Congressman J. R. Mann of Illinois was one of the lot. Not long after they landed a native came up to Mann. "Mighty glad to meet you, sir," said he. "I've read every one of your speeches in the House." "Great Scott!" broke in Vice-President Sherman, "I'm glad to meet you. You must be the busiest man in the West Indies."

A certain sergeant was drilling a dozen recruits and after a few days' drilling and teaching he found that he had not made any impression on them whatever. He decided to tell them a tale, which ran as follows: "When I was a boy my mother bought me a dozen wood soldiers, which I drilled and tried to instruct, but without any result, of course. Then I lost them one by one, and now I have found you again, you wooden duffers!"

Private John Allen has a favorite story about a Georgia bishop. One of the members of the bishop's church met the reverend gentleman on Sunday afternoon and was horrified to find the bishop carrying a shotgun. "My dear bishop," he protested, "I am shocked to find you out shooting on Sunday. The apostles did not go shooting on Sunday." "No," replied the bishop, "they did not. The shooting was very bad in Palestine and they went fishing instead."

A well-known society young man of Buffalo recently shocked one of his lady friends by his ignorance of history. It was after a dinner party at his house, and she was telling him what she had learned in her private history class. One thing led to another, and all the time he was getting into deeper water. At last she surprised him by inquiring: "Now, tell me, Mr. —, what are the Knights of the Bath?" He stammered for a while, and finally blurted out: "Why, Saturday nights, I suppose."

Jim Jeffries was talking to a reporter about the purse of \$101,000 that goes to the winner of the Jeffries-Johnson battle. "Oh, no," said the pugilist, "it isn't an enormous purse—I mean it isn't an enormous one for America. We look at money in such a large way here. Coming over on the boat I heard two Chicago men talking in the bar. 'Which would you rather be,' said one of them, 'very rich or very poor?' 'Neither,' said the other, 'in our large native way. Give me my choice and I'd have about \$5,000,000.'"

A Brooklyn minister was recently approached on the street by a young woman who inquired whether he were not the Reverend Doctor Blank. "Yes," said the minister, who seemed at a loss to identify the young person. "Don't you remember me?" asked the girl, laughingly. "I'm afraid I do not," said the good man, apologetically. "Will you not give me just a little hint?" "Well," continued the young woman, "I certainly think that you ought to remember me, even if it has been so long a time. Why, Dr. Blank, you baptized me here in Brooklyn, just before my parents moved West. You don't mean to say that you've forgotten me entirely?"

While Henry Clay was a senator, a resolution, in accordance with a sometime custom, was introduced into the Kentucky house of representatives instructing the senators from that State to vote in favor of a certain bill then pending in congress. The resolution was in the act of passing without opposition, when a hitherto silent member from one of the mountain counties, springing to his feet, exclaimed: "Mr. Speaker, am I to understand that this legislature is undertaking to tell Henry Clay how to vote?" The Speaker answered that such was the purport of the

resolution. At which the member from the mountains, throwing up his arms, exclaimed, "Great God!" and sank into his seat. It is almost needless to add that the resolution was immediately rejected by unanimous vote.

A recent order prohibits gambling among the enlisted men stationed at West Point. An old negro sergeant of a regiment recently sent there suggested a game of craps soon after his arrival. He was informed of the rule, and, violently protesting, went to see the captain about it. With some show of heat, he began, "Cap'n, ah understan' gamblin' ain't 'lowed here no mo'." "That's correct," said the officer. "Well, sah, dat's an injustice to enlisted men, sah, 'cause I'se got a large family to suppo't."

A city man went into the country for the summer. He found a model-dairy farmer was one of his neighbors. He went to the farm after milk, and on the way saw a herd of sleek, well-fed, and clean cows. Much encouraged, he approached the manager. "My servant will come to you each morning for three quarts of milk," he said. "All right; it will be eight cents a quart." "And I want your best milk," added the city man. "Ten cents a quart," said the dairyman. "That's all right," said the city customer. "So long as my servant can see your man milk the cow, that price will be all right." "Fifteen cents a quart" from the dairyman broke off negotiations.

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

**The New Don't Worries.**  
The dog is in the pantry,  
The cat is in the lake.  
The cow is in the hammock—  
What difference does it make?

I joined the new Don't Worry Club  
And now I hold my breath;  
I'm so scared for fear I'll worry  
That I'm worried most to death.  
—The Congregationalist.

**Reciprocity.**  
She sewed a button on my coat,  
For I was far from mother.  
"Tis such a thing," she said to me,  
"As I'd do for my brother."

She looked so pretty sitting there,  
I quickly stooped and kissed her.  
"Tis such a thing," I said to her,  
"As I'd do to my sister!"  
—Smart Set.

**Substitution.**  
Old Mother Hubbard  
She went to the cupboard,  
As always had been her habit.  
"I can't afford beef,"  
She murmured with grief;  
So she made her poor dog a welsh rabbit.  
—Chicago Tribune.

**A Night in June.**  
Long I had loved her, long had dared  
To hope she might return my love,  
And now at last I knew she cared,  
Forth from her window, high above,  
She fondly looked and beard my plea,  
And modestly encouraged me.

No fairer maiden ever gazed  
Out on a lover in the night;  
My ladder carefully I raised,  
My arms were strong, my heart was light;  
The deep concern she showed was sweet—  
A moment more and we would meet.

Up, up I climbed to her and bliss,  
Her arms around my neck were thrown;  
Our glad lips met in one long kiss,  
My yearning heart had claimed its own;  
It seemed as if the stars with glee  
Were singing down to her and me.

Out from the window ledge she swung,  
Her glad heart beating on my breast;  
I bore her downward, rung by rung,  
What time she looked her loveliest;  
But presently the ladder broke,  
And I awoke.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

**A New English Song.**  
Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,  
They've put gentle mother in jail;  
For o'er the Prime Minister's criminal brow  
She, deftly, inverted a pail;  
Then scattered some Cabinet Members in flight  
With ancient tomatoes, undressed,  
And handed a Bishop a good woman's right  
About where his pants met his vest.  
They juggled her; but don't feel disgraced, Dad, I  
pray:  
It took six policemen to lead her away.  
—Life.

A (to B)—Got a penny? B produces the coin. A—Put it down here. And here is another (producing a second from his pocket). Now, I am going to ask you a very simple question, easy for any one to answer. If you answer it in the affirmative you take both coins. If you answer it in the negative I take both coins. But—have you seen the trick before? B (unsuspiciously caught)—No. A—Thanks. I take the pennies.—Illustrated Bits.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The last few weeks of the season are filled with gayeties, every one seeming to realize at the last moment that Lent comes unusually early this year. Affairs matrimonial are somewhat in abeyance as far as regards announcements just now, but Easter will bring several weddings.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Dolph of Portland, Oregon, and Mr. Frederick Theriot will be celebrated in September.

Mrs. E. A. Selfridge will entertain at a tea on Tuesday next at her home on California Street in honor of Mrs. Russell Selfridge. Mrs. Frederick G. Kellond, and Mrs. John F. Neal (formerly Miss Mattie Milton).

Miss Augusta Gibbs Foute will entertain at a tea tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at her home on California Street in honor of Miss Vera de Sahla.

Mrs. Frederick Tillman will entertain at a tea this afternoon at her home on Washington Street in honor of her daughter, Miss Agnes Tillman. Assisting in receiving will be Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. F. W. Van Sickle, Mrs. Edgar J. de Pue, Mrs. Harry Holbrook, Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Dolly MacGavin, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Ruth Richards, Miss Ruth Boericke, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Olive Wheeler, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Dorothy Van Sickle, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Agnes Mangels, Miss Elizabeth Woods, and Miss Lurline Matson.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer will entertain at a musicale at their home on Pacific Avenue on Saturday afternoon next.

Mrs. Samuel Hart Boardman will entertain at bridge on Wednesday next at her home on Franklin Street.

Miss Marguerite Doe will entertain at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Tuesday next.

The second of the Patronesses' Balls took place on Friday evening of last week at the St. Francis. The hostesses of the occasion were Mrs. George Almer Newhall, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. J. A. Folger, Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, Mrs. James Follis, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Maud Brown, Miss Genevieve King, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Miss Helen Chesebrough.

The Friday Evening Dancing Club entertained at the third of their series of dances on Friday evening of last week at Century Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. George A. Moore, Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. James P. Langhorne, and Mrs. Wakefield Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young entertained at a cotillon on Tuesday evening last for their daughter, Miss Kathleen de Young.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained last night (Friday) at a dinner, going afterwards with their guests to the Greenway ball.

Mrs. William L. Ashe entertained at a dinner at the Fairmont last night (Friday) in honor of Miss Anna Weller, the party going afterwards to the Greenway hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague entertained at a dinner and theatre party on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at a dinner last night (Friday) at the Fairmont, before the Greenway hall.

Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., was hostess at a luncheon on Friday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet entertained at a luncheon at the Francesca Club on Monday last in honor of Miss Florence Williams.

Miss Laura Baldwin was hostess at an informal luncheon at her home on Presidio Terrace on Wednesday.

Miss Louise Wallach was the hostess at an informal tea on Tuesday of last week at her apartment at The Gables.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip King Brown entertained at a tea on Sunday last in honor of Mr. Francis Rogers.

Mrs. Henry St. Goar was the hostess at a tea on Monday last at the St. Francis in honor of her daughter, Miss Erna St. Goar.

Miss Gertrude Perry entertained at a tea on Tuesday at the Fairmont in honor of Miss Ruth Richards, at which she was assisted in receiving by Mrs. E. E. Perry, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Julia Thomas, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Dorothy Chapman.

Mrs. William P. Morgan was hostess at a bridge party at her home on Clay Street on Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson was hostess at a bridge party at her home on Jackson Street on Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Haldimand P. Young was the hostess at a bridge party on Thursday afternoon at her apartment at the San Carlos.

Miss Erna St. Goar entertained on Monday at the St. Francis. Among those present were Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Lupeta Borel, Miss Fernanda Pratt, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Marie Louise Foster, Miss Marie Bullard, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Laura Baldwin, and Miss Edith Lowe.

Miss Grace Buckley and Miss Violet Buckley entertained at bridge and tea on yesterday (Friday) afternoon.

Mrs. F. F. Low and her daughter, Miss Flora Low, were hostesses of a luncheon party on Thursday at the St. Francis.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin, who have been spending the holiday season in the East, will go

to New Orleans for the Mardi Gras and thence to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Shepard Eells, who have been spending some weeks in town, have returned to their home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin returned this week from Philadelphia.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis has returned from a three months' stay in New York.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will leave soon for a trip abroad, sailing from New York for Europe with a party of friends.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding left recently for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have gone recently to Los Angeles for a visit.

Miss Marion Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall left last week for Santa Barbara to visit Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham.

Miss Jennie Hooker and Mr. Osgood Hooker have taken an apartment at the St. Regis.

Miss Dorothy Baker has returned from a visit to Miss Myra Josselyn at Woodside.

Mr. Barbour Lathrop is spending some time at Palm Beach, Florida.

Mr. Edward Cudaby, Jr., has arrived from Chicago and is the guest of his sister, Mrs. John B. Casserly.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. Duane Hopkins went to Los Angeles for the aviation meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson have returned from the East, where they spent the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin and Miss Frances Martin, who have been in New York for several months, sailed this week for Egypt.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker has returned from a sojourn of two months in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Adams of Los Angeles are at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Jeanne Gallois will leave shortly for New York, en route to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla and Miss Vera de Sahla have returned from a sojourn at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Theodore Tomlinson will arrive in the spring to spend some months with her mother, Mrs. Charles Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Zeile and Miss Marian Zeile have returned from New York, where they spent the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Doyle have closed their home at San Mateo, and taken permanent quarters at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Greer left on Saturday for New York, where they plan to spend the coming month.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Dibblee have returned to their home in Ross, after having spent several days at the Hotel St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hitchcock have returned to their home in San Mateo from a several days' visit in town.

Among those who spent the week-end at the St. Francis and attended the Patronesses' Ball were Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bihle, Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Crockett, Mrs. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hitchcock, Mr. Willard Barton, Jr., and Mr. Raymond Armshy.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Monte were Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Berg, Mr. R. A. Pabst, Mr. and Mrs. B. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Wright, Mr. Ivan B. Beer, Mr. Edward Barron, Mr. and Mrs. Mel Schweitzer, Miss Younger, and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Green.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Mr. D. F. Murphy, Miss Theresa Murphy, Mr. J. C. Bell, Mr. N. L. Walter, Mr. S. B. Tobey, Mr. L. Barkhauser, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Marion Marvin, Mrs. J. H. Polhamus, and Miss Doris Wilshire.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral J. Hubbard, U. S. N., is detached from command of the third squadron of the Pacific Fleet, and ordered to duty on board the *Charleston* as commander-in-chief of the Asiatic Fleet.

Colonel Clarence Deems, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to the Presidio of San Francisco for duty.

Colonel Robert R. Stevens, deputy-quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been relieved as chief quartermaster of the Department of California. He will go on three months' leave on March 7, and at the expiration of his leave will be retired.

Colonel Louis A. La Garde, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank to date from January 1.

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick Von Schrader, deputy-quartermaster-general, U. S. A., has been ordered relieved from duty as depot quartermaster and general superintendent of the army transport service at San Francisco, and to report to Army Headquarters, Department of California, for duty as chief quartermaster, Department of California.

Major Paul Shillock, Medical Corps, U. S. A., having been found physically disqualified for the duties of a lieutenant-colonel by reason of disability incident to the service, his retirement from active service as lieutenant-colonel is announced, to date from January 10.

Major Haldimand P. Young, quartermaster, U. S. A., has been ordered to assume temporary charge of the office of the depot quartermaster and of the general superintendent of the army transport service at San Francisco.

Major Leon S. Rondiez, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., reported for duty last week at the Presidio after three months' leave of absence.

Major John A. Murtagh, Medical Corps, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank to date from January 1.

Major Carroll D. Buck, Medical Corps, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank to date from January 1.

Major R. P. O'Connor, Medical Corps, U. S. A., was promoted to his present rank to date from January 1.

Captain Wallace M. Craigie, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from duty at the Army School of the Line, Fort Leavenworth, to take effect upon

the expiration of his present leave of absence, and will then join his regiment.

Captain Sydney A. Cloman, Twenty-Third Infantry, U. S. A., military attache of the American embassy in London, is spending a leave of absence in America.

Lieutenant-Commander Cyrus R. Miller, U. S. N., was promoted to his present rank to date from January 1.

Lieutenant E. T. Constein, U. S. N., is detached from duty in the office of the judge advocate general of the navy and ordered to the office of naval intelligence, Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant David L. Roscoe, U. S. A., was by his own request transferred from the Second Cavalry, U. S. A., to the First Cavalry, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Reginald H. Kelley, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for three months with permission to apply for an extension of one month, to take effect upon the arrival of his regiment in the United States.

Lieutenant Charles Frederick Andrews, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence to date from January 15.

Lieutenant Daniel E. Shean, Sixteenth Infantry, U. S. A., is shortly to be dropped from the army register as a deserter, having disappeared several months since and been carried as absent without leave.

## "Professor Napoleon."

"Professor Napoleon," decidedly the most ambitious amateur affair, in point of scope and numbers, which has ever been planned here, will occupy the Valencia stage four nights and a matinee next week for the benefit of the Telegraph Hill Free Dispensary. This musical extravaganza, written and staged by R. Wade Davis, has been given in all the principal cities of the country, and from all quarters comes testimony as to its success. More than six hundred girls and men appear in costume in the different songs and dances, and there is a cast of principals in which Mrs. Flora Howell Jones takes the leading part. The charity to be benefited is one of the most worthy in the city, its work being principally among the children in one of the most densely populated districts.

The opening performance will be on Tuesday evening and will be a brilliant social event. Tickets will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's.

The patronesses are:

Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mrs. Francis J. Carolan, Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. J. Athearn Folger, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Miss Alice Griffith, Mrs. William Mintzer, Mrs. George A. Newhall, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Joseph Sloss, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. William S. Tevis, and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and also Dr. Herbert Allen, Dr. Camillus Bush, Dr. Philip King Brown, Dr. Walter Scott Franklin, Dr. Florence Hoeselaw, Dr. Langley Porter, Dr. Alfred Baker Spalding, Dr. Harry M. Sherman, Dr. Edonard Tausig, and Cav. S. M. Rocca, consul-general of Italy.

## A Young Pianist.

Blanche Lillian Kaplan, the twelve-year-old daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Bernard M. Kaplan, will give a piano recital at the Van Ness Theatre on next Sunday, January 23, at 2:45 p. m.

Little Miss Blanche has awakened the interest of many local musicians and critics by her unusually sympathetic interpretation of the classics, no less than by a finish of touch and a perfection of technique rarely found in one of such tender years. After several more years of study under her present teacher, Mr. S. G. Fleishman, her parents will take her to Europe to finish her musical education, in preparation for a professional career. The programme is one of unusual difficulty for a child of twelve.

German scientists have produced a product which should minimize the casualties caused by the explosion of spirit lamps. It is denatured alcohol in the form of solid cubes, which can be burned in a special lamp by simply lighting them with a match. The cubes are about the size of a lump of sugar and burn with a hot, blue flame. They do not explode and are cheaper than liquid alcohol.

*The Teacher*—How many eggs are there in a dozen? *The Pupil*—Five fresh ones, five doubtful ones, and two bad ones.—*Cleveland Leader*.

E. B. Courvoisier has removed to No. 431 Sutter Street, near Powell. Correct framing a specialty.



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## Scenery and Appetite

It is the custom to revile as soulless the man who tells you of the chops he ate in the historic little chop house in Fleet Street, of the delicate fish at the restaurant on the road to the Bois de Boulogne, and of the truffles which were served him on a street leading into the Grand Canal at Venice. Yet such a man is in a class with a friend of mine who was visiting Yosemite. He had been riding a mule for five hours; had visited Mirror Lake, Vernal Falls, Nevada Falls, Illilouette Falls, and was mounting the trail to Glacier Point. Some one in the party called



The Dining-Room of the Hotel del Portal Looks Out upon Waterfalls, Cliffs and Rushing River.

his attention to a wonderful vista which had just opened out before them—all the Falls, Half Dome, Cloud's Rest, Tenaya Canyon, and the great valley—but my friend shook his head. "Show me a fine steak and I'll show you a fine sight," he said, and kicked his mule with his heels.

The majority of people will exclaim and call him a Philistine because we are, most of us, controlled by convention. But if you go to Switzerland or up the Rhine, if you go to the Adirondacks, the Grand Canyon, or Yellowstone Park, the splendid hotels which are adjacent to the most magnificent scenery indicate clearly that the average traveler, like the Yosemite visitor, prefers his scenery accompanied by a well-done steak.

The Hotel del Portal, at the gateway to Yosemite, is another recognition of this fact. Accommodating two hundred guests, the hotel ranks with the best tourist hotels of the country. The service is good, the meals excellent, and the appointments leave nothing to be desired. The hotel overlooks the beautiful



Under the Shadow of the Great Half Dome Merry Crowds Are Skating on Mirror Lake.

River Merced. Across the river, but two thousand feet above, is Chinquapin Falls, shimmering like silver gauze in the sunlight. There are a dozen points of interest within easy walking distance of the hotel. Scores of people are going into Yosemite every week to enjoy the winter sports—skating, sleighing, tobogganing, snowshoeing, and many of them stay on at El Portal, where there is no snow or ice, reveling in the warm, sunny climate and enjoying the beautiful surroundings of this new, picturesque winter resort.

May good digestion wait on appetite and health on both, is a graceful toast, but it takes for granted two essentials—a well-stocked larder and a skillful chef de cuisine. May one hazard a guess, without being accused of cynicism, that the possession of these two essentials by the Hotel del Portal accounts in large measure for the throngs of guests who come to see the wonderful scenery of Yosemite in winter.

Scenery or steak? Well, let us say both.

THE TRAVELING PHILOSOPHER.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Louis James will open his engagement at the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night in Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII," appearing as Cardinal Wolsey. This is a rôle which Mr. James has made his own, and it is picturesque and forceful. As the great statesman in the height of his power, and later, when his enemies have surrounded him and he foresees the end, the part offers striking opportunities, fitted to the talent of the tragedian, and fine examples of the art which demands the schooling in the classic drama which Mr. James has had. There are few actors of this time, indeed, who have had the experience, the training, and the continued exercise of their ability in the most exalted productions of the dramatists that Mr. James has had and profited by. He uses the Edwin Booth version of "King Henry VIII," prepared by William Winter. As Queen Catherine in this production, Aphie James will be as happily placed as her husband, and be able to display the finish and effectiveness which have become her own possessions through his guidance. The company supporting is said to be entirely competent, and the production throughout will be in accord with high standards. "King Henry" will be presented on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights of next week.

"The Merchant of Venice," with Mr. James as Shylock, and Aphie James as Portia, will be given Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday nights and at the Saturday matinee. As Shylock Mr. James undoubtedly offers one of the greatest of his characterizations.

The Savoy Theatre offers a particularly attractive production next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee, with Max Figman in "Mary Jane's Pa." Mr. Figman is deservedly a favorite here, his excellent work in "The Man on the Box" and earlier offerings being remembered with pleasure. "Mary Jane's Pa" is new to San Francisco, but the play has had much notice in the press, and it will surely prove as enjoyable here as it has throughout its course in the East. "Mary Jane's Pa" is a tramp printer from a small town in Indiana. His ambitions are too closely confined in the dwarfed Indiana village, so he departs one day from his home, wife, and children and wanders around the world for eleven years. When he returns he finds his wife a woman developed with remarkable business capacity; his children are grown up; and his own memory is almost dead to them. His wife, though true to him for all these years, has begun to form other attachments, which his unexpected return seriously complicates. Mr. Figman is well prepared to bring out the humor and pathos of the situations. He is supported by a strong company, including Miss Helen Lackaye, Edwin Chapman, Franklin Searight, Tony West, Charles Merriwell, Thomas C. King, Ernest Warde, David Marlowe, G. H. Stewart, the Misses Dorothy Phillips, Nina Ainscoe, Helen Hartley, and the clever child actress, Gretchen Hartman.

The usual Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday matinees will be given during the Max Figman engagement at the Savoy.

Marie Cahill comes to the Columbia Theatre for two weeks commencing next Monday evening, January 24, with matinee on Saturdays only, and will be seen in her successful musical play, "The Boys and Betty," with which she delighted New Yorkers for months at Wallack's Theatre last winter. "The Boys and Betty" is by George V. Hobart, who adapted it from a French farce, "La Papillon," and Silvio Hein, who composed the music. Although the scenes are for the most part laid in Paris, Betty Barbeau, the character assumed by Miss Cahill, is an American girl who is married to a so-called musical genius, one Casimir Barbeau, who has little to recommend him and who succeeds in making her very unhappy. He contributes practically nothing to her support and she is obliged to take as boarders a coterie of young students and artists in order that the family larder may not be altogether empty. These young men are devoted to her and seek her advice and help in all their troubles and worries. When "The Boys and Betty" was first presented in New York the critics were unanimous in declaring it to be the one sane and consistent musical play of last season, in fact they declared that if it had been so desired it might have been given without the music at all. Undoubtedly, moreover, the composer has supplied a most musically score.

The programme at the Orpheum next week will more than fulfill expectations. Vilmos Westony, the celebrated Hungarian pianist, who will be heard for the first time in this city, will prove a rare musical treat. In appearance he suggests Rosenthal, but in his performance he reminds one greatly of Paderewski. Westony's repertory is extensive, but for his season here he has selected some of his most spectacular features, including an imitation on the piano of a complete orchestra and a marvelous melody of French, German, English, and American anthems

which he plays simultaneously. The return of Claude and Fannie Usher in their slang classic, "Fagan's Decision," is sure to be welcomed. The hit scored on their last visit is a pleasing memory. The Four Readings, sensational hand-to-hand acrobats, whose equilibristic feats, somersaults, and flying leaps from one to another are highly sensational, will be a special feature. Cook and Stevens are two colored comedians, warranted not to wash out. One successfully and realistically impersonates a Chinaman, while the other is amusing as a rough colored man, who tries to secure his laundry after having lost his "checkee." Next week will be the last of Jean Clermont's "Burlesque" circus, Brown, Harris, and Brown, the Sisters Doherty, and of that picturesque novelty "The Eight Geisha Girls."

Robert Mantell will follow Marie Cahill at the Columbia Theatre, playing an engagement of three weeks, commencing Monday, February 7. He will have the most extensive repertory ever attempted in one season by any American player. His plays number fourteen and extend from the heaviest tragedies to the lightest comedy. Among the plays to be staged are "King John," "King Lear," "King Richard III," "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," "Louis XI," "The Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," "The Marble Heart," "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Othello," "Julius Caesar," and "As You Like It."

Before Mrs. Leslie Carter selected her new play, "Vasta Herne," by Edward Peple, in which she is shortly to appear at the Van Ness Theatre, she was called upon to read over two hundred manuscripts, submitted to her, not only by ambitious amateurs, but by the leading members of the Dramatists' Club.

Grace George in "A Woman's Way" comes West this season.

### What Audiences Must Have.

The joy that one hath over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, coming, as it does, from heaven, is the only consolation poor woman has for adoring a reformed stage villain.

While girls admire a man with a clean record and wait breathlessly to hear him say that they are the only one he ever kissed, they do not experience that genuine delight that they would if they were assured that he had forsaken a perfectly disreputable career for their sake. Even the angels feel this way about it.

It is a deplorable state of affairs, and a death-blow to virtue being its own reward, to have the large majority of the audiences who saw "Paid in Full" argue over who is the finer chap, Jimsey or the captain. There is that old captain who had murdered numberless men on the high seas, abducted native women and left them to starve; who suddenly, in a fit of generosity, without affecting his bank account, gives a woman \$16,000 to save her husband's name, then walks to the footlights and says, by way of redemption, "It's good to be decent," and all his former vices are submerged in the waves, and he is landed in the port of human hearts—a hero.

Again, there is Charlie Steele, in "The Right of Way," a drunken, egotistical cad, on whose lips was born a sneer which he removed only to place a glass between them, yet he redeemed himself by silence when he learned of the second marriage of his wife.

Still another idol of the stage, Sydney Carton, in "The Only Way," who, after a life of debauch, gives his life to save the husband of the woman he loves.

Why is it that a double value is placed on the reformation of such men? Certainly not because they are rare. They are not like the orchid, the real lace, or the sables in the hands of a frivolous woman, valued because of the dollars they cost. They are marked up from a low figure, of a lower experience, and women admire them for their heroic transition, not for their heroic life.

One may wander for months through the streets of foreign cities looking for the types that the American managers are giving us on the stage. He will not find them—the manager knows that. He must feed popular opinions and give his audiences the living picture from a cigar box or a Mardi Gras, but these are always in carnival or dancing garb—not in the ordinary walks of foreign life.

Charles Dillingham's new theatre in New York City, the latest addition to its hundred playhouses, is named the Globe, after the old London theatre in which Shakespeare appeared. It is a handsome house with a novel feature in the form of a large oval panel in the ceiling which may be opened to the sky. This innovation is expected to be particularly appreciable in warm weather.

Football is played but about two months, while baseball runs through a period of at least seven, and of course the number of baseball players is much larger than the number of football players. Despite this difference, there were thirty baseball players and thirty-one football players killed in the past year.



## DIARY OF A QUAIL-EATER.

Some of Bill Nye's fun is as fresh today as when he made it, twenty odd years ago. About that time there was a factitious interest in the alleged quail-eating contests reported from various parts of the country, it being contended that it was impossible for even the most robust consumer to devour a quail every day for a month. Nye, of course, asserted that he was ready for the trial, and wrote of his experience as follows:

November 15.—My name is Robert White, and I am a professional quail-eater. At the request of the newspapers I have agreed to give you a brief biography of myself, and also follow it with a record of my thirty-round quail contest which opens at the rink today.

I was born and lived for sixteen years on a farm, where I attracted very little attention and had very few advantages. I am, therefore, what might be called a self-made quail-eater with a common-school education.

Nothing could better illustrate the ease with which a poor boy may rise to eminence almost unaided and alone than my own career. Ten years ago I was an unknown lad, living near Pontiac with my parents, and did not know the difference between a seidlitz powder and a rhomboid. Today the telegraph will flash my name from ocean to ocean as this contest opens, and the eye of my aged mother will glisten with joy as she reads of my triumph next month.

I can hardly realize that only ten years ago I entered the city of Chicago poor, hungry, and unknown. Now I eat quail all the time. Quail is an old story to me, and people get me to write my name in their alums. Hotel clerks, who years ago told the porter to throw me out, now apologize because they have no game in the house, and ask if I would like the cook to send out for a quail or two.

I believe that many of our most prominent men, both in literature and the quail industry, began life on a farm. If I had a son of my own, my first advice to him would be by all means to be born on a farm. Farm-life has nothing about it to woo a boy from the paths of industry. Industry on a farm is about the only relaxation I know of.

When I came to Chicago I was not accustomed to city ways, and so asked the clerks in the stores for what I wished to buy in a low, tremulous voice, and began with the word "please"; but I found that this only excited their mirth, and caused them to show me the goods that had been rescued from the great fire. Thus I dressed poorly, and the smell of fire was always on my garments. As I got more accustomed to the ways of clerks in large cities, I found that modesty and poverty were considered synonymous terms, if that is the correct word and properly spelled. So I became at last more haughty, and did not say "please" any more to any one while in the busy marts of men. I was then looked upon as an eccentric capitalist who had guessed right on pork.

I eschewed industry and watched carefully the methods of the metropolis. Now I do not toil any more, but win a luxurious livelihood with my rich, haritone appetite.

Wealthy people, who, ten years ago, would have passed me by in a disdainful way, now come and bring their little ones to see me eat.

Possibly I might have remained in obscurity for the whole of my life, however, had not a wealthy lightning-rod maestro visited a restaurant one evening by the merest accident, where I was giving a little smothered-clam rehearsal for the amusement of my friends.

He saw that I had genius and a wide range of appetite if it could be properly cultivated. He asked me how I would like to come with him and become a quail-eater and wear fine clothes. I said I would like it very, very much. In less than six weeks I was engaged to eat thirty of those succulent birds in thirty days at Philadelphia.

I closed this contract in the presence of a full house, and in answer to an encore ate a plain broiled snipe from the lower walks of life. Inside of a year I had eaten quail in twenty of the principal cities of the United States and given several benefits in aid of orphans' homes, asylums, and charitable institutions.

But I must close, as I see my assistant approaching with a quail.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just returned from the first round, fresh and full of hope. So the contest is again fairly opened. I believe that one victory only sharpens the desire for others, and I enter this quail tournament with a more lofty resolve than ever before.

November 16.—I have just polished the bones of my second quail, and am now combing my mustache with my fork as I write.

November 18.—Ate fourth quail and smoked cigarette. Held reception in the evening.

November 19.—Ate a different quail today. Seemed to be larger than the others.

November 22.—8 quail 8! [Laughter and cries of "Go on!"]

November 28.—Ate fourteenth quail and formed the acquaintance of a young woman whose brother recently committed suicide by cutting himself in two with a limited pas-

senger train. He was a single man up to the time of his death.

November 29.—Am just half through with my great work. Wish I could finish out with liver. I am no epicure.

December 4.—I today ate my twentieth quail and wrote my autograph for a young Englishman whose sister was once night superintendent of keyholes for Lady Colin Campbell.

December 5.—Have eaten twenty-one of these little innocent birds. I do not think it is right.

December 6.—Today I put off eating my twenty-second quail till toward evening. I was not hungry.

December 9.—Ate more quail. People don't cook quail so well as they did before the war.

December 11.—Ate my twenty-seventh bird in a perfunctory manner. Wish I could go home.

December 12.—Did not rest well last night. Rose with the lark this morning, also with the quail. A rose by any other name—but never mind. I will soon be free once more. Dreamed last night that I dwelt in marble halls, and didn't have to eat quail. Ate number twenty-eight. It was a very large quail, indeed.

December 13.—Tomorrow I will close my engagement. Wish I could get a job in a museum, eating glass. Had quail for dinner.

December 14.—My thirtieth quail was not a good one. It had become impatient over my delay, and had an injured air about it. Perhaps it was the only one in the family, and its parents had spoiled it. Wrote my autograph for a man who is going to give an eighty-day starvation exposition in New York. He was accompanied by a young woman who has a call to go over the dam at Niagara in a baking-powder can. A person has to hustle these days in order to become eminent.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"That kid of mine's a wise guy." "For instance?" "For instance, he gave me felt-soled slippers for Christmas."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Friend—So your detective force is a failure? Chief Emma—Yes; we can't find any one who is willing to be a plain-clothes woman.—*Puck*.

"Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent." "Why not?" "What! And have my wife losing thirty-dollar hats to other women on the election!"—*Boston Transcript*.

"What a had toothache you've got." "No; but I'm calling on the dentist for the money he owes me, and this is the only way I can get into his house."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

Salesman (lately promoted to curia department)—This necklace, madame, was originally made for the Duke of Buckingham, who gave it to Anne of Austria. We're selling a lot of them.—*Punch*.

Janitor—Who was that whistlin' down de tuhe? Helper—Woman on de third floor wants more steam. Janitor—Hit de third pipe a couple o' times wit de hammer.—*Boston Herald*.

"The reason auctioneers make money," says the Philosopher of Folly, "is that so many people think it only costs 'em a nickel to raise the other fellow's hid five cents."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Visitor (from Pittsburg)—I understand that you always have to hoil the water here before you drink it? Chicago Man—Yes. Visitor (from Pittsburg)—Oh, well, give me a bottle of beer.—*Somerville Journal*.

Servant—There's no coal, mum, an' the fire is goin' out. Mistress—Why, Norah, you should have told me that before. Servant—I couldn't tell you there was no coal, mum, when there was coal.—*Boston Transcript*.

Chumpleigh—Well, my dear, I had my life insured for \$5000 today. Mrs. Chumpleigh—I'm glad you did, John. Now you won't have to be so careful about dodging street cars and automobiles.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Lottie—Is your young minister so very, very fascinating? Hattie—Fascinating! Why, lots of girls in our church have married men they hated, just to get one kiss from the rector after the ceremony.—*Puck*.

"The American eagle," said the orator, "knows no fear." "Yes," replied Mr. Sirius Barker, "the American eagle is mighty lucky. Any bird that isn't good enough to eat has a right to congratulate itself these days."—*Washington Star*.

The Mean Thing—You're so conceited, Connie, that I believe when you get into heaven the first question you'll ask will be "Are my wings on straight?" Connie—Yes, dear; and I shall be sorry that you won't be there to tell me.—*Illustrated Bits*.

Dr. McCree—My dear Mrs. Goodman, how could you bring out a young child of such a day as this, with such a strong east wind blowing? Mrs. Goodman—Ah, doctor, you will always have your little joke. How can a child of this age possibly know what wind it is?—*Fit-Bits*.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The "Great Prosecutor" in Oregon.

The Hermann case at Portland proceeds slowly. In one respect the Great Prosecutor's method has improved; his manner is calm, and he is apparently trying to hold himself to the line of legality. Of course, there is still time for the arrangement of melodramatic stage plays, likewise time for those volcanic outbursts of passion which have marked the Great Prosecutor's career in San Francisco. Having no private hold on the judge who presides over the procedure, he must, of course, carry himself with a discretion and a reserve in contrast with his practice here during the past two years. At one point, however, there is a suggestion of his familiar method. His principal witness is a man convicted of crime, but pardoned and further immuned for the sake of qualifying him as a witness. Those who dispute the truth of allegations thus bought and paid for, are under conviction and therefore are not competent as witnesses. Nobody proposes to pardon them

and so make them competent. Whether or not an Oregon jury will accept and credit the testimony of an immuned criminal remains to be seen.

### President and Congress.

One would not know from reading our San Francisco daily newspapers that the administration at Washington has been passing through a crisis. The energies of our delectable journalism are so occupied with the doings of Alma Bell, the issue of where the Johnson-Jeffries fight is to be pulled off, country house scandals across the ocean, portraits of Mme. Paulhan, and other vital and essential matters, that they have had little time or mind for such trivialities as the march of events at the national capital. Nevertheless important things have been and are doing there—things well worth the attention of whoever is interested in the welfare of the country.

The Republican party is suffering those evils which come with default of opposition. Democratic principles may be what they always have been, but the Democratic party has become a negligible quantity in relation to national affairs. It has made no figure at all in recent national elections. It has no share either in directing or thwarting the course of administration. It has abandoned practically such functions as belong to a minority party in relation to legislation. For the immediate period at least, the Democratic party in Congress ceased to be a force to be reckoned with when during the tariff negotiations of last year it failed to formulate a party policy and stand by it, but bargained its votes piecemeal for individual advantage. It was in accord with universal experience that the Republican party, finding itself freed from the necessity of coöperative action against a definite opposition, should fall into factional groups, each more intent upon some special interest than for the general welfare of the administration or of the country.

When the President, in his unfortunate Winona speech, declared the tariff legislation of last year to be a satisfactory fulfillment of the party pledges, he appeared to have gone over to the "stand-pat" faction, to have arrayed himself with Aldrich and Cannon against those elements of the party represented by Senator Cummins of Iowa and others of like spirit. His remarks were taken as applying not merely to tariff legislation, hut to the whole scheme of things associated with the names of Aldrich and Cannon. It was a shock to the West, because in Western eyes Aldrich stands as the representative in the Senate of selfish and aggressive interests, and Cannon in the House as a bulwark of reactionary conservatism. At the time it was the opinion of the *Argonaut* that Mr. Taft said more than he meant, or appeared to mean more than he said, that he would not in fact be found a partisan of the "stand-pat" coterie either in administration or legislation. Events are demonstrating this to have been a sound estimate of the President's attitude. He is not a partisan of Aldrich and Cannon on the one hand, nor of Cummins and his coterie on the other; his wish is to hold a course above and apart from either faction, to preserve the friendship and support of both. It is a difficult rôle, and yet, as we review the events of the past three or four weeks, the President appears to have played it with entire success. It has been a troubled time, but the President appears to be master of the situation. He has reserved for himself the traditional place at the head of the table. All elements and factions are bowing to his authority, and in legislation as in administration he is, in the main, having his way. This result has been achieved not by political shrewdness, for of this quality the President has little. He is alike too honest and too frank for political diplomacy; he has no training in the game, no propensity for it. His success has been won by a straightforward course in combination with the tremendous

unseen but none the less potential powers of the presidential office.

The House insurgents, who at one time appeared to be in the way of joining the Democrats in organizing an effective opposition, are now supporting the President, and will do so during the months ahead. This coalition was not brought about until after a show of teeth on both sides. The President threatened to ignore individual insurgents in the matter of national patronage. The insurgents by way of retaliation combined with the Democrats to defeat administration arrangements in the matter of the Ballinger-Pinchot investigating committee. These incidents emphasized the necessity for a better understanding all round, and such an understanding has been accomplished.

In coming to an understanding with the insurgents the President has had to abandon Speaker Cannon, if it be true that he was ever really attached to Cannon, as at one time he appeared to be. It is the common judgment of those best informed at Washington that Cannon's days in the speakership are numbered. He has proved too heavy a load to be carried either by the administration or by the party. From present appearances his reelection to the speakership next year is an impossibility, and it is quite within the cards that his contribution to party peace will be an announcement that he is not a candidate.

The interpretation of this situation is that the insurgents have for the time being, at least, won their fight within the party. They do not, indeed, dominate it, but they have established a good relationship with the President and have practically enforced the retirement in its due order of their chief opponent. Cannon, too, remains in good relations with the President, although it is not easy to conceive him as enjoying the situation. Propensity and habit have in him confirmed an arbitrary spirit, and it must come hard at the moment of highest party power for Mr. Cannon to find himself practically down and out, and at the same time forced by the logic of the situation to sustain the powers by which his defeat has been accepted, if not desired and approved.

It looks as if the President would get all that he wants from Congress, although it is by no means certain that his legislative scheme is wisely considered. His proposals, it must be confessed, reflect the lawyer rather more than the statesman. This certainly is the demonstration of his last year's scheme for the special taxation of corporations. At his dictation we now have this law on the statute books, and we find it a law inequitable in that it penalizes an accepted and legitimate method of carrying on business, inquisitorial in that it sets spies upon the legitimate privacy of certain private operations. At the same time it yields little in the way of revenue. Viewed from the standpoint of statecraft, it is not a wise measure because it is neither fair, popular, nor effective. The President now has laid down a definite legislative programme and is in the way of carrying it through. This programme has already been recited in these columns, but it may not be amiss to again run it over. It includes voluntary federal incorporation, amendments to the interstate commerce act, conservation plans recommended by Secretary Ballinger, creation of a postal savings bank system, reorganization of the government of Alaska, statehood for Arizona and New Mexico, reduction in appropriations for federal expenditure. These measures will undoubtedly be urged from the White House, and with a single exception, that of the voluntary incorporation project, they are likely to be carried through Congress successfully. This is indicated by the arrangement under which the insurgents are to support the administration.

There will be abundant time to consider these measures in detail as they shall be worked over by Congress.



in the coming weeks. Not all of them are likely to be accepted in the form in which they come from the White House—we say from the White House, for while nominally the work of members of Congress, they are in fact a direct product of administrative initiative, mostly worked out by Cabinet members or their assistants. No other President, it is said, not even Roosevelt, has so boldly undertaken the work of preparing drafts of legislative measures. It is a work for which the President is especially fitted and in which he delights, and while it is not within the scheme of executive responsibility as defined by statute or tradition, it will not be resented either by Congress or by the country. Quite unconsciously in recent years we have been establishing a new tradition in national government—a tradition under which the President assumes a more direct authority in legislation and in which he is supported by public sentiment. In its present status the presidency tends to become stronger and stronger with the growth of the government. The fact is not only a notable but a curious one, for in European governments the tendency is the other way. In the practical operation of European systems everywhere the nominal head and front—the throne under its various names and forms—tends to loss of working authority to the legislative department. That it should be otherwise with us is a circumstance which opens up a wide field of speculation—a field too wide for consideration in this writing.

It would be a mistake to assume that the *entente cordiale* just now established between the "insurgents" and the "regulars" under the influence and authority of the President is to be permanent. They will work together in support of the administration, but they are no nearer one in sentiment than they were during the period of contention a year ago. The "regulars," so-called, stand for a definite set of ideas and policies, the "insurgents," so-called, stand for another definite set of ideas and policies. The differences between the two factions are quite as positive, and even less reconcilable, than the differences which have divided the national parties in recent years. This being so, who ventures to say that in this cleavage within the Republican party we have not the beginning of a thoroughgoing reorganization of the politics of the country? The *Argonaut* regards it as possible that our national politics five years from now, or even sooner, may be organized upon lines of division now indicated by the differences above referred to.

If this should come about, it is an interesting speculation as to where the South would go. Its habits through long years of discipline under the Democratic party are conservative, but its spirit is radical. The State's-rights theory so long cherished by the South would naturally incline the Southern mind to sympathy with the insurgents, and it is, we believe, to the insurgent side that the bulk of the voting strength in the Southern States would go.

It would truly be a curious development in our politics if the difference between "insurgents" and "regulars" should bring about a situation in which the balance of power were to lie with the South. But such a development would not be without precedent either in our own country or in the corresponding conditions of other countries. As matters stand today in the British Parliament, the balance of power rests with the members from Ireland.

#### The Exposition Site.

San Bruno is early in the field for selection as the site of the Pacific-Panama exposition. Something, too, is to be said for it; yet there are serious objections. It is too far away; it involves a ride through railroad tunnels or circuitously over heavy grades and through unpleasing suburbs; it is not attractive in its scenic possibilities. Golden Gate Park and the regions both south and north of it afford sites of some advantages. Better still would be the western part of the Presidio reservation, which slopes towards the ocean and commands magnificent views. But better than all, we think, is the Lake Merced tract of the Spring Valley Water Company. This site is beautifully adapted to the purposes of the exposition, easily accessible, and glorious in its scenic conditions. Probably the Spring Valley Company would be loath to give such rights to the exposition as would put Lake Merced as a water resource out of commission for a series of years. The golf club which enjoys privileges in the Lake Merced tract would surely object. Those horsemen who find in the soft paths around Lake Merced an equestrian's

paradise will groan in spirit at the mere mention. However, the purposes of the exposition are so much larger than all these considerations combined, that they will have to give way if the selection should fall, as we think it should, upon the Lake Merced tract.

#### The Housekeeper's Revolt.

There are many reasons why the *Argonaut* never affiliates with "movements" of reform, religious, social, political, or whatnot. The first is that activities of this sort are commonly founded in vanity, soaring individual ambition, or some other merely personal motive. Another reason is that reform agitations, even when morally inspired, are commonly undertaken out of season and out of reason, tending inevitably to failure and to practical hurt of the particular cause espoused. Still another reason is that reformers for the most part are impracticable persons, always aggressive, not uncommonly selfish, and invariably puffed up with vanity and conceit, infallibly tiresome, and otherwise unpleasant as associates.

Movements of reform, if they are to be effective, must have a wider basis than the mere personalism above described. Such movements, when times are ripe for them, come without calculated promotion. Like our California autumn fires, they spring seemingly out of the air and spread over wide regions simultaneously, started by unseen forces of universal condition or sentiment. Wise men do not attempt movements untimely; they live straight, preserve their own integrity, and wait upon events. So when the *Argonaut* is told that there is need for "effort" in connection with one great purpose or another—religious, social, or political—it sits tight and waits upon events, for it knows that every social or economic wrong must in time—and at the psychological time—develop a sentiment tending to its correction. It is a comfortable philosophy and its universal acceptance would save many an earnest soul from a world of agonizing apprehension.

The present movement against high prices for domestic supplies is a case in point. It has come, not through any scheme of promotion, but because it has needed to come. A point has been reached when people of moderate means can not pay the prices demanded by the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick maker. No amount of wild-eyed agitation would have helped forward this movement by one day or one hour. No protest will now serve to retard it. It is a case of necessity, and the public revolt has taken the one essential and effective form. All over the country there is abstention from the purchase of commodities where prices have gone beyond the power to pay. That this movement is to be commended in all its details at the point of judgment we will not assert; nothing tends to extravagance and folly like enthusiasm for reform. There is, no doubt, some extravagance at the points of detail in the present movement; but its basis is sound and in its operation it tends to exhibit the limits of endurance, and so, we think, it will prevent a further upward stretch of the profit-grabbing spirit. It may safely be said that the general advance in prices has reached its climax. This is the meaning of the revolt so widely heralded through the daily press.

In the effort to explain the recent advance movement in domestic prices we see something comparable to a star-gazing competition. One group of economic philosophers sees the motive in an alleged decline in the value of gold; another sees it in the extravagances of the rich; another in the improvidence of the poor; others in a multitude of different economic and social practices. The most common indictment is that of certain aggressive trusts which have organized many departments of business for selfish advantage. Perhaps something is justly attributed in each of these causes. But in the judgment of the *Argonaut*, Mr. Davis, whose letter we print in another column, has come nearer to the secret than anybody else who has attempted to explain it. In Mr. Davis's opinion the trouble is due largely to the economic loss wrought through the recent policies of organized labor.

Let us look at this charge as the conditions present themselves locally: Labor in San Francisco used to yield a certain fairly dependable product. By the action of unionism two hours out of each working day has been wiped out at a stroke. As a social and moral proposition this change may be commendable. But economically its effects are capable of being figured out. The loss is exactly twenty per cent. Under the old conditions of cordiality and good will between employer

and employed, labor yielded a certain fairly definite product. Under the spirit prompted by unionism, labor in the iron trades as demonstrated in the Union Iron Works last year—and presumably the same applies in all trades—yield only about forty per cent of its former standard of production in any given time. Thus we have twenty per cent cut from the product of labor at the point of hours; and we have forty per cent cut from the remaining product at the point of diligence. These figures may be a bit arbitrary, they probably involve some exaggeration, but that there is behind them a profound truth is the demonstration of experience in San Francisco during the past three years. Who that has put up a building, or who knows anybody that has put up a building, or who has read the newspapers, does not know that in the reconstruction of San Francisco there has been an overcharge of from twenty-five to forty per cent? This overcharge has been distributed widely, but the burden of it has not been lost individually. Every owner of a building has felt it and is undertaking to recoup himself by exactions from his tenants. Business is good in San Francisco; nevertheless there is embarrassment and anxiety in every counting-room because of the charges of doing business, including high rents, made high by the labor overcharge, with higher charges at every point where labor enters into the calculation.

Perhaps, as we have already intimated, some part of this change is good socially and morally; it may be that as a community we shall be better off morally by accommodating ourselves to it. But there is no denying the economic loss; and since this loss and its cause are plainly in sight, there is no need, indeed no justification, for mysterious speculation concerning it.

It would be unreasonable to put upon labor the whole burden of the increase in domestic prices, but labor certainly is to a degree responsible for it. Labor is the foundation of all things, and if labor by the reorganization of its policies has cut off a large percentage of the value of its gross product, it is not difficult to discover in this fact a general and economic loss which accounts, at least in some measure, for the advance in values of all things produced by and through labor.

#### Mr. McCarthy in Action.

The theory of our municipal charter is that of concentrating power under a single hand. It is always possible, so it was argued before the charter-making body, by combination of the better elements, to get a good man in the mayoralty. Now, if we shall so arrange the system as to put approximately absolute power in the hands of the mayor, all will be well. It was an interesting theory; it looked good on its face; the charter-makers accepted it and the public approved it.

It is under this scheme that Patrick H. McCarthy was chosen mayor of San Francisco. By an inversion of the original plan there was choice of a mayor not by combination of better elements, but of worse elements. The forces which united in giving us the delectable Mr. McCarthy were those of aggressive labor unionism, destructive socialism, the owners of property put to disreputable uses, and those lovers of license whose hunting ground is the tenderloin. We have in the mayor's chair an agent of these combined forces, one, too, who is neither mealy-mouthed in declaring what he wants, nor soft-handed in the matter of getting it. Mr. McCarthy's ideas are in strict accord with the maxim that the spoils belong to the victors, and he is going about the work of reorganizing the city government under this rule. He proposes nothing less than a clean sweep. Already he has reconstructed the board of public works to his notion, and now he has the health department, the police department, and the school department in hand. Very frankly and very plainly he has said to the members of the several commissions governing these municipal departments that he wants their resignations. He is straightforward about it. He wants to put into all posts of executive authority persons who will be subservient to his will in all things. The programme is a bit startling, but it has the merit of directness and frankness. It must be said for Mr. McCarthy that he wastes neither time nor energy in beating about the bush, that he makes no pretensions on the score of virtuous purpose or of polite methods.

On the whole, we see no logical reason for amazement or resentment against Mr. McCarthy. He is doing in office precisely what he was as a candidate. He presented himself as the champion of a selfish class interest in combination of all the sinister interests that



could be brought into coöperation. He was frankly for an open town—for license in those things calculated to make San Francisco "the Paris of America." Having been nominated as the representative of these things, having made his campaign openly and above board for the promotion of these things, where is there room for censure if now Mr. McCarthy goes roughly at the business of adjusting the city government in harmony with his own ideas and plans?

San Francisco has deliberately chosen this man to be its mayor when there were two capable and respectable men in the field. If the better elements had chosen to pull together they might have elected either Mr. Crocker or Dr. Leland. They chose to work at cross purposes; they deliberately gave the election to the man who represented things illegitimate, disreputable, infamous. There is only one thing for San Francisco to do, and that is to take its medicine as philosophically as possible. We must sit by and see every department of the municipal government—including our schools—organized in the interest of aggressive selfishness and criminal license. We must sit by and see the public funds wasted in foolish and impossible schemes like the Lake Eleanor water project and divided among Mr. McCarthy's followers in projects of "public improvement." We must endure the humiliation of seeing ignorance, venality, vulgarity, and pretension in the saddle of authority. In addition to all this, we must suffer the censure and contempt of the world for permitting these things.

On the whole, it is perhaps just as well that McCarthy is playing his rôle openly and vigorously. He is teaching us that we can not put ruffians in public office and get gentleness and integrity in administration. The hope is that severe enforcement of this lesson may compel us to better courses two years from now.

#### The Conservatism of the English Voter.

The immediate future of English politics becomes increasingly perplexing with the concluding electoral returns. So far from securing a majority that would make them independent of the Irish vote, it now seems that the Liberals will have no such majority, or only one of such slender size as to place the government practically at the mercy of the Home Rulers. No doubt the Irishmen can be depended upon in most of the issues to which the Liberals are pledged, and certainly their animosity toward the lords is of the most deadly kind, but legislation that depends wholly upon the favor of the Home Rulers must sadly lack the essential element of moral force. Whether Mr. Asquith will take office under such conditions and with the sword of Damocles constantly over his head remains to be seen, nor can the Conservatives be expected to attempt the feat with an actual majority against them. One thing, at least, is certain—there will be another general election within a few months, and it is to be hoped that the issues will then be fewer in number and better defined. At least the budget should be out of the way.

As matters now stand, it is impossible to indicate the precise cause of a Liberal discomfiture that is so nearly a defeat. It is hard to believe that the nation resents a fiscal arrangement from which all but the very wealthy must benefit, and it was, indeed, evident enough that the budget itself was received with enthusiasm. We must then look for an explanation to the attack upon the House of Lords and to the wild and whirling threats against the hereditary principle that were allowed to hurtle over the country. And here, again, it would be a mistake to assume that the popular vote was either an endorsement of the lords or a guaranty of their continued power to veto or obstruct. It was probably nothing more than a protest against being hurried, a refusal to be "rushed," a demand for a leisurely consideration of a scheme that proposes a change in the order of many centuries. The English elector is saturated with a conservatism that refuses to act while out of breath, that clings to old landmarks that once were admittedly useful until they are proved beyond all possibility of doubt to be now useless. The political Utopia has no attractions for him, and he looks with grim suspicion upon those who promise him a new heaven and a new earth in return for an act of Parliament. The recent vote is probably a verdict neither for nor against the House of Lords. It is simply a demand that an ancient institution be let alone until the situation has been calmly surveyed from every point of view. The English elector sees no merit in change for the sake of change, and no one better

realizes the danger of pouring new wine into old bottles.

There is much in such an attitude to command respect. The force of tradition and of precedent in some of the older countries of the world is doubtless responsible for many archaic absurdities, but it is impossible to overlook its steady value or the stability that it gives to the ship. So long as there is a constant predisposition to favor the old, so long as the national memory enforces an appeal to centuries of experience, so long there is a guaranty against reckless experiment and against political quackery. Probably there is not an intelligent elector in Great Britain who does not know that the House of Lords must be reformed. The lords themselves admit it and wish it, but it must not be done in a rage, it must not be done in a hurry, or under the smart of party rebuff. Largely as a result of the present elections we shall probably find that reform, when it comes, will be dispassionate, cautious and in a tolerant spirit of compromise, and that it will come before the world is much older is as certain as the sunrise.

#### Fickert and the Halsey Case.

In the testimony submitted in Judge Dunne's court within the past two years respecting the physical condition of Theodore Halsey, we have an interesting if not edifying light upon the medical conscience—perhaps we would better say upon the individual consciences of certain medical men. Halsey has been represented as being in an acute stage of a distressing and mortal disease. Affidavits to this effect have proceeded from generalizations to particulars. It has been specifically declared that if arraigned for trial Halsey would have to be carried into court on a litter, and that there would be presented the harrowing spectacle of the remorseless prosecution of a dying man. Not one physician only, of respectable standing, but several have made formal affidavit to this effect.

Now come three other physicians of equal or even more approved standing and make oath that Halsey is practically a well man, susceptible without cruelty of being put to trial upon charges which have been brought against him. If the first group of doctors is right, then the second is a pack of liars; if the second group is right, then there has been on the part of the first not only gross falsehood under oath, but a sinful conspiracy to defeat the processes of justice. The situation speaks for itself; it would appear quite superfluous to multiply reflections upon it. It recalls a famous sneer in characterization of the quality of professional testimony, namely, that among witnesses there are "liars, damned liars, and—experts."

The effort of Mr. Fickert to bring Halsey into court is interesting as a demonstration of his spirit in the prosecuting office. It has been broadly asserted that Fickert has no intention of proceeding against persons charged under the graft prosecution, that he is merely seeking ways and means of sponging the slate of indictments effected under the graft procedure without respect to criminality on the one hand or justice on the other. Proceedings in the case of Halsey would seem to have discovered and exposed the slander involved in this gossip. It is manifest that Fickert wants to bring Halsey to bar; it seems a reasonable assurance that he will succeed in doing it. It appears that his policy will be not to throw over the prosecution, but to take it up at one point at least where the late prosecutors were weak or complacent. The energies of those who have just been thrust out of authority were so absorbed in the business of immunizing the friends and supporters, and of punishing the private enemies and business rivals of Messrs. Spreckels and Phelan, as to leave neither time nor thought for others under indictment, even where the charges were more direct and the chances of conviction greater. Not only the case of Halsey, but that of Detweiler, of Dalzell Brown, and a dozen others, bear emphatic testimony in support of this statement.

Mr. Fickert was elected, not for the sake of turning loose persons charged with crime, but as a protest against the subsidization by private persons in pursuit of their private ends of the functions and powers of the prosecuting office. Mr. Fickert's responsibilities and duties are prescribed not by the circumstances of his election, but in the statutes which define the responsibilities and lay down the duties of the prosecuting attorney. The circumstances of his election have given him no special mandate, most assuredly they have given him no license outside the law. On the other hand, they

tend by their moral weight to emphasize and intensify his obligations to and under the law.

Mr. Fickert's action in the Halsey case is suggestive of a clear understanding of his duties and obligations. The course of his predecessors has for the moment at least thwarted him with respect to certain cases wherein so much energy and fury have been wasted. He finds that his office has been looted of records essential to the immediate prosecution of these cases. He finds nothing to show for the sixty, or seventy, or eighty thousand dollars provided by the supervisors as a special fund in support of the graft prosecution. His predecessors have left him not only their work unfinished, but botched and jobbed by repeated blunders and failures; and on top of all they have left him nothing of that accumulation of testimony worked up at the public charge and legitimately the property of the prosecuting office. Even the chief prosecuting witness, immuned by the action of the prosecutors and steadily serviceable to them in their efforts thus far—even this witness whose testimony is essential, is in hiding, possibly spirited away. If the prosecutions are to go on it is essential manifestly that a vast amount of work in the way of accumulating records and developing testimony already presumed to have been done, must be done over again.

In this situation Mr. Fickert does well to turn to a case where there is opportunity for immediate action with fair hope of success. The case of Halsey is directly in point. In the crime charged against Halsey there were circumstances of special aggravation. Under the charges the case is one in which the bribe-giver sought and enticed the bribe-taker. The end aimed at was not protection against piratical aggression, but rather the fencing out from San Francisco of legitimate competition in an important department of public service. In other words, it was not a case of hold-up on the part of scoundrels in office, but was a case of using scoundrels in office in perpetuation of a scheme of monopoly. All this we repeat is involved in the charge. As to the truth or falsity of this charge we have no knowledge, and therefore no assumptions. But whatever the fact, the charge is one which deserves to be sifted to its bottom.

Fickert's first move against Halsey supplies an indictment of the sincerity and efficiency of those who came before him. Where was the energy, the skill, the integrity, of the prosecuting office if for two years and more it has been cajoled and deceived by the false representations of Halsey and his group of medical friends? If Fickert has been able to discover and expose a gross fraud in thirty days, why were not Langdon and his gang able to discover it in as many months? While the prosecution was being bamboozled, while orders of court were thus being treated with contempt, where was the Great Detective and his brilliant crew to whom the taxpayers of San Francisco were paying many thousands of dollars each month? What is to be said in justification of a blindness which appears to have permitted a peculiarly offensive fraud to be perpetrated under the very nose of authority? Is there not logical enforcement of the conviction that in this case there was either no attention to the matter in hand or no wish to bring Halsey to bar, or both? And if there was neglect of duty and contempt of obligation in this instance, does it not tend to confirm charges made again and again by this journal of the incapability, the indifference, and the insincerity of those who lately were possessed of the powers of the prosecuting office, in all cases outside the lines of merely personal animus and malice?

Mr. Fickert, we hope, will show by his energy in this instance that he has both honesty of purpose and impartiality of motive. His function as defined by the laws is that of prosecuting criminality wherever he may find it. He seems to be making a good start. His course thus far gives reason for hope that he will do, so far as in him lies and so far as lies in the situation in which he finds the affairs of the prosecuting office, that which should have been done three years or more ago. Now as then the duty of the prosecuting office is the pursuit of criminality in places high and low without fear or favor.

#### Judge Landis's Thunder.

Judge Landis of Chicago has a grievance against the President. Mr. Taft, he says, in initiating procedure against the meat trust, has "stolen his thunder." Landis had it in mind, he says, to initiate a movement of this kind and had so declared his intention



Secretary Wickersham, who is presumed to have informed the President, who, in turn, has made the movement his own. We think Judge Landis will do well not to press this grievance too hard. It is hardly the function of a judge to head movements of this kind, or of any kind; the function of a judge is to determine impartially between litigants, not that of a moral or legal promoter. More than once within recent years Judge Landis has attracted public attention by his radicalism. The immediate incident tends to justify those critics who have declared him to be a fierce partisan on the bench with small legal equipment, and even less judgment. Apparently he has much in common with our own Judge Dunne, whose fierce partisanship has made no small part of the scandal of recent events in San Francisco. Judges of this type are a discredit to the bench, and even worse, for they tend to destroy the confidence which the public ought to feel in the judiciary—which, indeed, it must feel if our system is to endure. Judge Landis exhibits himself as one whose motives are chiefly inspired by vanity. He is miffed because the President, he says, has "stolen his thunder." If, instead of being a mere careerist, ambitious for mere personal distinction, he were a sound-hearted reformer, he would thank God that a matter near his heart had been taken up by so powerful a champion. Manifestly, what Judge Landis wants is the notoriety of a crusade leader, not the enforcement of profoundly cherished moral ideals. We have in the country far too much of this alliance of the reforming spirit with intense individual vanity. Vital and wholesome reformers proceed upon no such foundation.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### The Housekeeper's Revolt.

OAKLAND, CAL., January 24, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Noting Cardinal Gibbons's recent utterances, as reported in the daily press, in common with similar sentiments from many other distinguished and authoritative sources, as well as numerous and timely editorial utterances floundering in the sea of uncertainty as to causes, but all unitedly voicing one mighty protest against the increased cost of living, it would appear that they are overlooking one great contributing arbitrary cause for this continued increase.

Gleaning from many editorials in various publications, it is evident that the writers either have not grasped the real reason, else they dare not print that which they certainly must know. Furthermore, there are today but few, if any, newspapers in the country which dare to print the true reason, save possibly it would be the *Los Angeles Times*, or some equally free and fearless journal, unafraid of "moh rule."

We are prone to prate about and herate the trusts, which in their last analysis merely represent the savings of the people invested through financiers in various creative enterprises for greater economy of operation, representing the nation's progress among nations; but we are apt to overlook and ignore the greatest trust on earth, which is the Labor Trust, controlled by the leaders of organized labor.

The organized labor trust and its leaders—without legal restrictions or limit of any kind, without one dollar invested, and with no responsibilities before, or regard for, the laws of either God or man, and "swelled up" with a sense of growing power and "fancied" security, completely ignoring all known economic laws—arbitrarily advance wages and reduce hours of labor from time to time; they thus compel manufacturers and all employers of labor in whatsoever capacity to advance the prices charged for whatever commodities dealt in, or for whatever they have to sell, be it foodstuffs, freight rates, or advertising.

Labor unions in themselves are all right; and the principle of unionism within its legitimate functions for the maintenance of a skilled labor standard and the protection of the craft is in itself a desirable feature of society. But, when with a growing and arbitrary disregard of consequences, union labor leaders deliberately and continually seek to force more and more exacting demands upon employers everywhere, there are but two courses open for the latter to pursue; first, grant the demands, grin and bear the consequences, and add the increased cost of production to the prices charged the public; second, "shut up shop" and go out of business.

The whole nation is now experiencing the effects of this *conce*, vet, under the circumstances, no other possible result could be expected. The remedy was pointed out by Theodore Roosevelt some years since, when, by his direction, the government took a firm stand for the open shop, and have since maintained it. The open shop is the happy medium, as distinguished from either the closed shop or the "scab" shop. The open shop respects the rights of organized labor just so far as organized labor respects its own rights, but absolutely not one jot further. While freely paying the union scale when employing union labor, the open shop recognizes and insists upon the right to hire and fire whom it pleases and when it pleases, without interference from any man or set of men not financially interested in the business. While recognizing the union, the open shop rejects the right of unionism to dictate the conditions of employment. It rejects the right of unions to interfere with the teaching of trades to apprentices, save by amicable agreement and not by dictatorship of the union.

This is one of the great problems before the American people, which will sooner or later have to be grappled with and threshed out to a definite conclusion ere we need expect any particular continuity of prosperity or industrial peace, even approximately free from continual financial and business disturbance.

MARK E. DAVIS.

Because a freight train wreck disclosed that several cars consigned to breakfast food concerns were loaded with peanut shells from peanut butter factories in the South, the Chicago Federation of Labor has called upon the national pure food commission to investigate whether or not peanut shells constitute the basic element in the manufacture of breakfast foods. It is needless to say that the general public will have a lively interest in any reply which may come to that interrogation (remarks the *Springfield Republican*). The circumstances were peculiar, and of a character to awaken lively curiosity.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

For small mercies in the way of naval economies let us be infinitely grateful, for we are liable to get no others. Mr. Taft has so far impressed his views upon the departments that this year's naval appropriation is nearly ten million dollars lower than last, that is to say \$126,929,636, as against \$135,749,253. The amount is large enough in all conscience and would have made our grandfathers' hair stand on end, but that there should be a decrease at all is sufficiently remarkable at a time when warship building has become a sort of world mania. The United States has now spent a total of \$1,577,877,333 in this way since 1883, and she now stands third in strength, the actual figures being as follows:

	Number of Ships.	Tonnage.
Great Britain.....	494	2,005,873
Germany.....	233	820,692
United States.....	177	785,945
France.....	503	766,906
Japan.....	191	493,704
Russia.....	224	412,250
Italy.....	122	259,278
Austria.....	91	168,617

The relative strength is, of course, to be shown by tonnage and not by the number of vessels. The French navy, for instance, has 259 torpedo boats, as against 69 owned by England and 30 by the United States.

In spite of the reduction in the American estimate our figures are not so very far behind those of Great Britain, while they are some way ahead of Germany. The following table shows the estimates for the current year of the seven leading countries:

Great Britain.....	\$171,004,000
United States.....	135,749,000
Germany.....	95,073,000
France.....	64,980,000
Russia.....	48,800,000
Japan.....	35,049,000
Italy.....	32,871,000
Total.....	\$583,526,000

During the last ten years these same seven countries have spent \$4,610,110,000 upon the building and maintenance of their navies, a total that may, indeed, be expressed by figures, but that is outside the range of the imagination. Let it be remembered, moreover, that this unthinkable sum of money has been spent since the first meeting of The Hague conference, that was hailed as the dawn of an universal day of peace.

But an increased expenditure is not the only dreary sign that the nations have hardened their hearts towards the olive branch. A new competitor has entered the ship-building yards in the shape of the Dominion of Canada. On January 12 the Dominion parliament at Ottawa took the first step towards the completion of a colonial navy to consist of eleven vessels, or five cruisers and six destroyers, at a cost of about \$12,000,000. This fleet is to be under the control of a Canadian naval board, with the understanding that at any time it may be placed at the service of the British admiralty. Mr. Borden, the leader of the opposition, followed Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier, and gave his emphatic sanction to the scheme. The naval supremacy of Great Britain was, he declared, threatened by Germany, and inasmuch as Canada contributed little or nothing to the general scheme of imperial defense, it was now time that she shouldered some of the weight of the empire to which she belonged.

It is interesting to note that these ships will cost 35 per cent more if built in Canada than if the orders were placed in the mother country, but that, of course, will make no difference. Canadian politicians are doubtless of opinion that the chief advantage of the vote is to build the ships rather than to have them, and this sort of idea is by no means confined to the Canadian stripe of statesmanship.

Canada has far less justification for building a navy than has Australia, for example, or any other of the British colonies. Canada is in no danger of an European attack, as she would come under the provisions of the Monroe Doctrine quite as effectively as would Nicaragua or Mexico. So far as her integrity is concerned, she may feel that the whole American navy is at her service, and although we could hardly expect that this eventuality should be discussed at Ottawa it must have its place in the minds of Canadian statesmen.

It is hardly likely that the self-denying ordinance against meat eating that is now passing over the country will have enough immediate vitality to score any marked success. The spirit is doubtless willing, but the flesh-pots of Egypt will probably counterbalance even the disadvantages of bondage. Nevertheless the idea is a good one and it may win next time.

The movement is at least significant. It marks a waning belief in the efficacy of law-making, and much may be expected from a people that can begin to help themselves instead of hallowing their appeals to a perfectly futile law. The government, we are told, has begun an inquiry into the cost of meat, and a few years ago such an announcement would have caused us to sit back in our chairs with a sigh of relief and to have regarded the matter as settled. We know better now. We know that the government may inquire until world without end, that it may legislate from now until the day of doom, and that no one will be a penny the better or the worse for it, except that there will be a new lot of artificial crimes and a new hatch of perjuries, briberies, and general corruptions. Only the people who can help themselves without legislation have any hope of social salvation, and here at last we seem to have a beginning and a dawning recognition of the tremendous weapon that lies in the wise use of passive combination. No new principle is involved in a refusal to eat meat except the very simple one of combination. We are most of us accustomed to do without the things that we can not afford to buy. If we can not afford cigars we smoke a pipe, and if caviare is too expensive we eat red herrings. All that we need

is a general understanding and the concentration upon some one commodity of our self-denying capacities.

Take the case of San Francisco. We are practically surrounded by water which is teeming with fish, but none the less fish is a rare and costly luxury. If we can afford a little salt-cod from the East on a Friday we are doing pretty well. The scarcity of fish in San Francisco is due to a little ring of foreigners who have combined to keep prices at a certain high figure, and it is said that tons of fish are thrown into the bay every week rather than allowing them to be sold at low prices. The ocean is facetiously supposed to belong to everybody for reasonable use, but it is about as safe to angle for double eagles in the vault of a bank as to carry on commercial fishing in the bay. The foreign fishermen will not allow any one to fish in the almighty ocean unless he has first agreed to join the ring, and they can enforce their prohibition just as effectually with an oar on a dark night as though they had a cordon of policemen at their beck and call. So, at least, it has been asserted again and again, and without contradiction.

Now suppose the housewives of San Francisco should determine to buy no more fish until this iniquity had been remedied. How long is it to be supposed that the foreigners' fish ring would last? We may guess that it would last about two weeks, perhaps only one.

It is all delightfully simple when we have once overcome our partiality for doing things in a mutton-headed way. We all know the conventional way, the way not to do it. This is to make a representation to the legislature and then perhaps in the course of three or four years we get a law that can not be enforced and that was never meant to be enforced. We can remedy the evil much better without a law than with one, and we can do it in a week or two. In fact there is hardly an evil in our social system that can not be remedied upon the spot by a little common sense agreement, by a little unobtrusive extension of the principle that we all of us practice individually and that causes us to refrain from huying things when we can no longer afford them. All that is needed is to tie the sticks into a bundle.

Some useful figures have been published by one of the great German steamship companies, and as they seem to throw a light upon the subject of ship subsidies they can hardly be too widely known. They seem to show that the development of a country's shipping is in inverse ratio to the amount of the subsidies, inasmuch as England and Germany, the two countries that pay the least, have the largest merchant marines and the most substantial and regular increases. Here are the figures as taken from *Lloyd's Register*:

	Merchant Marine gross reg. tons.	Subsidies paid per gross reg. ton.
Great Britain.....	17,378,000	\$ .46
Austria-Hungary.....	750,000	6.35
France.....	1,894,000	6.67
Germany.....	4,267,000	.44
Italy.....	1,320,000	2.88
Japan.....	1,153,000	5.88
Russia.....	972,000	2.69
Spain.....	710,000	5.20

Commenting upon these figures, the *Philadelphia Record* says that there is no country in which there is such effectual subsidization of the shipping interests as in the United States, our navigation laws excluding foreign-built vessels from participating in coastwise trading and our shippers being for hidden to huy foreign-built ships engaged in international carrying and sail them under the American flag. Under this policy of absolute protection we have made our coastwise service costly and have practically driven our merchant ships engaged in foreign trade from the high seas.

The Kaffirs have always trapped the great African elephant in order to eat him, and the flesh after smoking is equally acceptable to them. The trunk and feet are regarded as particular delicacies. All other animals, in fact, are used as food for man pretty indiscriminately—the choice resting less upon the abstract and pre-supposed "niceness" of the beast than upon the other food available. Even the bulky rhinoceros is eaten by the natives of Africa, and the meat is described as "very good eating, when young and tender." The paws are especially esteemed; rhinoceros meat, it is said, much resembles tough pork, but has a peculiar musky flavor. The tiger is also eaten, and considered to be delicious food by the natives; a German traveler declares that it is like veal in flavor. In some parts of the world there is a superstition about this particular food; it is supposed to fill the eater with courage.

The announcement that the Royal Geographical Society of Copenhagen is fitting out an expedition to explore "the countries around the Persian Gulf" will surprise many who imagine that there is little of the earth outside the polar regions which now needs exploring. As a matter of fact, the interior of the great Arabian peninsula is still waiting to be discovered, and not even the poles present such almost insurmountable obstacles to those who seek them as the unknown land lying around the Persian Gulf. Some portions are, doubtless, as void of human beings as the frozen apexes of the earth, and will probably always remain so, for the heat experienced there is fatal to almost all life.

A feature of the winter season in Quebec is a competition for the best snow statue to be made in Dufferin Terrace, directly opposite the Chateau Frontenac. Snow lends itself admirably to modeling, as several successful statues made in past winter carnivals in Canada testify. It is probable that one of the three judges will be M. Paul Chevre of Paris, who is the sculptor of the Champlain statue on Dufferin Terrace.



## "FALLEN FAIRIES."

Sir William Gilbert Produces a New Opera with Music by Edward German.

We may well wonder what would have been the fate of "Fallen Fairies" had its author been any other than Sir William Gilbert. There is, after all, much in a name and a reputation, and Sir William Gilbert by long and nearly undeviating merit has created something of that sense of expectation that Charles Lamb once complained of when he said that it was impossible for him to ask for a potato at dinner without causing the young lady by his side to cram her handkerchief into her mouth and say, "Oh, Mr. Lamb, how can you be so funny?"

There can be no question that the audience at the Savoy liked the opera, or they thought they did, which is the same thing. But there may have been second thoughts when the memory of the great Gilbert & Sullivan operas insisted upon a comparison, and then there may have come doubts whether "Fallen Fairies" was actually upon a par with "The Pirates of Penzance," "Mikado," and "Pinafore." Of course, the music was not upon a par, and this may be said without a hint of depreciation, for the work of Edward German, who would be *facile princeps* at this kind of composition but for the one unchangeable fact that Sullivan was his predecessor, and Sullivan was distinctly a difficult man to follow. But even when we make allowances for a certain suspicion of ill-fit between author and composer—and perhaps it is only a suspicion and like all suspicions, ill-founded—we may still wonder if Gilbert himself is quite so Gilbertian as of yore, or quite so rich in the philosophy of frolic as in his earlier works. It may be that we ourselves have grown captious, and old, and hard to please, but there really does seem to be a difference, a loss of effervescence, a something.

To begin with, there were rather too many fairies, and a very few fairies go a very long way. In pantomime we like to see plenty of fairies. We like to have the stage so full of them that they are bulging out of the windows, but then we only go to the pantomime to please the children, and even though we have no children they can always be borrowed, and it is a pity to waste the tickets. But we don't want too many fairies in the opera. We want to keep our feet firmly on mother earth, and while we have no objection to a glimpse into fairyland it must be from a mundane standpoint, and this is a different thing to glimpsing the world from a standpoint in fairyland. This is what we have to do in Mr. Gilbert's new opera. We are introduced to the abode of the sylphs, which is above the clouds; indeed so far above that hase human men are mere matters of hearsay. The myths and legends of fairyland speak of some mephitic plane that is peopled by

Fierce, wild, barbaric shapes, all foul within,  
Howling with hunger for more sin, more sin.

Of course, we recognize ourselves in a moment. Nothing could be more descriptive or verbally pictorial.

But the fairies want to know more about men, for it seems that they are largely of the feminine persuasion and therefore curious. Lutin could do something to gratify the desire, for he alone has visited the earth and been permitted to return. But Lutin has a sense of responsibility and hesitates to introduce the serpent into this celestial Eden:

Their dark careers  
Would shock your souls and draw your tears.  
They're quite unfit for decent ears—  
And I'm hanged if I tell 'em to you, my dears.

Once more we recognize ourselves and acknowledge the justice of the soft impeachment.

Nevertheless the fairies are not satisfied, for even these ethereal beings dislike to be told that any knowledge is forbidden to them. So they send emissaries of their own, and these return not only with information, but with samples. Ethais and Phyllon come with them and then the trouble begins. Ethais and Phyllon are of the earth earthy and they do not hesitate to continue their brawls and their boisterous combats even in fairyland, but this has no other effect than to awake a reforming compassion in the minds of their hostesses, who determine to wean them from their evil ways, as was ever the habit of women, whether fairies or not. Only one return they ask in exchange for the love of fairy peace and concord. They would know the true inwardness of that strange power that mortals call love, and in making their appeal to their earth visitors we perceive that they have come to the right place, and that what Ethais and Phyllon can not teach them of earthly love is hardly worth knowing. And so the instruction begins:

When Homage to his Queen a subject shows  
(A Queen that's duly crowned),  
He puts his arm around  
That Monarch's waist—like this!  
And plants a very long and tender kiss,  
Sometimes upon her cheeks of creamy rose  
But, preferably, just below her nose!

The fairy maidens are perplexed by this physiological discrimination:

There is some reason—so we must suppose—  
Why, preferably, just below the nose.

Example follows precept and the first lesson shows not alone a gratifying progress but something approaching efficiency. Never was instruction more willingly or more satisfyingly received.

But there are thorns under the rose, and it is not fairies alone that find them to their cost. Malice, hate, and all uncharity follow close upon the steps of the terrestrial love, and slander rears its head where formerly there was only sisterly love. The queen herself gives cause for offense, and her maidens gossip enviously of her surpassing proficiency in the new knowledge:

A Fairy Queen who dares conventionality to despise  
To put it very mildly is exceedingly unwise.  
Here is an act to which we can not close our eyes  
And must excite our indignation and surprise.  
And truth to tell,  
Such conduct—well,  
It smacks of impropriety!

And so on. There is no lack of ballads, and winsome lyrics, and sometimes the old Gilbertian fire burns up hotly. It is all good, wholesome fun, and how undiluted would have been our enjoyment but for the restless memories of other days that would not quite be stilled.

There is only one scene, and we get a little tired of it. There is evidently a story that has not yet been told in connection with this scene, for we are told that at the dress rehearsal Sir William Gilbert thanked the company in warm terms for their efforts, and then added:

I am sorry I can not say as much for the scene, every detail of which has been painted in absolute defiance of my expressed orders.

The scene painter is Joseph Harker, a master of his craft, so we may believe that "hereby hangs a tale."  
LONDON, January 2, 1910. PICCADILLY.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Day-Dreams.

Oh, sweet are the dreams that Darkness brings,  
The fragrant roses that slumber flings  
Into the garden of night!  
But sweeter far are the dreams that day  
Drops all along life's weary way.  
Like dew-drops on the buds of May,  
To bless our waking sight.

O beautiful, beautiful dreams, that fall  
Like tender moonlight over all  
The dreary waters of life!  
As if an angel went before  
And gilded all the landscape o'er  
With the shadow of heaven, where of yore  
Was only pain and strife.

O beautiful dreams, that spring like flowers  
Out of the seeds of life's dark hours,  
Watered with tears of pain!  
Flowers that bloom 'mid desert sands,  
Too frail to transplant to brighter lands,  
Too fair to be gathered by mortal hands,  
Too sweet to lose again.

O beautiful, beautiful waking dreams,  
That flow like forest-hidden streams  
By the foot-worn road of day!  
Streams that go singing for love's own sake,  
Streams that their sweetest music make  
Out of the very stones that break  
The smoothness of their way.

O exquisite dreams, that softly show  
Through the gray-spun veil of earthly woe!  
Like a star in twilight skies,  
Too far to make our own, so near  
It tempts our grasp, that pure and clear  
On night's dark cheek lies like a tear  
Wept from an angel's eyes.

O dreams that rest on the life of youth,  
Like bubbles that rise in the well of truth  
From the sombre depths below!  
Bubbles that catch each ray of the sun,  
And mirror them upward, one by one,  
Till all the well, so cold, so dun,  
Gleams with a borrowed glow.

O stars that vanish, O flowers that fade,  
O streams that are lost in the woodland shade;  
O bubbles that break with a kiss;  
O dreams that from the buried roots  
Of secret sorrow, like green shoots,  
Grow toward the light, but bear no fruits,  
Are ye less fair than this?

What though ye are but dreams, but dreams?  
Ah, brighter our lives e'en for transient gleams  
Of hopes that ne'er may be ours!  
Then pray for a dreamless sleep if ye will,  
For a slumber no visions have power to thrill;  
But oh, thank God that he gives us still  
The dreams of our waking hours!

—Grace Denio Litchfield.

Greeley, Colorado, was founded in 1870, as the result of the great New York editor's much preaching of "Go West, young man!" About seventy-five of the original founders of that prosperous city recently enjoyed their annual reunion and dinner, together with a lot of "pioneer children." A few of these founders have reached ninety years of age, and many are over eighty. The after-dinner speakers told of pioneer life there; one recalled cattle days on the plains; another gave reminiscences of early hunting trips, and several of the mothers told of the trials of pioneer housekeeping.

Alvin Adams, when the express business was in its infancy, had an office and two horses in New York City. One of these horses was a fine, fast animal, and the other an old, broken-down nag. Packages that were to be delivered immediately he sent out behind the fast horse. Of goods that didn't have to be rushed, he would say: "Leave them for the old hoss." In every express office to this day there is an "old hoss" room, where undelivered and unclaimed packages are kept.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Former Vice-President Levi P. Morton at eighty-six assumes the chairmanship of the board of one of the two largest trust companies in the country.

A pension of \$5000 a year is due Mrs. Grover Cleveland, according to precedent, and Senator Root has presented to the Senate a bill making the grant. The amount is the same as was allowed to widows of former Presidents.

The Rev. Samuel Skrene, vicar of Laneham, Nottinghamshire, England, has seven sons, and they are all priests of the church. It is not to their discredit that their friends are able to say that they represent different phases of church thought.

Rear-Admiral Leutze called at the White House forty-seven years ago and thanked President Lincoln for appointing him to the Naval Academy. He called on President Taft on New Year's day and told him of his White House reception of years ago.

Charles Frohman has announced his intention of opening a theatre on the lower East Side, in New York City, where the poor will be able to see his pieces at very low rates. He expects that successful authors may be induced to forego their royalties in this particular case. His object is to foster public interest in the theatre.

The change in the fortunes of ex-General Stoessel, the Russian military commander who was not merely disgraced, but imprisoned, for his lack of success at Port Arthur, may go far towards reconciling him to the injustice from which he suffered. He is now a member of a big firm in Moscow which imports tea and has a very profitable trade.

Foreign comment on the Steinheil case so much impressed M. Barthou, the French minister of justice, that he will propose radical changes in the trial courts. He plans to take from the president of the court the duty and privilege of interrogatoire and confide to the public prosecutor and the counsel for the defense the task of examining the accused and the witnesses.

General Souza Aguiar, who acted as commissioner for Brazil at the world's fairs in Chicago and St. Louis, is given most of the credit for the new national library which has just been opened to the public in Rio de Janeiro. He was the architect and consulting engineer of the building, which is a beautiful and appropriate structure, and shows a distinctly American style. Its equipment was obtained in the United States.

J. Pierpont Morgan, Jr., has received the most practical sort of training at the hands of his father and his father's friends. When "Jack" Morgan, as he was then known, graduated from Harvard, in 1899, his father placed him in the banking house of Peabody & Co., at Boston, and at the expiration of two years there were such favorable reports regarding his work that he took him into his own office in New York.

August Belmont is actively engaged in stimulating the work upon the Cape Cod Canal, which is to save sixty-five miles in distance between New York and Boston, a week in time for sailing vessels and barges, and many thousands of dollars in the annual wreckages in storms and fogs along the treacherous coast. The canal is to be wide and deep enough for passenger steamers, so that it will be possible in all weathers to leave New York in the evening and arrive in Boston before business hours the next morning. Sites for manufactories and summer resorts are being selected along the new line of travel and will help to pay dividends upon the \$12,000,000 capitalization. Captain J. W. Miller, U. S. N. (retired), is in charge of the excavation, break-water, and locks.

Mrs. Barnett, the wife of Colonel George Barnett, commander of the United States marines in Pekin, recently accompanied her husband on his ninety-mile riding test. Ever since the couple have been in China they have spent much of their time in the saddle on exploring tours, and had become used to the rough roads of the celestial empire. When the time came for the colonel's riding test, Mrs. Barnett declared she would take it, too. The colonel and Mrs. Barnett returned to Pekin none the worse for their experience. The men of the guard were proud of the feat of "the colonel's lady," and a few days ago, in recognition of her pluck, they clubbed together and presented her with a silver loving cup as a memento. Mrs. Barnett, before her second marriage, was Mrs. Basil Gordon of Baltimore.

Miss Jeanette Miriam Goldberg of Jefferson, Texas, and Philadelphia, field secretary of the Jewish Chautauqua movement, is one of the foremost Jewish women of the world, and one whose work along social lines has extended through practically every State in the United States, and into many foreign countries; a woman who numbers among her pupils directly and indirectly more Jews than any other Jewish educator in the country. The Jewish Chautauqua societies which she has been largely instrumental in establishing are in Cincinnati, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Kansas City, Milwaukee, Cleveland, St. Louis, and other large cities. They are planned to supplement the work of the rabbis in the various cities, as well as to do educational work they would do, in places where there are no spiritual leaders. Their work is strictly educational.



## THE ATTACK ON THE MISSION.

By Edwin L. Sabin.

'Twas evening, seventy years ago, in Nueva California, and caressed lovingly by the level last beams of the retiring sun basked in peace the olive-orchard Mission of San Fernando Rey de España. Not so queenly, not so noble as the old, proud Mission San Gabriel Archangel, a day's journey south, was it; but it had a charm its own, and was companion sentinel over the gay Pueblo de los Angeles.

Indulgent surveying through fat, half-closed eyes the comings and goings of his brown children (converts all, they, to the blessed faith), with bared plump legs comfortably outstretched, under the shading fig tree before the mission portico, sat at ease that worthy capuchin friar and mission head, Padre Augustin. A soft goatskin jerkin covered him (save for sundry gaps) to the thighs; further than, this extended to the knees only his undergarment of long linen shirt at once sacerdotal and convenient. Other attire artificial had he none, for these were simple, golden days—and evil be to him who evil thinks. As he sat he digested, and reflecting upon worldly vanities rolled from lips and nostrils the smoke of his corn-husk cigarrito.

Peaceful was the atmosphere, peaceful the scene, peaceful the thought of Fray Augustin as he sighed luxuriously. *¡Algame Purissimo!* What a treasure was Carlotta, the cook! Did ever chili verde come better to the table? Such a cook deserved to be canonized. Surely one who with proper food succored and sustained a servant of the church was entitled to distinction.

A shrill, piping voice sang. It was Juanita from Sonora—a good wench, somewhat prodigal of flesh, but comely, with a certain ruddy tint in her cheeks which showed an infusion time aback of old Spanish blood amid the tide of Mexican-Indian. Her short scarlet petticoat was belted in with a gayly beaded band, and the thin, loose chemisette above was worn more for conventionality than for covering. An arrant flirt was Juanita, albeit betrothed after a fashion to Pedrillo, the vaquero, who even now was watching her morosely.

Down the mission road thudded rapid hoofs, and Juanita ceased her singing. A guest—some young señor from the Pueblo; merely a vaquero, or what? The pace signified nothing; caballero in Nueva California never walked nor trotted, but started and finished at a gallop.

Straight to the very portico of the mission galloped the rider. He jerked his foaming horse to its haunches and threw himself to earth. A converted native, he was, belonging to the mission.

"Ay, my son," faltered Fray Augustin, perturbed and reproving, "whither dost thou go?"

"They come! The North Americans come! They want horses!" panted the mansito excitedly, and dutifully baring his head.

Fray Augustin paled, and drew in his plump legs. *"Nombre de Dios! How many, my son?"*

*"Mo-o-ochos! Ten thousand, and perhaps more! Ave purissima Maria, what wicked people!"*

"Where didst thou see them, my son?"

"Three days' ride from here, up the Las Animas, my father. Ay, what wild men are they, wholly without shame! All the way across the desert from North America have they come, to steal our fine horses and mules. Me would they have detained, but I gave them my horse's tail, and with the bullets flying around me galloped without drawing rein to the mission."

Fray Augustin shivered, but met the situation bravely, as became him.

"Buen, my son," he quoth. "There is no fear. First have the steward serve thee with a glass of aguardiente, and then ring thou the great bell—ring it loudly. Francisco mio, that hearing it the Americans (may the devil fly away with them) shall know that we are ready for them, and affrighted shall turn back." And with shaking fingers Fray Augustin, to adjust himself to the abruptly shattered peace, rolled fatly a fresh cigarrito.

Francisco strode valiantly away. As he passed along he dropped words of portent, so that in his wake welled a bustle and a lamentation spreading afar. At the same moment issued from the portico the mission's only guest—rather, the mission's resident layman—the hidalgo, Don Antonio Velez Trueba-y-Trueba. Five feet of Andalusian pride was he, but not Andalusian grace; of sangre regular, with parchment face lean to the bones, decorated by a well-hooked nose, a pair of intensely black eyes (one slightly askew), a jet black mustache long and sweeping, and a graying goatee aggressive, stiff, mathematically trimmed.

No goatskin rested ever so lightly upon the noble person of Don Antonio Trueba-y-Trueba. He stalked triumphant in the same suit of broadcloth, now rusty ebon and variously patched, which had graced him at the brief court of Charles V. of Spain, whom God preserve. As ancient a beaver hat fitted upon his conical, sadly bald head, and from his narrow shoulders swung the voluminous velvet capa or Spanish cape.

With punctilious attention, bowing right and left, the don advanced and greeted his good friend the fray—the two being mutual admirers by the bond of blue blood. "Good-evening, reverend father. How do you and yourself?"

"As usual, Señor Don—," and then the Fray Augustin, whom the fumes of the sympathetic cigarrito

were lulling anew, bethought. He groaned. "No, I mean, *oy de mi!* The North Americans are coming! They are about to sack the mission, carry off all our horses and mules, all our faithful people, all our wines" [the poor padre choked]. "perhaps even my cook! Curses on them! You know, yourself, what a treasure she is with chili verde, Don Antonio."

Don Antonio's parchment visage blanched, but he wavered not.

"*¡Válgame en Dios!*" he exclaimed. "You do, indeed, say so. How know you that they come?"

"By a trusty messenger who has ridden without drawing rein day and night to warn us. Ten thousand they are! He saw them, they pursued him. Ten thousand, ferociously armed and mounted!"

"*Purissimo ¡virgen!*" gasped Don Antonio, crossing himself devoutly. "Ten thousand! What atrocity!"

"*¡Ay de mi!*" groaned the padre. "What are we to do? There are only five flintlock muskets in the place. We are lost! So is Carlotta, the cook. At least, I would say, we lose Carlotta."

"We have that," indicated the don, with a gesture towards the mission roof.

Here, on a flat spot, was perched, insecurely mounted, a rusted wall-piece cannon delivering (according to rumor) a two-pound ball.

"*¡Si, si!*" nodded the padre, dismally. "But none knows how to fire it, nor whether it will shoot. *Holá! José, come here,*" and the padre beckoned.

From the bench upon which he was extended, half-dozing and apparently all oblivious to the growing tumult around, arose one of the indolent mestizos or mixed-breed Californians, and with languid grace advanced, doffing his sombrero.

"It was three years ago tomorrow, was it not, when the North Americans last attacked us?"

"*¡Si, mi padre.*"

"And how many did we kill?"

"Many, my father, a great many!"

"And how many dead were there on the field, José?"

"Fifteen, my father."

"All theirs, my son?"

"Fifteen of us, my father."

"That is right," corrected himself the frayle, hastily.

"I remember. They do not fight fairly, these coward Americans. They gave no chance to be lassoed, but rode right upon our poor fellows and cut them down. Then they carried off their dead (for they left none), and also ten score of our best colts and mares. God protect me! And to think that they dare to come again!"

"Yes, my father," responded José, "we are brave men. Who cares for the rascally Americans! Be not afraid. I will kill them!" So saying, José languidly sauntered back to his bench and stretched himself once more to meditate.

"That is indeed so, reverend father," declared Don Antonio, raising himself upon his toes. "You are surrounded by brave people. There is no cause for fear. You have repulsed one such attack, and gained glorious victory. You have the cannon with which to mow down assailants. And you have *me*." Don Antonio tapped his breast, velvet shrouded. "You have me, a Trueba-y-Trueba! I have served in three wars; I have supported the throne of kings, and the enemies of my country have trembled before me. Let these white barbarians come out of their dens and caves in the Rocky Mountains to assault us! I will slay them." And with a bow in which his doffed hat swept the earth the Trueba-y-Trueba retired.

Meanwhile great had been the bustle and high the exclamations throughout the mission's immediate premises. For presently had the Chemeguaba Francisco, strengthened by the fiery aguardiente or native brandy, pealed lustily the "great bell," which had been brought straight from far-off Spain, across ocean and desert, protected by the blessing of an archbishop and of Saint Ferdinand.

Exhausted by his labor, Francisco ceased it and mingled with the gossip in the patio or court. Here, despite the element of alarm which had been introduced, there were jokes from the light hearts of the simple folk. The dusky Juanita, stanchly pounding and scraping over her metate, led in this joviality. The American invasion had no terrors for her.

"Let them come," she cried; "they are only men and will not molest us women. Besides, I have seen these Americans in my own country of Sonora. Yes, um-m-hum-m-m! I do not fear the gringos. Fine fellows they are, very tall, and as white as snow, girls. Let them come, I say."

"Hear her!" rebuked a startled listener. "If these savages come they will kill her Pedrillo, and what will Juanita do when she has lost her sweetheart? The foolish muchachita!"

"*Purissima!* Who talks of any Pedrillo!" retorted buxom Juanita, tossing her shapely head. "What care I for Pedrillo? I am a Mexican girl, I! And I'd have you know that I look at no wild Indian for a sweetheart. Ave Maria! I can get better than that. Let the Norte Americanos come. They'll not find *me* running from them—the fine, tall, white fellows."

With a large sigh Father Augustin arose from his seat beneath the fig tree, and ascending to the mission roof there in the twilight and the evening breeze, a burly figure far from heroic, with the assistance of sundry peones toilsomely loaded the trenchant rusted gongall. It declined to move upon its pivot, and remained pointing skyward.

Without novelty passed the night. With the morning light all might take courage renewed.

"It is true, then," argued the padre, to his assembled children, "these cowardly Americans know that we are valiant; they heard the alarm bell, and they have turned from the road. May they be accursed! Good-day, my children. Cease not to pray, and be thankful that you have not the blood of the Americano on your hands. Yes, and give praise to good San Fernando that he has saved for me Carlotta. Such cooks are scarce; but the body of your poor padre must be nourished for him to continue his labors in thy behalf. Hum, what a night! Juanita, wilt thou bring me a glass of aguardiente?"

Alas, the glass—this glass—never reached the exhausted frayle's lips. For at the instant of the request up to the portico of the mission and the fig tree there galloped an Indian vaquero, his horse foamy and bleeding at the flanks.

"*Padre mio*, the Americans are coming! *Por Dios!* They are at my heels—more than ten thousand of them!"

"Sound the bell! Summon Don Antonio!" exclaimed Father Augustin. And in haste girding his loins—which is to say, gathering in one hand the skirts of his simple sacerdotal undergarment—he clambered through the trapdoor to the mission roof.

The mission was a scene of confusion. Here and there galloped fiery vaqueros, in an excess of valor swinging their lassos; other men yelled for their arms and priming flintlocks, stringing bows, frantically mounted; in the mission hall gathered women and children—screaming, cackling; and yonder, well outside the mission walls, alone, pranced ferociously the little hidalgo, Don Antonio, flourishing his whetted sword.

A cloud of dust was seen approaching across the plain from the mountains on the northeast.

"*El enemigo!*" echoed the good padre; and he scurried to the cannon. "*En el nombre de Dios,*" he quavered, applying match to touchhole. The faithful gongall belched its load skywards, and upsetting sent the frayle rolling over and over. As he gyrated near the trapdoor a dozen willing hands reached up and clutching him dragged him below to safety.

"In the name of God," he panted, again. "Did I kill many? Ah, that wicked cannon! Thank you, my children."

However, the cloud of dust resolved into half a score of mansitos, or tamed Indians—the mission's own scouts, retiring upon their base of supplies to report that the foe was now close and still coming. Ten thousand—perhaps more!

Indeed, their words had truth. Look! On the crest of the dwarf-oak ridge, about a mile from the mission, were outlined against the clear California sky a dozen figures of mounted men, halted as if to reconnoitre.

The mission's valiant cavalry, fifty lithe vaqueros, ranged impatiently without the walls, could be restrained no longer.

"To the war! To the war!" harangued the striding don, pointing with his trusty Tizona sword.

"No quarter, my children," instructed the padre, quivering but firm.

"Kill them!" "Death to the North Americans!" With such hoarse cries the mission's cavalry charged furiously across the plain, followed by the encouragement from their dependants: "*¡Adios, God keep you, brave lads! Kill the savages!*"

Meantime the enemy, thirteen of him to date visible, but doubtless merely the van of the ten thousand, had been winding in single file down the ridge.

Trappers, these were, led by the indefatigable and wily Joe Walker himself—a name known in Nueva California as in Nueva Mejico, and the Rocky Mountains clear up to Oregon. Lacking beaver, from the Salt Lake across the dread desert to the Pacific Coast had they come, lured by the sleek horses and mules here to be acquired by conquest.

Never a more reckless squad of adventurers traversed the Western wilds than these thirteen "white Injuns" upon plunder fixed. To pillage the Californians, whose horses were numbered by the thousands, or, rather, not numbered at all, was considered no crime. O'er fat and prosperous were the missions, anyway.

And having arrived at the bottom of the ridge, the thirteen, deploying into line, came on across the plain at the rapid rack, or pace, typical of a trapper's horse.

The Californian cavalry exhibited indecision. Apparently it was in headlong charge again, so violent was the oscillation as the fifty steeds jumped up and down in the one spot.

With great puffs of smoke the five escopetas delivered their defiance. At this, brandishing their long rifles, the Americans spurred into a gallop and yelping with Indian warwhoops tore onward.

The company of Californians began to ravel at the edges; a fringe of refugees streamed backward from the oscillating hobby-horses. The space between the two forces rapidly narrowed, and the trappers' rifle were cracking in an irregular firing-at-will. A Californian saddle was emptied—and another—and another. Flesh and blood could not be expected to stand *this*! What demons—these Americanos! Swooping in sharp recoil like a flock of affrighted ducks, the Californians blankets fluttering in the wind, fled madly, devil take the hindmost, for the shelter of the mission.

On across the plain pursued the gleeful trappers, now again brandishing those terrible rifles; Joe Walker, his



tall form and his heavy white beard conspicuous, in advance at the centre.

A portion of the Californians, throwing themselves to earth at the mission doors, rushed within; others, in wide circuit, strove for the chaparral of the hills. In vain, pacing before the mission, did Don Antonio, with appeal of "Viva Carlos Quinto!" "Death or glory!" bid them turn. Only he remained; and thinking his last, as he deemed, upon his beloved Granada la Florida which he ne'er should see save from heaven, closing tight his eyes he desperately encircled himself with the swish of his deadly sword.

The trappers, charging onward to the walls, escaped noting at all the diminutive figure of the don until right upon him.

"Wagh!" grunted the nearest. "Hyar's little crittur wants to do all the fightin', ain't it?"

He poked with his rifle butt at the don, who, momentarily opening his eyes, parried so fiercely that he half-severed the walnut stock.

"Hyar! You quit that! Hawkins rifles mus' be cheap whar you come from," scolded the mountaineer, irate; and the maltreated butt would have descended upon the Hidalgo's head had not the loop of a rawhide lasso, cast by another trapper, falling neatly over the don's shoulders, instantly bound his arms to his sides.

"Quartel! Por Dios, quartel!" pleaded the Trueha, helpless, his good Tizona rendered abortive.

"Quarter be danged!" retorted the trapper of the lasso. "Who's a-goin' to hurt a little crittur like you?"

"I die for my country," announced hoarsely the don, rallying to meet the fate of a Trueba-y-Trueba. "*Siempre en el frente! Viva Carlos Quinto! Strike!*"

"What does the niggur say?" demanded a trapper, curiously.

"He talks so queer this Injun can't perxactly make out," said he of the mutilated rifle stock. "But let the little crittur go. He can't do no harm. Thar's hoss an' beaver waitin' for us inside."

Now, with white flag held well before, appeared in the mission doorway Father Augustin, trembling, to sue for terms.

"Spare us," he besought. "Spare us, brave Americanos. The mission is yours. You have conquered. Only spare us—and especially spare me my Carlotta."

Old Joe Walker answered the padre. As the result the mission's defenders were ordered to lay down their arms and to issue from the ramparts. Corn and husks were distributed to the trappers' horses, and right speedily the shaggy-whiskered "mountain men" themselves, seated in half-circle upon the floor of the sala, their legs crossed under them, were being plied by the somewhat reassured and curious women with hot tortillas, the beef, the chile colorado, and the mission's native wine. As the viands rapidly lessened merriment increased.

"Wagh!" grunted a strapping big mountaineer, shoveling in the chile, while he marked with deep-set, twinkling eyes the buxom figure of Juanita. "This feed shoots plumb centre, it does!"

"You say so," approved a companion. "Hyar's a child feels some squampious, already. He don't shine at packin' a squaw, but he's nigh gone beaver on that purty bit with the red blanket, he is. Wagh!"

However, scant space was granted for social dalliance. From the inner room, where he had been in conference over terms with Father Augustin, into the sala strode Captain Walker. The alert Juanita bustled forward with a rude chair. But while Pedrillo, her accredited sweetheart, glowered, one of the mountaineers, reaching without rising from his crossed legs upon the floor, seized it by the back.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, angrily. "Cap'n Walker don't want such fixin's, he don't. He ain't ham-shot, now," and flung the offending article through the open door.

"Boys, we'll have to streak it," communicated Captain Walker, hastily seating himself, like the others, with his legs under him, and gathering in what food was near. "Five hundred hosses we have; but they won't be orn for keeps if the soldiers from San Gabriel cut in on our trail. So take yore pick of the mission cavvy-ward, while I'm eatin', and we'll hump back to the mountings."

Therefore soon they rode forth again, the invaders—driving before them their spoil of five hundred horses and mules led by the mission's bell-mare, upon which was mounted the captain. Yes, they rode forth, the thirteen and one other, for a pacing mule bore the fickle Juanita, willing captive to an ardent trapper wooer.

"God be thanked that my husband is to be a fine, tall, white fellow," she declaimed, as the weeping women of the mission crowded to bid her adieu. "No Mexican am I, now; he will make me a Norte Americana like himself. Be good, girls, and pray diligently to the blessed Virgin and to Saint Ferdinand; and when I find some more fine, white fellows looking for wives I will send them back to you."

Whereupon, to the grief of her former companions and the utter scandal of the astounded frayle, without a glance for the sulky Pedrillo, she suffered her sudden mate to conduct the mule onward by the bridle reins into the trapper ranks.

"*Malditos sean!*" growled Don Antonio. "They have gone. But better five hundred horses lost than five hundred deaths upon our souls."

"*Malditos sean!*" murmured in turn Fray Augustin. "Anwaw, they have left me my Carlotta."

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1910.

## HENRY SAVAGE LANDOR IN TIBET.

A Record of a Terrible Journey Revives Interest in the Forbidden Land.

The republication of Henry Savage Landor's account of his journey into Tibet will be received with interest by those who still invest the "Forbidden Land" with a mystery that has not wholly been dispelled by the advance of a military force to the very heart of the country. Dr. Landor's feat was marked by a desperate, and indeed an almost foolhardy, courage, which is the chief capital of the explorer, and while this alone places him in the forefront of adventurers, his actual discoveries form a substantial addition to the geographical knowledge of the world. He identified the two principal sources of the Brahmaputra River, he fixed the positions of the highest peaks of the new Trans-Himalaya Range, and he solved the controversy as to the supposed connecting streams between Lakes Mansarowar and Rakastal in Tibet.

Dr. Landor certainly had warnings enough and to spare of the fate that in all human probability awaited him in the forbidden land. He knew that the people were resolutely opposed to the visitations of the white man, and that they were in a position to make good their objections. He was aware that he was watched by spies, and after he had started he was met by emissary after emissary who told him in no uncertain terms that he would not be allowed to penetrate into the country, and that certain death would follow his attempt. That Dr. Landor escaped with hardships and torture was more than he had a right to expect:

While I was making preparations for my journey, Kachi Ram entered the tent. He looked frightened and perplexed. "What are you doing, sir?" inquired he, hurriedly. "The doctor says you are going to leave alone tonight, cross the mountain range, and go to Lhasa by yourself."

"Yes, that is true."

"Oh, sir! The perils and dangers are too great, you can not go."

"I know, but I am going to try."

"Oh, sir! Then I will come with you."

"No, Kachi. You will suffer too much. Go back to your father and mother now that you have the opportunity."

"No, sir; where you go, I will go. Small men never suffer. If they do it does not matter. Only great men's sufferings are worth noticing. If you suffer, I will suffer. I will come."

The description given by Dr. Landor of the Tibetan people is not an enticing one. Of an almost incredible cowardice, indescribably dirty and cruel, they combine the ugliness of a superstitious barbarism with the vices that are supposed to be the peculiar appanage of civilization. But the women are superior to the men and, curiously enough, more courageous:

The Tibetan female, whether she be a lady, a shepherdess, or a brigandess, can not be said to be prepossessing. In fact, it was not my luck to see a single good-looking woman in the country, although I naturally saw women who were less ugly than others. Anyhow, with the accumulated filth that from birth is undisturbed by soap, scrubbing, or bathing; with nose, cheeks, and forehead smeared with black ointment to prevent the skin cracking in the wind; and with the unpleasant odor that emanates from never-changed clothes, the Tibetan woman is, at her best, repulsive to European taste. After one has overcome one's first disgust, she yet has, at a distance, a certain charm of her own. She walks well, for she is accustomed to carry heavy weights on her head; and her skull would be well-set on her shoulders were it not that the neck is usually too short and thick to be graceful. Her body and limbs possess great muscular strength and are well developed, but generally lack stability, and her breasts are flabby and pendent—facts due, no doubt, to sexual abuse.

The Tibetan woman is, nevertheless, far superior to the Tibetan man. She possesses a better heart, more pluck, and a finer character than he does. Time after time, when the males, timid beyond all conception, ran away at our approach, the women remained in charge of the tents, and, although by no means cool or collected, they very rarely failed to meet us without some show of dignity.

We have an extraordinary picture of the medical practices of these unsavory people. The author witnessed a "cure" for lumbago which, even to the savage mind, must have been infinitely worse than the disease. The seat of the pain was first marked out upon the skin with the red-hot point of a burning stick, and upon each wound was placed a cone of sulphur and saltpetre, and these were fired:

At this juncture the animation of the on-lookers was not to be compared with the agitation of the patient, who began to feel the effects of this primitive remedy. The fire spluttered on his bare skin. The cure was doing its work. The wretched man's mouth foamed, and his eyes bulged out of their sockets. He moaned and groaned, making desperate efforts to unloose the bonds that kept his hands fast behind his back. Two stalwart men sprang forward and held him while the medicine-man and all the women present, leaning over the prostrate form, blew with all their might upon what remained of the three smoking cones frizzling away into the flesh of the wretched victim.

The pain of which the man complained seemed to encircle his waist, wherefore the strange physician, having untied his patient's arms from behind, and retied them in front, began his measurements again, this time from the spinal column. "*Chik, ni, sun!*" (One, two, three!) he exclaimed, as he marked the three spots in the same fashion as before, smeared them over with butter, and affixed the cones. Here ensued a repetition of the previous excitement, prayers, agony, and distortions, but the patient was not thoroughly cured, and more cones were subsequently ignited on both his sides, in spite of his protests and my appeals on his behalf. The poor fellow soon had a regular circle of severe burns round his body.

Needless to say, when, two hours later, the operation was over, the sick man had become a dying man. With a view to obtaining a few hints on Tibetan medicine from this eminent physician—the Tibetans held him in great esteem—I sent him a small present and requested him to visit me. He was flattered, and showed no desire to keep his methods a secret, but even pressed me to try some of his unique remedies.

According to him, fire would cure most illnesses; what fire could not cure, water would. He had, nevertheless, some small packets of variously colored powders, for which he claimed extraordinary powers.

"I am afraid your patient will die," I remarked.

"He may," was the reply, "but it will be the fault of the patient, not the cure. Besides, what does it matter whether you die today or tomorrow?"

And with this unprofessional dictum he left me.

If a man dies of a pestilential disease so foul that the birds and the beasts will not touch the body, the Lamas eat it themselves, and it seems that their favorite food is human blood.

Dr. Landor's final capture was achieved by treachery and while he was examining a horse that had been brought for his inspection:

I struggled and fought until I shook off some of my assailants and regained my feet; but others rushed up, and I was surrounded by some thirty men, who attacked me from every side, and clinging to me with all their might succeeded in grabbing my arms, legs, and head. Weak as I was, they knocked me down three more times, and three more times I regained my feet. I fought to the bitter end with my fists, feet, head, and teeth each time that I got one hand or leg free from their clutches, hitting right and left at any part where I could disable my opponents. Their timidity, even when in such overwhelming numbers, was indeed beyond description; and it was entirely due to it, and not to my strength (for I had hardly any), that I was able to hold my own against them for some twenty minutes. My clothes were torn to bits in the fight. Long ropes were thrown at me from every side, and I became so entangled in them that my movements were impeded. One rope which they flung and successfully twisted round my neck completed their victory. They pulled hard at it from the two ends, and while I panted and gasped with the exertion of fighting, they tugged and tugged to strangle me, till I felt as if my eyes would shoot out of their sockets. I was suffocating. My sight became dim, and I was in their power. Dragged down to the ground, they stamped, and kicked, and trampled upon me with their heavy nailed boots, until I was stunned. Then they tied my wrists tightly behind my back; they hound my elbows, my chest, my neck, and my ankles, I was a prisoner!

Why the author was not killed is a mystery that must be left unexplained. It was evidently the intention to decapitate him after he had been tortured in a variety of ingenious ways. He was forced to ride upon a saddle studded with sharp points, and then we have his further description as follows:

Two or three men tore me roughly off the saddle. The pain in my spine caused by the spikes was intense. I asked for a moment's rest. My captors, however, refused, and, roughly thrusting me forward, said that I would be heheaded in an instant. All the people round jeered and made signs to me that my head would be cut off, and insults of all kinds were showered upon me by the crowd of Lamas and soldiers. I was hustled to the execution ground, which lay to the left front of the tent. On the ground was a long log of wood in the shape of a prism. Upon the sharp edge of this I was made to stand, and several men held me by the body while four or five others, using their combined strength, stretched my legs as wide apart as they could go. Fixed in this painful position, the brutes securely tied me by my feet to the log of wood with cords of yak-hair. Several men were made to pull these cords, and they were so tight that they cut grooves into my skin and flesh in several places round my ankles and on my feet, many of the cuts being as much as three inches long.

That Dr. Landor did not lose his eyesight was due to no intentional moderation on the part of his persecutors:

An iron bar with a handle of wood bound in red cloth was being made red-hot in a brazier. The Pombo, who had again placed something in his mouth to produce artificial foaming at the lips, and so to show his temper, worked himself up into a frenzy. A Lama handed him the implement of torture (the *Taram*), now red-hot, and the Pombo seized it by the handle.

"*Ngaghi kiu meh taxon!*" (We will burn out your eyes!) cried a chorus of Lamas.

The Pombo strode up to me, brandishing the ghastly implement. I stared at him, but he kept his eyes away from me. He seemed reluctant, but the Lamas around him urged him on, lifting the man's arm towards me!

"You have come to this country to see" (alluding to what I had stated the previous day—viz., that I was a traveler and pilgrim, and had only come to see the country). "This, then, is the punishment for you!" and with these dreadful words the Pombo raised his arm and placed the red-hot iron bar parallel to, and about an inch or two from, my eyeballs, and all but touching my nose.

Instinctively I kept my eyes tightly closed, but the heat was so intense that it seemed as if my eyes, the left one especially, were being desiccated and my nose scorched.

Though the time seemed interminable, I do not think that the heated bar was before my eyes actually longer than thirty seconds or so. Yet it was quite long enough, for, when I lifted my aching eyelids, I saw everything as in a red mist. My left eye was frightfully painful, and every few seconds it seemed as if something in front of it obscured its vision.

Then came the last scene of all, and it was one calculated to impress its wretched victim with a sense of the end of all things:

The man Nerba, who was still holding me by the hair, was told to make me bend my neck. I resisted with what little strength I had left, and, with the nervous strain of a doomed man, determined to keep my head erect and my forehead high. They might kill me, true enough, they might hack me to pieces if they chose, but never until I had lost my last atom of strength would these ruffians make me stoop before them. I should perish, but it would be looking down upon the Pombo and his countrymen.

The executioner, now close to me, held the sword with his nervous hands, lifting it high above his shoulder. He then brought it down to my neck, which he touched with the blade, to measure the distance, as it were, for a clean, effective stroke. Then, drawing back a step, he quickly raised the sword again and struck a blow at me with all his might. The sword passed disagreeably close to my neck, but did not touch me. I would not flinch, nor speak, and my demeanor seemed to impress him almost to the point of frightening him. He became reluctant to continue his diabolical performance; but the impatience and turbulence of the crowd were at their highest, and the Lamas nearer to him gesticulated like madmen and urged him on again.

That Dr. Landor actually escaped and that he was able even to recover a large part of his possessions is an extraordinary feature of the story, and one that he makes but little effort to explain.

"In the Forbidden Land," by A. Henry Savage Landor. Published with numerous illustrations by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$3.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Beechy*, by Bettina von Hutten. Published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is one of those stories in which there is much to praise and much to condemn. The descriptive matter is unqualifiedly good, while the morality is damnable.

Beechy, whose true name is Beatrice, abbreviated into the Italian "Bici" and incorrecly Englished into Beechy, is a little girl with a marvelous voice, who is left an orphan in Rome and supports herself, first by selling newspapers on the street, dressed as a boy, and then, still dressed as a boy, by singing in a theatre chorus. Learning that her English mother has relatives still living in England, she leaves Rome and throws herself upon their mercy, which would certainly not have been forthcoming but for the weekly pittance belonging to her and with which she pays her way.

Then we see Beechy slowly develop into a great operatic star, and a wonderfully beautiful one into the bargain. For the cleverness of the picture there can be nothing but praise, but it is spoiled by a curious perversity on the part of the author, a perversity that leads us to wonder whether we are actually looking at marriage through a woman's eyes. If so, we prefer our own.

Beechy has many suitors, but from them all she singles out Lord Charles, whose nature and whose career are almost wholly vile and whose one redeeming feature is a handsome face. Of the love story between Beechy and Lord Charles it is hard to speak with patience, especially as the author makes it clear that in her estimation she is doing the right thing by both of them. Lord Charles is already married to a good woman whose heart he has broken. His life has been a series of shameless betrayals and he would have betrayed Beechy, too, but for her accidental discovery that he was married. None the less she becomes engaged to him by a sort of incomprehensible understanding with his saintly wife, and he forgets her in a week and involves himself with another woman when she has to pay a professional visit to New York. None the less she forgives him, and in the last pages we have a sort of three-sided and amicable arrangement between Lord Charles, his wife, and Beechy, and the curtain rings down upon a hint of wedding bells as soon as the wronged and forgiving wife shall be good enough to die, which she seems to say will be as quickly as possible.

The fact that the author seems to think that this is a desirable consummation, and that she dismisses her characters with a half-audible "Bless you, my children," justifies us in wondering whether the average woman of the world looks with approbation upon the life of the harem.

*The Tyrant*, by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.25.

The author tells her story with all the usual skill, but the characters are not so attractive as in some other of her books.

The "tyrant" is Richard Kemyss, whose nebulous good intentions make his harsh and heartless treatment of his wife the more intolerable. Mrs. Kemyss is thoroughly cowed by her domineering husband, and so at her wits' end to give her children, and especially her daughter, a decent appearance, that she hails with suppressed delight the news of a business tour that will insure his absence for many months. While he is away she stumbles across a document given to her for business reasons in her husband's less palmy days, and which gives her absolute control of his property, and with a splendid burst of courage she determines to make hay while the sun shines and to indulge in a perfect orgy of expenditures. Now if Mrs. de la Pasture had had as much courage as her heroine, she would have given her readers the satisfaction of a battle royal between Kemyss and his wife when he returned to find that the whole of his fortune was legally and actually in the hands of his wife. Instead of that the "tyrant" comes home fatally ill and dies in an irritatingly conventional manner and with no knowledge of what has happened in his absence. It would have been more artistic thoroughly to vanquish him and then lead him to the penitents' bench.

*Church Unity*, by Charles Augustus Briggs. D. D., D. Litt. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$2.50.

The average man has a vague idea that in some way a union of the churches would be advantageous, but it is certain that the ordinary intelligence of the day, having real problems to grapple with, is indifferent and will remain indifferent to learned disquisitions on the validity of orders, ecclesiastical jurisdiction, medieval schisms, and institutional crisis. He can hardly conceive of any question less important, while the profound problem of whether ordination should be by a bishop, or by bishop and presbyters, he will contentedly leave to settle itself or to remain

unsettled forever. What difference does it make?

None the less there must be a profound, if a perplexed, respect for an enthusiastic scholarship that has devoted twenty-five years to the cause of church unity, and that now produces a weighty volume in which all points of difference are reviewed at length in the light of history and tradition. Dr. Briggs has written prolifically during many years, and he now presents us with a digest of his life work to "reconcile the various parties to the controversies which distract Christendom." We can appreciate the logic and the learning of the work and enjoy its wealth of historical research, while permitting ourselves to wonder if it is not by a merciful dispensation of Providence that theologians during these many centuries have disputed the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum rather than attaining to a unity of aggressive effort that, if we may judge from history, might have been a menace to the liberties of the world.

*Some Wonders of Biology*, by William Hanna Thomson. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.20.

It is well that a scientist so eminent as Dr. Thomson should write so unflinchingly against the worn-out biological materialism that is now unorthodox in the schools but still lamentably popular with the public. That he should do so in language excellently clear and concise and in a style that compels attention is a matter for added congratulation.

How positive is Dr. Thomson's position on the materialistic theories of mind may be judged from his emphatic approval of Dr. Campbell, who says that a minute study of the brains of lunatics convinces him that "all the microscopic methods at our disposal will fail to disclose changes, either in the nerve cells or fibers, which we can refer to their altered mental condition." This is quoted in support of the contention that "drugs no more affect the brain than insanity itself does—that is, not at all!" As to the relation of the brain to the mind, we are told that the physician can demonstrate that "the brain no more thinks than his pen thinks when he writes with it." It is the human personality that thinks, and this is "independent of the brain that it uses." May we then assume that the personality can continue to think after divorce from the brain, that is to say after death? That, of course, is hardly a question for the biologist, although Dr. Thomson himself leaves the biological field when he says that "we are not our brains . . . the real self in us is as far superior to the mind as mind is superior to the brain."

The chapter on life in other planets is less satisfactory, and we are by no means disposed to agree that such life is impossible merely because planetary conditions are unsuited to our form of bodily existence. To the mere layman it would seem that earth life is what it is because earth conditions are what they are, and that we have no right to deny the existence of other forms of life equally well attuned to other material conditions. The equatorial butterfly might as well argue that there can be no life on the Arctic Circle, or the honey bee declare that embodied existence is inconceivable without flowers. Let us be content to say that life, as we know it, is impossible elsewhere, and that, after all, is not saying very much.

*The History of French Literature*, by Annie Lemp Konta. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.50.

The author begins at the beginning, with the conquest of Gaul by Caesar, but it took more than nine centuries of "an intricate process of evolution" to give final birth to a French language and literature. Even at the time of the empire of Charlemagne there was no real French language, and the oath taken by his son begins with the words "Pro Deo amur et pro Christiana populo et nostro commun salvement," etc., which can hardly be called either Latin or French.

The author gives us a closely analytic account of French literature down to the present day with due attention to the jongleurs, the early theatre, popular poetry, and the Renaissance. She reaches Voltaire about half-way through the volume, and then we have exceptionally good chapters on Montesquieu, Rousseau, the Encyclopedists, and the literature of the Revolution. The novel is divided into the modern, the realistic, and the naturalistic, all amply treated, and there are chapters on philosophers, historians, critics, the modern drama, and the French press. An appendix and bibliography are valuable features, and there is a good index.

*The Spirit of the Ghetto*, by Hutchins Haggood. Published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York; \$1.25.

This is a new and revised edition of a book that aroused some interest upon its first appearance. Mr. Haggood wrote of the Jewish quarter in New York, not so much from the sociological side, or from the irritatingly lofty point of view of the philanthropist who wishes to "reform" something, or to "indicate an evil in our midst," but rather as a teeming

centre of human interest, as a character study to be understood only by sympathy. In this second edition he tells us that the Ghetto has lost some of its distinction, that its boundary lines are being obliterated, and that his book may therefore serve somewhat as an historical document as well as a modified picture of things as they are.

*The Tribunal of the Terror*, from the French of G. Lenôtre by Frederick Lees. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

This fine book proves the extent to which the French revolution still maintains its hold upon the popular imagination. It might be thought that there was nothing left to say, no chapter still to write, no incident left to elaborate the drama of last century, but an examination of M. Lenôtre's book shows us that he has, indeed, filled a gap and that our knowledge of the Terror is larger and more detailed in consequence of the elaborate work that he has done.

His object is not so much to write a history as to reconstitute the life and appearance of the Palais de Justice during the more iniquitous days of the national convention. It was by no means an easy task. The historian must perform omit detail which is not in the direct line of his story, and so it falls to the lot of those who come after him to supplement history by an elaboration of the sidelights and by an accentuation of the detail which mean so much in the development of realizations.

Certainly the author has all the success deserved by precise and laborious work. Throughout some three hundred large pages he shows us the tribunal at its daily and deadly work, and we could hardly demand anything more graphic from the pen of a contemporary reporter. We seem to know Fouquier-Tinville as we never knew him before, while other and more dignified figures—Danton, Marie Antoinette, Mme. Roland—take on a new and a more pathetic vitality. M. Lenôtre has done a finely dramatic piece of work and with a convincing accuracy that seems to lose nothing from the translation of Mr. Lees. There are twenty-two well chosen illustrations of revolutionary scenes and personages.

*Stephen A. Douglas*, by Clark E. Carr, L. L. D. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; \$2.

While admitting to the full the mental and moral stature of Senator Douglas, it can hardly be conceded that the fame of Lincoln would not have spread to any considerable degree outside the State of Illinois but for his successful duel with the senator in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. Genius is not limited to such narrow opportunities as this would imply, and Lincoln would have reached the centre of the stage had the entrances been far less numerous than they were.

None the less our respect for Senator Douglas is largely increased—large as it already was—by this able and dignified presentation. It is not a biography in the fuller sense of that word, but rather a selection of the salient points in his career with a view to the display of his national position and the deep sense of patriotism that underlay his attitude. The supreme mistake of his life, in the opinion of the author, was the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. But for that he would have become President of the United States in 1860 and Abraham Lincoln would have continued to ride the circuit and tell stories in Central Illinois. There would have been no Republican party, no secession, and no war.

The author has written a much better book than would have been possible along strictly biographical lines that nearly always include so much irrelevant and unimportant matter. He shows us Stephen A. Douglas as a national figurehead, and he helps us to understand the precise part that he played in the great crisis. It was a part of undeviating loyalty and of an unquestioning obedience to conscience.

*A Hunter's Camp-Fires*, by Edward J. House. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$5.

This big volume is proof enough that we need not go very far from home to get as good shooting as the world affords. A single section is, indeed, devoted to East Africa and to such game as giraffe, rhinoceros, and elephant, but the remainder deals with various parts of the American continent as widely separated as New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Wyoming, Colorado, British Columbia, and Idaho. The author is not only an enthusiastic sportsman, but he knows how to tell of his adventures in such a way as to make us wish to go and do likewise, while even the unsporting reader will find delight in the fresh and vigorous picture of open-air life and incident. There are eighty illustrations from photographs made by the author, and these are so good as to be a marked attraction.

*Beautiful Children*, by C. Haldane McFall. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$4.

All children are beautiful if they are young enough and if their faces are clean, but some children are more beautiful than others, and

it is the more beautiful children of many lands that have been selected by the author, who not only tells us a great deal about them but makes an appeal to the eye by the fifty reproductions in color of famous paintings. The result is indeed a sumptuous volume. Its initial chapters are devoted to "The Fleeting Wonder That Is Called Childhood" and "The Coming of the Child Into the Kingdom of Art." Then follow sections on "The Flemish Genius," "The Dutch Genius," "The Spanish Genius," "The French Genius," and "The British Genius," all written with a fine knowledge of the subject and with the enthusiasm possible only to the child-lover. The illustrations are beyond praise. Printed in color upon detachable sheets, they include some fine examples of Rubens, Van Dyck, Rembrandt, Mies, Velasquez, Lely, Kneller, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Millais, Sargent, and many others. The result is a volume that belongs upon the *de luxe* shelf and that is a delight to handle and to read.

*Last Poems*, by George Meredith. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

Two dozen poems compose this little volume of sixty-four pages, which will not add to Mr. Meredith's fame nor detract from it. We may assume that most of these verses were written towards the end of Mr. Meredith's life, and they seem, indeed, to reflect a certain doubtful foreboding suggestive of old age and perhaps of disappointment with the world's progress. The poem to Milton contains a quotable stanza that is almost representative of the poet's poetical mood:

We need him now,  
This latest Age in repetition cries:  
For Belial, the adroit, is in our midst;  
Mammon, more swoln to squeeze the slavish sweat  
From hopeless toil; and overshadowing  
(Aggrandized, monstrous in his grinning mask  
Of hypocritical Peace), inveterate Moloch  
Remains the great example.

*The Glimpse*, by Arnold Bennett. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This curious and unbalanced story seems intended as an advocacy of a theory of post-mortem existence that is out of place in a novel. The hero is a musician and a man of the world whose discovery of his wife's infidelity precipitates an attack of heart disease from which he dies, or appears to die. A large part of the book is occupied with his experiences after death, but as a matter of fact he returns to life just in time to witness the suicide of his wife. Theories of consciousness before and after death are often interesting in their right place, but their right place is not a novel.

*Manors of Virginia in Colonial Times*, by Edith Tunis Sale. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

Lovers of the South and of Southern genealogy will find much to interest them in a volume that deals historically with twenty-four of the old manor houses of Virginia and that contains so much of historical and biographical weight. Without disrespect to the letter press, it may be said that the illustrations, nearly one hundred in number, are the chief feature of the book. They include all the manor houses mentioned and an interesting collection of portraits that represent care in collection and technical skill in reproduction.

*A Guide to Modern Opera*, by Esther Singleton. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The author is well known as an authority upon the opera, and her latest book will not detract from her reputation. It is a description and interpretation of the words and music of famous modern operas. Twenty-six operas are analytically considered with much evidence of dramatic and musical insight, while the introduction on "The Music of the Future" is a careful and suggestive piece of work. There are twelve full-page portrait illustrations.

*The Water Babies*, by Charles Kingsley. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$5.

This exquisite edition is proof that Kingsley's masterpiece for children is still upon the crest of the popular wave. Its large size and handsome binding commends it for the use of children whose fingers have undergone the necessary ablutionary processes, while adults even more than children will revel in the colored illustrations, some thirty in number, by Warwick Goble.

*Mighty Hunters*, by Ashmore Russian. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$1.35.

The mighty hunters are Richard Carson and Mrs. Carson, and Mexico was the field of their exploits. They seem to have hunted for the love of hunting, and if this is a veracious record, as no doubt it is, they certainly had an unusually varied success. The author tells their story well and supplements it with some capital illustrations.



LITERARY NOTES.

Some New Poetry.

*The White Bees*, by Henry Van Dyke. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.

A book of poems by Mr. Van Dyke is always a safe investment for those who value sincerity and who expect from a poet some little power to discern hidden and eternal things. Mr. Van Dyke never disappoints, and to whatever grade he may be assigned by the criticisms of the future, the verdict of his own day will place him high among the writers of deep and pure feeling.

In this little volume of about a hundred pages there are less than half a hundred poems. There are ten "Songs of America," nine "In Praise of Poets," and twenty-four "Lyrics, Dramatic and Personal," the collection covering most of the things that average humanity has time to think about. Most notable is the opening poem, "The White Bees," from which the book takes its name. Aristæus, "youngest of the shepherds," returning from the death of Eurydice, finds that the honey-makers have departed:

Yet I dream that somewhere, clad in downy whiteness, dwell the honey-makers,  
In aerial gardens that no mortal sees:  
And at times returning, lo, they flutter round us,  
gathering mystic harvest,—  
So I weave the legend of the long-lost bees.

We all know that Aristæus found his bees, and so we learn the philosophy that the author would teach us, and well it is for those who learn it early and so avoid the frets of the "troubled journey":

Then the honey-makers, clad in downy whiteness,  
fluttered soft around him,  
Wrapt him in a dreamful slumber pure and deep.  
This is life, beloved: first a sheltered garden, then  
a troubled journey,  
Joy and pain of seeking,—and at last we sleep!

*Bradford's History of the Plymouth Settlement*, rendered into modern English by Valerian Paget. Published by the John McBride Company, New York; \$1.50.

It is well that so bandy a volume should make generally available an American history that is second to no other in importance. The book is well printed with a full table of contents and index, as well as lists of dates and other useful tabulated matter. Perhaps we shall not quite agree with the editor, whose somewhat enthusiastic preface attributes the emigration of the Pilgrim Fathers to a love of religious liberty. There was probably no conception whatever of religious liberty in England at that time, except a personal one that was quite compatible with an equal liberty to persecute others.

New Publications.

"The Christian Pastor in the New Age" consists of the series of five lectures by Albert Josiah Lyman on the functions of the ministry. It is published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price \$1.

"A Brief Pilgrimage in the Holy Land," by Caroline Hazard, president of Wellesley College, is an account of a three-weeks' visit to Palestine and is chiefly notable for its colored illustrations and its devotional fervor. It is published by Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price \$1.25.

Under the title of "Harmonies" the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published a volume of verse by M. A. De Wolfe Howe. A portion of the collection has already appeared in the author's previous volume, "Shadows," while other parts first saw the light in periodical form. The price is \$1.10.

"Sonnets from the Portuguese," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, has been added to the *de luxe* edition of famous writings published by Duffield & Co., New York. Lovers of artistic binding and of colored marginal decorations can not afford to overlook a tasteful and decorative series of literary masterpieces.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, have published a collection of Japanese stories by Yei Theodora Ozaki, entitled *Warriors of Old Japan*. Mrs. Hugh Fraser writes an interesting biographical sketch of the author, who is already known through her earlier work, the "Japanese Fairy Book"; there are ten stories in all, well worthy of attention, and with illustrations by Shusui Wakura and other Japanese artists. The price is \$1.25.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, are continuing the issue of the "First Folio" hakespeare, the latest additions being "Titus Andronicus" and "Tymon of Athens." It will be remembered that this edition is from the folio of 1623, and gives the original spelling and punctuation with abundant notes to vindicate subsequent changes.

A valuable little book for those who would ring the child closer to the library is "The library and the School," by Claude G. Leland, Helene Louise Dickey, Emma Mont McRae, T. Dial, V. J. Hoffman, Homer H. Seerley, P. Cary, and J. W. Olsen. Each writer ad-

resses himself or herself to some particular feature, such as "Ohio's Fifty Thousand Traveling Books," "What the Library Means to the School," and "The Use of Good Books in General Education." Harper & Brothers, New York, are the publishers.

Under the title of "Higgins: A Man's Christian," Norman Duncan gives an account of the evangelistic achievements of Mr. Higgins, who found his life's work in the lumber camps of the Minnesota woods. There is probably no subject under the sun that could not be made interesting by Mr. Duncan, but in this case he seems to have well chosen his subject and to have conferred a merited distinction upon a fervent and heroic character. The little book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York.

"The Mastery of Destiny," by James Allen, is a little volume of the "New Thought" order that covers the usual field of self-development and that is written with dignity and grace. But it would be well for the "new thinkers" to refrain from their besetting weakness, which is the calm and fluent assertion of novel and stupendous theories, as though they were the admitted results of scientific inquiry. For instance: "By concentration a man may acquire the wonderful comprehension and vast power of a Cæsar; by meditation he may reach the divine wisdom and perfect peace of a Buddha."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco, announce that the publication of "The Diary of James K. Polk" is postponed until the coming spring, a change necessitated by the size of the work, that will occupy three large octavo volumes of 400 pages each.

The February *Century* will contain many appreciations of its late editor, Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, with consideration of various phases of Mr. Gilder's public activities by George Edward Woodberry, Henry Van Dyke, Jacob A. Riis, Cecilia Beaux, and Robert Underwood Johnson; and tributes by President Taft, Ambassador Bryce, John Burroughs, Andrew Carnegie, Helen Keller, and many others who knew and loved the man. There will be, also, a reproduction of the portrait painting by Cecilia Beaux, and of Mr. Gilder's last serious poem, "Love in a City."

C. N. and A. M. Williamson have recently closed a contract with Charles Frohman for the production of a dramatized version of their book, "The Cbaperon." The play has been written by Mrs. Flexner, who dramatized "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," and William Collier is to play the hero.

The trustees of Columbia University announce that they have arranged to publish a complete edition of the works of John Milton, in verse and in prose, in English and in Latin. Strangely enough it is impossible for a lover of English literature to have on his shelves an approximately complete, uniformly edited and adequately presented text of the entire work of one of the two noblest figures in English literature.

Professor Faust in his "German Element in the United States" tells us that more than one-quarter of the white population of the country is of German blood.

The love letters of Alfred de Musset are shortly to see the light of day. They were written between 1837 and 1848 to a mysterious lady whose identity is not generally known. By her will she left the letters of the poet to the National Library, to be opened eight years after her death, but she took care beforehand to remove every reference to herself, including her name. The *Paris Temps* hints that the mysterious lover of De Musset who took such remarkable steps to hide her name from the world was in reality Mme. Paul de Musset, a woman of extraordinary beauty. She was loved by the two brothers, and Paul de Musset married her after the death of the poet.

Vernon Hill, whose work in black and white seems to indicate that he is the successor to Aubrey Beardsley, is a youth only just past his teens.

It appears that some doubt still hangs over the authorship of "Munchausen." Rudolph Eric Raspe was born in Hanover in 1737; professor of philology in the University of Marburg, 1767; keeper of antiquities, coins, and medals at Cassel at a later date, where, having betrayed his trust, he was obliged to leave Germany, and fled to England in 1780. Here he was employed for some time in the Cornish mines, and thence went to Ireland, where, at Muckross, he died in 1794. In Germany he is the reputed author of "Baron Munchausen's Travels." He never even heard of Dr. Cook.

Weyler's long-awaited book, entitled "My Rule in Cuba," in which the captain-general of Catalonia, it is expected, has made important revelations, is almost ready for the press. The work consists of four volumes.

In "The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley," Lady Stanley contributes a good anecdote apropos of the discussion now raging in England on the fate of the House of Lords. She

says: "John Bright frequently called on us on his way to the House of Commons. He seldom would take tea, preferring to pocket two or three lumps of sugar. One day, however, I handed him a very hot cup of tea; we were discussing the House of Lords, and I asked him: 'Now, Mr. Bright, what do we want with a House of Lords?' He made no reply, but carefully poured the hot tea into his saucer to cool it. Impetuously I repeated my question, whereupon the great Liberal statesman, smiling, gently tapped his finger on the saucer and said: 'This is the House of Lords.'"

INTAGLIOS.

A Cynic.

He wears upon his mocking lips  
Such flings at constancy as those  
With which our modern wits eclipse  
De Musset's or La Rochefoucauld's—  
And at his heart a faded rose.  
—M. E. W., in *Life*.

Expectation.

Between the sunset and the sun  
Night slumbers on the sleeping bars,  
And through its curtain, one by one,  
Gleam tender glances of the stars  
Between the sunset and the sun.

And so between my love's lips lies  
An untold message meant for me;  
Whether 'twill bring me sweet surprise,  
Or dole, or doubt, or Paradise,  
Is known alone to destiny.

Yet, as I wait, a dream of tears  
Between her eyelids and her eyes,  
A mystery of mist appears,  
That hints of hope and flatters fears;  
And on her lips a burst of sighs,  
And on her lids a red that dies  
To slumberous shadows that fall and rise,  
Till, as I seek some sign to see,  
Between her eyelids and her eyes  
Love lights his lamp and laughs at me.  
—Francis Howard Williams.

A Song of Rest.

O weary hands! that, all the day,  
Were set to labor hard and long,  
Now softly fall the shadows gray,  
The bells are rung for even song,  
An hour ago the golden sun  
Sank slowly down into the west;  
Poor, weary hands, your toil is done;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary feet! that many a mile  
Have trudged along a stony way,  
At last ye reach the trusting stile;  
No longer fear to go astray.  
The gently bending, rustling trees  
Rock the young birds within the nest,  
And softly sings the quiet breeze:  
' 'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!'  
—Florence Tylee, in *Chambers's Journal*.

A Long Good-Bye.

The day was heavy with wind and rain,  
When last we said good-bye;  
When I and my love shall meet again,  
There will be a cloudless sky.

I clasped your hand, but I made no sign,  
I could not speak nor stay;  
Yet something flashed from your eyes to mine  
I dream of, night and day.

And strangers stood in the dreary street,  
And marked each glance and tone;  
When I and my love once more shall meet,  
We shall be all alone.

There's many a troth breaks easily;  
There's many a love may quail,  
I know, whatever our trust may be,  
We two shall never fail.

And death may sweep our years apart,  
And all but faith shall die—  
As my own heart I trust your heart—  
A long, a long good-bye!  
—May Kendall, in the *Magazine of Art*.

Her Eyes.

Her eyes are like unfathomable lakes  
When brightly o'er them morning radiance breaks;  
And yet the mariner had best beware,  
For many valiant hearts lie shipwrecked there!  
—Clinton Scollard.

Waifs of the World.

Long ere Columbus in the breeze unfurled  
His venturesome sail to hunt the setting sun,  
Long ere he fired his first exultant gun  
Where strange canoes all round his flagship whirled,  
The unsailed ocean which the west wind curled  
Had borne strange waifs to Europe, one by one:  
Wood carved by Indian hands, and trees like none  
Which men then knew, from an untrodden world.

O for a waif from o'er that wider sea  
Whose margin is the grave, in which, we think,  
A gem-beckled continent may be!  
But all in vain we watch upon the brink;  
No waif floats up from black infinity,  
Where all who venture out forever sink.  
—R. Lee Hamilton.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published a dramatization of "The Vicar of Wakefield," by Marguerite Merington.




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## THE GLADSTONE CENTENARY.

Sir Algernon West contributes to *The Nineteenth Century* some reminiscences of Mr. Gladstone, the occasion being the centenary of the statesman's birth. His own attitude toward his subject is indicated by his opening quotation from Professor Blackie, who described Mr. Gladstone as being "so genuine, so simple, so susceptible of a pure enthusiasm; so detached from self, so attached to things; kindly, pure, and noble."

It is perhaps natural that the tenacity of Mr. Gladstone's memory should make a particularly strong impression upon the mind of the man who for so long was his private secretary:

He told Arnold Morley that he could describe with accuracy the pattern of a cotton gown worn by his nurse as she carried him up to bed; and he has frequently told me that he could recollect being put on the dinner table of his father's house, at the age of three, when a dinner was given to celebrate Canning's return for Liverpool. He had a vivid recollection of being in an hotel in Princes Street, Edinburgh, when the windows were blown in by the concussion of the guns fired from the castle to celebrate Napoleon's abdication at Fontainebleau in 1814; and this memory was cultivated to the end of his life.

In 1881 I was discussing the substitution of a beer duty for a malt tax. He began the conversation by assuming that under the malt tax the profit of the maltster was 3 per cent on the quarter of malt. I interrupted him by saying it was 4 per cent. "Surely," he said, "you told me it was 3 per cent." I was sure of my ground, and so maintained my position. Turning to Mr. Young, who had in early life been in the excise service, he said, "Can you recollect as far back as 1832?" "Yes," he answered, "and the profit was then 3 per cent." "Ah," said Mr. Gladstone, much relieved, "I now see how I got that figure in my head; I was elected for Newark in that year, and I then studied the incidence of the malt duty." Fifty years ago!

It was once predicted to the French revolutionist Danton that he would go far because he believed every word he said, and Sir Algernon West has something similar to say of Mr. Gladstone. He not only believed what he said, but he drew his beliefs from the highest plane of his conscience:

The late Lord Dalhousie, for whom Mr. Gladstone entertained a great affection, complained to me that Mr. Gladstone had done infinite harm to him and his contemporaries by establishing a level so high as to make it for them impossible of attainment. Indeed, he was not in the roll of common men. "Nihil tegerit quod non ornavit," but more than that, no controversy but he raised it to a higher level. Whatever he undertook he entered into it with his whole heart, and with an absolute belief that what he did was right. There was no room in his life for idle regrets. On many points he changed his views, but he was ever conscious that when he held them he had been convinced at the time that he was right, and acted solely on what his conscience then dictated to him.

He once said, "I have made many mistakes in my political career, God knows, but I can honestly assert that I have never said or done anything in politics in which I did not sincerely believe." How few could make such a boast with truth.

The simplicity of his life was an unceasing charm to those who could appreciate simplicity, and from his simplicity were born "a freshness and a sweetness which no touch of age diminished." He would laugh with whole-hearted enjoyment at anecdotes that the modern schoolboy would receive with disdain. He was sometimes charged with a lack of humor, but Lord Acton is quoted as saying that if this was true in earlier life it disappeared with age, and that his sense of humor increased:

It was in his eighty-third year that Mr. Gladstone was called upon to enter into his fourth administration. It was a tragedy from the beginning. "This is unnatural to me at my time of life," he said, as we once more entered the historic gate of Downing Street. It was a courageous act to undertake a government at his age, among men who were, as he often said, for the most part in their cradles when he entered official life; and yet, with a youthful vigor, he faced the responsibility. A cynical friend of mine said, "Tell everybody he is ninety-two instead of eighty-two, and they will only love him the more."

Mr. Gladstone was as well equipped to pass a literary judgment as a political. He was as great a master of theology as of more mundane affairs. He believed that the world failed to recognize its debt to the clergy for some of the finest poetry of the day, and in support he would quote Crabbe, Heber, Newman, Keble, French, Kingsley, Faber, C. Tennyson, Milman, Wolfe, and others. He would place Tennyson first of all English poets, and Arthur Hallam is quoted as saying that Wordsworth might have been a great philosopher or a great poet, but his poetry spoiled his philosophy and his philosophy his poetry:

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone said how he should have liked to see Cromwell pitted against Napoleon. Cromwell was a great man, but he doubted his having any distinct love of religious liberty. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone thought, was the wisest man he had come across in Parliament; in reply to a quotation made by Peel he said, "I find no fault with the right honorable gentleman's quotation, for

I find that he never makes one unless it has previously received the approbation of Parliament."

Mr. Gladstone was fond of recalling the incidents of his youth, and he did this so charmingly that he was always sure of an appreciative audience:

He told us of a journey he undertook from Hawarden to Greenwich in the early thirties, and I think he said it took him a week to reach London, where his first step was to ascertain where he would be most likely to find a vessel to take him across the channel. He was told Brighton, and to Brighton he went, to learn that the packet had just started. Under the advice of experts he went to Dover, where he found a vessel to which he was taken in a little boat, and continued his journey to Paris. He compared this state of things with the wonderful organizing power of Mr. Cook, of whom he was a great admirer. One evening before his departure for Biarritz, just before dinner, he took up a magazine—I forget its name—and found himself immersed in an article on the "Holy Eucharist," which he found so engrossing and so deep that it gave him a headache. The writer turned out to be Mr. Webster, a clergyman of the Church of England, whose health did not permit of his living in England, and who was then residing with his wife and child in the hills about fifteen miles from Biarritz. Mr. Gladstone took an early opportunity of asking him to visit him, and found him to be a thorough master of the Basque language and people, which intensely interested him. On his return to England, Mr. Gladstone recommended Mr. Webster for a pension on the civil list, which he considered was intended for authors of works of high intellectual merit, but not of such a nature as to produce a pecuniary recompense.

The universality of Mr. Gladstone's knowledge, its almost instant availability for the purpose of the moment, was one of his strongest characteristics, and of this the writer gives us a good illustration:

Later on I was walking down to Downing Street when I was overtaken by Bertram Currie, who asked me to beg Mr. Gladstone to speak on bimetalism, which was the subject of debate in the House of Commons on that night. I thought it was out of the question, for I knew he had been entirely occupied with other things of late. However, I gave him Currie's message, and he gayly said he would not mind speaking on it if it came on before dinner; the result being that he made a speech which was reproduced in every European country, and had a greater effect in explaining the simple common sense of the currency, and in counteracting the unfounded and too often self-interested arguments of the bimetalist, than any other utterance of that time.

I asked him the next morning how he had managed it. "Oh," he said, "I knew the history of the thing pretty well, and Harcourt told me what had happened of late, so I had no difficulty."

Mr. Gladstone's name has been used much in the general election still in progress in England. Assertions have constantly been made that the veteran statesman would not have countenanced the so-called revolutionary proposals of the budget, and upon this point Sir Algernon West has something pertinent to say:

As an old friend of his I have been frequently asked during these financial discussions, "What would Mr. Gladstone have thought of such and such points?" and I have always remarked that the inquirer answered the question in the sense that he desired, and never waited for my answer, which would be that Mr. Gladstone would have moved with the times and their necessities, but had he lived in youthful vigor he would have set his face as a flint against the expenditure, and still more against the cries for expenditure of those who are unwilling to pay for it. And now throughout the country will be recalled those words spoken by him in his last speech—those solemn words uttering his prophetic warning of a shortly coming time when the co-existence of a representative and a non-representative assembly with equal authority must cease, and the time has now come when the problem must be brought to an issue.

If Mr. Gladstone were alive today his protest, suggests the writer, would have been against militarism rather than against any particular way of meeting the cost of militarism. His was the old Whig motto of Peace, Retrenchment, and Reform.

Cardinal Satolli, who died in Rome, January 8, was high in the regard of the Roman Catholic Church. He was the first apostolic delegate to the United States, making his visit in 1892. He had been mentioned as a possible successor to Pope Leo XIII before the latter died. It has been considered likely that had he outlived the present Pope, Pius X, he would have had considerable support among the cardinals in the conclave as his successor. Cardinal Satolli was in his seventieth year. He had written much for publication, and among his books are "A Course of Philosophy" in three volumes, essays on "The Beautiful and True in Relation to the Study of Nature," on the "Powers of the Soul," on the "Variety of Systems and Essential Defects of Modern Theology."

Cincinnati allows retired teachers to renew their service briefly and thus become eligible for a pension.

## A London Critic's Presumption.

William Archer, the noted English dramatic critic, has been served with a writ of libel by the manager of the Palace Theatre in London, Alfred Butt. Mr. Archer recently went to see a playlet which is being given at the Palace by Arthur Boucher, the actor and manager of the Garrick Theatre, who is one of the latest exponents of "legitimate drama" to succumb to the momentary attractions of vaudeville houses. Mr. Archer wrote to the *Weekly Nation* a criticism which Mr. Butt considers distinctly libelous, in so far as it stated that the Palace audience was composed of "bookmakers and candidates for the divorce court," not to mention other more or less interesting categories of men and women.

Mr. Butt asserts that his audiences are as representative as those of any theatre in London, and that Mr. Archer's general description is not only untrue, but distinctly damaging to his business. The libel action that has been started, if carried to the courts, should prove an interesting case.

A notable addition to the monuments of Vienna will be that of Johann Strauss, which is rapidly approaching completion at the studio of Professor Edmund Hellmers. It will be in the form of a pergola, in the centre of which there will be a statue of heroic size of the "waltz king" holding his violin. "The features of the musician," says Adolf Kahl, in a description of the work, "are true, and the pose of the figure is beyond criticism; but it will be impossible to show Strauss in bronze or marble as he was. Those who saw him lead, while his band played 'The Blue Danube' or 'Wiener Blut,' saw how he danced with every muscle, and by look, action, and tone created the dance spirit in those who played and in those who listened, will think any statue of the man tame and incomplete."

Alexander Dumas never set foot on the Island of Monte Cristo, which has recently been bought by the King of Italy. When visiting Elba in 1842 the novelist sailed across to Monte Cristo in the hope of shooting some wild goats. On the point of landing, however, he learned from one of the sailors that as the island was uninhabited no boat was allowed to touch there under penalty of six days' quarantine at the next port of call. It was therefore decided not to disembark; but Dumas insisted on rowing all round the island, because, he told his companion, Prince Napoleon, "I intend in memory of this trip with you to give the name of Monte Cristo to some book which I shall write later on."

For artistic methods, the Parisian beggar is hard to beat. One man recently arrested was in the habit of wandering through the streets followed at a considerable distance by a Newfoundland dog. On seeing a bone or a crust in the gutter he would dart on it feverishly, and the dog would rush up and snatch it from him. A terrific struggle ensued, ending in the flight of the dog bearing off the prize, while the man lay exhausted in the gutter. It is easy to imagine how kind-hearted wayfarers, after assisting him to rise, would shower coins on a poor devil driven by poverty to fight so desperately for a meagre crust.



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"MARY JANE'S PA."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Mary Jane's Pa" sounds like farce, but it is really comedy; not high-class comedy, to be sure, as it has affiliations with farce. Yet the little three-act play at the Savoy is a most entertaining vehicle for Max Figman's humorous and ingratiating charm. It has the always pleasant, homey atmosphere of a rural village; it has unexpected turns in the plot; it has good dialogue and bright repartee. In fact, it is, in an unspectacular way, such a satisfactory little play that one turns to the programme to find out who wrote it. The sex of the author, as revealed by the name Edith Ellis, does not exactly come as a surprise, on account of the somewhat partisan sex spirit shown in portraying the sad situation of Portia Perkins, who is deserted by her husband, with the support of two children devolving on her untied hands.

In the first act Hiram Perkins, the deserter, who is possessed by that irresistible obsession known as the *wanderlust*, returns, like Enoch Arden, to find himself unwelcome, unhonored, and unsung. Hiram is a philosopher, a student, a scholar, and, apparently, an irreclaimable vagabond. He is shabby and hungry. The table is spread, the house cozy, the wife, although her welcome is cold, plump and pleasing. So he falls into the despicable rôle of being supported by the wife, who refuses to acknowledge or regard him as a husband, engaging him as a sort of domestic hired man. The audience, unenlightened by the somewhat mocking wit and exasperating courtesy with which Hiram—who airily jeers at his respectable and inappropriate name—treats his wife, feels sorry for the plucky woman, who has fitted her back to the burden and won for herself a prominent place in the community as the editor and proprietor of a local paper. She has a nice, steady, constant, respectful, periodically proposing adorer, whose proposals she periodically declines, because of some scruples concerning the durability of the marriage bond.

We are sorer for her than ever. Helen Lackey represents her as a pretty, plump, uncoquettish but very attractive woman, made somewhat aggressive by the long battle against circumstances, but with reserves of good sense, warm-heartedness, and genuine womanliness that make of her a ripened fruit well worth the plucking. Yes, we are truly sorry for the wife. Here comes this meddlesome vagabond, invading her hachelor freedom and immunity with his secret claim as her husband and the father of the two pretty daughters.

In the second act he has fitted in his place and bought some new clothes. He buys the family vegetables, and lets off, for his own secret delectation, flashes of wit the point of which is so fine as to escape the rustic yet suspicious minds of the villagers, who divine the presence of something unusual in the character and attainments of the mocking vagabond who can, in a measuring of wits, always put them to confusion. It was an agreeable surprise to find that the play afforded Max Figman some opportunity, at least, to get in those fine points of acting in which he so excels. Or, perhaps, it is that he never overlooks an opportunity to give an acted character life, heath, and individuality.

Even in this light play one found one's self perpetually admiring the ready and polished art of the man, his swift changes of expression, the instinctive ease and naturalness of attitude and gesture.

The play has many pleasing bits of reality, but it has unrealities, too; Mr. Figman, however, made the returned wanderer, as he gradually awoke to his privileges and responsibilities, so attractive that he succeeded in gracefully bridging over the improbabilities and almost persuading us that things might have come that way, in spite of our deep-seated conviction that in real life the severed pair could never have patched it up.

The authoress indulged in some romantically improbable effects when she caused her wandering hero to write a book and receive a fat check from his publishers. But, all the same, she accomplished something of a feat in so building up the character, in the lines she gave it, as to make the wit, the wisdom, and the background scholarship of Hiram palpable enough to convince us that he could write a book. Portia Perkins has two daughters, and the cozy atmosphere of her home, her motherly wisdom in dealing with her fledglings, and the pretty little scenes in

which it was indicated, constituted a very attractive element in the play.

The company surrounding Mr. Figman is good. As so often happens in these plays of rural setting, the players have been carefully selected on account of some physical fitness or an appropriateness of physiognomy. Mr. Warde, for instance, contributes the countenance of a politician to the well-played rôle of Joel Skinner, while Mr. Chapman—I think it was—looked the carter to the life, born and brought up. Good, painstaking work characterized every rôle. Dorothy Phillips played the restless, discontented daughter of the vagabond very naturally, Helen Hartley was the model of a positive, self-important village oracle, and Nina Ainscoe, although rather indistinct in the tumult and the shoutings of the first act, gave the needed touch of nature to her picture of a crude village coquette. Gretchen Hartmann was particularly pleasing in her rôle of Mary Jane, a girl of eleven or twelve, presumably, who is an important factor in awakening in the softened heart of the returned vagabond the instinct for home and paternal love. The young actress has a curiously reposeful quality, which gave a restful simplicity and naturalness to her assumption of the character of the matter-of-fact, yet loving, youngest daughter. Also, she has a voice soft yet of penetrating quality, every syllable of which carries. She is a very happy selection for the rôle of Mary Jane, who has nothing in her of the impossible, sentimental, precocious, emotional, unnatural, phonographically loquacious child of the old-fashioned drama, and who is an important element in giving the successful atmosphere of simple yet engaging domesticity to the scenes of the play.

Pretty, pretty little Geisha girls! They recall the bridal song from "The Mikado":

Braid the raven hair, weave the supple tress;  
Deck the maiden fair in her loveliness;  
Paint the pretty face, dye the coral lip;  
Emphasize the grace of her ladyship.  
Art and nature thus allied  
Go to make a pretty bride.

These glimpses of entertainers from other nations are almost always worth while. One of my most interesting memories of professional entertainers is that of the real geisha actress, Sada Yacco, who was a wonderful dancer of the Japanese school. While she danced her feet were as if rooted to the ground, but her body and arms swayed, and waved, and revolved with startling hizarre, yet fascinating grace and freedom. When I look back upon her remarkable performance in its beautiful Japanese setting there always seems to be an unreality about it, as if I had dreamed it.

There is, however, nothing unreal about the charming eight. Nothing wonderful, either, for that matter. Just a pretty, kimono-clad, fan-bearing row of Japanese beauties, who sing Japanese songs in the squeaky Japanese voice, occasionally marring the Oriental flavor of the thing by scraps of pigeon English.

The figures that they introduced in their dances were, no doubt, of Occidental origin, but the effect was charming, as danced by these quaint, jetty-haired, gold-embroidered, flower-hespread figures from Japan, more particularly as the pretty creatures seemed to enjoy it all so thoroughly; probably they were, in the greater child-likeness of the Oriental type of womanhood, in much less of a profit-speculating mood about it than the fair vaudevillians of the Occident, who are prone to look at an audience and estimate their approval from the business standpoint.

A queer feature on the Orpheum hill this week is the musical turn done by Vilmos Westony, a musician of parts, who can take the piano either seriously or jocularly. The audience seems to like him either way, for they rewarded him with frantically prolonged whistlings, and hung affectionately on his—I am convinced—studiedly weird English. These vaudeville artists have discovered that the public takes a child-like joy in remarks made in halting English, and Mr. Westony's spoken explanations seemed almost as essential a part of his share of the entertainment as the brilliant roudades tossed off by his flying fingers. As a player he is almost as protean as the wonderful Bernardi is in his numerous character assumptions.

His playing of the four national anthems simultaneously leaves rather a confused impression on the mind. I will make no rash assertions, for his flexible fingers seemed to exercise some kind of a witchcraft on the ears, so that it is difficult to say just exactly how he did it. But it seemed to be a series of successive extracts from each, clouded over by masses of disguising chords. There were brilliant glimpses of "La Marseillaise" and solemn diapacons from "The Fatherland," alternating with brief but thrilling hursts from our own national anthem. There was an excellent imitation of Sousa playing one of his own marches, an almost too faithful rendition of the error-spangled strummings of a schoolgirl, and a beautiful transcription of gay music to a solemn and imposing dead march.

Wily Westony! He knows well that the average vaudeville audience does not take kindly to mortuary themes, so, with his little

Harrigan joke, he induced them to swallow the sugared pill with rapture. He wound up by winning the audience to a man with ragtime, which he called "redstein," or it sounded like it. Like a maiden speaker in love with the sound of his own voice, the Hungarian musician insisted on explaining vocally, instead of by printed announcements, each ensuing feature of his programme, and I suppose that we will never know whether the remarkableness of his English was carefully cultivated as a mercantile asset or was aired with artless pride by the owner.

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The dates of the concerts are Sunday afternoons, February 13 and 20, and Thursday night, February 17, at the Garrick Theatre. Prices will be \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50 and \$1. Box seats, \$3.

The programmes of Schumann-Heink are always colossal. For instance, at her opening concert here she will sing no less than five great operatic arias, including scenes from Wagner, Saint-Saëns, Mozart, and Meyerbeer, besides songs by Schubert, Loewe, Richard Strauss, Felix Weingartner, and a group in English by Ethelbert Nevin ("The Rosary"), Chadwick, Carrie Jacob Bond, Rudolph Ganz, etc.

Her Thursday night programme will be equally wonderful, and promises novelties by Max Reger, L. Stein, and Richard Sahlia.

For the farewell concert a special request programme will be arranged.

Schumann-Heink has no assistants except her splendid accompanist, Josephine Hoffman, giving the entire programme alone.

On Friday afternoon, February 18, the star will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the programme of the opening concert here. For this event seats must be ordered at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

The Carreno Concerts.

The only one of the great pianists of the world to come to the West this season is Mme. Teresa Carreno, and this beautiful woman and wonderful artist is announced for two concerts at the Garrick Theatre, which has been entirely renovated. The dates are next Thursday night, February 3, and the following Sunday afternoon, February 6.

At the first concert the great virtuosa will play the "Keltic" sonata by her favorite pupil, Edward MacDowell. This work has not been played in public here since the visit of the lamented young composer, some nine years ago. Chopin's seldom-played sonata, Op. 58, Schumann's "Vogel als Prophet," Liszt's arrangement of "The Erlking," and other important works comprise the rest of the offering.

At the Sunday afternoon concert Schumann's beautiful "Quintette" for piano and strings will be given a splendid rendition, the Lyric Quartette being the assisting artists. On this programme Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue," Beethoven's sonata, Op. 109, and groups by MacDowell and Chopin will interest.

The seats are on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

On Friday afternoon, February 4, at 3:15, Mme. Carreno will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting a special programme which will include Beethoven's "Appassionata" sonata and Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." For this event seats will be ready Monday at the theatre box-office.

First Sunday "Pop" Concert.

Sunday afternoon, January 30, at Kohler & Chase Hall, O'Farrell Street above Grant Avenue, the first of Will Greenbaum's Sunday "Pop" concerts will be given, the performers being, the Lyric String Quartette, composed of Misses Mary and Dorothy Pasmore, Sallie Ehrman, and Viola Furth, and Mrs. B. M. Stich, soprano, with Miss Lydia Reinstein, accompanist. The programme is an interesting one, as follows:

Quartette No. 15 B major, Mozart (Allegro assai, Adagio, Menuetto-Moderato, Allegro assai); Songs—"Der Gang zum Lieben," "Lichestreu," Brahms; "Gute Nacht," "Im Herbst," Franz; Quartette Op. Posthumous C minor, Schubert; Presto from Quartette Op. 18 No. 3, Beethoven.

Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday night, and on Sunday the box-office will be at the Kohler & Chase Building. Season tickets for the entire course are \$1 and \$2, and prices for single concerts are 50 cents and \$1.

The next concert will be on Sunday, February 27, and on that occasion Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette" will be played for the first time in this city, with Mr. Frederic M. Biggerstaff at the piano.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We wonder whose fine hand is responsible for the affront placed on the Marquis de Villalobar at the White House a few weeks ago. At least we assume it to be an affront, all unversed as we are in the ways of official and diplomatic etiquette. The marquis himself is reported as saying that he had been affronted, and if a Spanish grandee can not judge of such matters it is hard to say who can.

The Marquis de Villalobar is the Spanish minister to Washington. Having occasion to attend a recent reception, he found, to his dismay, that a distinction was to be made between ambassadors and ministers, and that, whereas the former were at liberty to enter an enclosure in the blue room, the latter were politely but firmly requested to remain outside. Presumably they might sit on the mat or peep through the keyhole, but the room itself was not to be profaned by any one less exalted than an ambassador. Mere ministers, porters, policemen, and housemaids must wait outside and speak when they were spoken to, and not before.

The marquis was indignant. The bluest blood of old Spain is in his veins. His grandfather was the Duke of Rivas of Peninsular War fame, while he himself is lord chamberlain to the King of Spain, and master of the Royal Cavalry Order of Saragossa. He bears the cross of Isabella the Catholic and of Charles III of Spain, and he is a knight commander of Leopold of Belgium and of the Legion of Honor of France. We do not quite know what a master of the other things are, but if they are anything like a Knight Templar, or a Mystic Shriner, or an Elk, they must be very impressive, and the marquis must be wonderful to see when he has them all on. No wonder he was indignant or that he hesitated for a moment before calling down the thunders of heaven upon the impious hand that stayed him. Then he sent for Mr. Knox.

What an unromantic age we do live in, to be sure. Fancy a Spanish magnate who is simply perspiring heroic traditions at every pore, and who has no other resource than to send for Mr. Knox. Here is a man whose ancestors may have cut Moorish throats in their time or gallantly picked the pockets of the Incas, whose traditional sword may have waved defiance at the maidens of Holland, and who may even have been among those who shook in their shoes at the mention of Francis Drake. And yet when an intolerable affront is placed upon him a cruel convention permits him to do no more than to send for Mr. Knox.

Even that was ineffectual, for Mr. Knox was not at the White House. Like the ancient mariner who "saw no ships upon the sea, because no ships were there," even the poor consolation of the Secretary of State was denied to him. Perhaps it was well for Mr. Knox, who, above all things, is a man of peace and without ambition for the field of honor. Possibly Mr. Knox, foreseeing the cyclone, was having a cozy cup of tea with that rival tornado, the ambassador of Japan. But Mr. Taft was there, and the marquis's hard case was laid before him, while the marquis himself waited in outer darkness and with only the great unwashed for company. But Mr. Taft could do nothing. Mr. Taft could not see his way to override the new law, but he so far relented as to say that if the marquis wished to speak to any of the ambassadors he might enter the sacred enclosure for that purpose, but he must retire at once afterwards. Could anything be more humiliating? The marquis refused to enter the room upon such terms, and he accordingly withdrew after making known his intention to notify Madrid of the occurrence so that precisely similar treatment might be meted out to the American minister there. It is said that the ministers of other countries withdrew from the reception in dudgeon when they found that a new piece of etiquette had been needlessly invented and that a wholly useless discrimination was to be exercised in the diplomatic body.

The Duke of Orleans seems to be a young man of considerable enterprise who may yet succeed in appealing to the imagination of the French people, and if he can only do that he may have the crown or anything else he pleases. It will be remembered that some time ago he made a spectacular appeal to be allowed to serve in the army of France, my own dear native land, so to speak, and for a moment it was touch and go whether France would laugh with derision or weep from sentiment. Fortunately, she laughed, and decided that the armies of the republic would struggle on as best they might without the profound military genius of the royal gourmet. Now the duke has tried something fresher. He went to the funeral of the King of Belgium, and not unnaturally inspired by the festivity of the occasion and having a forty-horsepower automobile (make unknown), he decided to make a dash for Paris, and if the walls of the Elysée failed to fall at his approach like the walls of Jericho, he could at least have a far more supper at his old-time favorite res-

taurant and perhaps enjoy the society of some theatrical favorite who could be trusted to kiss and never tell. It was not exactly a heroic enterprise, but on the whole not so bad for an Orleans.

But the fates were against him. The government beard of the escapade after the duke had crossed the frontier, and they placed guards at every city gate. When he arrived he was politely told that he could not enter Paris, but must, on the contrary, return to "furrin parts," and in order to see that he did so a policeman mounted on the box by the chauffeur and saw the young gentleman safely across the frontier. And so ended the second lesson.

The college professor can talk folly at a greater pressure to the square inch than any other member of the community. All that is necessary is to tempt him away from his special subject and give him an audience of women.

Take, for instance, the Chicago professor who recently lectured to an assembly of Methodist women on the subject of hygiene. It does not seem that he was an authority upon hygiene except in so far as all professors, like all clergymen, are authorities upon all subjects, but he laid down the law with an extravagance and an absurdity past all comment. Steam heat is his especial bugbear. It produces deadly and foul diseases, it irritates the body and the mind alike. "When you find yourself saying things to those you love, and weeping bitterly immediately afterward, do not blame yourself for your vicious temper—it is only because you are steam-heated."

Divorce, we are told, is due mainly to steam-heated houses, and wherever scandal rears its ugly head there we may suspect the presence of the pernicious boiler. There was an ocean of this kind of drivel, and no doubt it was received with cacklings of applause from the audience, who were no doubt delighted to find that their infirmities were due to any cause rather than original sin.

It would be interesting to know the professor's explanation of the fact that scandal and divorce are even more prevalent in those parts of the country where steam heat is hardly used at all than in more frigid localities. California, for example, can hardly display the white flowers of a lameless life in this respect.

A plaintive moan about the New Theatre comes from New York. It is addressed to the *Globe*, and is worth reprinting in full:

As a humble member of the body politic I have bided my time to worship in the New Temple of Dramatic Art. It was not for me to be of the gorgeous pageant of patrons and princes of letters and art which marked its dedication.

At last, however, I found that I might have my "Cottage in the Air" against the modest price of 75 cents. Very, very high in the air, but airy withal, and most comfortable, and—the carping critics notwithstanding—acoustically perfect. I was happy, supremely happy. Then came the long entrance, which time I anticipated would pass quickly, agreeably, profitably, with an inspection of the much-lauded foyer, of the Baudry plafond, of the many vantage points from which to view the glittering throng. I thought to mingle with that throng, to meet friends, to greet notabilities; in short, to enjoy to the fullest what makes the entrance of the continental theatre such a delightful quart d'heure, when fashions and fine arts and politics and royalty incognito and small shopkeepers and "trippers" all rub elbows in democratic manner to the amusement of all and the detriment of none.

Alas! I was soon to be deceived. It was not for us "gallery gods" to tread the sacred precincts of the temple proper. We were not permitted to leave our dizzy heights. We were "steerage"! My "Cottage in the Air" came to earth with a sad thump. An ancient prerogative of the representative theatres of Europe was denied us. Why?

Why? The answer is simple enough. This sort of liberty is only accorded in democratic countries, and democracy vanishes by the window when newly acquired wealth enters by the door. Democracy can only exist under a system of ancient and recognized caste where the boundaries are so clearly marked that they can be jumped over continually without obliterating them. No system of life ever yet devised or ever to be devised can prevent caste. The only difference is between its recognition and its denial, but it will still exist whether we deny it or not simply because we shall always discriminate between those who put their knives in their mouths and those who do not. Only when the caste lines have been firmly established by immemorial usage can they be disregarded upon almost infinite occasion, but where they are not anciently established their existence must be emphasized upon all occasions and in all sorts of wounding ways. The German prince will meet his fellow-citizens in the foyer of the theatre upon terms of perfect good-fellowship and equality, and there will be no hint or suggestion of a difference in rank. That is because no hint or suggestion is needed. The fact is a fact, and it will not be forgotten by any one. For the same reason the French grande dame of ancient family will alight from her carriage on the public boulevard upon the occasion of a fête and dance with any man who invites her. Her caste enables her to do this with safety and propriety, and the man with whom she dances—a street-sweeper,

maybe—will not forget the difference in caste which alone makes such democracy possible. The man who has not fenced in his land will watch his neighbor with jealous suspicion lest he encroach, but when once his fence has been built he will throw open his gate and invite his neighbor to enter whenever it pleases him. In New York there is no ancient and admitted caste, and therefore there can be no democratic feeling. We must erect all sorts of artificial barriers because the only real barrier, which is one of ancient and impalpable custom, has not had time to form. The writer in the New York *Globe* had no cause to complain of a caste spirit that excluded him from the foyer because he had

paid only 75 cents for his seat. Had there been real and recognized castes in New York he would have been free to enter the foyer as often as he wished and to mingle with others upon terms of perfect equality. He suffered, not from caste, but from the lack of it, or rather from a lack of its due recognition. When social castes are firmly established we may expect democratic observances, and not before.

The Springfield *Republican* says that the recent Pittsburg dinner at \$100 a plate will increase the envy of the Pennsylvania farmer who said bitterly that some men were born with silver knives in their mouths.

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STORYETTES.

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It was during a performance of "Faust" in a provincial town, after the duel, Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised Valentin's head, and held him in her arms, during the first part of the scene, and exclaimed in evident alarm: "Oh, what shall I do?" For a moment there was death-like stillness in the house, when a voice from the gallery suddenly called out: "Unhutton his weskit."

A newly qualified judge in one of the small towns of the South was trying one of his first criminal cases. The accused was an old dandy who was charged with robbing a hen-coop. He had been in court before on a similar charge and was then acquitted. "Well, Tom," began the judge, "I see you're in trouble again." "Yes, sah," replied the dandy, "the last time, jedge, you was ma lawyer." "Where is your lawyer this time?" asked the judge. "I ain't got no lawyer this time," answered Tom, "I'm going to tell the truth."

What astonishes the visiting Briton most is the manner in which every kind of immigrant to the United States adapts himself to the prevailing ideas about Englishmen. In the course of conversation with the noble Italian who condescends to brighten shoes the visitor informed the hothblack that he was an Englishman—and Englishmen had a great respect for Italians, and had entertained Garibaldi in grand style. "Inglees! Ha! Ha! Inglees!" said Diego in soft, musical tones. "Ha! They spic no good, dey droppa da hiatch!"

Miss Jane Addams, the head of Hull House, at a luncheon of the Chicago Civic Club, remarked: "We women still have much to fight for. Our battle will be long and difficult. Well, let us frankly admit it. There is nothing to be gained by such rose-colored phrases as William White employed. William White's brother had killed a man in cold blood. 'Well, William, how about your brother?' a visitor to the town asked him one day after the trial. 'Well,' said William, 'they've put him in jail for a month.' 'That's rather little sentence for a cold-blooded murder,' said the gentleman. 'Yes, sir,' William admitted, 'but at the month's end they're going to hang him.'"

Elsie Ferguson, the theatrical star, relates that one day she passed the house of an actor friend and found his imp of a small boy sitting on the front steps weeping bitterly. Of course she stopped to find out what was the matter. "We—we got a squalling new baby in the house, an' dad's on the road and he don't know nothin' about it!" At the end his voice was a howl of woe. "But," she protested hewilderedly, "that is nothing to cry about. Dad will soon be home, and think how surprised he'll be." The small hoy stopped crying long enough to transfix her with an indignant glare. "You don't understand," he said bitterly. "Dad always blames me for every single thing that happens while he's away!"

On Lord Dufferin's estate, near Belfast, there once stood a historic ruin, a castle which had been a stronghold of the O'Neils. One day Lord Dufferin visited it with his steward, Dan Mulligan, and drew a line with his stick round it, telling Mulligan that he was to build a protecting wall on that line. And then he went to India, feeling secure as to the preservation of the great historic building. When he returned to Ireland he hastened to visit the castle. It was gone. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, gone it certainly was, leaving not a trace behind it. He sent for Dan, and inquired: "Where's the castle?" "The castle, my lord? That old thing? Sure, I pulled it down to build the wall wid."

Recently an automobilist ran down and killed a hen in suhrhan Philadelphia. He was a conscientious automobilist. Instead of racing along, unmindful of the grief of the owners of that hen, he immediately stopped, got out, tenderly picked up the unfortunate fowl and rang the doorbell of the farmhouse from the vicinity of which it had emerged. A woman opened the door. "I am very sorry to inform you," remarked the automobilist, "that I have unintentionally killed this hen of yours." He held the fowl up to her view. "Now I am quite willing to pay whatever the value—" But she checked him with this joyous exclamation: "Oh, I'm so much obliged to you. I've been trying to catch that hen for three days to cook it for dinner, and I never could so much as lay a hand on the pesky thing. Thank you, sir; thank you."

It is related of the president of a famous college that at one time he allowed his wife to persuade him of the uselessness of fire insurance on household goods, and he allowed his policy to lapse. But, better judgment asserting itself, he finally renewed his insurance. The same day a fire in his wife's rooms de-

stroyed some of her dresses, which the professor enjoyed as a good joke. In due time the president of the insurance company wrote President Blank this letter: "Dear Mr. Blank—We inclose check for \$500, paying your fire claim under our policy B6007. I note in passing upon these papers that the policy went into effect at noon, December 10, and the fire did not occur until 3 p. m. Why the delay?"

Some years ago Judge Gray, of the supreme bench of Iowa, was called to Colorado by the death there of a relative, who had in vain sought better health in the mountains. On the way back with the body a transshipment was necessary at Council Bluffs. Judge Gray purchased tickets for Iowa City, and attended to the checking of the coffin-hox in regular form. Then he retired to his berth in the sleeper for a night's rest. At half-past four the next morning the porter roused him to dress, as Iowa City was but a few miles away. The judge had not slept well, and the early rising had not helped to put him in a good humor. He was feeling anything but cheerful when he stepped upon the platform at Iowa City, and, walking to the baggage office, found that the body of his relative was not there. "No body came this morning," said the agent. Judge Gray was furious. He was too full for utterance, and, without uttering one word, he walked to the telegraph office, seized a pen, dashed off a dispatch to the baggage agent at Council Bluffs, and thrust it through the window to the astonished operator. It was this: "Where in hell is my mother-in-law?"

THE MERRY MUSE.

A Coat Tale.

Old Tommy Taylor, tailor and  
Retailer, doth retail  
Old army coats, and coats of arms,  
And also coats of male.

With coats of paint he paints his coats  
Of arms above his door.  
His motto is, "I sow the tares,  
Sow all may rip the more."

He seldom tore his clothes, although  
He'd often close his store,  
And then he'd eye his clothes a while,  
Then close his eyes and snore.

To thread a little needle  
He would need a little thread.  
When cutting dandy's suit, he'd say:  
"This scissor cut I dread."

In winter he invests in vests;  
In summer pants in pants;  
In spring he sows some seedy things;  
In fall he rips, perchance.

—Unidentified.

A Warning.

That Boston Bluebeard pinched his wife  
And in a room did jam her,  
Because—oh, what an awful crime!  
She sometimes used bad grammar.

Now, maidens dear, before you wed  
A man who might begin whacks,  
Be sure that you are posted well  
On prosody and syntax.

—New York Journal.

An Accident.

A spinster once who was antique  
Daubed lots of rouge upon her chique,  
But by mistake  
She made a brake  
And got a little on her bique.

The people saw the crimson strique  
And laughed until they all grew wique.  
The spinster saw  
What made them "Haw!"  
And vanished with a fearful shriek.

—Chicago Chronicle.

Consequences of the Comma.

In his court King Charles was standing on his head  
And his royal brow was wrinkled in a most portentous frown

Fifty courtiers entered walking on their hands  
Were jewels bright  
Set in rings of gold and silver what a rare and splendid sight

Four and twenty noble ladies proud and fair and ten feet long  
Were their trains that flowed behind them borne by pages stout and strong

In a bower of fragrant roses the musicians now compete  
Blowing trumpets with their noses they inhale the fragrance sweet

See the Queen how sad and tearful as the King cuts off her head  
One bright tress of hair at parting and she wishes she was dead.

—The Scrapbook.

The young wife of the aged millionaire met the physician at the door as he came from her husband's bedside. "Oh, doctor," she sobbed, "c-can't you g-give me any h-hope?" "I'm afraid not, my dear madam," replied the gruff old M. D. "It is true that your husband's age is against him, but his remarkable vitality insures his complete recovery."

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The season draws to its early close with gayeties enough to make grateful the thought of the Lenten denial of frivolities. The big charity extravaganza, "Professor Napoleon," and the attendant frivolities have made the past week a merry and busy one.

The wedding of Miss Reed Hutchins, daughter of the late Dr. Hutchins of this city, to Dr. Arthur Spickers of Paterson, New Jersey, will take place in New York on February 5. Dr. Spickers and his bride will make their home in Paterson.

The wedding of Miss Marie De Loffre, daughter of Mrs. A. De Loffre, to Lieutenant Thomas Pitcher Bernard, Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A., took place on December 27, at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. They will live at Fort Slocum, New York.

The wedding of Miss Mary P. Davis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Davis, to Lieutenant Guy B. G. Hanna, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., took place on Saturday evening, January 1, at the home of the bride in Louisville, Kentucky.

Miss Dorothy Baker will be hostess at a luncheon on Monday next.

The wedding is announced of Mr. Robert J. Levison and Miss Irma Franklin, both of San Francisco. The ceremony was performed on January 23 by the Rev. Dr. Martin E. Meyer.

Miss Gertrude Perry will be hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Monday, February 7, in honor of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Bessie Ashton will entertain at bridge at their apartment at the St. Xavier on Friday afternoon, February 4.

Miss Augusta Foute's tea in honor of Miss Vera de Sahla was postponed last Sunday, and will take place tomorrow (Sunday) afternoon at the Foute home on California Street.

The third Greenway assembly took place on Friday evening of last week at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Nicholas Kittle entertained at a reception at her home on Pacific Avenue on Saturday afternoon last in honor of the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor. About 600 guests were present, and assisting Mrs. Kittle in receiving were Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Allen Lewis, Mrs. A. W. Foster, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. Harry M. Sherman, Mrs. Henry Kuehler, Mrs. Laurence Draper, Mrs. Benjamin Dibblee, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Howard Coit, Mrs. N. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Harry Mendell, Mr. John Kittle, and Mrs. George Boyd.

The Reverend Frederick W. Clappett and Mrs. Clappett entertained at a reception on Friday afternoon of last week at their home on Pacific Avenue in celebration of the tenth anniversary of Dr. Clappett's rectorship of Trinity Church.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at their home on Scott and Green Streets, going later with their guests to the Greenway assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch entertained at a dinner in the Gray Room of the Fairmont on Friday evening of last week before the Greenway assembly.

Mrs. William Ashe was the hostess at a dinner in honor of Miss Anna Weller on Friday evening of last week before the Greenway hall.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at her home on Broadway, going afterwards with her guests to the Greenway hall.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday evening of last week.

Miss Mary Keeney was hostess at a dinner in honor of Miss Marion Zelle preceding the Greenway hall on Friday of last week.

Miss Elizabeth Woods was hostess at a dinner before the Greenway assembly on Friday evening of last week.

Mrs. William Hinckley entertained at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Wednesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Miss Dorothy Woods entertained at an informal luncheon on Thursday of last week.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney was hostess at a tea on Friday afternoon of last week at her home on Jackson Street in honor of Mrs. Victor Blue.

Mrs. Henry L. Dodge entertained at bridge on Thursday afternoon at her home on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Ferdinand Stephenson entertained at bridge on Thursday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Frank Somers entertained at a bridge party at the Fairmont on Tuesday of last week.

Mrs. Haldimand Putnam Young was hostess at a bridge party on Thursday of last week in honor of her sister, Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles P. Eells and Mr. and Mrs. John Franklin Babcock (formerly Miss Gertrude Eells) have arrived from Europe, where they have been for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen Lewis of Portland, Oregon, who have been visiting Mrs. Lewis's mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, have gone to Santa Barbara for a visit.

Mrs. Harold Sewall arrived this week from her home in Bath, Maine, for a visit to her sisters, Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Elizabeth Ashe.

Mrs. Joseph D. Redding and Miss Josephine Redding, who are now in Paris, will leave shortly for the Riviera.

Mrs. Russell Wilson left on Sunday last for New York, and will sail on February 5 for Europe.

Mrs. Francis McComas has gone to New York for several weeks' sojourn.

Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hop-

kins, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins left last week for New York, and will sail shortly to join Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor in Europe.

Admiral Kempff and Miss Cornelia Kempff left last week for a month's stay in Texas.

Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Margaret Barron, and Miss Evelyn Barron, who have been at the Fairmont since their return from Europe, have taken the Armsby house on Broadway.

Miss Grace Wilson has returned from a visit to Miss Ethel Metone in Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy are at the Potter in Santa Barbara for a stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Duval have been guests at Del Monte.

Miss Ethel Shorb left last week for the East, where she will join her aunt, Miss Wilson of Los Angeles, and travel for a year or more in Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kiersted have returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Mary P. Huntington has returned from a stay of two or three months in New York and Washington, D. C.

Miss Genevieve Walker left last week for her home in the East, but will return here in the later spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark were in town for several days last week from their San Mateo home.

Mrs. Doe and Miss Marguerite Doe will leave in March for Santa Barbara for a sojourn.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe and Miss Constance Borrowe will leave in April for a trip to Cuba.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell came to the Fairmont last week from their home at Menlo and spent several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cunningham Hall have taken an apartment at the Montclair, 995 Pine Street.

Mr. David H. Steiner, accompanied by his mother, Mrs. S. Steiner, and his sister, was at Del Monte for a few days last week.

Mrs. Henry Aiken and daughter were among the week's arrivals at Del Monte.

Among San Francisco registrations at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. Homer Fritch, Mr. N. S. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Cumberson, Mr. Frank J. Squires, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Keefe, Mr. E. Winsby, Mrs. Charles Parent, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Craig, Mrs. Edgar M. Swazey, Mr. G. W. Carlock, Mr. Charles F. Scott, Mr. A. R. Baldwin, Mrs. S. S. Sanborn, Mr. Charles H. Kendrick, Mr. E. W. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ayers, Miss Mahel Ayers.

Among registrations from San Francisco at Hotel del Monte are Mr. M. Marks, Mr. J. Otis Burrage, Mr. David H. Steiner, Miss Lucile Steiner, Mrs. Emma Steiner, Mr. W. C. Reed, Mr. R. A. Pabst, Mr. Robert C. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Rupley, Mr. C. A. Rutherford, Mr. H. A. Buck, Mr. C. L. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Marriner, Mr. H. B. Russell, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Salz, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Moyomhan.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Rear-Admiral Charles E. Vreeland, U. S. N., was recently promoted to his present rank.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Biddle, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., chief engineer of the Department of California, returned last week from a tour of inspection in the Hawaiian Islands.

Major John K. Cree, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved of command of Fort Ruger, Hawaii, and of the artillery district of Honolulu, and upon his relief from the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, will report to the commanding officer, Presidio of San Francisco, for duty.

Major Frank Green, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has arrived here and assumed the duties of chief signal officer of the Department of California, relieving Captain Arthur L. Fuller, U. S. A.

Major Frank E. Harris, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence to and including May 1, with permission to go beyond the sea.

Major Robert M. Thornberg, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Alcatraz and ordered to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Major Carroll D. Buck, Medical Corps, U. S. A., recently arrived from the Philippines, has been assigned to duty at Alcatraz.

Medical Inspector Frank Anderson, U. S. N., has been nominated for promotion to medical director, to date from December 13.

Captain E. Holland Rubottom, Ninth Cavalry, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, and ordered to report to the commanding officer, Department of California, for temporary duty.

Captain Edward J. Timberlake, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from the Forty-Seventh Company and placed on the unassigned list and ordered to proceed to Fort Ruger, Honolulu, and assume command at that post and of the artillery district of Honolulu.

Lieutenant-Commander L. C. Bertolotto, U. S. N., has been nominated for promotion to commander, to date from July 1, 1909.

Assistant Surgeon J. B. Kaufman, U. S. N., is detached from the Naval Training Station, San Francisco, ordered to Washington, D. C., for examination for promotion and to await orders.

Assistant Surgeon E. E. Curtis, U. S. N., is detached from the *Galveston* and ordered to the Naval Training Station, San Francisco.

Lieutenant R. F. Dill, U. S. N., is detached from the *Denver* and ordered to temporary duty on the *Independence*, Navy Yard, Mare Island.

Lieutenant Edwin E. Pritchett, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., is ordered relieved from duty at the Presidio of Monterey upon completion of his course of instruction in the School of Musketry, and to join his battery.

Lieutenant Guy V. Rulke, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has reported for duty at the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

E. B. Courvoisier announces his removal from 1374 Sutter Street to 431 Sutter Street, near Powell. The highest class of framing. Ask for estimates.

## American Grand Opera in Europe.

The writer of the department of "Plays and Players," in the February *American Magazine*, says, in speaking of the extension of opera in the United States:

"It is a striking commentary upon the state of grand operatic education in this country that we have now practically completed a plan whereby we are to invade Europe for the purpose of instructing our instructors, or, at all events, for the purpose of showing them how much we know about the subject in which Europe was our original preceptor. In brief, the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company have executed contracts that call for a visit by that company to Paris this spring during the months of May and June. The season will last two months and the company will give an extensive repertory of Italian opera.

"Not only is this striking innovation on the cards, but this new form of the American invasion will in all likelihood be carried next year into Germany with the performance by the Metropolitan Opera Company of a repertory of French and German opera. It is, in fact, the intention of the directors of the Metropolitan Opera Company to establish in Europe, once and for all and beyond the possibility of future misunderstanding, the standard of American operatic performances.

"It is well known here that American opera is now much the best in the world. In Europe it is not so well known. It is the intention to demonstrate it before all Europe."

## Blanche Lilliam. Kaplan.

The audience which greeted little Blanche Lilliam Kaplan at her premier piano recital at the Van Ness Theatre Sunday afternoon was amply repaid. The enthusiastic recalls and encores showed that the little girl had many admiring friends in the well-filled house. She scored a distinct success, especially with her rendition of such numbers as Beethoven's "Sonata," Schubert's "Impromptu," and the "Fantasie Impromptu" by Chopin. The little artist is at present studying under Mr. S. G. Fleishman, but her parents will soon take her to Europe to finish her preparation for a professional career.

## A Deserving Cause.

A dramatic entertainment will be given at the Forum Auditorium, 220 Post Street, on Saturday afternoon, February 5, at 2 o'clock, in aid of the Buford Kindergarten of South San Francisco. This is an effort in a worthy cause, as the school is doing a good work, and the entertainment will well repay attendance on its own account.

The proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, in New York City, says that his patrons demand the best class of operatic music, and that his two orchestras in that hostelry cost him \$75,000 per year. That sum (observes the *Musical Courier*) would enable a permanent symphony orchestra of eighty men to give about forty concerts in a season, with three full rehearsals for each, and a salary of \$10,000 for the conductor. To this pertinent observation may be added the reflection that the hotel music at dinner, however excellent, is never a joy unmixed.

Blanche Walsh never studies a part from a manuscript. She speaks her lines into a phonograph, turns on the machine, listens over and over again, and in that manner memorizes her rôles. It is said that she has never missed a line during any performance in her career. The actress is her own stage manager and directs all her own productions. She will be seen at the Van Ness Theatre shortly in "The Test." It will be Miss Walsh's first San Francisco engagement in eight years.

The statue of Buddha used by Mrs. Leslie Carter in the first act of "Vasta Herne," which she is to present at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, is a genuine antique bronze from Japan. It is an exact replica of the famous Dai Butsu at Kamakura.

Frank Moulan, the comedian, recently here with the Princess Theatre Comic Opera Stock Company, now heads Charles Frohman's musical comedy organization in "The Arcadians," at the Liberty Theatre, New York.



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# SYMPTOMS

## A Diagnosis and a Remedy

Symptoms vary; and it doesn't matter what you call them. You may dignify your trouble with the classic name of coryza, you may call it hay-fever, or just plain cold in the head. The result is much the same. What you want is a cure. When your morning chop begins to pall, when business becomes a bore, and the office seems to grow suddenly too small, these symptoms may indicate a liver which has finally rebelled, or they may be the outward and visible signs of a case of *wanderlust*. In the latter case "absent treatment," which consists in absenting the patient from his usual haunts, is the only known specific. An insurance man on California Street recently developed a serious case, talked of a trip to Europe or a run across to Japan, "might go all the way round, but anyway couldn't stand this (business routine) much longer." His associates were concerned. Business was brisk, several big deals were under way, and his counsel and experience were needed. Suddenly light dawned; an inspiration. "I have it," said one. "We'll run into Yosemite, spend a few days at El Portal, have some snowshoeing and brace him up generally."

The usual objections, based on ignorance, were made. It would be too cold. They wouldn't be able to get "a decent meal." But these were quickly overruled and the tickets bought. A quick trip to Merced, a pleasant and novel ride up the Merced Canyon, following the Merced River all the way, and the party found themselves at the Hotel del Portal in time for dinner. A pleasant surprise awaited them here. This fine new hotel, picturesquely situated, facing Chinquapin Falls, accommodates two hundred guests and is equipped with every modern convenience equal to the best hotels of Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon. The manager, Mr. Bahb, pays special attention to the dining-room, on the principle that "a well-fed guest is a well-pleased guest," and the result is in the highest degree satis-



*Any One Who Has Visited Yosemite in Winter Feels the Helplessness of Words.*

factory. It is one of the important factors in a trip to Yosemite in winter that the Hotel del Portal prevents any possibility of discomfort and provides the luxuries of a city hotel amid all the wildness and beauty of the Sierra Mountains and forests. But we are getting away from our insurance friends, whom we left sitting luxuriously before the great open hearth of the Hotel del Portal.

Next morning saw them on the stage beside Harry Hedges, the driver who took President Taft around the Valley. The scenery grows wilder as they penetrate deeper into the canyon. After passing the Cascades snow begins to lie upon the ground, and soon it is covering every rock and tree, every dome, and pinnacle, and peak, while icicles hang in long, sparkling streamers from the lip of the precipice. It is a scene of enchanting beauty. The crystal clearness of the atmosphere brings out every color and tint on the great flank of El Capitan.

The next few days are spent in tramping to Mirror Lake, skating on its glassy surface, riding on sure-footed mules to Columbia Rock, Yosemite Falls, and Vernal Falls, tobogganing down the long slide, shooting over the snow on skis, with many a tumble till they get the swing of the motion, and riding swiftly along the floor of the Valley to the merry music of sleigh bells.

And so out again to El Portal, where another stay is made in that warm, sunny, sheltered nook of the Sierra fastnesses. A day or two here gives an opportunity for muscles to lose the little stiffness which such unusual sports as skating and snowshoeing may bring, and also gives the chance to see Crane Creek Falls, Mossy Dell, the Indian Village, Hite's famous gold mine, and some of the other points of interest close at hand.

A few short hours of travel bring our friends back to San Francisco, to the upbuilding of our great city—"the city loved around the world." The *wanderlust* is cured. "San Francisco is good enough for me," says our patient. "California is a great State, and Yosemite its greatest wonder."

THE MEDICINE MAN.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mrs. Leslie Carter, who comes to the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night for an engagement of one week only, is one of the most notable examples of earned success in the dramatic field. But the actress long ago won a place that is all her own, and with a power and versatility that may well be envied by many another star. Had Mrs. Carter been seen here only in "Du Barry," her fame would have been secure, but she had other great successes to her credit, and some splendid failures. Of one thing the play-going public has come to rest assured—there will be no disappointment in the art of this portrayal of vivid feminine rôles, for, individual as her work is, it is always of attention-fixing quality. This time she will be seen in a new and modern play, "Vasta Herne," written by Edward Peple, whose "Prince Chap" is a fresh and fragrant memory. Mrs. Carter has pleased the most captious critics in this play, and its course across the continent has been marked by reviews in which the praise was expressed in glowing terms. The time and scenes of the piece give her opportunity to wear modern dress, which in itself is a drawing novelty. Some of her Paris gowns are said to be poetic if not dramatic creations. Aside from these details, however, her visit is an event, and it will be celebrated by all who delight in good acting. That the new Peple play is of the "problem" variety is admitted, but this fact will not chill them. There will be hut one matinee performance during the week, and that on Saturday.

To hear Marie Cahill sing "Whoop La La" in that effervescent conceit, "The Boys and Betty," is a treat not to be overlooked. And when it is considered that "Whoop La La" is hut one of several real song hits allotted Miss Cahill by Silvio Hein, the composer, there is surely much to attract the theatre-goer to the Columbia Theatre. Miss Cahill, a number of really clever musical comedy principals, and a chorus of girls that scintillates, combine in a presentation of a clever work which makes it all the more inviting. Miss Cahill's position as comedienne can not be disputed. She has a method of commanding attention and stirring one's risibilities that is not in the possession of any other star at present before the American public. The gowning and stage effects of this production are so far above the usual that it is worth going a long distance to see. The second and last week of the engagement begins Monday night, January 31. Only matinee Saturday.

Max Figman has only one more week at the Savoy Theatre, commencing Sunday afternoon, in "Mary Jane's Pa," and it is regretted, for nothing in an amusement way has quite caught the public fancy as this delightful artist in the odd and attractive play. Big audiences at the cozy Savoy Theatre demonstrate that theatre-goers know how to appreciate art when it is presented. He has demonstrated that he is a consummate master of his art and has the equal facility of drawing the tears and provoking the smiles. The play and star are reviewed at length on another page.

It seems only a little while since Julius Steger was here as a member of the local comic opera company and stirring all the lovers of new songs to echoing efforts. Before that he had won appreciation in his little play, "The Fifth Commandment," at the Orpheum, for he is an actor as well as a singer. He comes back next week, heading the hill at the Orpheum, beginning Sunday afternoon. This time he will give a new playlet, "The Way to the Heart," assisted by a company of five and including that picturesque harpist, John Romano. He will be welcomed. There will be other good features in the Orpheum bill, as usual. Gus Edwards's "Kountry Kids" will appear in a rural comedy in one act called "Miss Rose's Birthday." This operetta is performed by a dozen youngsters who sing and dance cleverly. All the musical numbers in it were written by Mr. Edwards. August Prato's Simian Cirque is a successful European novelty that has been imported expressly for the Orpheum circuit. It consists of four monkeys who act as jockeys, do high-school riding and somersaults mounted on four immense dogs who are disguised as ponies. Arthur Whitelaw, known as "The Irish American," will give a monologue which bristles with Hibernian humor. He sings a number of original songs. Next week will be the last of Claud and Fannie Usher in their successful slang classic, "Fagan's Decision," and also of the Four Readings, Cook and Stevens, and the Hungarian pianoforte phenomenon, Vilmos Westony, who is proving a musical sensation.

The success achieved by Robert Mantell when he appeared some time ago at the Van Ness Theatre in a series of classic productions, has induced the star to arrange a three-weeks' dramatic festival at the Columbia Theatre, and it will be inaugurated on Monday night, February 7. He will be supported by Marie Booth Russell and other players who have won distinction for artistic efforts in the interpretation of Shakespeare.

The most extensive repertory ever attempted by any American player has been arranged for this festival, and the announcement is made that fourteen different plays, ranging from the lightest comedy to the heaviest of dramas, will be offered. Included in the list of plays will be found "Louis XI," "The Lady of Lyons," "Julius Caesar," "King John," "Macbeth," "King Lear," "Hamlet," "Richelieu," "Othello," "Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III," "As You Like It," and "The Marlow Heart." Every play will be given complete and histrionically correct. The sale of seats begins Thursday.

The Lamhardi Grand Opera Company opened its American tour at New Orleans a few weeks ago. Ester Adaherto and Signorita Aossotti are among the leading singers with the company. The organization is to play a limited engagement at the Columbia Theatre next month.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Little boy, haven't I seen you in my Bible class?" "Not unless I walks in me sleep, lady."—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Ella—Bella married an octogenarian. Stella—I don't think that a girl ought to change her religion for a man.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"What selection is that the orchestra has just finished?" "I don't know. Sounded to me like neuralgia expressed in music."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Society has given up the good old fashion of New-Year's calls." "Yes—that's all got into the bands of bill collectors."—*Cleveland Leader*.

She—Did you see many fresh faces at the opera the other night? He—Oh, yes. Some of them had only just been made that evening.—*Boston Transcript*.

"The man who knows just what he wants is bound to be successful." "Not half so much as the man who knows how to get what he wants."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Matrimonial Agent—Really, when I see those two whom I am going to introduce to each other I don't know to which I shall break it gently.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

The Aristocrat—No, go away; I never give to beggars. The Commoner—Madam, you mistake; I am no beggar. All I ask is the simple loan of an onion.—*The Sketch*.

"How much does it cost to get married?" asked the eager youth. "That depends entirely on how long you live," replied the sad-looking man.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"I understand that you owe everything to your wife," said the tactless relative. "No," answered Mr. Meekton, "but I will if I don't stop playing bridge with her and her mother."—*Washington Star*.

Doctor—Johnny, I see the pills I gave you have made you well again. How did you take them—with water or with cake? Small Johnny—I used them in my pop-gun to shoot at the cat.—*Chicago News*.

Old Lady—I want you to take back that parrot you sold me. I find that it swears very badly. Bird Dealer—Well, madam, it's a very young bird. It'll learn to swear better when it's a bit older.—*Human Life*.

Mr. Boastem—I often regret that I did not attend some college and acquire a little more polish. Miss Cutting Hintz—Why don't you hire some brass finisher to rub you up a trifle?—*New Orleans Picayune*.

Wife—I say, do you know the girl in the flat above us won a piano at the Charity Bazaar lottery yesterday? Husband—A piano? Great Scott! And that's what they call a charity bazaar!—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

The Preacher—Next Tuesday evening Elder Jinks will address the Men's Club on "Hell." The Elder—You might add, parson, that I would be very glad to see the rest of the congregation there, too.—*Sunday Magazine*.

"She had a good husband," said Mrs. Babbleton. "But she got a divorce from him." "Yes. She didn't know what a good husband he was till she saw how generously he behaved about the alimony."—*Chicago Journal*.

Bowers—I understand that the doctors have just had a consultation on Murphy. What conclusion did they come to? Powers—They decided that the patient was not wealthy enough to stand an operation.—*Spokane Review*.

Gladys—Oh, mamma! Here's a note from that long-haired pianist. He says it will be impossible for him to play at our reception tonight. Mamma—What's the trouble? Gladys—Some one stole his wig.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Ignorance of the law," said the judge, "is no excuse for crime." "May I inquire of your honor," asked the prosecuting attorney, "whether your honor's remark is directed at the defendant or his counsel?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

The Kind Lady—You clear off or I'll set the dog at you. The Tramp—Ah, 'ow deceptive is 'uman natur'. Fer two nights I've slept in yer barn, eaten of yer poultry an' drunk of yer cider, and now yer treats me as an utter stranger.—*The Sketch*.

"That is a fat, prosperous-looking envelope. Does our salesman send in a big bunch of orders?" "Not exactly. That envelope contains a receipt for his last check, his expense account for this week, a request for a salary raise, and a requisition for some more expense account blanks."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good. Pretty Waiter Girl—Tea or coffee? Guest—This steak—it's tough and—Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking after you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you say tea or coffee? Guest (gloomily)—Coffee.—*New York Sun*.

"Yes, my class is pretty well informed about the approaching comet," said the first teacher.

"Gracious," exclaimed the second teacher in surprise, "how in the world did you ever get the children interested in it?" "Why, I told them there was a chance of its coming and burning the school house down."—*Chicago Daily News*.

## Tobacco and Missionaries.

I am glad to notice a strong effort on the part of the friends of humanity to encourage those who wish to quit the use of tobacco. To quit the use of this weed is one of the most agreeable methods of relaxation. I have tried it a great many times, and I can safely say that it has afforded me much solid felicity.

To violently reform and cast away the weed, and at the end of a week to find a good cigar unexpectedly in the quiet, unostentatious pocket of an old vest, affords the most intense and delicious delight.

Scientists tell us that a single drop of the concentrated oil of tobacco on the tongue of an adult dog is fatal. I have no doubt about the truth or cohesive power of this statement, and for that reason I have always been opposed to the use of tobacco among dogs. Dogs should shun the concentrated oil of tobacco, especially if longevity be any object to them. Neither would I advise a man who has canine tendencies or a strain of that blood in his veins to use the concentrated oil of tobacco as a zoodont. To those who may feel that way about tobacco I would say, shun it by all means. Shun it as you would the deadly upas tree or the still more deadly whiplash-tree of the tropics.

Scientists, who have been unable to successfully use tobacco, and who therefore have given their whole lives and the use of their microscopes to the investigation of its horrors, say that cannibals will not eat the flesh of tobacco-using human beings. And yet we say to our missionaries: "No man can be a Christian and use tobacco."

I say, and I say it, too, with all that depth of feeling which has always characterized my earnest nature, that in this we are committing a great error.

What have the cannibals ever done for us as a people that we should avoid the use of tobacco in order to fit our flesh for their tables? In what way have they sought to ameliorate our condition in life that we should strive in death to tickle their palates?

Look at the history of the cannibal for past ages. Read carefully his record, and you will see that it has been but the history of a selfish race. Cast your eye back over your shoulder for a century, and what do you find to be the condition of the cannibals? A new missionary has landed a few weeks previously perhaps. A little group is gathered about on the beach beneath a tropical tree. Representative cannibals from adjoining islands are present. The odor of sanctity pervades the air.

The chief sits beneath a new umbrella, looking at the pictures in a large concordance. A new plug hat is hanging in a tree near by.

Anon the leading citizens gather about on the ground, and we hear the chief ask his attorney-general whether he will take some of the light or some of the dark meat.

That is all.

Far away in England a paper contains the following personal:

WANTED—A young man to go as missionary to supply a vacancy in one of the Cannibal Islands. He must fully understand the appetites and tastes of the cannibals, must be able to reach their inner natures at once, and must not use tobacco. Applicants may communicate in person or by letter.

It is strange that under these circumstances those who frequented the Cannibal Islands during the last century should have quietly accustomed themselves to the use of a peculiarly pernicious, violent, and all-pervading brand of tobacco? I think not.

To me the statement that tobacco-tainted human flesh is offensive to the cannibals does not come home with crushing power.

Perhaps I do not love my fellow-man so well as the cannibal does. I know that I am selfish in this way, and if my cannibal brother desires to polish my wishbone he must take me as he finds me. I can not abstain wholly from the use of tobacco in order to gratify the pampered tastes of one who has never gone out of his way to do me a favor.

Do I ask the cannibal to break off the pernicious use of tobacco because I dislike the flavor of it in his brisket? I will defy any respectable resident of the Cannibal Islands today to place his finger on a solitary instance where I have ever, by word or deed, intimated that he should make the slightest change in his habits on my account, unless it be that I may have suggested that a diet consisting of more anarchists and less human beings would be more productive of general and lasting good.

My own idea would be to send a class of men to these islands so thoroughly imbued with their great object and the oil of tobacco that the great Caucasian chowder of those regions would be followed by such weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, and such remorse, and repentance, and gastric upheavals that it would be as unsafe to eat a missionary in the Cannibal Islands as it is to eat ice cream in the United States today.—*From Bill Nye's Budget*.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

LFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Floods in France.

The only redeeming feature in the Paris calamity that it might have been much worse. The Louvre might have been flooded and its art treasures destroyed, at one time seemed likely enough, and hardly any other disaster would have been comparable with that. The loss of life might have been greater, and it appears to be relatively small if we may trust the incomplete returns. There is an element of deliberation about a river flood that has its own peculiar terrors, but that induces to the safety of life, and so the immediate death list is not likely to be large. But the indirect toll upon Paris and upon the whole of France will be avy for years to come as a result of the disaster. It is hard to imagine Paris under water, the swift flow flood of the Seine within a few inches of the ystone of the Pont Alma, the flood lapping over the ace de la Concorde and the Quai d'Orsay railway tion inundated. It is still harder to imagine that e-quarter of the whole area of France was under water, for it is to be remembered that while the calamity

at Paris is the most spectacular, the ruin is widespread over the country and almost irreparable. Whole towns have been practically blotted out of existence, and, as the communications have been broken, it is to be feared that the tale of ruin and desolation will continue to grow for weeks and months to come. In the meantime all the forces of benevolence have been invoked to meet the immediate need. The French Chamber has appropriated \$400,000 for relief and the good will of civilization has been manifested in a hundred ways. It is one of the great disasters of history, and it may be a long time before we learn definitely how great it is and how painfully slow must be the process of recuperation throughout the country.

It is over a hundred years since anything of this kind has occurred in France. In 1802 the Seine rose even higher than now, but that was before Paris had become the mistress of the old civilizations and before she was surrounded with beautiful and prosperous suburbs. Three hundred years ago there was another great flood, and that the danger had shown itself only twice in so long a period may serve as the excuse of the authorities for neglecting precautionary measures. None the less the possibility of a recurrence had been recognized and plans for its prevention elaborated, but nothing was actually done. After this final and sternest lesson of all we may expect that neither labor nor money will be spared to protect Paris from a danger that of all other dangers is the least amenable to sudden remedies. Even fire is easier to fight than water. It is always possible to do something against a conflagration, but nothing can be done against an unforeseen flood. We may doubt if it is within the power of engineering science wholly to protect the city from such an overwhelming collection of flood waters as is responsible for the present mischief, but something at least can be done to mitigate its worst features and to place the great art and historical treasures of the capital beyond the reach of destruction.

Even at the moment of writing the danger is by no means over. Paris is waterlogged and the sinking of the flood brings its own peculiar dangers with it. Unlike any other city in the world, the French capital stands upon a vast catacomb of ancient passages and subterranean tunnels, the remains of old drainage systems and burial receptacles, and to these must be added the network of modern sewers and subways whose ramifications are immense. It is possible to walk erect for miles without seeing daylight, and, indeed, never to see daylight again unless care be used. Colonies of criminals have inhabited these warrens in the old days, and they are doubtless used now for the same purposes, or at least they were so used in Victor Hugo's day. If we remember right, he himself took refuge in them after the *coup d'état*, and around them he centres some of the grim incidents of "Les Misérables." The whole of this underground Paris is now full of water that has weakened the foundations of the great buildings overhead and that is almost certain to exercise a destructive suctional power as it withdraws. Already large sections of street have given way, and there are grave fears of what may follow as the supporting strength of the water is withdrawn. If to this danger we add the likelihood of disease from the interruption to the drinking water supply, from the masses of decaying animal matter that has been carried into the sewers, and from the imprudence of a people to whom hygiene is still something of a novelty, we shall see how incomplete is our knowledge of the full disaster and how the results of the flood may be so much worse than the flood itself.

France, in fact, is likely to be a greater sufferer than was San Francisco. Fire is at least cleansing, but the corruption left by water is one of its worst features. Fire is speedy and the area of its devastation is necessarily limited. It leaves unaffected the productive power of the land, whereas flood calls a halt upon

well-nigh every human activity. Thousands of farms throughout France must remain idle indefinitely, their buildings destroyed, their stock drowned. Fire losses are usually covered by insurance and are therefore spread more or less over the nation, and indeed over civilization, but no one insures against flood that occurs but two or three times in history. The present century is but ten years old, but those ten years have witnessed a succession of natural catastrophes probably without parallel in so short a time. The flood in France is the latest, and it may well prove to be the greatest.

### Paying the Penalty.

How dangerous a thing it is to abandon the sheet anchor of principle and tradition is enforced by current events in San Francisco. A few years ago San Francisco set about the business of making a new municipal charter. It was proposed in imitation of a project which had just been put upon trial elsewhere to make the head of the municipal government a practical dictator in municipal affairs. The proposal was supported by specious reasonings. Under our old system the mayor of San Francisco had been little more than a figurehead, the real powers of government resting for the most part in commissions over whom the mayor had only a titular authority. Under this scheme the city had suffered much in the way of maladministration. There had been shame and waste in connection with the municipal administration. Give to the mayor, it was argued, powers both of nomination and removal, and you assure good government, because as between good and bad citizens the majority is always with the former. It may not be possible to secure worthiness and efficiency all down the line, because popular discrimination among many is difficult, but it will surely be easy to get a good mayor when the better forces of the community shall be concentrated upon this single purpose.

There were those who held other views. The *Argonaut*, we are proud to say, questioned this reasoning, specious though it was. It pointed out that the American idea, the American tradition, stood positively opposed to the concentration of authority. Nobody had the hardihood to deny the fact, but it was thought that a time had come when some concession should be made—when it was wise to strain tradition and law to the end of protecting the community against its mistakes in the selection of officials. And so there were written into the charter provisions giving to the mayor the power of arbitrary removal from office. Upon the recommendation of the charter-makers the people of San Francisco accepted this charter against the sober counsels of conservative elements, of which the *Argonaut*, as usual, was the champion.

Now, in the course of our new mayor, we see what mischiefs may come when principle is abandoned to theories and expedencies. The expressed and manifest purpose of bestowing arbitrary and wholesale powers upon the mayor was to protect the community against politicalism and the evils which grow out of it. Now, behold, we have a mayor who unblushingly turns a scheme devised for the public protection to personal and partisan account. Mr. McCarthy is making a clean sweep of the commissions. He is turning out efficiency and experience to make room for his personal partisans and supporters. He interprets the powers of his office as signifying possessory rights in every department of the city government. Nothing is to be spared—public works, police, schools, fire department, all must go to the end that "friends of the mayor" shall be paid for political services.

This, men and brethren, is what happens first or last when the sheet anchor of tradition and principle is thrown to the winds. For the ten thousandth time it is proved before the world that safety, if it is to be had at all, must be held not through contempt of the force which wise men have learned to respect through age.



of experience, but by respect and reverence for these forces and for the machinery devised for their conservation.

### The Governorship.

Many conditions conspire to make the governorship of California an office of extraordinary powers. The general policy of the State is both broad and generous. We do a multitude of things which most other States leave to private initiative. The scheme of administration is under the commission system. One commission manages our prisons, another our asylums, another administers the San Francisco water front, another makes war on the June bug and the codlin moth—and so on. Theoretically the responsibility of the head of the State in regard to this and many other departments of administration begins with the selection of commissioners and ends in a sort of large-minded guardianship over the things thus provided for.

But in practice the governor is or may be something more than guide, philosopher, and friend in relation to these matters. If he is indifferent and inattentive the commissions have their way, and it is not uncommonly a loose and careless way, involving the State in unreasonable expenses if nothing more grievous. If he is conscientious and industrious—if he attends to his business—he keeps an alert eye on everything, and it hardly needs to be added that there is enough doing to make him a busy man. For while government in detail is in the name of special commissions, government in its ultimate responsibilities is under the hand of the governor. The right kind of a man in the executive chair does not nominate commissions and then wash his hands of the whole business; he informs himself as to the needs of each department or line of work, adjusts the expense to the need, and looks to it that there is both economy and honesty in all things.

California covers a large territory and its public institutions are widely scattered. The meaning of this is that an attentive and conscientious governor must constantly be on the go, taking little heed or none at all of his convenience or his ease. The difference between energy and carelessness on his part may mean the difference between scandal on the one hand and integrity on the other, and it certainly means the difference between a discreet use and a wasteful use of public funds.

Then when a governor shows himself to be considerate of these matters, he is subject to a thousand demands social, semi-official, pressing and in a sense mandatory. He is expected by his presence and participation to dignify graduation days, fête days, layings of cornerstones, flower festivals, fruit men's meetings, etc., etc.; and when these occasions come, if he be a gracious man, he seizes his grip and takes the train, however weary the journey may be. Then there come to the State many distinguished persons—the President, perchance a group of statesmen from Japan, or the representatives of other powers; and in connection with these visits there are demands upon the time and energies of the governor. True, he may hold these in contempt and pass them by, but in neglecting them he evades alike his duties and misses his opportunities.

More serious still is a responsibility which a cowardly and vicious legislative practice has put upon the head of the State in California. Elsewhere State legislatures not only nominally but in fact pass judgment upon fiscal proposals. The California legislature almost invariably gives sanction to every demand for public funds. Money bills—that is, bills calling for an appropriation—are commonly, if not invariably, enacted under a system of trading. If the members from San Bernardino County were to ask State funds for the erection of a lighthouse on the summit of Old Baldy, the legislature would gravely pass the bill. The spirit of mutual good will has here attained a development so extreme that any and every bill appropriating money for any purpose under the shining sun is certain to go through, providing any member takes the pains to make it a personal matter with his colleagues. The theory is that by getting his bill through the legislature the member who proposes it will be able to make a "good showing" before his constituents without injury to the State treasury, since the "old man downstairs" is certain to throw it out. Thus, at the close of each legislative session the governor finds himself with a hatful—or two or three hatfuls—of more or less ridiculous money bills duly passed by the legislature calling in the aggregate for anywhere from two to five times the available resource of the State. The executive practice under the veto power is to cast out some

appropriations altogether, to trim down others, and so bring the general demand upon the State purse to something like conformity with the contents thereof.

Under this practice the governor becomes in effect the sole dispenser of State moneys. He may divide the State purse as he will among the various institutions and purposes which go into the make-up of the semi-annual budget. He may be lavish here and niggardly there. He may reward where it pleases him; he may punish where his resentments lie; and there is no power to stop him. It is easy to see how tremendous are the opportunities and responsibilities of an official endowed practically on the one hand with the power to lay taxes, and on the other to pass out the people's money at his pleasure. It gives him all but overwhelming authority with legislators whose pet measures must come finally to his hand. In short, it makes him an unquestioned autocrat, if his tastes and capabilities lie in that direction, in all State affairs. It would be superfluous to point out the danger which lies in this practical concentration of administrative authority, the power of the purse and overweening influence upon legislation. If mayhap, as mayhap one day it may, this power shall fall into dishonest and self-seeking hands, it would be bad for California.

The career in the governorship of one man after another has shown how difficult it is—how all but impossible, in truth—for a man so endowed with power, legitimate and other, to carry himself fairly and efficiently. The truth is that in recent years only one man—our present governor—has so carried himself. His immediate predecessor, while a very industrious man and in a financial sense entirely honest, was not big enough for the job. He was not vicious, but he was a weak brother. He looked after the general affairs of the State with reasonable attention and he disbursed its money with fidelity. But under the amazing powers of his office he lost his head, permitted his vanities to grow beyond all bounds and became in the end a mere self-seeker and a nerveless administrator. In the end he lost public respect so completely that he is now scarcely named in political circles save in contempt and derision. The next preceding governor, while a man of many winning qualities, failed to conceive the importance and dignity of his office. Furthermore, he was lacking at the point of judgment of men. Excepting during legislative periods and other special times, he neglected his work, in large part absented himself from the seat of government, and allowed administrative duties of the highest sort to go at sixes and at sevens. And so it has been through a long course of years. Until three years ago, when Mr. Gillett came into the governorship, this great office, with all its tremendous potentialities, has been abandoned to politicalism, self-seeking, neglect, and pretty much every other form of abuse excepting that of gross dishonesty. Thus far no really bad and grossly reckless man has held the governorship. What would happen under a boldly vicious governor it is not pleasant to think about.

These considerations emphasize the regret which multitudes of Californians feel with respect to Governor Gillett's determination not to stand for reelection. It seems truly a pity that the one man who in the governorship in recent years has gained credit by energy, wisdom, and promptness, should find himself in a position where he can not stand for reelection. Nobody will blame Governor Gillett, for the circumstances are compelling. He is worn with his duties; his domestic responsibilities are serious; his private fortunes forbid further sacrifice of working years.

It is possible, too, that back of all we have only ourselves to blame. Mr. Gillett has given no hint of personal dissatisfaction with changes in the laws which define the terms of political candidacy. Under the fool system enacted two years ago one who now stands for the governorship or any other post must become an applicant—in a sense a beggar—for office. He may not accept a nomination under terms consistent with established dignity; he must go before the State in the character of a self-seeker, asking for votes not only in one election, but in two. The system robs official candidacy of its dignities and imposes upon the candidate a prodigious scheme of expense. It is a system grievous to any man, a system all but impossible to a man of demonstrated merit who deserves to be invited upon the most honorable terms to continue his public service rather than be required to organize a scheme of promotion in his own behalf. We can well believe that

these considerations have had weight with Governor Gillett, albeit he has made no sign, basing his declining upon other and entirely sufficient grounds.

The governorship of California, especially in view of the tremendous powers and obligations associated with it, calls for a man of statesmanlike qualities. No other has any business to present himself for consideration. It is for this reason that the *Argonaut* at a former writing has spoken disapprovingly of the candidacy of Mr. Charles Curry, the present secretary of state. Mr. Curry is by no means a bad man. He is in his way a very good man. But his merits are not of a kind qualifying him for the governorship. He is a machine politician, a famous glad-hander, a "jiner," a manipulator of campaign expedients. Mr. Curry's serious candidacy would at once put the gubernatorial campaign upon the low basis of a scramble for vote. He has none of the qualities which would adorn the governorship; he has a multitude of qualities which would belittle and discredit it. He ought never to have aspired to the governorship, for that office is dignity quite out of his star—above and beyond his capabilities and powers. If he shall win the Republican nomination, which is not impossible under the new scheme of things, it will be a misfortune to the party. His election—a thing hardly to be thought of—would be a stupendous misfortune not only to California but to the man himself.

Current gossip, upon the basis of Mr. Gillett's declining to be a candidate, associates with the Republican nomination a multitude of names, among which we note those of Mr. Alden Anderson, formerly lieutenant governor and at present superintendent of banks; Senator John L. McNab of Mendocino County; Mr. Frank K. Mott, mayor of Oakland; ex-State Senator Charles M. Belshaw of Contra Costa and San Francisco; Mr. W. R. Davis, former mayor of Oakland; Colonel E. A. Forbes of Marysville; Mr. P. A. Stanton of Los Angeles, ex-speaker of the assembly; Mr. Oscar Lawlor of Los Angeles, formerly United States district attorney and now associated with the department of justice; these and others. In this list there is both good and bad timber, but it would manifestly be unwise to discuss individual candidacies in critical spirit, or to advance of movements exhibiting the desires or plans of those whose names have been mentioned. What events justify plain speech the *Argonaut* will not be found to lack definite judgments or to be shy of reasons, but it does not conceive it to be right to deal with candidacies which have not been announced or otherwise revealed.

And now a word to the Republicans of California. We ought to know something of the hazards of the direct primary through the experience of our immediate neighbor, Oregon, where the system has been in practice long enough to exhibit its practical vagaries. Oregon is overwhelmingly a Republican State, and yet it is represented in the national Senate by a Populist and a Democrat, and in the last election a Democrat was chosen to the governorship. These results can be about in this way: The Republican party being strong there were in each instance several candidates in the direct primary. On the other hand, the Democratic being weak, there were few candidates. Democratic and Populist support was concentrated, whereas the Republican strength was divided. In each instance, at the final election, a strong opposition candidate went up against a weak Republican candidate, the latter being the natural outcome of the system. It was much the same as in the recent municipal election in San Francisco, where a bad man supported by a combination of sinister elements won over two very good men whose support the better elements were divided. It is conceivable—indeed, it is very probable—that the experience may be repeated in California. If, for example, the Democratic party were to put up a strong man for the governorship, some such man as ex-Congressman Maguire or Mr. Franklin K. Lane, and, on the other hand the Republican party, under the direct primary, should put up a weak man like Mr. Curry, the result would not be difficult to foretell. A little reflection should give pause to the Republicans of California and prompt them to reflection alike upon their opportunities and their duties. By internal Republican contentions possibly, even probably, we may turn the Republican State of California over to the Democratic party. This perhaps would not be the greatest of calamities; nevertheless, it is something which the



who take their Republicanism seriously—and all worthy citizens should take politics seriously—would not see without regret. State government, representation at the national capital—these high functions should be in the hands not of men who have won them through the chances of the political game, but in hands representative of the political beliefs and the political desires of a majority of the people.

#### Integrity of the Law Is the Issue.

The situation at Washington, in which President Taft stands as the representative of one idea and ex-Forester Pinchot as the representative of another, hinges upon nothing less important than the integrity of the law and the vitality of American tradition. When this government was founded it came into possession of a wealth of natural but undeveloped resources. Our system was based upon the idea of the slightest possible scheme of government. It was realized that the world had been too much governed; it was desired by the fathers of the Republic that this country should be governed as little as possible. Nobody wanted the government to go into the business of exploiting natural conditions—in other words, of developing the country. What was wanted was that private initiative and enterprise should be encouraged. And so in relation to the landed and other possessions of the government there was adopted a policy in accordance with these fundamental ideas. Settlers were urged to go upon the lands, to possess themselves of their bounty and by this possession and the activities growing out of it to extend the resource and power of the United States. Other, still other, and again still other areas came into the possession of the government, and to these were extended under what was known as the American idea, that which was likewise known as the American principle of development. Under this plan we have prospered amazingly. No people in times old or new have achieved such material successes. Much of this has been attributable to our natural wealth, but some of it unquestionably to the means we have employed for developing and utilizing it.

It is possible that a time has come for change. Mr. Roosevelt thought so, and being a man of hasty and arbitrary mind, with little regard for restrictions of the law, he inaugurated a movement tending in its logical development to overwhelm alike the laws and the traditions of the country. In this work he had the assistance of many persons converted to his theories by his authority and the impetuosity of character. Among them was Mr. Gifford Pinchot. Mr. Pinchot is the child of fortune. He is rich upon the basis of inherited wealth gained under the American system. At the same time he has little respect for American laws or traditions. He is an enthusiast in the interesting work involved in the protection and development of forests. Much of his time has been spent in foreign countries, notably in Germany, where under an imperialistic system vast strides had been made in scientific forestry. In Germany they have no traditions corresponding with our own; on the contrary, government is an arbitrary and forceful thing still based on the theory of divine right. When the German government wants to do a particular thing it does not have to wait upon the development of law—it gives orders and the thing is done. Seeing the results of an arbitrary system—and many good things can be achieved in this way—Mr. Pinchot became enamored of it. Selected by Mr. Roosevelt for the work of the forestry bureau, he applied the principles—and the methods—he had learned in Germany. We have his word for it that he has done nothing in direct disobedience to the law; we likewise have his word for it that he considers it entirely legitimate to do whatever he deemed proper to be done unless it were expressly forbidden by law. In other words, Mr. Pinchot's scheme of operations is based upon the imperialistic conception of administrative powers rather than upon American notions of things.

Mr. Taft is in all things an American and in most things a lawyer. He is in accord with the Rooseveltian notion that a time has come when the American government should assume a relationship to the undeveloped wealth of the country unauthorized either by law or tradition. As we interpret his expressions, he would like the government to retain possession of timber fields, coal fields, facilities for water power, etc., etc., operating them under regulations and upon royalties in accordance with the German plan. But being a lawyer, and having for existing conditions the respect natural to a lawyer, Mr. Taft is unwilling to proceed with revolutionary policies without legislative authority.

Whether Mr. Taft be right or wrong with respect to his general purposes we will not here inquire. The *Argonaut* is not in full accord with his ideas; we would not, without careful study of all the conditions, abandon the policy of our fathers to accept the policy of Emperor William. However, the immediate discussion does not so much concern the purposes of change as the methods by which it is proposed.

Beyond a question it would be both illegal and outrageous to inaugurate revolutionary changes in the system of handling the natural possessions of the United States without radical changes in the laws. Beyond a question Mr. Taft is right in insisting that it shall be put before Congress—before the country—to determine whether we shall proceed under the old system, with or without modifications, or create a new system based upon the German model.

Under the Rooseveltian idea as interpreted and operated by Mr. Pinchot, those who are proceeding under a system which has worked well with us, albeit it has been more or less subject to abuses, are nothing less than pirates, who are not merely to be checked, but discredited and dishonored as public plunderers. Under this idea a system founded both in law and in tradition is to be overturned upon the mere whim of a gilded youth imbued with foreign-bred notions of things. Under this principle of action a revolution in a great department of American life would rest not upon the national judgment and the national will, but upon the chance of getting into the forestry office a man impressed to the degree of enthusiasm with foreign ideas. The thing is preposterous. As we have already said, it may be time to change the system, but the way to change it is not to ride rough-shod over the law, but to appeal to the proper authorities for its modification. The proper authority is Congress; no other power is competent. For the forestry bureau to assume authority as against the law or in contempt of its provisions is mere usurpation. Of course Mr. Taft can not consent to it. Wishing, though he manifestly does, that the revolution desired by Mr. Pinchot shall be brought about regularly and legally, still he sees that it would be clearly outside the American idea of things, that it would be destructive of fundamental principles, to proceed to these ends by mere executive processes.

In other words, Mr. Taft stands by the law and for the law as he is bound to do under his character as an American and under his oath as an official. Whether he be right or wrong as to the main issue is a question quite apart. He is certainly right as to the method of going about making changes in the system.

#### McCarthy and the Schools.

However Mr. McCarthy's methods of reorganizing the educational administration may shock the spirit of conservatism, however imperfect must be the respect of observant and intelligent citizens for the honesty of his intentions, it must be admitted that he has given us a fairly accurate picture of conditions as they exist. The plain truth is that for twenty years or more the San Francisco public school system has been a football of politics. It has been dominated not by the spirit or the purposes of education, not by the standards or the motives of culture, not by common honesty or common sense, but by politicalism, favoritism, and one species or another of downright jobbery. Appointments to the board of education have commonly been given in payment for political or personal service. Appointments and promotions of teachers have often been made upon other motives than that of the good of the service. Regulations of many kinds, including changes of the assignments of teachers and the purchase of supplies, have been made in consideration of private rather than public interest. Intrigue, influence, pull—the whole scheme of politico-personalism—this has been the rule in school administration.

It might have been supposed that however incapable and ineffective at other points, the Taylor administration would have known how to handle the schools. Before coming to the mayoralty Dr. Taylor had gained respect as the head of an educational institution. His personal tastes tended to that sort of thing and his experience and enthusiasm ought to have been good for something. Curiously enough, he was as little successful in school administration as in other departments of public service. Under his administration there were, as Mr. McCarthy points out, serious lapses from the plain mandate of the law, a general increase of expense and no relief from the blight of politicalism. Even the appointment of Mrs. Kincaid, by which so much in the

way of reform was promised, appears to have been one of doubtful legality, and it is certain that it resulted in no practical good. It used to be said in the days of slavery that women were the hardest and cruellest of taskmasters; and something of the reproach involved in this sneer applies to Mrs. Kincaid's service in the school board. The theory was that being a woman and having been a teacher, Mrs. Kincaid would stand in close and sympathetic relations with the teachers, most of whom were women. In practice, if we may accept the testimony of teachers, Mrs. Kincaid was even less accessible; more arbitrary, and less sympathetic, than the masculine members of the board. If we accept only half of the reports, Mrs. Kincaid's attitude in the school department was in positive discord with the theory under which she was made a member of the board.

Mr. McCarthy has aimed at the evils of the situation with a singular accuracy and a directness which we can but admire. Manifestly he knows where the troubles of the school department lie. That he will know how to correct them or that he really wishes to correct them—as to these points time only can tell. Neither his method of creating vacancies in other departments nor his choice of men to fill them, tends to confidence. We are about as likely to get better things in school administration through Mr. McCarthy as we are to get grapes from thorns and figs from thistles.

#### Editorial Notes.

Graft does not always take the forms in which we are accustomed to think of it. For example, the expenses of the Immigration Commission had a going over the other day in the House of Representatives, wherein it was shown that in two years this commission has spent \$651,000 for which it has produced, according to Representative Butler of Pennsylvania, himself a member of the commission, "nothing more than a ten-page pamphlet, and that of no value." According to Mr. Butler, the members of the commission in visiting foreign countries abandoned themselves to sight-seeing and other forms of pleasuring to such a degree that it was impossible to give serious attention, or any attention at all, to the work in hand. Representative Robert Bruce Macon of Arkansas went into particulars, declaring that the members of the commission under the head of miscellaneous expenses included payment for hair-cutting, shining of their boots, and "joy rides on the Apian Way," charging further that Professor Jenks, a member of the faculty of Cornell University, while drawing a salary of \$7500 per year from the commission, so arranged his duties that he could attend to his faculty job four days in the week. All of which is interesting as showing how little some men regard obligations assumed towards the government.

A private letter from Washington written by a man of observation and judgment declares that the President's success in bringing the radically differing Republican factions to the support of his policies rests primarily upon the courage with which he is dealing with many things. "Apparently," says the writer, "Mr. Taft is wholly indifferent as to the effect of what he says or does upon his future political fortunes. It is hardly conceivable that he does not desire a second term; at the same time he is apparently doing nothing in promotion of such purpose. Quite on the other hand, he says and does many things in his dealing with men of high public standing tending rather to alienate than to attach them." We suspect that in the long run this course will win more than it loses; for there is that in human nature which likes the spirit which goes after things without apology and which regards one purpose at a time.

Congress does well to interest itself in the matter of the high prices for domestic commodities which are just now picking the pockets of the whole country. However, the multitudes who find themselves pinched by advances all along the line of domestic necessities will not be satisfied with a congressional report. One of two things must happen: there must be a substantial reduction in domestic prices, or there will develop a public discontent which may mean serious things for the party in authority.

It is already proposed, with the approval of the mayor, to reestablish the nickel-in-the-slot machine in the cigar stores of San Francisco, and to restore the recently suspended privilege of smoking in street cars. These be small things, merely first fruits, but they show



to indicate what is ahead of us in the way of reform under the administration of the delectable McCarthy.

The "respectable element" in New York is now in a high state of exhilaration over the prospect of honest municipal government for the next four years. It will, however, be interesting to note the mood of the "respectable element" a little later on. Honest government in New York means a bit of a revolution; and revolutions invariably work to the disadvantage of the prosperous classes. It is just possible that the "respectable element" of New York City will find itself hit in its pocketbook, and that it will end by discrediting the movement which it is now so enthusiastic in applauding. This kind of thing has happened before in New York and elsewhere. We shall know better whether New York prefers good government or bad two or three years from now.

The withdrawal of aid from the Carnegie fund for the work of Mr. Luther Burbank does not speak loudly for the judgment of those who administer this fund. But it ought never to have been left for the Carnegie fund to give to this amazing man the support which his merits have deserved. Long ago the State of California ought to have made Mr. Burbank's work its own special care to the extent of providing whatever it has needed in the way of financial means. Burbank has done more for the material welfare of California, for the prosperity and dignity of productive life, than all other organized agencies together. Yet year after year we pay out thousands of dollars for agricultural promotion of one sort or another, leaving Burbank to find his own resources or to cripple along in his operations without adequate funds. The fact is not creditable to our corporate powers of judgment or of action.

In the death of Mr. Lovell White, which occurred on Monday of this week, San Francisco loses a man of high character and of long relation in a quiet way to important affairs. Mr. White represented in the local financial world the most steadfast standards of integrity and conservatism. He was essentially a "safe man"; funds entrusted to him were never recklessly ventured. His influence in the sphere in which his activities were spent was always for stability and security. On the personal side Mr. White was always a considerate and gracious man, deserving of the high public respect in which he long lived and in which he died.

According to Tom Dillon the municipal administration sought to extract the handy sum of \$12,000 for privileges in connection with a single prize fight, the money to be used in paying a deficit in Mr. McCarthy's election expenses. Probably as events march on we shall get other hints tending to solve the mysteries of that extraordinary campaign.

It is just as well, after all, to be charitable (remarks the *Commoner*). For instance, Walter Wellman is one of Dr. Cook's bitter critics. A citizen of Omaha writes to the *World-Herald* to say: "In Sunday's issue, under the caption 'The First Stain,' you refer to a statement made somewhere by Walter Wellman that Dr. Cook's fraud 'is the first stain of imposture that has ever been put on the great quest for the north pole.' Readers of Arctic explorations will remember that Walter Wellman, himself, made an excursion into the Nova Zembla archipelago and stated in the *National Geographic Magazine* in 1902 that he had discovered a group of islands at the east of Rudolph Island. Regarding this statement, General A. W. Greely in 'Handbook of Arctic Explorations,' says, on page 219, 'As regards the archipelago, the duke's (Abruzzi) observations prove the non-existence of the scattered islands of Wellman off the east coast of Rudolph.' Again referring to it, on the same page, he says, 'The reported islands of Wellman east of Rudolph Island are eliminated by the explorations of the Duke of the Abruzzi.' It would appear from this that Mr. Wellman is over-generous in giving Dr. Cook the distinction of being first in this achievement, when he is (at best) only second."

José Valdez, the crack shot of Santa Fé, New Mexico, recently discovered a cave twenty miles from Santa Fé that showed unmistakable signs of being the winter habitat of bears. He started a fire at the mouth of the cave and smoked out the bears. There were just thirteen of them in the cave, and as they came out, one by one, Valdez killed them, the job occupying less than one hour.

An ice gorge forty miles long filled the Mississippi River at St. Louis last month. The river is not often frozen over during winters there, but at this time one could cross from bank to bank, though not easily because of the heaping up of irregular, jagged pieces of ice.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

A certain sense of discomfiture should have, but has not, overtaken those newspapers that announced the complete acceptance by the powers of Mr. Knox's Manchurian proposals. There were many such newspapers and their method was simple. It consisted of finding some under assistant to a fourth secretary of state who was willing to say that the scheme seemed to have merits, and this was cabled to America and duly headed as a French, or German, or English acceptance. We know now that none of the powers has accepted the idea, with the possible exception of Germany, and so the same newspapers that were ready enough to manufacture an unreal success are equally quick to denounce a real failure.

In this case the failure is something more than a non-success. The resulting mischief is positive as well as negative, and this at least might have been avoided. The usual diplomatic course, when definite proposals are to be made, is to feel the ground in advance and to ascertain unofficially and verbally whether such proposals are likely to be welcome. In this way a direct and formal refusal is avoided and there is nothing in the way of failure to be registered. No such action seems to have been done in this instance. With a certain "cocksureness" that invites failure the plan was sent to the powers direct, the whole world was invited to witness a diplomatic triumph, and the whole world actually witnessed a failure. The intention was good, but it was carried out with a total lack of finesse.

The evil results, or some of them, are now evident enough. So long as neither Japan nor Russia were pushed back to the wall there remained the wholesome fiction that they would evacuate Manchuria in accordance with their pledges and after due time. Now they have been compelled to put their refusal upon record, and the new element of national dignity and *amour propre* has been introduced. As a second consequence we see a mitigation of the jealousy between Japan and Russia in presence of a threat common to both of them. Thirdly, we find that Japan attributes Mr. Knox's action to the pressure of China, and consequently the aggressive policy toward China has been aggravated.

It must be understood that the neutralization of the Manchurian railways is but a very small step toward the desired end, which is to hand Manchuria back to the full sovereignty of China, with equal trade opportunities for all nations. With the definite refusal of both Japan and Russia to take this first step the end seems further away than ever. Always to consider the next step is a good rule in politics and in everything else, and it would be interesting to know if Mr. Knox considered the next step in case his proposals should be rejected. It is hard to suppose that he did. If he did, then what is the next step to be taken in view of a refusal so definite and one that is sustained by France and England?

The reciprocity of penal clauses of the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill received surprisingly little attention during the progress of the general debate, but they seem likely to land us in a world of trouble sooner or later. In fact, we are likely to find ourselves engaged in a tariff war by February 7, which is the last day of grace allowed for conformity with our wishes.

The penal clauses of the bill seem intended to punish the countries that have tariffs somewhat like our own, and, as is usual with legislation of this kind, there was a good deal of over-certainty as to who would do the punishing. It is now stated that England, Russia, Italy, Spain, Turkey, and Switzerland do not in any way discriminate against American goods, and may therefore be considered as on the white list. On the other hand, we have distinct grievances against Germany, France, and Canada, and we are given to understand that the big stick is likely to fall upon their heads unless they cease their evil practice of discrimination. Germany, it seems, insists upon a laboratory examination of American packed meats, and as this is done with an unbiased microscope, we can well understand the vexation caused to certain interests who have had some reason in the past to dread even the naked eye. Germany must either renounce the obnoxious and intrusive microscope or be prepared for the Payne-Aldrich wrath. She must also relax her restrictions upon the importation of American cattle. France is in similarly hot water, inasmuch as she has certain reciprocity treaties of her own, and can not give us the lowest rates without getting in return certain advantages from us that our own tariff makes impossible. The trouble with Canada is in connection with the pulp schedules and the objection of Messrs. Payne and Aldrich to allow Canada to deplete her forests for our benefit.

The list of the well-behaved countries is not an impressive one. If we leave England out of account as having no protective tariff at all, we find that the other five countries put together import only about one-third as much American goods as Germany alone. During the eleven months of last year our exports to Germany were \$216,119,842, and cotton alone amounted to \$100,000,000. And this is the country that we are to club into submission, according to definite clauses of the Payne-Aldrich bill. It really looks as though some tariff clubbing might result, now or in the near future, but the unpleasant feature is the uncertainty as to who would hold the club.

The sensation of the day in New York State is the charge of corruption brought against Senator Allds by Senator Benn Conger. The occasion was the proposal to make Allds the Republican leader of the senate in place of the late John Raines. Conger was willing enough to let by-gones be by-gones so long as Allds was a mere assemblyman or a senator, but he could hold his tongue no longer when it was proposed thus to promote a man known by him to be corrupt. That, at least, is the way Conger explains it, and Conger himself, by the way, is so far from being a muckraker that he has always been esteemed as one of the most faithful spokes in the machine wheel. He has systematically opposed Governor Hughes, which is the unfailing mark of political regularity, and

has "taken programme" with the same appetite as his breakfast.

This charge is definite. He says that Allds, when an assemblyman, took money to defeat a bill amending the highway law, a bill that would injure the bridge-making business. The bill, says Conger, was intended to injure the bridge-making business, and it was advanced only for the purpose of compelling the bridge-builders to "come through." They did "come through," and they had to do so in order to protect themselves and their employees. Here is Conger's exact charge as communicated by him to the *New York Evening Post* and published by that newspaper. Conger says:

I had a personal knowledge that when Republican leader of the assembly he received money for aiding in the defeat of legislation before that body.

Question—What was the history of that bill?

Answer—It was an amendment to the highway law. It was first introduced in 1900 and was referred to the committee of internal affairs in the assembly, of which I was a member. I believed that the bill was not in the best interests of the State, and that the people behind the bill were not sincere in their desire to pass it. I knew that if it passed it would ruin the business in New York State for several companies in which I was interested, and that there was no demand on the part of town boards for the passage. In 1900 the bill was held in committee for these reasons.

The bridge interests, however, thus became exposed to attack; in 1901 the bill was again introduced and the threat was made that it would be passed unless certain persons were "retained." Leader Allds was one of those "retained."

Conger, in other words, says that he was invited by the pirate to part with his money or to walk the plank, and that he chose the former alternative. A committee of the State senate has been appointed to investigate the charge.

The anti-meat crusade continues to dance its little life away in the sun, and each day we read of some extension of its activities and a corresponding flutter in the ranks of the dealers. However scant may be our sympathy for a movement that depends rather upon hysteria than upon reason, there seems no cause for the rather stodgy lectures that some of the newspapers are delivering upon the evils of popular combination. There is, it is true, a combination, but it is of the most untangible kind and amounts to little more than a general and undictated concurrence in a particular form of self-denial. We have yet to hear of any rules, regulations, by-laws, or officials in connection with the movement. There are no leaders, no public meetings to speak of, no oratory nor hymn-singing. The prices of meat being particularly aggressive, it has occurred simultaneously to a number of people to cut off the butcher's bill, and they have done so, but if we may judge from the tone of a part of the daily press it would seem that these people have committed a sort of crime and that they ought to be fed forcibly like an English suffragette or a Strassburg goose. The *Springfield Republican*, for example, is quite horrified at such a display of lawlessness. Why, here, it seems to say, are a lot of people who are changing their bill of fare without authority of Congress, and then it asks: "Has government, then, broken down amongst us? Have its powers failed, and must the people reassume in this fashion what they had delegated to their government?" We were not aware that the dear people had asked the government to decide what they should have for dinner, and as for the breakdown of government that is a question that we may select our own time for answering. But the *Republican* proceeds to point out the dread alternative with an unction that leads it into extravagance. "Then, indeed, may it be said that anarchy is upon us, and nothing could so clearly exemplify a situation possessing an anarchistic drift than these high price boycotts." Surely it is not so bad as that. Can it be that a collective movement towards vegetarianism will lead us straight into the arms of Emma Goldman, or that an avoidance of the fleshpots of Egypt will lay us open to sinister suspicions of the propaganda by violence? Who would suppose that such possibilities lay hidden in the languid potato unless counteracted by the soporific chop, or that beans were so much more explosive than beef?

The *Republican's* confidence in the law is one of the most touching things upon record. It would bring tears to the eyes of Senator Quay's statue. We have been passing all kinds of laws for regulating everything under the sun for the past forty years, most of them having the general object to lower prices and to lubricate the wheels of life. Now we find that prices, with a tranquil indifference to all these laws, have been mounting steadily until the back of the wretched camel is at last broken. Not being able any longer to pay for our dinner, we decide regretfully to do without it, and now the *Republican* adds insult to injury and calls us anarchists and advises us to pass another law instead.

The causes that have led Mr. Parsons to resign the chairmanship of the New York Republican county committee are still matters for speculation, as he himself does no more than announce the fact in a sort of swan song that was devoted more to his own excellences as a boss than to the precise facts of the situation. In his farewell speech to the faithful he declared that he had been a real boss, refusing always to do what was wrong or to allow any one else to do it. If he was asked to appoint a crook he had refused and had seen to it that he was not appointed, and his autocracy was no more than a determination to do things as he believed that they ought to be done. And so on. Mr. Parsons is said to have crowded more human feeling into his short speech than he ever before displayed in the whole course of his career.

Although Mr. Parsons said nothing as to his reasons, there are plenty of people to supply the omission. His alliance with Hearst in 1907 is said to have been the one fatal mistake of his leadership, while his inability to coerce Governor Hughes into the usual patronage grooves has cost him \$20,000 out of his own pocket. It may be that he has hopes of a senatorship, or perhaps even of the governorship, but it is at least certain that the county committee will find him a hard man to replace.



## "THE FAITH HEALER."

Miss Jeannette Gilder Thinks It Will Be a Pity to Miss a Play so Full of Poetic Art.

That William Vaughan Moody's new play, "The Faith Healer," will have a popular success is more than doubtful, but that does not argue against its literary quality nor its interest. Whatever the play may be, the subject is a vital one to many thousands of people. To the majority of people, however, faith-healing is a foolish fad on a par with hoodooing and table-rapping. If the many thousands who do believe in it were right here in New York, Mr. Henry Miller's venture would be a success. As they are scattered over many States, with only a handful in New York City, it is not likely to be more than a *succes d'estime*.

While I have no faith in faith-healing I must confess that the play interests me, not for its dramatic quality—it has very little of that—but for its literary quality of which it has much, and for the simplicity of its handling. There is not one superfluous word in this play. It is as concise as a story by Kipling or a play by Ibsen. If Mr. Moody had Ibsen's gift of dramatic construction "The Faith Healer" would become a classic. As it is, I fear that its life on the stage is destined to be a short one.

Why should "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and "The Passing of the Third Story Back" draw the town, if "The Faith Healer" does not, may well be asked. One answer is that either of those plays are within the possibilities of a wild imagination, while "The Faith Healer" is not within the possibilities of the wildest imagination. Mrs. Burnett and Mr. Jerome do not allow their characters to work miracles. Glad in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and the Stranger in "The Passing of the Third Story Back" exert an influence for good. They, by their example and teachings, lead the thoughtless to think on the error of their ways, and, once aroused, they repent and reform. This is quite possible, though the reformation in real life is not usually brought about by the same means. A girl such as Glad is not unheard of, though I am free to confess that a man anything like the Stranger is hardly a possibility.

That Mr. Moody's hero can save the dying from death and cause the lame to take up their beds and walk, puts him outside the possibilities. Still, he is undoubtedly drawn from life, for, if you remember, there was a Divine Healer whose powers to heal by the laying on of hands was implicitly believed in by a large section of the West. And then there was John the Baptist, on whom the character of the faith healer may well have been founded.

Mr. Miller has done well to produce a play as worth while as this, but it is a thousand pities that he should have hacked and hewed at it for the sake of a mistaken idea of stage necessities. Much of the form is changed, but, more than all, the spirit is not that intended by Mr. Moody. The four acts have been reduced to three, and many passages have been suppressed and incidents transposed. But even in this mangled form it is a play of rare merit and unusual distinction, and we owe Mr. Miller a debt of gratitude for giving us an opportunity of seeing it on the stage.

The production is admirable, but, alas! Mr. Miller is not the man to play the title-role. This does not reflect upon his accomplishments as an actor. It would be little short of a miracle if a man could play the part of the hero of "The Great Divide," big, boastful, altogether of the flesh, and then turn around and give us the rightful interpretation of such a character as the Faith Healer. His build is against him. It may be possible for a faith healer to be wide of girth, but it is not our preconceived idea. We expect more or less emaciation, the haggard cheek, the sunken eye, the form of skin and bone, not the rounded cheek, the commanding eye, and the rotund form. The first intention, I believe, was to have Tyrone Power play the part of the faith healer, but that fell through for one reason or another. Mr. Power is a large man, but he is not built on Mr. Miller's lines. He can make himself look long and lean, and I would not be surprised if he would have brought the play nearer a success. But this is mere conjecture. It may be that the play would not have been a success in any circumstances, though I can not help thinking that with Mr. Power, and without the hacking and hewing that has been given it, it would have had a better chance.

The story is thoroughly American, the scene laid in that rather vague section of the country known as the "middle west." I say vague, for it may be in one of several States. The entire play is enacted in one scene—the "living-room" of a fairly well-to-do farmer. This farmer is more intelligent than his fellow-husbandman of New England, or at least such sections as I am the most familiar with, for he was a bit of a reader, and had portraits of Spencer and Darwin hanging on his walls and their writings on his book-shelves. His household was composed of a bedridden wife, a woman who saw visions; his sister, a practical housekeeper; Rhoda Williams, her niece, a pretty girl with a past; and Annie Beeler, his daughter.

Into this household comes Ulrich Michaelis, the faith healer, and his companion, an Indian boy called by the Hebrew name of Lazarus. Michaelis comes of humble people and had been a shepherd on the mountains. There he saw visions and heard voices. Rhoda, who met this strange couple on the highway, brought them to the house of her uncle to see what the healer could

do to help his wife. Matthew Beeler does not believe in him, but for his wife's sake he lets him stay. He is converted, however, when he sees his wife, who had not taken a step for years, walk into the room. All the countryside comes to the farm-house to see the faith healer and to have him heal their sick and raise their dying by laying on of his hands. But when Michaelis so far forgets his holy mission as to fall in love with Rhoda, he loses his powers of healing, and the crowd that had worshiped him turns against him.

The play leaves one guessing as to the final fate of Rhoda and Michaelis. But with all its faults, faults that are more apparent in the stage version than in the book, it is a play to be taken seriously and to be grateful for. There are many moving scenes in the play. Mr. Miller's best where he tells the story of the first hearing of the voice. No emotional person can hear the crowd outside the house singing the hymn "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" without being stirred to his depths. The play is beautifully produced. No detail is lost. I have read the book twice, and I hope to see the play twice if it is not taken off before I have the chance.

People who go to the theatre merely for amusement will not care for "The Faith Healer," in fact, very few will care for it, and one can hardly blame them, and yet I am sorry for the thinking theatre-goer, if there be such a person, who misses seeing this play. It is the work of a poet and a thinker, and it deserves a better fate than is likely to be meted out to it. I regret that it has been mutilated for stage purposes, but even with this mutilating there is enough of interest left to make it well worth seeing, and no one can see it without carrying away something that will stay in his mind and hold a place in his thoughts long after its course upon the stage has been run. JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, January 27, 1910.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Sons of Martha.

The sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part,  
But the sons of Martha favor their mother of the careful soul and the troubled heart;  
And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord, her guest,  
Her sons must wait upon Mary's sons, world without end, reprieve or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock;  
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock;  
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,  
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to the mountains, "Be ye removed." They say to the lesser floods, "Run dry."  
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are not afraid of that which is high.  
Then do the hilltops shake to the summit; then is the bed of the deep laid bare—  
That the sons of Mary may overcome it; pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger death at their glove's end when they piece and repiece the living wires  
He rears against the gates they tend; they feed him hungry behind their fires.  
Early at dawn ere men see clear they stumble into his terrible stall.  
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and tend him till evenfall.

To these from birth is belief forbidden—from these till death is relief afar.  
They are concerned with matters hidden—under the earthline their altars are—  
The secret fountains to follow up; waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth,  
Yea, and gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the rivets work loose.  
They do not teach that His Pity allows them to leave their work whenever they choose.  
As in the thronged and lightened ways, so in the dark and the desert they stand,  
Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's days may be long in the land.

Lift ye the stone or cleave the wood, to make a path more fair or flat,  
Lo! it is black already with blood some sons of Martha spilled for that.  
Not as a ladder from earth to heaven, not as an altar to any creed,  
But simple service, simply given, to his own kind, in their common need.

And the sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they know the Angels are on their side;  
They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for them are the mercies multiplied.  
They sit at the feet and they hear the Word; they know how truly the promise runs.  
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and the Lord He lays it on Martha's sons. —Rudyard Kipling.

William Jacob, in his "History of the Precious Metals," estimates from the accounts given by the Roman writers that in the reign of Augustus, the first of the emperors, when Rome was at the height of its power, the amount of gold in the Roman Empire was nearly two billion dollars. This vast treasure had been gathered chiefly by conquest from the various nations of Europe, Asia, and Africa. There had been extensive mines in Spain and in the Atlas Mountains of North Africa, but their yield in the wealth of kings and of cities in Asia and Egypt had been despoiled and carried away to enrich the conquerors.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Representative Henry A. Cooper of Wisconsin is one of the "insurgents" in Congress who are no longer young. He is sixty years old and now serving his third term.

Dr. Sophie Herzog of Brazoria, Texas, is the only woman railroad surgeon in the world. She has held the position of surgeon for the St. Louis, Brownsville and Mexican Railroad ever since that line was built.

The Baroness Vaughan has been recognized by the Pope as the widow of the late King Leopold of Belgium. It is evident that the romantic career of this woman is far from a period. Her inheritance from the royal connection includes the Belgic monopoly of rubber production in the Congo.

Dr. James M. Buckley, editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, will be singled out for assault and probable extermination by the militant suffragettes. He has written a book entitled "The Wrong and Peril of Woman Suffrage," and holds that to impose upon woman the burdens of government in the state would be a reform against nature and an irreparable calamity.

L. C. Hull, an American Rhodes scholar in Oxford, has been elected president of the Oxford University Athletic Club, a signal honor to an American student in the British university. It is the first time that any American has headed a 'varsity athletic team at Oxford although several have competed and have won points for the university in the games since the Rhodes invasion began.

Colonel A. D. Davidson, who has done as much to develop the industries of Canada as any other one man, is prominent in the company managing the mill on the Fraser River, a few miles from Vancouver, which is the largest producer of lumber in the world. The mill has a present capacity of one million feet a day. Colonel Davidson is an Ontario man, but has had a hand in all the big things done in the growing western two-thirds of the Dominion.

The reputation of Edwin Howland Blashfield, the artist, rests mainly on his mural decorations. One of the largest of these was the decoration of the dome of the Congressional Library at Washington, the theme being the "Progress of Civilization." His decorations of many of the best-known public buildings and private houses in the United States are shown in photographs and drawings now on exhibition in Los Angeles, under the auspices of the Architectural League of the Pacific Coast.

The Texans are good fighters. Captain Godfrey Fowler, grandson of Senator John H. Reagan, was a member of the volunteer guard of his native State, served in the Philippines as lieutenant of the Thirty-Third Volunteer Infantry, U. S. A., and since that time has been in Nicaragua, where recently he has won notoriety as the commander of a company of revolutionists. It seems unnecessary for the daily press to remark in commenting on his exploits that he is an enthusiastic military man.

The Honorable Lloyd-George, chancellor of the exchequer of Great Britain, undoubtedly was the most picturesque figure in the elections just ended, but he is hardly able to recognize his portraits in the French papers, which describe him as the "yelling Apache of the British crisis." This is one of the quieter paragraphs in *Figaro* of Paris: "The eye of Lloyd-George shoots out flames. It is with the innate majesty of a king of speech that he treads the platform, roaring, stamping, yes howling; while he shakes the mass of his long, black hair."

Professor Willis L. Moore, head of the government weather service, asserts that advocates of forest preservation are not on sure ground when they attribute decreased rainfall and excessive floods to the wholesale destruction of timber. The forests should be preserved for their own value, the meteorologist declares; but the plea in their behalf must be limited to that basis. The investigations of the bureau, he admits, lead to the conclusion that there is a general decrease in rainfall; but the diminution is just as noticeable in sections where there has been no reduction in forestage as elsewhere. Furthermore, Professor Moore says, floods are no greater or more frequent than in the past.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, the granddaughter of a duchess, the daughter of an earl, the sister of a countess, and the wife of a baronet, has been engaged to appear for one month at a London vaudeville theatre in a series of classical dances. Although her appearances were in aid of a charity fund, it is said that King Edward is offended with the lady for making her appearance in public. Lady Constance is well known for her travels in the Himalayas, in America, and in Somaliland with her husband. She has made a name for herself as player of the bagpipes, a dead shot, a plucky rider (always astride), and a daring sports-woman—especially at polo. She holds a number of swimming championships, and she is reckoned one of the best amateur dancers in the new mode. Last winter Lady Constance made some sensation in New York drawing-rooms with her interpretation of Mendelssohn and Rubinstein. A charge for admission was made to get funds for the establishment of a small school for boys where her theories of physical training might put into practice.



## FOR THEM THAT JUDGE.

By Charles Collins.

Many a story of wasted talents can be heard in the library of the News Writers' Club on winter evenings when the old guard get together and call for drinks and cigars, for over the guild of the press, more than any other profession in the world, hovers the sadness of lost illusions and vanished hopes. Nearly all of the men who remain in harness after their fortieth year have seen the door close implacably upon the aspirations with which they began in the first flush of youth. They seldom drop their mask of cynicism, however, to speak of personal disappointments; each will talk only of the mishaps of his old comrades.

One of these tales Gilbert, the veteran dramatic critic, told. He had joined the group late, and had dropped down into his chair dejectedly, remaining silent and gloomy. At last some one remarked:

"Anything wrong, Gilbert?"

He did not answer for so long that we thought he had ignored the question, but at last he said:

"I have just come from the county asylum."

There was a hush, and then the man who had spoken before asked:

"Did you see Winston?"

"Of course."

"How is he today?"

"Much better. He is dead."

This sudden announcement of the end of a man with whom we had all worked brought an oppressive silence upon the circle. It was broken, at length, by one of the younger members, who commented upon the notorious weaknesses of the missing colleague in words that were half contemptuous.

Gilbert broke out with:

"Yes, every one will say that, I suppose. But it will be unjust. None of you know all of Winston's history, and yet you are ready to shrug your shoulders over his fate. I owe it to his memory to tell you the story."

Then, with something of the eloquence that had won him distinction among theatrical reviewers, Gilbert began:

Some of you saw Winston come to the end of his rope in the insane court two months ago. You watched him as he crouched before the judge, with his head bowed, his fingers twitching, his lips moving in senseless mumbings. You noticed his shabby clothes, his lank locks of gray hair. You may have observed how the old, superior manner came back to him for a moment, when the bailiff took him by the arm to lead him away—committed as an insane ward of the county; you may have seen, also, how his face, in that one indignant glance with which he seemed to defy every curious stare as he turned to go, took on the intellectual aspect of his earlier days. Then the fire flickered out, and his eyes became lustreless and imbecile once more.

And you were all sorry, of course, and went out hushed and subdued, with muttering of "Poor devil" under your breath. But you were not as sad as you should have been. You thought, "He threw himself away." No, it was fate that gave him the push; he was as blameless as a pebble which a careless foot kicks over the brink of an abyss.

I think that I am the only one of his friends who know the truth behind the tragedy, for it fell to my lot to play a part in the drama upon which the curtain has just fallen so mercifully. I am going to tell you the whole story now; it will be the last thing I can do for him, except to collect subscriptions for his burial.

Winston and I worked together in the days when we were both young and ambitious. I wish that you who only knew him in his melancholy years could have seen him then. He was a man whose face drew the eye of every woman who passed him as he walked down a crowded street. There was chivalry and pride in the poise of his head, and humor was always ready to touch his lips with a smile. But weakness was also to be found in those dark, handsome features—that of being too sensitive, too pliant, too kind to his friends.

The best of him, though, was his talk—every word of it edged with wit, whimsical, epigrammatic, sarcastic, caressing, or sentimental in sudden and amazing flashes. When he was present it was like having an intellectual whip always snapping to stir you out of your dull moods. This was the man with whom it was my fortune to be intimate in the days when one's friends mean so much—and whose life has just gone out among the loathsome conditions of a pauper insane asylum.

Well, Winston was all the more unusual as a young newspaper man in having no bad habits. These wild exploits of the boys who do so much clever writing for the local columns are harmless enough; it is merely reaction from the nervous strain of their work, and a need for diversion which comes upon them when all but the under-world is asleep. They settle down decently when they marry, and no ill comes of it. But Winston was not one of these.

Now, do not misunderstand me; he was not a prig. He could not have been as popular among his fellows as he was if there had been any strain of the Puritan in him. Yet, when the city editor would dismiss the staff, Winston was never in the groups that assembled to lounge and talk and drink until morning. He always eluded invitations to join the roisterers, and went directly to his room, where he brewed himself a cup

of black coffee and then sat down to write for three hours at stories that soon broke a way for him into the charmed circle of the magazines.

No, he was not Sir Square-toes in those days, but he was filled with a great hope and had neither time nor energy to waste. He would take an occasional drink in self-defense, but a little was enough for him. With a close friend—with me, for instance, many a time—he would sit over a modest bottle of wine in some quiet café, as genial a comrade as ever lived; but he would have none of the careless loafing in bar-rooms.

In one of our ambrosial nights, when talk of things achieved and dreamed had run high, I enthusiastically suggested that another bottle would be in order. He objected, and I insisted clamorously. Then he gave me a stern, sad look, and said:

"I can't take the risk. It's all right with you, but not with me."

I demanded an explanation. He answered:

"The craving for alcohol must be lurking in my blood somewhere, if heredity is not a myth. Did you ever see your father drunk? I have mine, only too often, when I was a boy. Drink brought him into the gutter, and the memory obsesses me. I'm afraid of it."

When Winston was beginning to sell his stuff right and left, and when we were all jealously watching him step out from among the cohorts of the unarrived, enters the woman. She was tall and blonde and beautiful; well-bred, cultured, and supercilious; hardly more than a débutante, but with all the hauteur of a great lady. Winston met her at some social function, and fell in love out of hand. Why is it, I wonder, that the peculiar destiny of men of genius is to marry women better fitted to be the wives of bankers and brokers, and why do brilliant women generally mate with fat and futile millionaires? From the worldly point of view, no doubt, it was an excellent match for Winston, but the good Lord who instituted marriage and divorce never intended them for one another.

She was as bright and cold as a gem; accomplished, but with a thin, sterile soul. He was drawn to her, I fancy, by her animated conversation, in which she was a pretty foil for him. The rest of her he created—except her charm of person, which was exquisite—out of the stuff that dreams are made of. He wooed her with the impetuosity of a dragoon and the subtlety of a poet, and won her, to the surprise of her own set.

The family into which Winston married presented an interesting example of the survival of *Mayflower* bigotry in our generation. Ancestor-worship, caste instinct, the holier-than-thou spirit, had shut them up within themselves, and no humanizing influence had been able to scale the barrier. The type is a common one, though the eyes of the herd behold it not, for it dwells apart in its feudalism. The women of the species sometimes preside, stiff-corseted and straight-backed, over chapters of the Dames of Degeneration, while the men are always kept at home in a state of premature grandfatherhood. Occasionally they exhibit themselves, glowing with patriarchal virtue, at banquets of the *bourgeoisie*, when our leading tradespeople hold high debate over the question: "How shall we uplift the city?" Such families as these are still in a state of barbarism. They have their fetiches, and their rights of taboo; and the bones of their forefathers jangle about them as they walk.

Winston's relatives-in-law looked askance at artists; considered actors as little better than tramps; and believed that newspapermen were common drunks and spawn of the father of lies. But he seemed to be happy—during the honeymoon, at least. Of course, I saw less of him after that: she reformed him completely—reformed him away from his friends.

Once in a while he would take me home to dinner, and afterwards we would have a session over his manuscripts. I recall a certain night when he read aloud a story which he had just finished, and which was more than merely clever. It had the swift pulse of life and passion in it; it was a vivid, daring piece of work which showed that he could write real literature. When he had ended, his wife looked at him as a school-teacher looks at a bad boy, and said something cutting.

He protested:

"But it is real, it is true. Why shouldn't I use the theme? That story is a part of my own experience."

He merely meant that he had known his characters in the life.

"Indeed!" was her response: her intonations made the word a sneer. It was a depressing little scene.

Another time he and I were in the smoking-room of his apartment together, and he took up one of his favorite minor poets—a man who had loved hopelessly and lived madly, leaving behind him a little volume of verses that are filled with a sadness as delicate as the perfumes of faded rose leaves. One of the poems is a bitter, passionate lyric, telling how he sickened of wine and women when the shadow of his lost love passed across his memory. It is almost the only thing in the book that reflects the author's disorderly life.

"Let me read you the *Cynara* poem again," said Winston. He turned the pages a moment, and then suddenly dashed the volume aside with a black look in his face. He was always quick to anger.

I picked up the book, never guessing why his mood had changed, and looked for the poem myself. I found that the leaf on which it was printed had been torn out, and roughly, too. Winston never mutilated his books, and there were no children in the house—but I

knew why it was gone. In my embarrassment I undertook to relieve the situation by reading the verses that next caught my eye. My choice was unhappy, for it began with the lines:

By the sad waters of separation  
Where we have wandered in diverse ways,  
I have but the shadow and imitation  
Of the old memorial days.

Not long after this incident Winston's novel, "The Disinherited"—that epic of the slums which I still believe to be one of the strongest pieces of American fiction of the decade—was accepted by a prominent publishing house. When he announced the news three of us who were his chosen friends organized a celebration. We carried him off to the most gilded restaurant in town, and ordered an epicurean feast—it was just after pay-day. Good food, good wine, good talk, good fellows—the dinner was a masterpiece of conviviality. Perhaps the epigrams did not deserve immortality, but at the time they seemed certain of it.

We left the table late, all of us rather exhilarated, for the toasts had been frequent. Were we drunk? No, only happy. Was Winston thick of tongue? No, he had vine leaves in his hair.

The hero of the evening could not be permitted to go home unescorted. Street cars were too prosaic; a cab was banal; so we decided to walk. Arm in arm, we marched down the nearly deserted thoroughfares, like collegians on a lark, singing, scuffling, rhapsodizing. We trudged on mile after mile, under the gas lamps and yet close to the stars.

Winston's place was reached after midnight. Lights were burning in one of the upper windows, and it was evident that a vigil was being kept for the errant husband. Then the conscience of the much-married man began to worry him, and making excuses for not inviting us in, he hurried up the steps, while we serenaded him from the curbstone until a policeman threatened to arrest us.

The next day Winston did not appear at the office. I telephoned him in the evening to ask if anything was wrong, and he did not explain, but urged me to come out and see him as soon as possible. Wondering what had happened, I did so.

He greeted me at the door with a peculiar, almost savage, eagerness and a hysterical laugh, and when he led me into the library I was surprised to see a bottle of whisky standing on the table. He insisted that I should join him in a drink, and, though I declined, he gulped some himself.

"I might as well have the game as the name," he remarked, with an oath that did not become him. "Read this."

He handed me a sheet of note paper scratched over in his wife's handwriting. Those few lines must have cut his heart as a wintry wind cuts the face. They were to the effect that she would remain at her mother's until he had apologized and expressed contrition.

"She went away without a word, and that letter came by messenger," he said harshly. "I am to make abject excuses for our innocent little party! It is I who have cause to ask for apologies. What have I done to be treated like a drunkard and a wastrel?"

Then I saw that this foolish woman had wounded his love for her by stabbing his self-respect, his man's pride. Winston's was a shy, reserved spirit that feels this sort of thing keenly, and I believed that something must be done to reconcile them at once. Then and there I resolved to rush in where wise men might well fear to tread.

After an hour's talk of the kind that leaves you limp, I got him into a reasonable state. Then I told him that I was going to see his wife, made him promise to wait patiently for my return, and took possession of his bottle.

The young woman received me as if I were a beggar. She knew I had been a participant in that unlucky party, and apparently regarded me as an incarnation of the snake that ruined Eden. My presentation of the affair, put as tactfully as I knew how, was heard with disdainful quiet, but when I had finished she said:

"I will go back to him. Perhaps I have acted hastily."

Then she added some truism about duty. To speak of duty when heart's happiness is at stake! There you have her in a nutshell.

"My cab is waiting, and I will be glad to escort you," I suggested. She threw a scarf over her shoulders, with as much vanity as if she were bound for a ball, and came with me.

The two places were far apart, and so more than an hour had elapsed by the time we returned to Winston's establishment. I said good-night at the door, and started home, feeling that I had accomplished a worthy deed, and making an iron-clad resolve to remain a bachelor. I had only gone half a block, however, when I heard footsteps behind me, and then my name was called. I turned to see Mrs. Winston approaching.

"Will you please call a cab for me?" she asked frigidly.

I stood there staring at her.

"Go in and you can see why, for yourself," she continued, with a gesture towards the house.

I set her on her way without further parley, and then went back to Winston's. She had left the door open in her hasty flight, and I walked in—to find my friend sprawled out in an armchair, fast asleep and redolent of whisky, with another bottle by his hand. Evidently the long wait had been beyond his endurance, and he had gone out to purchase more liquor. As I stood there



in a kind of daze, a feeling that it was I, the meddler, who had botched his life, swept over me.

In a few minutes my presence caused him to stir. He opened his eyes and looked up at me with a sleepy, stupid stare; then he remembered.

"She would not come?" he croaked.

I shook my head.

"Or, did she come here while I was asleep and find me this way?"

That flash of intuition took away my breath.

"It seemed that she was looking down at me as I lay here," he continued, in a hoarse whisper. "She was dressed as if for a dance, as I saw her first. Beautiful and cold—yes, that is how she appeared—beautiful and hateful and cold. I could not rise, or even open my eyes. Then she disappeared, and I awoke to find you where she had been standing. Is it true?"

I could find no ready answer.

"It is," he said, with a kind of deadly calm. "You can not deny it. She will not come back now, of course. Well, I shall not miss her. I can do better work alone."

He laughed, and poured out a drink.

"Winston, you've got to stop that and go to bed," I said to him. "Your wife will be here in the morning, and everything will be patched up."

He paid no attention to me, but raised the glass to his lips. As he did so I reached out my hand to take away his bottle.

"Let it alone," he snarled, threateningly.

Then I witnessed a dreadful metamorphosis. All that was pure and clean in Winston's face seemed to pass away; his eyes glowed like a hungry beast's; his lips took on a sensual droop; his brows were knotted with a sullen determination to satisfy the appetite that had stirred within him. The dormant vice that had been his father's curse escaped from its hiding place in some obscure brain-cell, and dominated the stage of his being. It was atavism made visible.

I snatched at the bottle again, but he was equally quick, and the next moment we were locked together in a furious struggle, stumbling over chairs and tables, staggering back and forth, each straining every muscle to master the other. It was no friendly wrestling bout, but more like a brawl between cave men fighting for a bone.

Normally I was a match for Winston, but in his wild temper I could do nothing with him. In one of our plunges I fell against the sharp corner of a writing desk, and wilted as if I had been shot in the back. Then he threw me heavily to the floor, completing the job by half-throttling me. Next, still kneeling on my chest, he reached for a silken table-cover and tied my hands together with it. After this he helped me to my feet, and with a hard push landed me upon a sofa.

"Stay there and be quiet," he said. I obeyed, for I was so weak with pain that I could hardly have walked if I had tried.

Then he went back to the bottle which had been the cause of the riot, and poured out a heavy drink.

"I would give you some, for you look as if you needed it," he remarked, impudently, "but I'm afraid you will get too strong. You can watch me and enjoy a barmecide's carouse."

From then on until morning it was infernal. Every breath that I drew sent sickening aches through my side, but the agony of seeing Winston make an animal of himself was worse still. He drank himself maudlin, obscene, disgusting. He became a madman whose ravings were all the more terrible from being touched with the rampant imagination of genius.

Between his harangues he read aloud to me—morbidity poems, ghastly short stories, things that give an agreeable shudder to the amateur of horrors after dinner over a pipe, but which are not pleasant to hear when you are shut up with a lunatic in the small hours. The night became a literary witches' sabbath.

At last he got hold of a copy of Oscar Wilde, and began to intone "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"—that shuddering cry from the blackest gulfs of remorse. With a drunkard's repentance he applied the lesson to his own case. Imagine, then, the effect on him and me of such lines as:

The world has thrust us from its heart  
And God from out his care;  
And the iron gin that waits for sin  
Has caught us in its snare.

Before he had finished I fainted from suffering and exhaustion. When I recovered my senses the drab light of the dawn was glimmering through the curtains, and Winston was stretched out in a stupor. I managed to untie the knotted tablecloth with my teeth, and went to the telephone to call a doctor. A glum medical man arrived in about half an hour, to announce that Winston would be lucky if he escaped delirium tremens, and that I would have to go into hospital to nurse three fractured ribs.

Well, that is about all there is to the story. The rest you already know in part. Winston never saw his wife again, and gave her opportunity to sue for divorce upon almost any ground in any code. She took advantage of it, of course, and married a preacher. After a series of erratic exploits with which you are more or less familiar, after the swift waning of his talents, Winston eked out a miserable existence by writing sporting stuff. Yes, the author of "The Disinherited" could do nothing better than cover bowling matches on space. Then paresis came, and the end.

And now he will go to the dissecting tables, unless we prevent it. My name heads the list.

SAN FRANCISCO, January, 1910.

A BOOK OF REMINISCENCES.

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor Recalls Some Vivid Incidents of a Long Life.

There is all the difference in the world between biography and reminiscences. Humanity has produced about a dozen heroes whose complete biography is worth writing, and not one of them would have been guilty of the autobiography. But there have been very many whose reminiscences form valuable additions to historical knowledge and indispensable aids to our intimate acquaintance with the past. Mrs. Pryor is distinctly one of them. The wife of General Roger A. Pryor of the Confederate army, she not only saw much of the Civil War at short range, but she experienced to the full the vicissitudes incidental to its close. If she shows a tendency to relate incidents that have a domestic rather than a public bearing the very real value that attaches to the bulk of her work furnishes a full compensation.

General Pryor had become editor of the *South Side Democrat* at the time of Kossuth's visit to America, and he readily fell a victim to the fervor of the Hungarian patriot:

Of course, the little *South Side Democrat* threw up its cap with the rest. Kossuth, when he reached the town, had already received honors of which his wildest fancy never dreamed, and we did our best to echo them according to our ability. There were several ladies in his suite to whom I paid my respects (I am not sure his wife was among them), and the only impression they made upon me was one of extreme weariness. They spoke English fairly well, but were too utterly worn out to exhibit the least animation. Kossuth spoke English perfectly. He had a long talk with my young editor, to whom he gave a huge cigar, which was never reduced to ashes! But after he left, the *South Side Democrat* came to its senses (having never utterly lost them), and expressed a decided opinion in favor of the non-intervention of this country in the affairs of Hungary, giving good reasons therefor. Kossuth, when the paper was handed him, read the editorial carefully, and exclaimed, "So young, and yet so depraved!" adding, with his usual tact, "I mean, of course, politically!"

William Walker, the "Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny," was among the early acquaintances of Mrs. Pryor during her life at Richmond:

When he took leave of us, he gave me a perfect ambrotype picture of himself, probably the only genuine one extant. "Here I am, madam, and I've always been called an ugly fellow." I ventured the usual deprecatory remark, but he shook his head:

"I'm afraid there's no doubt about it! On my way here I heard a man close to my car-window sing out, 'What's the Gray-eyed Man of Destiny?' As he was close to me, I leaned out and said in a low tone, 'Here, my friend! 'Friend nothin', he sneered; 'an' you'd better take in your ugly mug.'"

We have an amusing piece of negro colloquy that the author tells us occurred after the battle of Fort Donelson:

"Were you in the fight?"  
"Had a little taste of it, sah."  
"Stood your ground, of course."  
"No, sah! I run."  
"Not at the first fire?"  
"Yes, sah! an' would 'a' run sooner ef I knowed it was a-comin'!"  
"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage, was it?"  
"Dat ain't in my line, sah—cookin's my perfeshun."  
"But have you no regard for your reputation?"  
"Refutation's nothin' by de side o' life."  
"But you don't consider your life worth more than other people's, do you?"  
"Hit's wuth mo' to me, sah!"  
"Then you must value it very highly."  
"Yes, sah, I does—mo'n all dis wuld! Mo' dan a million o' dollars, sah. What would dat be wuth to a man wid de bref out o' 'im? Self-perserbashun is de fust law wid me, sah!"  
"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"  
"Cause diffunt man set diffunt value 'pon his life. Mine ain't in de market."  
"Well, if all soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the government without resistance."  
"Dat's so! Dar wouldn't 'a' been no hep fer it. But I don't put my life in de scale against no gubberment on dis yearth. No gubberment gwine pay me ef I loss mehsef."  
"Well, do you think you would have been much missed if you had been killed?"  
"Maybe not, sah! A daid white man ain' much use to dese vore sogers, let alone a daid niggah; but I'd a missed mehsef pow'ful, an' dat's de pint wid me."

General Pryor was taken prisoner while approaching the Northern lines under a flag of truce, this "flagrant breach of faith" being in retaliation for a similar act on the part of Southern troops. Some time later Mrs. Pryor was visited by General Lee, who announced that her husband was about to be released on parole:

"How long, madam, was General Pryor with me before he had a furlough?"  
"He never had one, I think," I answered.  
"Well, did I not take good care of him until we camped here so close to you?"  
"Certainly," I said, puzzled to know the drift of these preliminaries.

"I sent him home to you, I remember," he continued, "for a day or two, and you let the Yankees catch him. Now he is coming back to be with you again on parole until he is exchanged. You must take better care of him in future."

I was too much overcome to do more than stammer a few words of thanks.

Presently he added, "What are you going to say when I tell the general that in all this winter you have never once been to see me?"

"Oh, General Lee," I answered, "I had too much mercy to join in your buttermilk persecution!"

"Persecution!" he said: "such things keep us alive! Last night, when I reached my headquarters, I found a card on my table with a hyacinth pinned to it, and these words: 'For General Lee, with a kiss!' Now," he added, tapping his breast, "I have here my hyacinth and my card—and I mean to find my kiss!"

But the hopes of release were doomed to disappoint-

ment. The general was detained as hostage for the safety of some Union officer whom the Confederate government had threatened to execute, and for a time General Pryor was in a dangerous situation. Mr. McLean, the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, made a personal appeal to Mr. Stanton, whom he found at his home and with his daughter in his arms. The following conversation ensued:

"This is a charming fireside picture, Mr. Secretary! I warrant that little lady cares nothing for war or the Secretary of War! She has her father, and that fills all her ambition."

"You never said a truer word, did he, pet?" pressing the curly head close to his bosom.

"Well, then, Stanton, you will understand my errand. There are curly heads down there in old Virginia weeping out their bright eyes for a father loved just as this pretty baby loves you."

"Yes, yes! Probably so," said Stanton.

"Now—there's Pryor—"

But before another word could be said, the Secretary of War pushed the child from his knee and thundered:

"He shall be hanged! Damn him!"

It was Mrs. Pryor's lot to meet many distinguished persons after the war and while living in New York. Among them was Charlotte Cushman, who was no longer acting, but who had consented to give a dramatic reading at one of the large halls:

After our enthusiastic response to her graceful greeting, she said simply: "Ladies and gentlemen, I shall read—I trust for your pleasure, surely for mine," laying her hand upon her heart—"from the second scene in the third act of 'Henry VIII.'"

It so happened there had been, incident upon her appearance, a remarkable discussion in some of the journals of the day. The wise ones, the elect, had paused in their speculations as to the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, or the Letters of Junius, or the enlightenment of the nations by certain rearrangement of periods in Hamlet's immortal soliloquy, and had cast an eye of scrutiny upon Wolsey's magnificent monologue. To nous autres it seems clear enough as it is—but who are we that we should know the heart hidden under a red robe? They gravely opined that the king, not God, was meant in the lines, "Had I but served my God with half the zeal," etc. Without doubt Charlotte Cushman was aware of this remarkable discussion. A good many backs were straightened to "attention" as she reached the noble words:

"O Cromwell, Cromwell!  
Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
I served my king, He would not in mine age  
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

She pointed upward as she uttered reverently the word "He."

Another new acquaintance was General Grant, who had resolutely refused to intervene when General Pryor was a prisoner and in danger of his life:

Although I had visited Mrs. Grant, I had never seen the general. True, I had received many emphatic messages from him, but he had then required no answer. I began to wonder what I should find to say to him—to plan something very gentle and pleasing in return for his fire and brimstone. I remembered that he had once told one of my friends that he often regretted he had never studied medicine instead of military tactics. Clearly, if it could be brought about by a little skillful management, no more fitting response to the sulphurous remarks he had made to me at Petersburg could be imagined than something akin to the healing art.

"This is Ulysses, Mrs. Pryor," said Mrs. Grant, and my hour had come. He stood silent, throwing, after the manner of men, the burden of conversation upon the woman before him. Every idea forsook me! I did not, like Heine in the presence of Goethe, remark upon the excellent flavor of the plums at Jena, but I found nothing better to say than "How is it, general, that you permit Mrs. Grant to call you Ulysses?"

"Perhaps from imitation," he replied; "I know a general whose wife calls him Roger."

During the same interview Mrs. Pryor showed to General Grant two bullets that had met in full flight during the engagement at Petersburg:

After there was no more to be expected at the lunch table, we adjourned to the library and I produced the met bullets my boys had found at Cottage Farm.

He laid it on the palm of his hand and looked at it long and earnestly.

"See, general," I said, "the bullets are welded together so as to form a perfect horseshoe—a charm to keep away witches and evil spirits."

But the general was not interested in amulets, charms, or evil spirits. After regarding it silently for a moment, he remarked:

"Those are minie balls, shot from rifles of equal calibre. And they met precisely equidistant to a hair. This is very interesting, but it is not the only one in the world. I have seen one other, picked up at Vicksburg. Where was this found, and when?" he asked, as he handed the relic back to me. "At Petersburg, possibly."

"Yes," I answered: "but not when you were shelling the city. It was picked up on our farm after the last fight."

He looked at me with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "Now, look here," he said, "don't you go about telling people I shelled Petersburg."

General Pryor's successful career as a lawyer included at least one *cause célèbre*. He went to England to advise in the defense of Patrick O'Donnell, an American citizen, charged with the murder of James Carey, who in turn was one of the accomplices in the Phoenix Park murders. Lord Russell was O'Donnell's counsel, and it seems that there were some public strictures upon his conduct of the case:

After he returned home, he received a long letter from Lord Russell, telling him that he (Russell) had been sharply criticized for the conduct of O'Donnell's case, and accused of having managed it in a negligent and lukewarm manner. He wished his American colleague's candid opinion on the subject, and also requested his photograph, adding, "I am sending you mine."

General Pryor answered him cordially and was glad he could say, "I consider that you defended O'Donnell with the utmost zeal and enthusiasm, and with consummate skill!" It seems the queen's counsel was sensitive as well as able. He was afterwards made lord chief justice of England.

Mrs. Pryor's book is one that is well worth while. She has a keen eye for a good story, a sense of humor, and a vivacious style.

"My Day," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*American Prose Masters*, by W. C. Brownell. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

These critical essays are in Mr. Brownell's best style, and therefore they are good reading. The prose masters are six in number—Cooper, Hawthorne, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, and Henry James. The lion's share of attention is given to Emerson, and it could hardly be otherwise. The other five receive some fifty pages each, or less than half the space allotted to Emerson.

With all their striking merits, these essays sometimes jar on the critical mind. We are told that it is misleading to compare Cooper and Sir Walter Scott, and yet the comparisons are numerous made. Cooper, we are assured, is not guilty to the charge of inventing the "noble red man," but even if he were guilty Scott was guilty of historical errors in "Ivanhoe." And so on. Comparisons of literary merit are apt to be particularly odorous.

The Emerson essay is a notable piece of work, but here, too, we stop every now and then to wonder. That Emerson "is of the company of Plato" we can well understand, but why of Shakespeare? And why is Emerson "absolutely and altogether our own"? Can genius also be enclosed in a national ring fence and protected by a tariff? That Mr. Brownell can not agree with Professor Woodbury that Emerson is essentially religious is, of course, a legitimate statement, but it is hardly so legitimate to say "it is an accepted idea that religion is a matter of the heart," and that no religious or other emotion ever seriously disturbed Emerson's. We want a definition of religion before we can assent to this, and we want a definition of Christianity before we can agree that Emerson "is as distinctly un-Christian as he is unsocial." This seems needlessly severe upon Christianity. Elsewhere we find similar intrusions of conventional thought, as in the statement "the fact that fear is rational is what makes fortitude divine." Fear is not rational, and even if it were it would not make fortitude divine unless rationality and divinity are antitheses. Elsewhere we have a semi-approval of Henry James's dictum that Emerson "had no conscience," and therefore it was easy for him to say that "no man can afford to waste his moments in compunction."

But in spite of a few small and widely separated defects, Mr. Brownell has given us a delightful book and one that can not fail to bring us into closer intimacy with the immortals.

*Passers-By*, by Anthony Partridge. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

Once more the author shows his skill—not altogether enviable—in so stringing together a number of shining impossibilities as to look like a story of real life. The chief characters are a great English statesman, a girl who sings in the street, her dwarf companion who drags the piano, and a monkey. The monkey is drawn to the life.

The connection between these component parts becomes evident as the story goes on. When Lord Ellingham was young he had a particularly gay time in Paris. Upon one occasion he escaped from the police after a man had been shot in a gambling-house only by the aid of the girl and the dwarf, who, however, supposed that they were assisting another man. The other man goes to prison, Lord Ellingham becomes a model of the political and domestic proprieties, while the girl and the dwarf tramp all over Europe in search of him whom they unwittingly befriended in mistake for another.

It is all pieced out very neatly, but we look in vain among the characters for one whom we can heartily admire. Perhaps we are intended to admire the girl, but she is a heartless little jade who rewards the dog-like devotion of the dwarf by entirely forgetting him the moment fortune comes to her. But the monkey is an interesting little animal.

*A Wave of Life*, by Clyde Fitch. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.50.

This is the only novel that Clyde Fitch wrote, and it is interesting not so much because it is a novel as because it shows the working of the purely dramatic mind when it is momentarily diverted from its usual channel. "A Wave of Life" might easily be a preliminary study for a play, and we see at once where the acts would begin and end, and can almost hear the stage directions that would replace the descriptive matter.

It is a story of two sisters who are attracted by the same man, although not simultaneously. Indeed, Madge dislikes Mr. Farnsworth, or thinks she does, until her complicating intervention is almost invited from a feminine point of view by her own engagement to another man and by the discovery that her sister, Rita, is infatuated with Farnsworth. Then Madge gets to work in the way peculiar to some women and that is, no doubt, compatible with good intention and sisterly affection. She does not actually mean to fascinate Farnsworth while she is driving with

him alone, but nevertheless there is one of those exchanges of electricity that are supposed to be spontaneous and that lead to the mutual abandon that precedes elopement. That at least is what happens, without a disconcerting thought either of sister or lover. And then comes retribution.

*Cardillac*, by Robert Barr. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York.

This story opens with the regency of Marie de Médicis after the death of Henry IV of France, and while her son, Louis XIII, was still a minor. M. de Luynes, through his influence over the young prince, had raised himself to the chief position of power in the kingdom and had exercised that power by deporting and imprisoning the queen mother and proclaiming her puppet son as king.

Cardillac, the hero of the story, comes to Paris from Gascony to offer his services to De Luynes, but by a combination of circumstances he finds himself in the other camp and pledged to the liberation of the queen. As Marie de Médicis is not young nor well-favored, there are, of course, other eyes that tempt the young Gaston from his loyal duty, and they belong to Thérèse de Montreuil. And so we have a story of knight errantry, forest adventures, desperate fights, and all with the customary reward upon the last pages. We may doubt the author's accuracy when he tells us how the captive queen escaped from the Castle of Blois, but Thérèse is so delightful that it does not matter at all.

*Lake Victoria to Khartoum*, by Captain F. A. Dickinson. Published by John Lane, New York.

Mr. Winston Churchill, who writes a preface for this book, says that Captain Dickinson is so great a hunter that elephants are to him like partridges and hippopotami like hares, that he knows "how to find the game, how to kill, and—much rarer quality—how to spare."

It is, indeed, a hunting book, pure and simple, that he has given us, and as such it is perhaps the best that has been published of the Dark Continent. Even in his introductory chapter he plunges into his main subject warning us light-heartedly—a warning that we shall remember for daily application—not to go too close to a prostrate elephant until we are sure that he is dead, as "many a man has come to a nasty, messy end" by just such carelessness. We also lay to heart the admonition that "a charging lion you must hit where you can and be jolly quick about it," while a hippo must be hit in the eye or ear.

There are no politics in the book, no descriptions of scenery, no rhapsodies about the missionaries, no attempts to instruct us in ethnology and archaeology. The chapters on Khartoum and Omdurman do indeed contain some cursory references to history, while here and there the traveler is advised as to his deportment to the natives and recommended to try the effect of a joke upon them. But with these slight exceptions there are few deviations from the engrossing delights of the chase, and most of the chapters have sporting titles.

The author is to be congratulated upon his literary style, if indeed a free-and-easy around-the-club-fire colloquialism can be so described. At least it is singularly effective and pleasing, as also are the many illustrations that show the author to be as skilled with the camera as with the rifle, although not so deadly.

*The Women of a State University*, by Helen R. Olin. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Is it true that several educational institutions under private control have lately shown a tendency to discriminate against women and to modify the advantages that they once extended to them? Is it true that a similar discrimination is now being recommended to public institutions?

The author answers these questions in the affirmative, and she draws upon her knowledge of the Wisconsin University to prove how disastrous would be the results of "so large an eclipse of human intelligence as is involved in the practical exclusion of women from the faculties of coeducational institutions." That women have not yet been placed upon a perfect educational equality with men is true enough, but it is surprising to find that there is a tendency to retrograde. The book is well and clearly written and contains much of general educational interest.

*Travels in Spain*, by Philip Sanford Marden. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$3.

The author frankly describes his book as a record of his own travels and as an interpretation neither of Spain nor of the Spaniard. It may be said at once that it is distinctly superior to the average travel book that is instigated either by domestic adulation or by personal vanity, or both. Mr. Marden contents himself with a modest recital of his own experiences, and he does it with a felicitous combination of literary ability and a willingness to admire whatever is admirable. His is one of the few travel books that can be read without irritation by those who have

no prospect of foreign travel and with distinct advantage by those who have. The book contains forty good illustrations and a map.

*A Memoir of the Rt. Hon. William Edward Hartpole Lecky*, by Mrs. Lecky. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Mr. Lecky is best known in America as the author of the "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," and it is probably by this work that he makes his strongest appeal to the memory of posterity. But above and beyond his purely literary work he was one of the strong, wise men of his day and generation, with an unquenchable interest in current problems and with a calm and philosophic intelligence that gave an exceptional weight to his opinion among men of all parties and shades of thought. In spite of a lamentable lack of biographical material, Mrs. Lecky has produced a volume that will be valued as the record of a keenly intellectual life that identified itself with its whole environment, an environment so recent as still to belong to the current affairs of the day.

*The Cash Intrigue*, by George Randolph Chester. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis.

This is the sort of story that might be imagined by a curb broker with delirium tremens. A young man named Kelvin conceives a plot to corner all the currency in the country, and with the aid of a multi-millionaire he succeeds in reducing the nation to a state of anarchy. We get very tired of the dollar talk long before we reach the end.

*Cathedral Cities of Spain*, by W. W. Collins, R. I. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; \$3.50.

The chief attraction of this book is in the colored illustrations, sixty in number, specially executed by the author. The Spanish atmosphere has seldom been better reproduced and with a more vivid charm. The letter press is not so good, having that somewhat jerky style usually associated with the guide book.

## New Publications.

"Life and the Great Forever" is a collection of daily readings in prose and verse prepared by E. Chesney and published by John Lane, New York.

Henry Holt & Co., New York, have published "The House of the Heart and Other Plays for Children," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay. The plays are designed for school use.

A volume of "Poems," by Cyrus Elder, has been published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Mr. Elder's poems are of the unpretentious kind, on familiar themes, sincere and wholesome.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published "Easy German Stories," edited by Ernest H. Biermann. Also "La Petite Princesse," by Maïret, edited by Edith Healy, both with notes and vocabulary. Price 35 cents each.

"The Transfiguration of Life," by James Freeman Clarke, is a collection of lay sermons on devotional topics, marked by a broad catholicity and freedom from dogma. It is published by the American Unitarian Association, Boston. Price \$1.

"The Bridge Fiend," by Arthur Loving Bruce, is described as a "cheerful book for bridge-whisters." It is evidently written by a cheerful enthusiast and is quite readable, even by those who have escaped the contagion. The publishers are Moffat, Yard & Co., New York.

## For LINCOLN'S Birthday

LINCOLN AT GETTYSBURG. By Clark E. Carr, LL. D. The Gettysburg Address, with comments by an eye-witness. \$1.00 net.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Ancient Grecian Universities.

*The Universities of Ancient Greece*, by John W. H. Walden, Ph. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York: \$1.50.

We are indebted to Dr. Walden for a general account of Greek education that is not only complete enough to satisfy every ordinary demand, but that is wholly free from the extravagances that sometimes follow enthusiasm. In the course of sixteen chapters he leads us from the fifth and fourth centuries B. C. down to the political triumph of Christianity which effectually routed the ancient culture and extinguished the universities before the blast of an inevitable persecution. As a supplement to the direct historical narrative we have chapters on the professors, the Sophists, public displays, schoolhouses, holidays, and student life.

The dominant note in Greek education was an ethical one. The boy was taught not that he might be of benefit to the state but to the nation, and in the interest of the nation his education was a compulsory duty laid upon parents and guardians. Socrates says in the *Crito*: "Did not those of us who were set in charge of these matters order well when we enjoined it upon your father that he should educate you in music and gymnastic?" The father who did not provide his son with a trade or profession had no legal claim upon the son in old age, and in addition to the trade or profession it was usual to include in the curriculum the four subjects of letters, gymnastics, music, and subsequently drawing. The teaching of music was nearly universal, and not so much as a graceful accomplishment as because it was supposed to have an effect in the development of the soul. Rhetoric was valued for the same reason, and because it conduced to the "four parts of moral excellence"—prudence, temperance, justice, and fortitude. The educational ideal of those centuries was epitomized by Julian when he said: "Right education I consider to be not the gracefulness that resides in words and on the tongue, but a healthy disposition of an intelligent mind, and true opinions about the good and the bad, the noble and the base." It was no empty formula or platitude, for in spite of the development of sophistical insineries and even the degradation of oratory into a sort of verbal legerdemain the moral value of the citizens to the state was never forgotten, and the ability to judge aright between the good and the bad remained as the highest civic asset.

## Memorial Edition of George Meredith.

The first two volumes of the memorial edition of George Meredith, now being issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, fully bear out the promise of the preliminary announcement. "The Shaving of Shagpat" occupies Volume I and "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel" Volume II. They are well bound in green cloth with gilt lettering and the type is of a comfortable size. The illustrations, while not numerous—there will be about sixty in all—include pictures taken especially by Mr. Frederick Evans of scenes associated by Mr. Meredith with his books and poems. Moreover, there will be a special series of illustrations in reproduction of the originals which accompanied the first magazine appearance of the author's works, and by such artists as Millais, Du Maurier, and Habington K. Browne, as well as facsimiles of interesting manuscripts. The series will probably consist of twenty-seven volumes, whose rapid appearance is promised.

## A New Shakespeare.

A sumptuous edition of Shakespeare is heralded by the publication of "As You Like It" from the house of Hodder & Stoughton, New York. Of royal octavo size, it is elegantly bound in gold and cream, printed in large type and upon heavy paper, and with forty colored illustrations upon detachable sheets. These illustrations are by Hugh Thomson and are executed with a quaint delicacy of form and tint admirably consonant with their subject. The first thirty-five pages are devoted to the story of the play printed in small type and from the competent pen of A. T. Quiller-Couch. The series will be an imposing one and a decoration to the luxurious library.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Harold MacGrath is on his way around the world.

Miss Selma Lagerlof, who has just been awarded the Nobel prize for literature, is the author of the most popular novel ever published in Sweden. The sale of "Gösta Berings Saga" amounted to 60,000 copies, a remarkable record for a country of 5,000,000 inhabitants. This was Miss Lagerlof's first book. She was thirty-three when it appeared and an unknown school teacher.

Mrs. Helen Huntington, who is favorably known as a novelist and a poet, is the wife of Mr. Archer M. Huntington, the son of the late Collis P. Huntington. Mr. Huntington is widely known as a student of Spanish literature and of Spanish-American history, and it was he who founded and endowed the Hispanic Society.

In addition to her acknowledgment of the authorship of "Margarita's Soul," Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon has announced her purpose in writing the book. In brief, Mrs. Bacon is an anti-suffragist, and it is for this reason that she has depicted Margarita as trampling her operative ambitions under foot and finding her true happiness in her home; not because she wanted to, but because nature was stronger than her personal will. Mrs. Bacon has been begged by the anti-suffragists to go to Albany to represent them before the legislature, but this she has not consented to do, as she is not militant pro or con, though her convictions are of the strongest. "Margarita's Soul" is Mrs. Bacon's first novel, though she has long been justly celebrated as a writer of short stories and essays. Two of her best-known books are "The Memoirs of a Baby" and "The Madness of Philip."

The author known as Hallie Erminie Rives is Mrs. Post Wheeler, whose husband is secretary of the American embassy at Tokio.

Margaret Collier Graham, the author and magazine writer, died at her home in Pasadena, January 18, aged fifty-nine years. Mrs. Graham was born in Van Buren County, Iowa, in 1850; was educated in the schools of Keokuk, and was graduated from Monmouth College in 1869; and on October 21, 1873, married Donald M. Graham. She wrote "Stories of the Foothills," "The Wizard's Daughter," "Gifts and Givers," and other stories.

Sarah Bernhardt has turned dramatist, and a play from her pen entitled "Un Cœur d'Homme" ("A Man's Heart") has been produced in the Theatre des Arts at Paris.

Dorothy Dorr Dam, administratrix of the estate of the late Henry J. W. Dam, has just won an important copyright suit, carried on appeal by the defendants to the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New York. In the year 1898 Mr. Dam wrote a story, "The Transmogrification of Dan," and sold it to the publishers of the *Smart Set*. Paul Armstrong some time later, without permission, dramatized the story and it was produced by the Kirk La Shelle Company under the title "The Heir to the Hoorah," and proved very successful. Although he expanded the plot, the framework was undoubtedly Dam's idea. The magazine publishers had paid \$85 for the story, but gladly assigned the copyright to Mr. Dam's estate when the fact of its dramatic use became known. Now the courts have given to the estate a judgment for all the profits arising from the presentation of the play. This decision seems to establish firmly an author's power to prevent unauthorized appropriation by dramatists.

## New Books Received

"A New Heaven and a New Earth," by Charles Brodie Patterson. Crowell.  
"A Group of English Essayists," by C. T. Winchester. Macmillan.  
"A New History of Painting in Italy," by Edward Hutton. Dutton.  
"Charles Warren Stoddard," by George Wharton James. Arroyo Guild Press.  
"Castles and Chateaux of Old Burgundy," by Francis Miltown. Page.  
"Essays on Modern Novelists," by William Lyon Phelps. Macmillan.  
"Fifty Years of New Japan," 2 vols., by Count Okuma. Dutton.  
"In Love's Garden," by Ida Frances Anderson. Arroyo Guild Press.  
"Legends of the City of Mexico," by Thomas A. Janvier. Harper.  
"Life Histories of Northern Animals," by Ernest Thompson Seton. 2 vols. Scribner's.  
"Poems Written in Early Youth," by George Meredith. Scribner's.  
"Punishment and Reformation," by Frederick H. Wines, LL. D. Crowell.  
"Sacred Songs," by Ditson.  
"Songs from the Operas for Alto," Ditson.  
"Saint Teresa of Spain," by Helen Hester Colvill. Dutton.  
"The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York," by David C. Meryer. Page.  
"The Biography of a Boy," by Josephine Daskam Bacon. Harper.  
"The California Birthday Book," edited by George Wharton James. Arroyo Guild Press.  
"The Dream of Love," by Henry Abbey. Riverside Press.  
"The Little Colonel's Good Times Book," by Annie Fellows Johnston. Page.  
"The Seminole of Florida," by Minnie Moore Willson. Moffat Yard.  
"The Supreme Problem," by J. Godfrey Raupert. Paul & Son.  
"The Smithsonian Institute Annual Report." Government Printing Office.  
"The Works of George Meredith." Vols. I and II. Scribner's.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Lines to a Pilgrim.

Who goes his Way in puny Wrath,  
His back toward the Sun,  
Shall find a Shadow on the Path—  
His own, till Day is done!

Who, turning, walks toward the Light,  
Shall bid that Shade depart;  
Shall find the Road to Mecca bright,  
And Sunshine on his heart!

What though the Shadow follows still  
Turn not thine Eye or Mind,  
Thou art the Master. At thy Will,  
It must—shall!—walk behind!

—Stephen Chalmers, in *New York Times*.

## The Treasure-Seekers.

One sought the East for gems and found, alas,  
Dire failure was his most unhappy pass.  
One sought the pearls in waters of the Ind,  
And sank a victim of the seas and wind.  
Another sought the gold that glitters free  
Upon the strand far in the Northern sea,  
And on the beaches of that land of white  
His bones lie resting in the endless night.  
A fourth plunged in the nearer fray to win  
The gaudy raiment that the Trade-Elves spin,  
And at the last found coffers full of dross—  
The gold was profit, but his soul was loss!

For me, in Fortune's strife, give me the part  
Of him that delves deep in the Mines of Heart—  
Not far afield, but here let me secure  
From them that love me treasures that endure.  
—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Success Magazine*.

## My Creed.

I do not fear to tread the path that those I love  
Have long since trod;  
I do not fear to pass the gates and stand before  
The living God.  
In this world's fight I've done my part; if God be  
God He knows it well;  
He will not turn His back on me and send me  
down to blackest hell  
Because I have not prayed aloud and shouted in  
the market-place.  
'Tis what we do, not what we say, that makes us  
worthy of His grace.  
—Jeannette L. Gilder, in *Putnam's Magazine*.

## Sea Lure.

Today the sea runs from me with a smile,  
O'er foam white shoulder flung; a dare it seems  
To follow. Hark! Her song is woven themes  
Which called the mast-bound mariner, the while  
He strained his bonds; 'tis siren's lure and guile.  
From flying hem fall gifts of pearl; there gleams  
Her feely foot on path to Port o' Dreams,  
To Avalon and purple sundown isle.  
But as the world old runes chimed high and sank;  
What hollow death note fell, what smothered  
roar?  
What form, by fluttering garments bid before,  
Leaps out? From shoulder poise to tense drawn  
flank  
The line of crouching leopard! And the shore  
Is red with that spilled draught wherefrom she  
drank.  
—Charlton Lawrence Edholm, in *Smart Set*.

The centenary of Byron's arrival in Greece was celebrated at Missolonghi with great solemnity, the town being decorated for the occasion. All the local authorities, the archbishop and the clergy, the troops of the garrison, and a great crowd from all the neighboring districts, assembled in the public garden in the afternoon, where the students from the gymnasium and the children from all the schools marched in procession to the poet's statue, on which they deposited a wreath. Speeches were delivered, and a hymn to Byron by the Greek poet, Solomos, was sung. The mayor addressed a dispatch to the British minister in Athens, expressing the deep gratitude of the inhabitants of Missolonghi for the immortal benefactor, whose remains repose in their keeping.

It is somewhat of a surprise to learn that in autocratic Russia women have more rights than in many democratic countries. Mr. John W. Foster in his "Diplomatic Memoirs" (Houghton Mifflin Company), points out that more than a hundred years ago the Empress Elizabeth conferred upon women absolute equality of civil rights with men. Married women can receive legacies, bequeath property, and deal with their estate in all respects as if they were unmarried. Consequently Russia has no suffragettes.

Selma Lagerlof's book, "The Wonderful Adventures of Nils," is used as a primer in the Swedish schools.

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## A CRITIC'S CALIFORNIA EXCEPTIONS.

Percival Pollard Praises Mrs. Atherton and Ambrose Bierce in His Book of Ratings.

Epaninondas said that all Cretans were liars; but Epaninondas was a Cretan. So ran the old riddle, and it is brought to mind by the first pages of Percival Pollard's volume, "Their Day in Court," which his publishers commend as "possibly the most notable single book of criticism that has been published." Mr. Pollard is seriously disturbed by the commercial spirit in present-day methods of publishing. He believes that literature has no goal but the dollar. Yet it is prosperous, if fatally so. He places the responsibility on two classes—the ladies and the critics. And Mr. Pollard admits that he is a critic, though probably with a reservation.

Seriously, Mr. Pollard has written an entertaining book, and as that was his purpose one point must be scored in his favor. He could have written a better one. It has many repetitions that add nothing to the force of his argument. Its statements, sometimes inaccurate, often sustain the defense rather than the critic's attack. But they are enlightened, vigorous, apt, and often distinctly clever. That he seems more determined to prove himself a brilliant essayist than a sound instructor need not reflect upon his credit. It is a common fault with critics. This paragraph exhibits the spirit in which he begins his work:

My enemies were made long ago; if this book do nothing else than assure them of my continuing distaste it will have achieved a success that I shall not despise. Temperamentally I have never been able to distinguish the murder from the murderer; denouncing a crime against literature has never seemed to me so efficacious, or so honest, as denouncing the criminal. If I seem peculiar in that viewpoint, it is because a majority of our critics have been too fond of compromise, too time-serving, to keep the general public on anything like familiar terms with the truth. It is the truth you will find in this book as I see it. To many men many different things are represented by the word truth; I do not pretend for a moment to give you your notion of truth, or even an abstract, impersonal notion of it. For this, above all else, you are to remember, if you are to come with me at all, on the critical excursion that follows: these are my personal impressions. They pretend to nothing else. If you want the fine impersonal attitude, this is not the shop for you; you will find plenty of others to supply the article. As you will find hereinafter set forth more explicitly, my theory and practice of criticism have never found the slightest value in what was not an individual expression of an individual opinion.

Newspapers share with the ladies Mr. Pollard's distaste. In passing it may be noted that Mr. Pollard is or has been a journalist, and that the writers whom he finds most worthy of praise were also of the guild:

I am open to conviction, but it does not seem to me as if there were, on our side of the Atlantic, any longer such a thing as the art of letters; it is merely a trade.

For all of which we may thank the ladies and the critics.

Under "ladies" I would include those writers who, by nature of the male sex, are yet in their art what by an ingenious meiosis we call feminists.

Under critics must be included the newspapers.

His special aversion is the eroticism of many modern writers, but he is not content with naming the offenders—Frank Danhy, Lucas Malet, Kate Chopin, Cassandra Vivaria, Le Gallienne, Edgar Saltus, and others—he reprints the most offensive episodes from "Baccarat," "Sir Richard Calmady," and "Via Lucis." These extracts do not well serve his avowed purpose. However, they may be accepted as good examples of bad art. This conclusion, at least, is worth while:

Yet style, though it may claim a victim here and there, is still the saving salt of letters, the lack of which is so conspicuously our American defect. If those writers about sex had known what style was, they had never written stuff which, as you have seen, made only for ridicule. Style is far more than a mere manner of saying things; it includes selection of the things to say; the sense of form is as much a part of style as is the sense of rhythm.

To demonstrate that he is not prejudiced against all women who write novels, he commends four of varying degrees of merit:

The fiction about society written by women that seems to me noteworthy was of many diverse trends. There were the social tracts of Mrs. Humphry Ward; the pseudo-romances of Marie Corelli; and the international stories of John Oliver Hobbes and Gertrude Atherton. If we consider these, we should be both instructed and entertained. It has ever been one of my critical tenets that if you can not entertain the public, to attempt instructing it is madness. My pages can be read seriously enough; this, as so much else, is all "in the eye of the beholder"; but when they cease to entertain you have only to say so, and I shall know that I have outlived my usefulness. The philosopher and the fool are equals when the clock strikes.

Gertrude Atherton has in Mr. Pollard a warm admirer, yet one who is discriminating in his admiration:

Although years afterward she printed a story

that is given chronologic precedence in her Californian Series, it was not until "The Doomsdwoman" appeared that Gertrude Atherton had artistically to be reckoned with. Here, for the first time, the critic could seriously consider her. Here, for the first time, she showed, quite aside from her picturesque and valuable reproduction of early Californian life, that courage about the relations between man and woman in our world which was afterwards to distinguish all of her work. Here first she proved the broad outlook that led one to apply the term masculine to her cast of thought. She voiced here the realization that woman is monogamous, man polygamous; she painted man as a creature of complex desires, "in whom the animal and divine so strangely mingle that he can love one woman to the death, while allowing his lighter affections to play with others. When "The Doomsdwoman" appeared, in 1893, I ventured the opinion that in her work would surely be found some of the best fiction to be written by American women in the next quarter of a century. Today, fifteen years later, that prophecy is by no means matter for regret.

This is one of Mrs. Atherton's later books: In the final summing up "Ancestors" was an epic of San Francisco.

San Francisco first appeared in literature in an epigram of Oscar Wilde's. Its apotheosis is in "Ancestors." Here was painted all the brilliance of thought and word and deed that distinguished artistic San Francisco; all the electricity that made the town the home of the most promising and the most hopeless talents on our continent is in this book; and its human history before the earthquake will scarcely be better written. If the earthquake and the fire destroyed much that was memorable, they also gave us this book. Fashionable life, bohemian life, all-night life, were all sketched in a set of colorful pictures that deserve historic value. Unless you lived in San Francisco yourself, in that period, "Ancestors" must hold your most vivid picture of it. The old-time glories are made brilliant, so that the contrast to the later ruins is all the sharper.

It is of Ambrose Bierce and his Californian days that Mr. Pollard writes with highest praise, yet with something lacking in knowledge, and notable faults in logic. He begins his chapter with the assertion that Bierce "has constantly turned his face" against dialect and slang—any departure from pure English. Yet the most genial humor and unbounding satire that Bierce ever published were contained in his "Little Johnny" stories in the dialect of unlettered boyhood, contributed to the first volumes of the *Argonaut*. They were quoted far and near, in all their eccentricities

of spelling and syntax. In describing Bierce's later work, Mr. Pollard pays, however grudgingly or even unwittingly, a high compliment to the newspapers:

I said that Bierce was a journalist. He survived, indeed, from an age when we had such deserving the name. Before our newspapers became mere maws sucking in news and spewing it out, we had great personalities, and fine prejudices. Raymond, Greeley, and Prentice were of that type; in California were Frank Pixley and Ambrose Bierce, who between them made the San Francisco *Argonaut* into the best weekly paper on the continent. These were all men of strong personalities, strong prejudices. What is, today, most the matter with both our literature and our journalism is that they are without either of those two vitalizing qualities. Critically, as I can not often enough point out, the impersonal manner is impossible in our present sophistication. That manner appeals only to the type of critic who is himself torn by doubts; who harks back, always, to some dim hallucination, compound of tottering judgment and of conventional views which, lazily adopted by such of his critical ancestors as were unoriginal, are now lumped together under the phrase classical; he calls this hallucination a standard.

Bierce, in journalism, always wielded hearty prejudices and discovered a vigorous personality. He was the journalist whose every line is also literature.

The daily newspaper seems not merely to recognize the ability of bold and expert critics, but to require and commend their services:

With Frank Pixley he made the *Argonaut*. Gradually his personal fame and power were growing greater than any weekly paper could command; William R. Hearst took him over to the San Francisco *Examiner*, there to discourse of men and things in the department entitled "Prattle." There, for years, were printed, every Sunday, the boldest expressions of personal opinion, in the purest English, that the criticism of our time has any record of.

Even the stories which Mr. Pollard considers the rarest gems of literature were first given to the public by newspaper publishers:

The book which will carry Bierce's name on to posterity was the collection of stories "In the Midst of Life." These tales had been printed first in newspapers. The newspapers, you see, have always been large in the story of this great man of letters. They printed these, the finest gems of story-telling in English; they had share in enabling his satiric criticisms to reach the public; and they had as great a share in preventing his literary

genius being properly acknowledged in his own land and time. The famous volume referred to was first published privately in San Francisco by a merchant named E. L. G. Steele. His name deserves memory in any proper record of American literature. A second collection of Bierce's stories of war and horror was printed as a book under the title "Can Such Things Be?" From G. A. Danziger's crude translation he made in "The Monk and the Hangman's Daughter" a fine English version of Richard Voss's German novel.

In his satiric prose these books are specimens: "Fantastic Fables" and "The Cynic's Word Book." In verse—a medium wherein he never pretended to work as other than a satirist on ephemeral men and matters; yet in which he accomplished much that was true poetry—we have his "Black Beetles in Amber" and "Sbapes of Clay." The best of his satire long lay buried in newspaper files.

Before leaving Mr. Pollard to his readers—and he should have many—these illustrations, discussed at length in his book, may be noted: the success of Richard Mansfield, the enduring fame of Oscar Wilde's poems and plays. Critics could neither make nor unmake these, and many like them. And the great reading public judges books and newspapers finally and justly, but not always with swiftness.

"Their Day in Court," by Percival Pollard. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York; \$3 net.

The Boston Opera Company, under the direction of Henry Russell, is playing a season in Chicago, and carries on its tour four hundred people, including an orchestra of seventy-five. Alice Nielsen as Cho San in "Madame Butterfly" made one of the earliest and most notable successes of the Chicago engagement.

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## OF CALIFORNIA

### FORTY-SECOND ANNUAL STATEMENT

DECEMBER 31, 1909

#### ASSETS

Loans on Real Estate	\$ 6,910,666.00
Loans on Approved Collaterals	533,202.84
Loans to Policyholders	2,734,208.65
Bonds and Stocks	5,369,411.81
Real Estate owned and	
Home Office Building	1,227,494.37
Interest and Rent—Accrued	186,381.16
Outstanding Premiums	759,802.57
Cash on hand and in banks	708,036.88
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$18,429,204.28</b>

#### LIABILITIES

Reserve on Policies	\$16,138,615.19
Claims in Adjustment	137,878.21
Premiums and Interest Paid in Advance	94,800.87
Reserved for Taxes Payable 1910	58,000.00
Surplus set aside for Future Dividends to Policyholders	223,879.47
All Other Liabilities	148,028.47
<b>Total Liabilities</b>	<b>\$16,801,202.21</b>
<b>SURPLUS</b>	<b>1,628,002.07</b>
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$18,429,204.28</b>

New Life Business written, 1909	\$22,287,279.00
Total Cash Income, 1909	6,164,528.42
Premium Income, Accident Department, 1909	1,007,370.59
Total paid Policyholders, 1909	1,986,628.67

Increase in Business in Force, 1909	\$7,136,906.00
Increase in Assets, 1909	2,329,130.57
Increase in Cash Income, 1909	531,404.19
Increase in Surplus, 1909	240,904.71

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"VASTA HERNE."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Presumably Leslie Carter's glory has departed with the disappearance of the Belasco restige. Nevertheless, that emotional actress rew an audience of sufficient size and appreciation to make her very happy on the occasion of the opening performance at the Van Ness Theatre of "Vasta Herne."

I can not say that "Vasta Herne" is either agreeable, a cheerful, or a stimulating play. There are some dramas the motives of which are distinctly unpleasant, as, for example, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." But when a play is put together with the constructive skill and the literary realism which makes us follow the destiny of Pinero's tarished *élégante* with such absorbing interest we accept the descent into the darker phases of human psychology because of the truth that we intuitively recognize.

There is truth, too, in "Vasta Herne," in so far as one may surmise the truthful denecation of the sufferings of a victim of the pium habit. But, realistically as these sufferings and struggles were presented, with all the tremendous emotional abandon which has made Mrs. Carter so prominent in the world of players, and with remarkable changes and variations of voice and tone, of attitude, gesture, and expression, as the sufferings were intensified and finally appeased through indulgence, there was something so pathological in the exhibition that the idea of pleasure as naturally lessened. Added to this, we had a short view of a victim in the most advanced stages of the morphine habit; and, although the audience seemed to take kindly to the idea and rewarded the realistic player of the rôle with a round of applause, yet again one felt that though we were having a telling sermon preached to us, the ideas suggested scarcely assimilated with what is ordinarily regarded as the art aspect of the drama. Drugs, disease, suffering, mental and physical, incipient madness, were in the air. Of course, the materialistic side of Vasta Herne's sufferings was well conveyed. Mrs. Carter is, as ever, a vigorous, full-blooded, dominating personality on the stage. But she is not the type for a Vasta Herne, who should be thinner, paler; a frail, picturesque, orange-faced, black-haired, scarlet-lipped, mysterious girl, whose whole being suggests the mental rather than the physical. It would be pitiful to see a delicate girl in such desperate straits, trapped by a soul-fowler, her fe wounded at its very beginning, her contaminated soul and her enslaved senses fighting madly to throw off the fearful bondage. But alas! the sufferings of maturity, keen and terrible though they may be, are not so sympathy-provoking. One pities untied youth whose ignorance and innocence have allowed weak places in the ramparts that a young woman must perpetually erect between herself and the stalker of white souls. But the woman who has lived, who knows life and the will thereof, of such a woman we are apt to think, "she ought to know better."

And there was something about Mrs. Carter's Vasta Herne that suggested an opulently vested past. She had had her cake, and she wanted to eat it. She had tasted the forbidden fruit, and she longed to regain her childhood's appetite for bread and milk. Which reminds me that Mr. Peple's doctor hero is a rather bread-and-buttery, milk-and-watery sort of personage, who, doctor though he was, and therefore presumably acquainted with many of the sad secrets and hidden sins of life, had a little toleration for erring human nature as he turn on the woman he loved with the arrow, intolerant bitterness of a village ruddy, rather than the sad, forgiving reunciation of the true-hearted gentleman that is supposed to be.

In "The Prince Chap" Edwin Peple showed himself a good deal of a sentimentalist, and, in "Vasta Herne," he betrays the hand of the adherent to stereotype, in spite of his attempt to found his play on a substratum of psychology of a weird flavor.

His deficiency is in the outlining of all his characters except Vasta. Hers he has built with care, seeking to indicate a frank, womanly, too generous nature, loving what is noble and, but trapped by the disintegrating influence of that early fault into an indulgence of the more perverted emotions and sensibilities, as well as by the evil counsel of the man who has gained an ascendancy. But

the character of the man who influences her to accomplish unnatural feats, like De Quincey, through the influence of the drug, that he may financially profit thereby, is rather crudely and incompletely sketched. Neither of the men who influence Vasta Herne are worth crossing the street to meet. The doctor is frequently left in tense situations with very little to say, and as Mr. Clary, the actor who played the part, is deficient in the art of silent acting, one rather wondered where all this grandeur of true manhood that Vasta so praised and loved was hiding itself.

In the dialogue Mr. Peple got in a number of good things, the sort of sayings that audiences applaud, as, for instance, when Vasta finally reared up and got in a good vigorous rating of her bad man, and stigmatized him as a being "with a dollar mark for a soul."

On the other hand, the language sometimes becomes too self-conscious and rhetorical, and when Mrs. Carter puts a triple, back-action, duplex r-r-r-ring on her r's we fail for the time to be carried away into the world of illusion.

The best piece of acting, and it certainly was powerful and made its strong vibration on the nerves, was her depiction of the desperation state of Vasta when she is suffering from an enforced postponement of the dose. Her hunted look, her insane restlessness, her incipient hysteria, and the way in which her voice rode the gamut of emotions, all were evidences not only of temperament, but of well-considered study. Sometimes Mrs. Carter becomes unduly theatrical in the amplitude of her gestures, and occasionally her great voice—I never before realized the might of her vocal volume—rolled out in such torrents as to excite a vibration of the nerves. But at these moments she was generally backed up by the text, which would include such grandiloquent remarks as "when the big red stars come out, and we dream of a glad tomorrow."

Comedy is conspicuously lacking in the piece, in spite of a few attempts on the part of the author to lighten the generally strenuous emotional atmosphere. In the lighter talk of the piece the tone is distinctly artificial and the slang and frivolity do not come trippingly from the tongues.

The supporting company does not rise to any promontories of merit, but neither do the rôles, so it really makes no difference.

Mrs. Carter is on the stage the greater part of the time, and as Vasta Herne has a great deal to say, and delivers her remarks with spectacular *empressment*, the audience seemed to be well satisfied. Mrs. Carter wears the same flame-colored hue to her hair; a mistake, I think, as the hue is hardening to features and expression. She wears a rather startling costume in the first act, which is extremely candid in revealing the full lines of her figure, and employs absolutely no reticence whatever in the matter of the boundary line which goes to classify the décolleté costume. There are diamonds and other gems in profusion. There are handsome costumes in each act, and plenty of evidence, such, for instance, as the choice of a color the tint of her flesh, to show that the actress has devoted time and money to making a good impression as to their suitability and becomingness.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts.

The sale of seats for Mme. Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto and the most popular singer who visits us, will open next Wednesday morning, February 9, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Prices will range from \$2.50 down to \$1. Mail orders must be accompanied by check or money order payable to Will L. Greenbaum. The dates for these notable events are Sunday afternoon, February 13; Thursday night, February 17; and Sunday afternoon, February 20; at the Garrick Theatre, although it is likely that on account of the enormous demand the last concert will be given at Dreamland Pavilion. The programmes, as usual, will be colossal, for the great artist will sing no less than five great operatic scenes as well as groups of songs in German and English at her opening concert, and equally great offerings at all the others. Complete programmes of the first two are now ready at the principal music stores.

On Friday afternoon, February 18, Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the opening programme. For this event seats are to be obtained after Monday, February 14, at Ye Liberty box-office.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is one of the grandest musical stars that has ever shone upon this world, and to miss hearing her would be to miss something you would continue to regret.

Margaret Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is to be one of the season's many splendid attractions at the new Columbia Theatre. It will be the star's first appearance here in half a dozen years.

The first presentation here in over twenty years of the romance, "The Marble Heart," is announced by Robert Mantell during his coming three weeks' engagement at the Columbia Theatre.

ELSINORE.

It is strange in Elsinore  
Since the day King Hamlet died.

All the hearty sports of yore,  
Sledge and skate, are laid aside;  
Stilled the ancient mirth that rang  
Boisterous, down the fire-lit halls:  
They have quite forgot to hang  
Christmas holly on the walls.  
Claudius lets the mead still flow  
For the blue-eyed thanes that love it;  
But they bend their brows above it,  
And forever, and to fro.  
Round the hoard dull murmurs go:  
"It is strange in Elsinore  
Since the day King Hamlet died."

And a swarm of courtiers flit,  
New in slashed and satined trim,  
With their freshly fashioned wit,  
And their littleness of limb—  
Flit about the stairways wide,  
Till the pale Prince Hamlet smiles,  
As he walks, at twilight tide,  
Through the galleries and the aisles.

For to him the castle seems—  
This old castle, Elsinore—  
Like a thing built up of dreams;  
And the king's a mask—no more  
And the courtiers seem but flights  
Of the painted butterflies  
And the arras, wrought with fights,  
Grows alive before his eyes.  
Lo, its giant shapes of Danes,  
As without a wind it waves,  
Live more nobly than his thanes,  
Sullen carpers, acid-faced slaves.

In the flickering of the fires,  
Through his sleep at night there pass  
Gay conceits and young desires—  
Faces out of Memory's glass,  
Fragments of the actor's art,  
Student's pleasures, college broils,  
Poesses that caught his heart,  
Chances with the fencing foils;  
Then he listens oftentimes,  
With his boyhood's simple glee,  
To dead Yorick's quips and rhymes,  
Leaning on his father's knee.  
To that mighty hand he clings,  
Tender love that stern face charms;  
All at once the casement rings  
As with strength of angry arms.  
From the couch he lifts his head  
With a shudder and a start;  
All the fires are embers red,  
And a weight is on his heart.

Christmas eve draws bither soon;  
It is strange in Elsinore.  
Underneath the icy moon  
Footsteps pat the icy floor;  
Voices haunt the midnight bleak,  
When the wind goes singing keen;  
And the hound, once kept so sleek,  
Slinks, and whimpers, and grows lean.  
And the very sentinels,  
Timorous, on their lonesome round,  
Starting, count the swinging bells,  
Starting at the hollow sound;  
And the pine trees chafe and roar,  
Though the snow would keep them still.  
In the state there's somewhat ill;  
It is strange in Elsinore.

—Nellie G. Cone.

Mme. Carreno's Last Concert.

The last Carreno concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 6, at the Garrick Theatre, at 2:30. On this occasion the pianiste will play Schumann's Quintette, Op. 44, for piano and string quartette. This work shows the romantic quality of the master's works at its very best. The themes are exceptionally beautiful and the piano part is as grateful as in a concerto. Schumann is one of the few who knew how to make the strings and a piano blend in perfect unity. The Lyric Quartette will be the assisting artists.

Other interesting numbers will be Bach's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue"; Beethoven's rarely heard Sonata, Op. 109; Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 15; Fantasia Polonaise, Op. 61; and Waltz, Op. 42; and a group by her favorite pupil, Edward MacDowell, which will include his popular "Witches Dance," "Barcarolle," and "Etude de Concert."

Seats at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and Benj. Curtaz & Sons until Saturday evening, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the theatre at 9:30. General admission will be \$1. This Friday afternoon Carreno plays in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

Hattie Williams in the comedy success, "Detective Sparkes," has started on a transcontinental tour which will include this city. It will be the first visit here of the Frohman star.

"The Virginian" will follow "Sis Hopkins" at the Savoy Theatre.

Peoole desirous of speaking French and Spanish in shortest time should see Prof. De Philippe, located at 1212 Geary Street.

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Evening Prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box Seats, \$1. Matinee Prices (Except Sundays and Holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Mr. William A. Brady Announces

Mr. MANTELL

Repertory for First Week—Monday Night, "Louis XI"; Tuesday, "Macbeth"; Wednesday Matinee, "Romeo and Juliet"; Wednesday Night, "Hamlet"; Thursday, "King Lear"; Friday, "Othello"; Saturday Matinee, "The Merchant of Venice"; Saturday Night, "King Lear."

Note—Special Prices at Wednesday Matinees.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We learn with a shiver of apprehension that Mrs. Taft has declared war upon the "Four Hundred," and that she intends to start an opposition. Indeed, it seems that it is already started and that quite a number of people all over the country have received private information that the seal is upon their foreheads and that they have been promoted into the shining company of the socially elect. But they must not say a word about it until the hour is ripe. Absolutely not a word.

Caution is the watchword for the moment, and precipitancy might have dire results. A great many of those who now suppose themselves to be in the forefront of society are not to be found upon the new list, and if the tidings of their exclusion were to be imparted too suddenly there would be a weeping and a wailing and a gnashing of teeth that might produce a financial panic. It really might.

Every one knows that the railroad reverses encountered a few years ago by Mr. Stuyvesant Fish were caused by social jealousies and by a concerted effort to depose Mrs. Fish from her prominence in society, and a premature publication of Mrs. Taft's list might produce a national problem. Such things "give to think," as the French say.

The trouble is like this: Mrs. Taft is concerned to find that American society has few points of resemblance with the French salon. Mrs. Astor, it will be remembered, made the same complaint, and set about to remedy it, and failed. Now the wife of the President has faced the same task, and the mysterious list of the socially elected is the result. It is to be a society of family, of culture, and of intellect. Its members must be among those who are accustomed to visit the East during the season, but even when they are at home they are to be recognized as seated upon the top of the ladder, and when they come to Washington or New York they will visit only at each other's houses. The social duties incidental to politics will, of course, be carried out as before, but these will not include musical parties, dinners, dances, or garden parties. At these only the true blue aristocrats will be found, and those who wish to know the perfection of company manners will please turn their gaze in that direction. They may get an occasional and illuminating glimpse through the palings, and no doubt the ladies' maids and the flunkies will be so good as to contribute an occasional item to the society papers. Four clergymen, we are told, are upon the list, three painters, four musicians, eleven authors, two travelers, and five editors. This seems a small allowance of culture for the United States, but no doubt we shall all of us learn some day how to behave and the correct elevation at which the hand should be shaken.

Doesn't it all seem a little disgusting? No one ever imagined that even Mrs. Astor could create a salon, and Mrs. Astor's successor is not yet in sight. A salon can not, indeed, be created at all; it must grow spontaneously. And it can grow only around some woman of preëminent intellect and wit. A glance at the old French salon, of which we hear so much, should make this clear enough. Mme. de Defland, for example, did not decide to create a salon and then set to work with her lists and her secretaries. The salon of the great Frenchwoman found its rise in the increasingly large number of cultured people who found it pleasant to drop into her house of an evening, first to listen to their hostesses' brilliant conversation, and then to meet others of their own calibre who were similarly attracted. After a time there were a certain number who found that Mme. de Defland's ward, Julie de Lespinasse, was even more brilliant than the older lady, and so madame received her adherents upstairs, while mademoiselle held her court below. Then came the separation, and there were two salons instead of one. But they were not created. They were simply the result of the attractive power exercised by brilliant women. Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin or any of the New York hostesses who are so enamored with the salon idea can begin one tomorrow if they can but "deliver the goods," which, of course, they can not do, because they have neither the necessary education, nor the necessary culture, nor the necessary breeding. If they had these things they would already find themselves the centre of salons, and the one who had these things in the greatest abundance would be the leader of the society of culture. These things can not be called into existence by an ukase, nor created by a list. They are a natural efflorescence.

For these reasons it seems a pity that Mrs. Taft should bestir herself in the matter. Nowadays society and culture are two different things, and they can not be conjoined without including a great many who are not society and a great many who have no culture. Better keep them apart. Society means money, and it will be some time before it means anything else; and culture means poverty, and that also will not be changed this week. Culture will look after its own salons—is, indeed, doing so all over the world, and as for the society salons we may as well face the

fact and announce that every one is eligible whose incomes are over a certain amount. They are, you know. Not even a clean face is essential, while as for manners, the less said about them the better.

No one could have predicted that King Edward would one day become a stickler for the proprieties or an enforcer of the stern admonitions of Mrs. Grundy. There was a time when the king himself had a leaning toward the lighter aspects of life, and if the case can be put in more delicate phraseology than this it would be interesting to know it. But that time has passed and gone. Shall we say that advancing years have wrought their reforming work, or must the change be attributed to an enlarged sense of responsibility? Perhaps it will be more gracious to select the latter alternative; but however that may be, the fact remains that the English court was never ruled with a greater ethical severity than it is at present. Never before have marital irregularities been so fatal a bar to royal recognition, and to be under suspicion of heating your wife with even the thinnest of sticks means exclusion from the royal palace.

Not only is it an offense to beat your wife, but it is also an offense to be beaten by your husband. Judicial functions have nothing to do with the king, nor does he stop to inquire who began it or who had the last word. If the domestic harmonies are broken by either party, then both parties must suffer for it, and neither must appear at court until the breach has been sealed and the kiss of reconciliation imparted. Queen Victoria was never so strict as this. With her, divorce was the unpardonable sin, but she closed her eyes to mere quarreling, and rumors of disagreement either never reached her or were disregarded.

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are, therefore, conspicuously under the ban. Both the king and queen are known to sympathize with the duchess, but that does not mitigate the sentence. They must stay at home, or at least away from court, until they have made it up, and this they show no signs of doing, although grievously hurt by the exclusion.

But the duke has been made to feel the peculiar weight of the royal displeasure. During a recent garter investiture he alone of all the guests present was not allowed to remain to the ceremonial dinner that followed the function, and he would have been excluded from the investiture itself had it been possible.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor is credited with an intention to enter English society, but it will have to be the kind of society that is beyond the royal pale. For Mrs. Astor is divorced, and unless the king relaxes his present attitude she stands no chance whatever of recognition. Even Lord Morley, the most brilliant member of the cabinet, is never summoned as minister in attendance upon the court, and for no other reason than some old-standing aspersions upon the character of his wife. On the other hand, Mr. John Burns, who until a few years ago was a day laborer, is in high favor at court, and the queen is especially given to confidential gossipings with Mrs. Burns, whereof the proper training of children is said to be the usual topic.

A student of sociology has recently compiled a statement showing the relative positions of women in the various countries of Europe. In this respect Italy seems to be the most backward, seeing that a married woman can not sign a check even for her own money, nor can she give evidence in a court of law. In France married women may give evidence, but not without the consent of their husbands. Nor may they seek employment without a similar sanction. Women may practice as attorneys, but they may not be judges. In Germany one-fourth of the female population is self-supporting, and wives and husbands have a joint control over the children. In Norway the work of enfranchisement is nearly complete, and it is probably the only country in which women are regularly drawn for jury service. Turkey stands at the head of the list, in spite of the harem system. A married woman is financially independent of her husband. He must endow her with a separate estate, and over this he has no control. Probably more laws for the protection of women exist in Turkey than in any other country in the world.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish has sent a thrill of electric delight through the ranks of the New York suffragists by the announcement that she is henceforth upon their side. The full significance of this momentous statement will be appreciated when it is remembered that Mrs. Fish is a convert, or a pervert, if we prefer the word, and that only last September she emitted the heterodox opinion that the woman who looked after her home would have no time for politics. We seem to have heard the sentiment before, but it was considered at the time to be of almost Solomonic wisdom and is really not so had for a society star.

But the funny part of the whole business is the fact that Mrs. Fish has been converted to suffragism by Mrs. Belmont. What would we not give to have been present when these

great minds met in collision and smote fire from their intellectual anvils. What a godlike feast of reason and flow of soul must have been there as the quick thrusts of genius were parried with a forensic ability equally startling. How is it that these Titanic combats are allowed to pass without record and that the world is left without report of a dialogue that must otherwise have been famous. But that is always the way of it.

"Mrs. George D. Widener gets that \$750,000 gift." This announcement in the glaring headlines of an Eastern newspaper reminds us of the sweet and delicate privacies of domestic life that are enjoyed by the over-rich. How

they do enjoy the open air life, these sensitive blossoms of civilization, and what a dread they have lest they shall do something unobserved by the crowd in the street. The \$750,000 gift is in the form of a rope of pearls and is probably "the most costly" Christmas present ever given to an American wife. How touching is this display of conjugal tenderness, and it is, indeed, a display. The world, we are told, was ransacked to find the necessary pearls and the result is "sufficient for a king's ransom," and one "that a princess might well envy." And yet, in spite of the fact that the lady "gets that \$750,000 gift," there are those with enough assurance to tell us that American marriages are failures.

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STORYETTES.

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The younger lady said spitefully, as she sat beside the other during a waltz—they were both wallflowers: "I wonder, dear, if I shall lose my looks, too, when I get to be your age?" "You'll be lucky if you do," snapped the older lady.

A woman suffrage lecturer recently brought down the house with the following argument: "I have no vote, but my groom has. I have a great respect for that man in the stables, but I am sure if I were to go to him and say, 'John, will you exercise the franchise?' he would reply, 'Please, mum, which horse be that?'"

An epileptic dropped in a fit on the streets of Boston not long ago, and was taken to a hospital. Upon removing his coat there was found pinned to his waistcoat a slip of paper on which was written: "This is to inform the surgeon that this is just a case of plain fit, not appendicitis. My appendix has already been taken out twice."

William Collier tells of a friend who once essayed a repertory of Shakespearean parts in the "tank" towns of the Middle West. The ambitious Thespian, in a moment of generosity, had given a pass to the waiter who served him at the hotel in one town. "Well, Bill," said the actor at breakfast next morning, "you saw me as Macbeth last night?" "I did," growled the servitor. "An' now who's goin' to pay me for my time?"

A Canadian farmer, noted for his absent-mindedness, went to town one day and transacted his business with the utmost precision. He started on his way home, however, with the firm conviction that he had forgotten something, but what it was he could not recall. As he neared home the conviction increased, and three times he stopped his horse and went carefully through his pocketbook in a vain endeavor to discover what he had forgotten. In due course he reached home and was met by his daughter, who looked at him in surprise and exclaimed, "Why, father, where have you left mother?"

At a diplomatic reception in Washington Mrs. Taft, on being complimented on her exquisite French, told a little story about a senator whose French—acquired in twelve phonographic lessons—is by no means exquisite. The senator, fresh from one of his phonographic recitals, pounced upon an under-secretary of the French legation at a dinner. "Monsieur," he said, "eska—ah—eska—voo—sk voo voo—ly, ma—voo—ly ma dunny—" "My dear senator," the secretary interrupted, "do, I beg of you, stop speaking French. You speak it so well—ah, so very, very well—it takes me homesick!"

William had just returned from college. Splendid in peg-top trousers, silk hosiery, fancy waistcoat, and a necktie that spoke of itself. He entered the library where his father was reading. The old gentleman looked up and surveyed his son. The longer he looked the more disgusted he became. "Son," he finally blurted out, "you look like a d—nol!" Later, the old major who lived next door came in and greeted the boy heartily. "William," he said, with undisguised admiration, "you look exactly like your father did twenty years ago when he came back from school!" "Yes," replied William, with a smile, "so father was just telling me."

Charles Dickens used to relate an anecdote of the last moments of Fauntleroy, the great banker, hanged for forgery in 1824. His elegant dinners had always been followed by one remarkable and matchless curaçao, the source of which he kept a deep secret. Three of his boon companions had an interview with him in the condemned cell the day before his execution. They were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said: "Fauntleroy, you and I on the verge of the grave; remember the text, my dear man, that 'we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out.' Have you any objection, therefore, to tell me now, as a friend, where you got that curaçao?"

Cortlandt Field Bishop, president of the polo club of New York, is responsible for his reflection: "An American motorist went to Germany in his car to the army manoeuvres. He was especially impressed with the German motor ambulances. As the tourist watched the manoeuvres from a seat under a tree, the axle of one of the motor ambulances broke. Instantly the man leaped out, ran into the village, returned in a jiffy with a new axle, fixed it in place with wonderful skill, and teufled-teufled off again almost as good as new. 'There's efficiency for you,' said the American, admiringly. 'There's German efficiency for you. No matter what breaks, there's always a stock at hand from which to supply the needed part.' And praising the

remarkable instance of German efficiency he had just witnessed, the tourist returned to the village and ordered up his car. But he couldn't use it. The axle was missing."

A prominent Yale professor is exceptionally fond of mushrooms. His son, who is an enthusiastic botanist, one day brought some home and told his mother to have them prepared, as a special treat for his father. When the professor came in to dinner he was delighted to find his favorite dish at his place. "These are not all for me, are they?" he asked, not wishing to be selfish. "Yes, father, I gathered them especially for you," answered the dutiful son. Next morning his son was awaiting him with rather an anxious expression on his face. "Good-morning, Dad," he ventured. "Did you sleep all right last night?" "Fine," was the encouraging reply. "Not sick at all, or didn't have any pain?" "Why, of course not," answered the professor. "Hoorah," said the botanist: "I have discovered another species that is not poisonous!"

THE MERRY MUSE.

"The Difference To Me."  
He dwells among the untrodden ways  
Of Afric's burning shore—  
The man who used, in other days,  
To make the country roar.  
—New Orleans Picayune.

Relapse.  
Although the doctor cured him  
With a homeopathic pill,  
He subsequently floored him  
With an allopathic bill.  
—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Town of After Ten.  
I wish I was as big as men,  
To see the Town of After Ten;  
I've heard it is so bright and gay,  
It's almost like another day.  
But to my bed I'm packed off straight  
When that old clock strikes half-past eight!  
It's awful hard to be a boy  
And never know the sort of joy  
That grown-up people must have when  
They're in the Town of After Ten.  
I'm sure I don't know what they do,  
For shops are closed, and churches, too.  
Perhaps with burglars they go 'round,  
And do not dare to make a sound!  
Well, soon I'll be a man, and then  
I'll see the Town of After Ten!  
—Carolyn Wells, in Harper's Magazine.

The Plumber (After Longfellow).  
Beside the leaking bath-room tap  
The local plumber stands;  
The plumber, lazy man is he,  
With large and grimy hands;  
And the puzzle is, the less he does,  
The more his bill expands.

Week in, week out, all day to eve,  
I can hear each hammer-blow,  
I can hear him fling his tools about  
From my sitting-room below;  
And he keeps on ringing the bedroom bells,  
So the floor is up, I know.

He comes each morning to the house  
With one—or two small boys;  
And when his tools are out of reach  
One hears his raucous voice,  
Shouting for what he may require,  
And it makes one's heart rejoice.

Spoiling, rejoicing, soldering—  
Not where the leakage shows:  
Each morning sees the job begun,  
Each evening, goodness knows,  
Something's attempted, nothing's done!  
At six o'clock he goes.

Thanks to thee, unworthy friend,  
And the mess that thou hast wrought,  
They're ruined, our hot water pipes,  
And new ones must be bought.  
Bother! Confound!—I can not shape  
Each burning word and thought.  
—Tit-Bits.

A Modern Version.  
Simple Simon met a piewman,  
Going to the fair.  
Said Simple Simon to the piewman,  
"Let me taste your ware."  
Said the piewman to Simple Simon:  
"Young man, my ancestors were the hardy  
spirits who first blazed a trail through  
the pathless forest and founded the  
pioneer settlement in the region which  
is now Missouri. I myself hail from  
that glorious commonwealth, and before  
I can be induced to part with one of the  
succulent gobs of pastry which I am  
vending, I must be shown your penny."  
Said Simple Simon to the piewman,  
"Indeed, I haven't any."  
—Edmund Moberly, in Lippincott's Magazine.

A New York boy brought home with him from college a friend who had not visited the metropolis for ten years. After a day of sightseeing the two were walking down Broadway near Twelfth Street. "Oh, Jack," said the guide, suddenly, "you remember Grace Church, don't you?" "Let's see," replied the other with signs of interest, "what company was she in?"

"Do you understand French?" "At times."  
"At times?" "When?" "When I talk it to myself."—Cleveland Leader.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

This week is witnessing the merry passing of a frivolous season, as Lent begins on Wednesday next. The event of the coming week will be, of course, the charity Mardi Gras on Tuesday evening. There seems no doubt of its financial or social success, but many are awaiting with interest the exact result, considered as a truly carnival occasion.

The early Lent assures a right good harvest of visitors for Southern California, and a general exodus seems to be the next of moment.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn announce the engagement of their daughter, Maud, to Mr. Arthur Rose Vincent, son of Colonel Vincent of Summerhill House, Ireland.

Mrs. Henry C. Campbell will entertain this afternoon (Saturday) at her home in Sausalito in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Avery Campbell (formerly Miss Marion Wright).

Miss Dorothy Baker will be the hostess today (Saturday) in honor of Miss Elsie Barry.

The second colonial hall took place on Friday evening of last week at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs entertained at a dinner on Tuesday evening last at their home in Vallejo Street.

Mr. John Lawson was host at a dinner on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Flood entertained at a dinner last night (Friday).

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore entertained at a dinner on Friday evening of last week at the St. Francis.

Mrs. Orville Pratt and Mrs. George Cadwalader entertained at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at the Francisca Club in honor of Mrs. Spencer Eddy.

Miss Maud Wilson was the hostess at a luncheon at her home on Baker Street on Monday last.

Miss Dorothy Baker was the hostess at a luncheon on Monday last in honor of Miss Agnes Tillman.

Miss Janet Coleman was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday in honor of Miss Marian Zeile and Miss Agnes Tillman.

Miss Miriam McNear was the hostess at a luncheon on Tuesday last.

Mrs. Charles Josselyn was hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday of last week at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller entertained at bridge on Tuesday afternoon at the Fairmont.

Miss Helen Ashton and Miss Bessie Ashton entertained at a bridge party on Thursday last.

Miss Florida Hunt was hostess at a bridge party on Wednesday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer entertained at a musicale on Saturday evening last at their home on Pacific Avenue in honor of the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Mrs. John A. Darling entertained at a box party on Monday evening last in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall of Bath, Maine.

Miss Augusta Foute was the hostess at a tea on Sunday last in honor of Miss Vera de Sahla.

Mr. Emil Bruguiere entertained at a supper party at the St. Francis on Saturday evening last in honor of Mr. George de Long.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lowenberg entertained at dinner last Thursday at the Palace Hotel in honor of Congressman and Mrs. Julius Kahn. The others present were Judge and Mrs. Charles W. Slack, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mr. Martin V. Merle, and Mr. A. J. Lowenberg.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner at the St. Francis last Monday. Mrs. Scott's guests included Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. James Robinson, Miss Fanny Taylor, Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Henry T. Scott.

Mrs. Leon Greenbaum entertained fourteen friends at tea at the St. Francis on Saturday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Beryl H. Graydon.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin will be hosts at a dinner at the St. Francis preceding the charity Mardi Gras ball on the evening of February 8.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. John P. Young entertained at tea at the St. Francis. She had over a hundred guests, among them being Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Miss Dean, Mrs. Tiresy L. Ford, Mrs. E. P. Hunt, Mrs. Hibbs, Mrs. E. E. Parks, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Clyde Payne, Mrs. Thomas Moffew, Mrs. W. F. Mills, Mrs. J. N. Wright, Mrs. George Tay,

Mrs. Julian Reise, Mrs. James C. Jordan, Mrs. William Sessions, Mrs. Kerrigan, Mrs. Charles Groos, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. W. H. Brown, Mrs. John Baker, Mrs. Wenzelberger, Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. Osborne, Mrs. California Newton, Mrs. Isadore Lowenberg, Mrs. Ernest Simpson, Mrs. T. Grant, Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Mrs. John McKenzie, Mrs. Charles S. Crocker, Mrs. Watson Clement Bennett, Mrs. Fredericks, Mrs. George F. Knight, Mrs. Dorn, Mrs. A. Giannini, Mrs. Henry Heynemann, Mrs. James McNah, and Mrs. M. May.

Mrs. Belshaw gave a lunch last Saturday at the Hotel St. Francis. Her guests were Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. Forrest Carey, Mrs. W. R. Cluness, Jr., Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Mrs. J. A. Black, Mrs. R. I. Bentley, Mrs. Charles Bonte, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. W. D. Fennimore, Mrs. Harry Gray, Mrs. Adolph Gartelau, Mrs. Howard Holmes, Mrs. H. J. Morton, Mrs. Leroy Nickey, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Frank Somers, Mrs. William Shotwell, Mrs. Bush Fennell, Mrs. William Lennon, and Mrs. Charles Halley.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. William S. Tevis and Mr. Gordon Tevis came up on Monday last and are at their apartment at the Lafayette.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster of San Rafael spent last week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Attile McBean left a few days since for a brief stay in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Nicholas Kittle left last week for a sojourn in Santa Barbara.

Miss Minnie Houghton has been spending a fortnight as the guest of Mrs. William A. McKittrick at The Meadows, the McKittick ranch, in Kern County.

Miss Agnes Tobin has returned from a stay of some months' duration in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Maud have returned from several months' sojourn in England.

Miss Marian Newhall and Miss Elizabeth Newhall have returned from a visit to Mrs. William Miller Graham at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Worthington Ames has returned from a week's stay in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has been visiting in Santa Barbara recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy will leave early in March for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Baron (formerly Miss Vergilia Bogue) will leave New York this month for Italy, going later to Morocco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Poett are among the recent arrivals in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Boett have returned from the East, where they spent the holidays.

Miss Anne Wilson and Miss Ethel Shorh sailed last week from New York for the Mediterranean.

Miss Vera de Sahla will leave within the fortnight to visit Miss Dunsmuir in Victoria, B. C.

Miss Ellen O'Sullivan and Miss Therese Thompson have arrived in London and will leave shortly for Italy.

Mr. Henry Clarence Breeden has gone to Aiken, South Carolina, to join Mrs. Breeden.

Dr. de Marville and his daughter have rented an apartment at No. 35 Rue de Chaillet in Paris, where they will permanently reside while abroad.

Mrs. Blanca W. Paulsen, who has been traveling in Europe, the East, and Mexico for the past two years, has returned to San Francisco and is making her permanent home with her brother, Mr. F. W. Dohrmann, at 1815 California Street.

Among San Francisco registrations at the Hotel del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Levison, Dr. and Mrs. Albert L. Aller, Mr. W. H. Young, Mr. William Wolf, Mr. H. J. Werner, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Cannon, and Mr. Carl Wolf.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Sturges, Mrs. H. Mager, Mr. J. H. Newbauer, Mr. Sanford Sachs, Mrs. Lieutenant Thomas, Mr. J. A. Magee, Mr. W. S. Hall, Mr. C. Lincoln, Mr. Frank F. Miller, Mr. Albert Johns, and Mr. F. A. Lyman.

## Army and Navy.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy officers who are or have been stationed at Pacific Coast points:

Colonel Clarence Deems, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is detailed as a member of the general court-martial appointed at Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Shunk, First Cavalry, U. S. A., on his arrival in the United States, will take station at the Presidio of San Francisco.

Lieutenant-Colonel James D. Glennan, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered upon the expiration of his present leave of absence to proceed to San Francisco and report to the commanding general, Department of California, for duty in command of the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco.

Major Frank Greene, Signal Corps, U. S. A., has reported at army headquarters, Department of California, and has been assigned to duty and announced as chief signal officer of the department with station in this city.

Major Samsol L. Faison, Twenty-Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been relieved from treatment at the Walter Reed General Hospital, District of Columbia, and upon the expiration of the leave of absence granted him will return to his proper station.

Major James S. Kennedy, Medical Corps, U. S. A., who has been ordered relieved as commanding officer, Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, will sail March 5 to Honolulu. He will assume command of the Post Hospital, Fort Shafter, Hawaii Islands.

Captain F. E. Beatty, U. S. N., has been ordered to temporary duty at the bureau of ordnance, Navy Department, Washington, D. C.

Captain Gustave R. Lukech, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A., has been ordered to make trips, not to exceed six, from the Presidio of San Francisco to Vallejo and return before February 28 on duty pertaining to the survey in connection with the land defense project.

Captain William P. Platt, Ordnance Department, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Winfield Scott, San Francisco, on official business

pertaining to the inspection and proof of seacoast armament, and on the completion of this duty will return to his proper station.

Captain Henry H. Scott, Coast Artillery Corps, U. S. A., is relieved from treatment at the Walter Reed General Hospital, District of Columbia, and ordered to return to his station.

Captain George H. McMaster, Eighth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted ten days' leave of absence on a surgeon's certificate of disability, which took effect on January 28.

Captain Harry F. Rethers, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., now on duty at army headquarters, Department of California, will, in addition to his other duties, take charge of the office of the judge advocate of the department, relieving Captain George White, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A.

Captain Lorrain T. Richardson, Twenty-Second Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Fort Bayard, New Mexico, and report to the commanding officer of the General Hospital at that place for observation and treatment.

Captain Robert M. Thornburgh, Medical Corps, U. S. A., has been ordered to report to the Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, for duty.

Lieutenant Charles B. Elliott, Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., Presidio of San Francisco, is ordered to proceed to Fort Barry, California, reporting upon arrival to the commanding officer for temporary duty as range officer and assistant to the quartermaster of the Department Rifle Range, Point Bonita.

Lieutenant Daniel P. Card, Medical Corps, U. S. A., Army General Hospital, Presidio of San Francisco, has been granted ten days' leave of absence to take effect upon completion of the duty assigned him with the Sixth Cavalry.

The First Cavalry, U. S. A., upon arrival from the Philippine Islands, will proceed to stations as follows: Headquarters band and Second Squadron to Fort Walla Walla, Washington; the lieutenant-colonel, First Squadron, Troops K and M, to Presidio of San Francisco; headquarters of Third Squadron, Troops I and L, to Boise Barracks, Idaho.

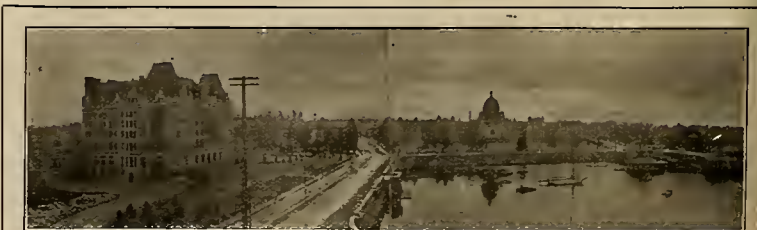
Battery D, First Field Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to stand relieved from duty in this department in time to proceed to Fort Sill, Oklahoma, so as to arrive there February 17.

## The New Lurline Baths.

Among the many important restorations that have been accomplished in the new San Francisco there are few of greater interest or value to the public than that of the Lurline Baths, at their old location on Bush and Larkin Streets. The new building is much finer than the old one, and has cost, with its equipment, \$200,000. Every convenience and variety of bath is embraced in the new place. The salt water is pumped from the ocean near the Cliff House and filtered. The plunge is 65 by 140 feet and there are more than a hundred tub bath-rooms. On Tuesdays and Fridays, from 9 o'clock to noon, the baths are reserved to the use of ladies.

Major Ben C. Truman, the well-known author and journalist, who is one of the "old guard" in Los Angeles (says the *Graphic* of that city), was the first playwright to introduce real "live" Chinamen on the American stage, in San Francisco, in 1864. It was a five-act play, "Life in California," which Major Truman wrote for the Wehls sisters, who were as well known as Maggie Mitchell and Zoe fifty years ago. The first act was a mining camp near Grass Valley, the second on the steamer *Capitol*, which ran daily between Sacramento and San Francisco in the sixties; the third at Montgomery and Washington Streets, the fourth a masque hall at Platt's Hall, and the fifth a duel scene in the Calaveras grove of big trees. In the third act the playwright introduced a score of real Chinamen, and also was daring enough to bring on the stage that eccentric character, "Emperor Norton," a famous figure on the San Francisco streets in the old days. The play was well received by critics and public.

Concerning the present fad of undress dancing by stage performers, the New York *Evening Post* says: "It is strange that there is so little range in the expression of these dancers who have invaded New York, and who, curiously enough, dance to crowded houses. It may be that as each announces that she is entirely different from every one else, the audience assemble with the fond hope of seeing something really novel. The eccentric dances one sees so commonly in musical comedies are infinitely more interesting than these so-called Greek dances, for they need skill, even if they are sometimes grotesque; whereas almost any one might appear in a filmy short skirt and indulge in aimless posing and arm-waving."



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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Robert Mantell will open at the Columbia Theatre next Monday night in a dramatic festival which is to continue three weeks, and hold more interest for lovers of classical plays than any theatrical event of many seasons. This not alone in the variety to be offered, including standard dramas that have not been given here for twenty years, but in the character and scope of the star's company and equipment. Mr. Mantell requires no introduction, and his announcements for the three weeks' engagement speak for themselves. The first week will be made notable by a repertory of seven different plays. The opening bill on Monday night is to be Casimer Delevigne's historical romance, "Louis XI." This drama has become one of the greatest productions in the Mantell list. "Macbeth" is announced for Tuesday night, with Mantell as Macbeth and Miss Russell as Lady Macbeth. The matinee on Wednesday will offer "Romeo and Juliet," and Wednesday night "Hamlet" will be staged. The bill for Thursday and Saturday nights is "King Lear," the greatest of all Mantell's efforts of his former engagement here. On Friday night "Othello" will be played, and "The Merchant of Venice" is announced for Saturday matinee. Special prices are to prevail at the three Wednesday matinees to be given during the Mantell engagement.

Assisting Mr. Mantell will appear a group of players well known through their efforts in the interpretation of classic rôles, and including Marie Booth Russell, Fritz Leiber, Alfred Hastings, Guy Lindsley, Henry Fearing, George Stillwell, Casson Ferguson, Edward Lewers, Genevieve Reynolds, Agnes Scott, and Doris Kelly.

The Shuberts have secured the Novelty Theatre and it will open Tuesday evening, February 8, under the management of Charles F. Gall. Its first attraction will be the favorite actress, Florence Roberts, supported by another San Francisco favorite, White Whitelacy, in "The Transformation."

The story of the play concerns the fortunes and misfortunes of Philippe Norbert, some time Count de Servigny, who is brought to true manhood by the love of a poor seamstress, Colinet, when he is on the point of suicide after being dispossessed when his fortune is squandered. He marries her, but they are poor and both have to work. She is too frail, and with the privation and hard word dies just when he has realized a new fortune on a patent for cheap color printing. Broken-hearted, he leaves France for America, and while there his familiar friend, Francois Rosny, writes him that he has seen a dancer that is the living image of his poor Colinet. Philippe, as the Count de Servigny, returns to Paris, finds the ballet dancer, is struck with the resemblance, but is disgusted with her mode of life and companions. He gets her to pose for an unfinished portrait of dead Colinet, and then begins the transformation of her heart, soul, and body, as she learns to know the man through his undying love for the one departed. Erika soon falls in love with Philippe, the first true affection she has ever experienced, and her attempts to be like his Colinet and win his love give ample scope to Miss Roberts's emotional powers.

The play is handsomely staged, and Miss Roberts's company is excellent. Among them are such well-known players as Maude Granger, Russell Bassett, Homer Miles, and Susanne Siegel. The matinees are Wednesday and Saturday.

Blanche Walsh, who will open a fortnight's engagement at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday evening, has found in "The Test" one of the most powerful of dramas. The author, Jules Eckert Goodman, has treated conditions of today in a forceful, intelligent, and highly interesting manner, and has woven into four acts of heart interest and action a phase of modern life which appeals to men, women, and children in every walk. The scenes are laid in the east side of New York. Miss Walsh, as Emma Eltyng, declares the part to be the greatest of her career as an emotional actress. She is supported by a large and exceedingly capable company, headed by George W. Howard, for years Mary Mannering's leading man. Others in the company are C. Jay Williams, Katherine Bent, Nicholas Judels, Harriet Sterling, George Manning, Maurice George, Thomas Shakelford, and William Travers. Matinees during the Walsh engagement will be given on Saturdays.

Beginning with the matinee Saturday, Rose Melville comes to the Savoy Theatre in the unique play of country life, "Sis Hopkins," for a week's engagement. The character of Sis as originated and played by Miss Melville, brings out all the sweet simplicity of the girl's life and adds touches of pathos. The subtlety of Miss Melville's acting lifts the character from the glare of the footlights and makes it seem one who is really living her life before the audience. It is easy to sympathize with her sorrows and to applaud her bravery when she will not be cowed down, and when she at last comes into her own it is a sincere pleas-

ure to rejoice at her good fortune. During Miss Melville's engagement there will be matinees on Sunday, Thursday, and Saturday. Popular prices will prevail at the Thursday matinee.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning at the Sunday matinee, "Seldom's Venus" will be the headline attraction. It is, with little doubt, the most remarkable exhibition of "living marble" in the world. The Five Mowatts will introduce a club-juggling act which is remarkable for its precision, dexterity, and rapidity. Nothing of its kind to surpass the performance of the Mowatts has ever been given in vaudeville. Kate Watson, Gus Cohen, and their company, which includes three other comedians, will present a one-act pastoral called "The Hoosier Girl." In this sketch Miss Watson introduces a new character type which promises to be popular, while Gus Cohen as Heiney from Germany furnishes a funny contrasting rôle. Mme. Panita, the celebrated European flute virtuoso, will be a delightful feature. She has a splendid technic and her repertory is extensive and varied. It includes a concerto composed by the famous flautist, Tolou, an andante from a concerto composed by Mozart in 1788, a difficult number by Tellmertz, the suite by Godard, the sixth concerto and the Valse Caprice by Demersmann. Next week will be the last of Gus Edwards's "Kountry Kids," Arthur Whitelaw, and Prato's Simian Cirque. It will also conclude the engagement of Julius Steger, whose success in "The Way to the Heart" is greater, if possible, than that achieved by him in "The Fifth Commandment."

Marie Cahill will close her engagement on Sunday night at the Columbia Theatre. The comedienne in the Hobart-Hein musical play has met with popular approval, the success of her engagement being best estimated by the large attendance at every performance. "The Boys and Betty" is a production of unusual attractiveness.

An early attraction at the Van Ness Theatre will be Klaw & Erlanger's laughing trust, "McIntyre and Heath in Hayti." The big production will be given here on the same magnificent scale as during their recent New York run.

The Lombardi Grand Opera Company is to follow Robert Mantell at the Columbia Theatre, and then in turn "The Merry Widow" will waltz again.

Sibyl Sanderson and Mary Garden.

Mary Garden, now secure in her place as a favorite prima donna of the New York Metropolitan Opera Company, does not forget the struggles of her student period. In a recent contribution to the *Housekeeper* of Minneapolis the singer pays this tribute to the generous and unselfish girl, a singer like herself, who came to her aid at a critical moment:

Think of a girl of twenty-two stranded in the streets of Paris! For six months I believe I was mad, quite mad.

I wouldn't go home, with my hopes and my pride trailing in the mud of defeat. I determined to stay and fight it out. It might kill me, but at least no one could say I had not died trying.

One day when almost everything except the clothes I wore reposed in the pawnshops, when I walked the street almost hungry, a carriage stopped beside me and a deep, full voice that sounded to me as beautiful as an angel's, said:

"Isn't this Mary Garden? My dear child, what is the matter? Get right into this carriage and tell me all about it." It was an American voice, a California one, and its owner was Sibyl Sanderson.

She was singing then in one of the operas Massenet had written for her. I had met her but briefly as a starving student will cross the brilliant path of a star. It was amazing that she remembered me.

"Tell me about everything," she commanded in her pretty imperious way, and I told her everything. She drove to my boarding-house, paid the mustachioed female proprietor of it her full bill, and took me and my pitifully few belongings to her beautiful home. She insisted upon my remaining there as her guest. She redeemed my wretched pawn-tickets. She caused the sun once again to shine, for she sent for M. Carre, the director of the Opera Comique. I sang for him. He gave me my chance.

Nine years ago I made my debut. I had been studying Louise. One night I went to hear it sung by Mlle. Rothillon. She had a cold. After the first act the director, knowing I was in the house, sent for me and asked desperately: "Will you sing the rest of the opera? Either you will or I must turn the audience away. Mlle. Rothillon's physician is here and orders her not to sing another note."

There were but ten minutes before the curtain rose. I stood in the wings and hummed the airs of Louise. There was no time to change my costume. At any rate, I could not have worn the gowns built for Mlle. Rothillon. I wore my shirt-waist, a tailored skirt, and a sailor hat, and I finished the opera. I was engaged at once to sing the rôle of Louise. I remained at the Opera Comique for six years, until I came home to sing.

Lawyer—You don't like the jury? Defendant—I do not. No. 1 is my tailor, No. 3 is my grocer, No. 5 is my milk and egg dealer, and No. 7 is my wife's first husband! What chance have I got?—St. Paul Dispatch.

Unfinished Masterpieces of Literature.

Thackeray was just about "warming up" to the task of writing "Denis Duval" when death intervened. He had written but three installments in serial form when the end came on Christmas eve, 1863. It is a coincidence that the last words written by the master were: "Behold Finis itself came to an end and the Infinite began."

Dickens died while busily at work on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," in 1870. The first chapters of the story had appeared but two months previously in serial form. It has always been extremely uncertain how Dickens would have completed "Drood," one of the most powerful of his works.

Byron had planned a continuation of both "Don Juan" and "Childe Harold," a project never realized, for he passed away at Missolonghi before the new cantos were written.

Coleridge never completed "Christabel," a most admired poem; and among the other fragments of the original designs may be mentioned Wordsworth's "Excursion" and Macaulay's "Armada" and "History of England."

When Wilkie Collins died there remained unfinished his story, "Blind Love." Unlike, however, the others, Collins fortunately left an elaborate synopsis of the remaining portion, so that Walter Besant had no difficulty in bringing the tale to a conclusion.

Robert Louis Stevenson left at least two works incomplete—"Weir of Hermiston" and "St. Ives." The latter was cleverly finished by Quiller Couch.

The Lew Wallace statue for statuary hall in the national capital building was preferred by the Indiana legislature over one of Vice-President Hendricks on the ground that Wallace was a literary man of fame (observes the *Springfield Republican*). But literature was forgotten by the sculptor, who put the author of "Ben Hur" into a general's uniform, thus emphasizing his service in the army. The statue was unveiled January 1. A feature of the ceremony was the reading of an original poem by James Whitcomb Riley. The statue was the work of Andrew O'Connor of Paris. It is seven feet in height. The figure is clad in the uniform of a major-general of the United States army. Oliver P. Morton, war governor of Indiana, is the other citizen who has been honored by the Hoosier State in the same manner.

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Those things help to establish the selling price of gas and electricity.—Adv.

Death of General Sigel's Widow.

Mrs. Elise Sigel, widow of General Franz Sigel, died a few days ago at the home of her daughter. She had been ill since the death of her husband six years ago, when she had a stroke of paralysis. She was born in Werben, Germany, on September 14, 1834. Her father, Dr. Rudolph Dulon, was a pastor in the Dutch Reformed Church and well known as a writer during the revolution of 1848. General Franz Sigel was at that time in the south of Germany fighting. When the revolution ended the Dulons fled to Heligoland, and in 1851 went to England. General Sigel came to America in 1853, and a year later was followed by the Dulons. Elise Dulon and General Sigel were married in a house in Union Street, Brooklyn, in 1853. At the outbreak of the Civil War General Sigel, who was teaching school in St. Louis, organized two regiments composed of Germans and offered their services to Lincoln. They were accepted, and he served throughout the Civil War. At its close he and his wife established the *Baltimore Wrecker*, a newspaper. Mrs. Sigel wrote practically all of the editorials.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Small Chap*—Papa, what is the race problem? *Papo*—Picking winners.—*Columbia Jester*.

*Griggs*—So Tom is married, eh? *Briggs*—Yes, for the present. He's married an actress.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Were you embarrassed when you proposed to me, Tom?" "Awfully; I owed over \$10,000."—*Syracuse Herald*.

"Did the—ah—prisonah offer any—ah—resistance?" "Only a shilling, your wushup, and I wouldn't take it."—*M. A. P.*

"Is he broke?" "Broke! Why, his assets rattle around in his liabilities like a pea in a coal bucket."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

"The railroads are discharging all men with gray hair." "Most of the married men will be safe." "How so?" "The majority of them are bald."—*Houston Post*.

"How much does it cost to get married?" asked the eager youth. "That depends entirely on how long you live," replied the sad-looking man.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Don't chide me for carrying a revolver. This little gun saved my life once." "How exciting! Tell me about it." "I was starving and I pawned it."—*Nevado Epitome*.

"Why is it that novels are so much more popular with the women than with the men?" "In a novel the fellow invariably asks the girl to be his wife."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Am I really and truly your first and only love?" queried the dear girl. "No," answered the truthful drug clerk, "but you are something just as good."—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Gentleman (hiring valet)*—Then I understand you to have some knowledge of barbering. You've cut hair, off and on? *Applicant*—Off, sir, but never on.—*Boston Standard*.

"Impatience," said Uncle Eben, "is generally de feelin' you has when you wants somebody else to hurry an' make up foh de time you's been wastin'."—*Washington Star*.

*Mrs. Hutton*—We are organizing a piano club, Mr. Flatleigh. Will you join us? *Flatleigh*—With pleasure, Mrs. Hutton. What pianist do you propose to club first?—*Tit-Bits*.

*Knicker*—What's Smith's idea of himself? *Bocker*—He doesn't think anybody else can do a thing he can do, and he doesn't think anybody else can do a thing he can't do.—*Puck*.

*Wigwag*—What, roses! Don't you know a girl never marries the fellow who sends her flowers? *Oldbock*—Sure, I do. That's why I always try to keep on the safe side.—*Philadelphia Record*.

*Sculptor (to his friend)*—Well, what do you think of my bust? Fine piece of marble, isn't it? *Friend*—Magnificent! What a pity to make a bust of it! It would have made a lovely washstand.—*Tit-Bits*.

"So when Bella rejected Jack, he went immediately and proposed to Maud?" "Yes; but that wasn't the best of it. What do you think? He gave Maud an order on Bella for the engagement ring."—*Boston Transcript*.

*Enraged Creditor*—I've had enough of mounting all these stairs every day to collect this bill. *Debtor*—Well, I can tell you a piece of news that will please you. After tomorrow I'm going to live in the basement.—*Pele Mele*.

*The Missus*—Jim, you've been drinking again! *The Mister*—Mahel, m' dear, I can not tell a lie—I— *The Missus*—Goodness! Then you must be worse than I thought. Go to bed in the other room.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What's the trouble?" "Big crowd waiting for tables," explained the head waiter. "Tell the orchestra to strike up something lively," ordered the proprietor. "Maybe it will make these people chew faster."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Did you ever know a girl to die for love?" "Yes." "Did she just fade away and die because some man deserted her?" "No; she just took in washing and worked herself to death because the man she loved married her."—*Houston Post*.

"Some men are so queer." "And you are going to tell me of one particularly queer one." "Yes. It's Mr. Barberton. His wife used to beg him for nickels and dimes, and now he's cheerfully paying her a hundred a week for alimony."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"But do you think," asked the visitor in the local option town, "that prohibition really prevents?" "Well," replied the native, "it prevents a fellow from getting the best of whisky, but it doesn't prevent whisky from getting the best of him."—*Catholic Standard*.

*Woggs*—You seem to be very proud of your youngest son. He must be a very remarkable youth. *Baggs*—He is. Judging from the papers, I think he is the only twelve-year-old boy in the country who hasn't invented a perfect wireless telegraph, submarine boat, or aeroplane.—*Puck*.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### "San Francisco—1915."

"Boston—1915" is the name of a widespread scheme of development which for several months has been urged upon the people of Boston by an earnest and progressive element. It aims at many things, all tending to make Boston a better place to live in and to do business in. It looks to better parks, to more playgrounds for children, to refurnishment and improvement of school buildings, to the improvement of harbor facilities, to the remodeling of hospitals, to the paving and cleaning of streets—to these and many other things immediately related to the public welfare, things not ordinarily promoted under the political scheme. The 1915 movement draws its name from the fact that those behind it hope to see the accomplishment of their plans within a period of five years, by 1915. The movement has "caught on". Every element of the Boston community, from the governor in the state house to children in the primary schools, has joined in it and great things are expected through it.

There are those who would like to see in San Francisco a movement in imitation of "Boston—1915"; and the date comes with special significance, because in

1915 we are to have here a great exposition. The San Francisco—1915 movement, if such a movement should be launched here, might well undertake the preparation of our city for the special obligations of the exposition time, as well as for all time thereafter. Among those who have considered the matter exhaustively is Miss Alice F. Griffith, whose name is well known in connection with settlement and other beneficent works. Miss Griffith is the author of a little pamphlet which was distributed at the recent annual dinner of the Associated Charities, in which are pointed out various important things needed to be done here and which might easily be done under a coöperative movement. San Francisco—1915, Miss Griffith declares, ought to mean playgrounds for children, reinforcement of the resources and beauties of our park system, betterment of our schools, and a thousand other projects of general utility and betterment. The suggestion is a good one, and with leadership and organization it may be transmuted into reality. But leadership and organization are absolutely essential; nothing in a public way comes without the aid of these forces. No suggestion was ever so good or so practicable as to carry itself by its own momentum.

### Remarks About "Conservation."

In other times it was thought that the resources of the country were "conserved" when they were put to use—that they were wasted when they were left unused. But we have a new philosophy in the land. Under it that only is "conserved" which the government has retained in its own possession. Let us illustrate: The fine water power at the falls of the Willamette River in Oregon is used to the uttermost ounce weight. It supplies the motive element in the work of making a thousand hundredweight of paper each day; it grinds many thousands of bushels of grain into flour every working day; it yields the force which moves every lathe, every grindstone, and every working engine in the adjacent manufacturing town. In Portland, and miles away, it runs the street cars, it moves the elevators, stirs to action the wheels in a thousand manufacturing establishments, and at night it lights the city indoors and out. But, forsooth, this power passed into the hands of private owners two generations ago, hence under the new definition of things it has been "lost." If instead of thus being employed in multitudinous forms of service, the falls of the Willamette had been set apart and maintained as a "government reserve," yielding no other service than that of a Siwash fishing station or a picnicking site for camera artists, then under the new scheme of things this great force thus allowed to run uselessly away would have been "saved."

This new philosophy is so eagerly held at the seat of national government that factions have been formed vying with each other as to which shall go to greater lengths in exploiting and enforcing it, and in decrying the other policy under which the country has prospered since the Pilgrims wrought at Plymouth, and under which America by its prodigious development has given to the world the newest and most amazing of its wonders. There is a potential group which would deal so radically and immediately with the natural possessions of the government as not even to wait upon rearrangement of laws—riding roughshod and without conscience over all obstacles towards ends so highly moral that they can not wait for orderly and authorized processes. The President of the United States has found the temerity to resist this rough-riding usurpation, but even while checking impetuosity of action he is no whit behind the other reformers in the radicalism of his projects. He, like the rest of them, would "conserve" everything in sight by putting upon our timber fields, potential coal mines, natural water powers, and other such like elementary resources, the brand of governmental ownership, under such regulations and limitations as may be devised in the discretion of the conserv-

ing enthusiasts, interpreted and administered by mincing and lipping bureaucrats of the Glavis type.

Even under the laws as they are and as they have existed practically since the foundation of the government, in absolute disregard of tradition and practice, upon the mere whim of a young department official bred up in Germany and enamored of the imperialistic idea in administration, long strides have been made towards actual enforcement of the new "conserving" principles.

Already, even before there has been any effort to change the laws, there has been created under the protection—we use the word advisedly—of the Department of Agriculture, a vast and costly administrative bureau for the "conservation of natural resources." Mr. Mondell, of Wyoming, speaking in the House of Representatives last week, gave to the country a graphic account of this bureau and its workings. Much of the money provided for the Bureau of Forestry, he said, is spent for objects in no way related to the cutting of timber or to the protection of forests from fire. Conventions of foresters in the employ of the government, he said, were held simultaneously with gatherings in which hostile criticism against the service was likely to be made. The foresters were assembled under orders, and of course at the public expense, for the purpose of offsetting such criticism. In other words, they are used to help create enthusiasm for the "conservation" policy and to thwart criticism of its operations. Government money was further spent, he said, for newspaper and magazine agitation of the Appalachian forest reserve project. There had likewise been established six district headquarters at a cost of three-fourths of a million dollars, including \$40,000 for typewriters in a single year. He further pointed out that already the Forestry Bureau had attained a development calling in the support of its routine work, much of which was done at Washington, for vastly more money than the "conserved" forests would ever be able to pay. The system not merely devours the entire products of forestry enterprise, but ten times more. Ingenuity, he said, was pushed to devise new places, new schemes of officialism, to the end that more men and more money might be swallowed up in this pretentious and nefarious enterprise. He denounced the whole scheme as an outrage and a scandal, and when called to account for this characterization, drove the charge home with circumstantial statements and a moral emphasis which left his questioners dumb.

Our principle of action up to now has not been based upon imperialistic theories of public ownership or of bureaucratic administration. We have sought to develop the country by disposing of its resources in the rough to men of enterprise and capability. We have invited the world to go into our wildernesses, one after the other, and to make them blossom as the rose, and to this end we have offered to capability and hardihood the freest invitation and the freest scope. Nobody denies that there were some mistakes of liberality and many abuses under them. We gave away to railroad companies more lands than we should; worse still, under conditions which have permitted them in some cases to hold them under a policy of nonusage. In other words, we were too generous in bestowing the natural bounties of the country. And yet, speaking broadly, it is not easy to see how a more fortunate working policy could have been devised or sustained. At least the country has prospered amazingly under it. The continent has been spanned by railroads, nearly forty new States have been carved out of the wilderness, organized, peopled, and equipped for civilized life. Could these great and beneficent results have been achieved under the scheme proposed by the "conservators"? We think not.

And even if it had been possible to occupy and develop the country under such a policy, what



would have been the character of the people living as tenants upon a soil not their own, working as mere renters and exploiters in the forests and mines, directed under general policies from Washington by a horde of bureaucrats and petty officials representing the general overlordship of the country? And what would have been the character of the government, thus led away from its original purposes and into fields of detailed guidance and guardianship, over the working conditions and forces of the land? Under these conditions would the West be what it is today either in the character of its development or in the quality of its people? These questions need no answer.

It appears to be the idea of the "conservators" that vast hoards of ready-made wealth exist in all parts of the West open to any man who may choose to put in a shovel unless restrained by the government. Such and such a condition or facility, they declare, is of vast value, failing to understand that nothing is of any value until it has been developed, worked, brought to use. Take for example the case of a natural water power. Without the coöperation of energy, capital, hardihood, skill, a most inviting water power is useless for all time: before it can be turned to account there must be expenditure of all these things. Capital must literally be poured into every such project and so expended that it may not be drawn out excepting as the conditions under hand may be brought to commercial account. Do the "conservators" wish the government to undertake works of this kind? Would they have the United States appropriate money to build power plants, pipe lines, and the other colossal works essential to the utilization of these natural facilities? Would they have these great enterprises under the backing of the government, carried out by such incapables and irresponsibles as the government commonly contrives to bring into its service?

These questions exhibit the preposterous character of the whole scheme. If development were to be brought about under such plan the cost would inevitably be beyond computation. No government, not even our own, is rich enough to sustain such an enormous drain upon its resources. How difficult it is to get any government work done efficiently or honestly has been shown over and over again. How difficult it is for the "conservators" themselves to carry forward such a work wisely or reasonably, is exhibited by the amazing mess in which the Klamath irrigation project has become involved.

Private enterprise with its skill and capital will not engage in enterprises subject to the hazards imposed by the "conservation" scheme. Under this scheme privileges are not only to be paid for in advance of their development, but they must be wrought out under a plan subject to the general governance of petty officials, likewise subject to nullification through administrative caprice, for it is not within the scheme to grant any rights which may not be revoked at any hour. Who among men of capacity and prudence would engage in an enterprise involving the expenditure of millions in fixed works upon the chances of an engagement so temporary and uncertain?

The plain truth is that the whole scheme of "conservation" is in principle revolutionary as related to the traditions and practices of the government, and visionary as related to working expediency. Under it the initiative and energy of the West would suffer a check and a blight, and a national progress which has gone beyond all example or precedent would be halted. The project indeed is nothing less than a practical impossibility in a country organized like our own, inspired like our own, and administered like our own. It may work in countries like Prussia founded under different conditions, developed under a wholly different scheme of government, by a race of different instincts and sentiments and brought up under another discipline. But with us the thing is quite out of the question. If we shall be foolish enough to overturn our national practice and to accept the proposals embodied either in Mr. Pinchot's or Mr. Taft's plan—the one in its essentials is as wrong as the other—we shall suffer the consequences in the form of stifled enterprise and of stagnation of every interest dependent upon the working of those natural resources which remain in the possession and under the authority of the government.

It ought not to be necessary to add that by all this it is not implied that the properties of the government

should be abandoned to mere selfish exploiters. If there are water powers in Montana, if there are forests in Washington, if there are coal measures in Alaska, which belong to the government, they should be disposed of intelligently and for reasonable value. But the government should not undertake the creation of dams, pipe lines, and wire lines; it should not go into the lumbering business; it should not undertake to dig and sell coal. These things will better be done by private initiative and enterprise.

After all, perhaps the thing most seriously to be dreaded from the imposition of this new policy is not the stoppage of internal development. That we could stand as we have stood many other abuses and injuries. But could we endure in this country the rise of a bureaucratic system which would fill the land with petty officials charged with authority to mix and meddle in every department of business? The theory of the conservationists is that the President of the United States will have authority under their scheme of operations. But the President of the United States is a man of many and large affairs. Even if he were disposed to do it he could not give to detailed affairs of the conservation scheme the personal attention essential even to intelligent direction. In the very nature of things, authority would have to be parceled out to working administrators of one degree or another. Thus we should have over each mine or forest or water power some little chap of the Glavis type, strutting large in his own conceit and making a merit of hectoring and thwarting men better than himself. Whoever has had to do with the petty bureaucrat in political or business administration knows how many, how vexatious, how destructive, are the vices of the breed. Can anybody accustomed to dealing with large affairs, imagine for one moment that the working of great enterprises would be possible under such conditions?

As a people we have so long deemed ourselves exempt from the troubles which grow out of officialism that we reckon little of them. Accustomed as we are to a public service limited in scope and authority, and for the most part dependent upon popular election, we do not have that dread of the bureaucrat which prevails, and for the best of reasons, in many other countries, notably in imperial Germany, where the scheme of "conservation" finds its models and its inspirations. But those having knowledge of the historical struggles of men for liberty, and of the further struggles to maintain liberty once achieved, will not unprotestingly witness the upgrowth of an administrative bureaucracy in this country. It is a system under which popular jealousy and hatred in the older countries are everywhere inveterately directed. And with reason. For under the reign of civilization no other system so abounds in restrictions and vexations.

#### Mr. Fickert's Duty.

The statements of District Attorney Fickert in Judge Lawlor's court on Monday would be startling if the public had not been prepared for them by previous and partial disclosures. The district attorney's office, when Mr. Langdon turned it over to Mr. Fickert, was, according to the latter's statement of the case to Judge Lawlor on Monday, bare of information, records, or data of any kind bearing upon the Calhoun and other so-called graft cases. Records of testimony given before the grand jury and upon which indictments were based, records of three years of complicated procedures in court and out—things absolutely essential to intelligent and consecutive action—were lacking. Apparently the files had been swept clean by the retiring district attorney regardless of the fact that the records, having been developed officially and their up-keep paid for with public money, belonged to the district attorney's office as parts of its fixed furniture. Equally amazing is another disclosure for which the public had likewise been prepared that special Assistant Heney and special Detective Burns had failed to turn over any record whatever of evidence obtained by them in these cases. The mysterious disappearance of the chief witness, Gallagher, long in close association and friendship with the late prosecutors, cited by Mr. Fickert in his statement to Judge Lawlor, is another circumstance astounding in its suggestions.

These statements of Mr. Fickert, coupled with the intimation of Judge Lawlor that it might be necessary to investigate the district attorney's office, call loudly for inquiry into this whole business, including, the

Argonaut ventures to suggest, Judge Lawlor's own share in recent transactions. That there has been wrongdoing in this whole matter is the universal belief. What is more, there has been a calculated and concerted effort to transfer the blame of it upon a new official who is in nowise responsible.

Apparently Mr. Langdon has looted the records of his office to the end that they might not bear testimony of the doings of the past three years. Judge Lawlor, who now talks vaguely about investigation—probably aiming at Fickert—has had a share in goings-on which ought to be exposed. There has been notorious miscarriage of justice in which Langdon's office is or was concerned and in which others have had certainly a shameful and possibly a criminal part.

Experience has made it plain enough that no assistance in getting at the bottom facts can be expected from those judges who have been involved in these cases. The action of the late district attorney in clearing the files of the prosecuting office of its records, make it plain that no assistance is to be got in that quarter.

Mr. Fickert has been put in an embarrassing and onerous position. Through no fault of his own his hands are tied—and there rests upon him a burden which he may not possibly bear creditably and which he can not discard without a certain discredit. He owes it to himself and to the public which he represents to take such proceedings as his official position justifies him in taking to expose the inwardness of this whole business, laying bare to the world the inside workings of the so-called graft prosecution. Those who are responsible for its extraordinary methods, for its failure to secure conviction, for its looting of a public office, for its connivance in the disappearance of records and witnesses, should be set in the public pillory. This we repeat, Mr. Fickert owes to himself.

#### A Pointed Contrast.

Senator Borah of Idaho, interviewed at New York within the week, said much tending to the enlightenment of the Eastern mind about matters just now actively before the country. Among other things Mr. Borah called attention to the liberal land policy in the newer British provinces of North America. "Look," he said, "how we are losing the very best elements of population. Last year 40,000 Americans in the Western wheat belt crossed over into Canada to settle upon the new lands offered freely to those who will come and develop them. This year the movement of more than 70,000 Americans in the same direction is already arranged for. They will take with them a goodly supply of capital. Besides the loss of good, thrifty farmers, this means the loss of \$10,000,000 in good American money. The reason for this movement is that the Canadian government, in the effort to attract population, has framed up its land laws in liberal spirit. They have learned by experience that the land is worthless to anybody until it is used."

Senator Borah further surprised the New Yorkers by the statement of certain simple facts so familiar indeed in the West that their impressiveness has almost come to be lost. For example, under the "conserving" policy of the government in recent years—a policy enforced without change in the laws—one-third of the superficial area of Idaho is in forest reserve. This does not mean that one-third of Idaho is forested, only that for one reason or another it has suited the conservists to withdraw vast regions from occupancy and to dedicate them to silence and non-production. Governor Hughes of New York, to whom Senator Borah paid a visit, was quite taken off his feet when informed that at point of area the State of New York could be lost in the forest reserves of Idaho.

Senator Borah's statement with respect to the movement of American wheat farmers into Canada might have been made even more striking by reference to the comparative history of United States and British territories. There was a long period prior to the consolidation of British territories under the Canadian federation, when the shoe was on the other foot. Under the American homestead law, aided by railway construction, promoted in turn by liberal land grants, the American regions of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas filled up quickly with an industrious and enterprising population. The corresponding British territories on the other hand, then under lease to great trading corporations, notably the Hudson Bay Company, were practically held as hunting reserves. Long after the American West had become a populous and



productive country, the British West was still a wilderness, the abode only of savages and of the fur-bearing animals. The explanation lay wholly in the then contrasting policies of the two countries, for one region was practically like the other in natural conditions.

In those days we used to boast, as our Canadian friends used to lament, the contrasting differences. But that was before we had been taught the new and new philosophy that a country is "saved" when it is left in a state of nature; that it has been "lost" when it has been occupied and developed and turned to profitable and beneficent account. It was before Mr. Pinchot had gotten his German education and had returned to instruct us that pretty much everything in America was in a wrong basis.

#### Party and Party Organization.

The Good Government League appears to be all torn up over the issue of whether it shall or shall not hold a "conference" for the outlining of party plans and the recommendation of the candidates, preliminary to the primary election. Mr. Chester Rowell of Fresno, who might properly be called the "boss" of the party if it were right to use so objectionable a word in connection with so nice a man, objects to a preliminary conference. In Mr. Rowell's philosophy, the primary election itself is a preliminary conference. None other is necessary; any other would indeed, according to Mr. Rowell, be an impertinence and violation of the spirit of the law. What will be done in the matter is not yet determined, although it is announced that Mr. Rowell and his associates will hold a meeting in this city some time during the week—it would be unkind to call it a conference—to mutually counsel and consider.

Mr. Rowell's position in this matter shows to what lengths an intelligent and clear-headed man will go when he gets to theorizing about things in themselves essentially and necessarily practical in their nature. Mr. Rowell apparently does not comprehend the first principles of political organization, for there can be no such thing as party action without deliberation among its members representing various parts of the State before going to the bat of an election, primary or other. The thing is impossible. Without conference—without mutual understanding—the members of a party can not possibly know each other's minds or come to agreement about policies of candidates. To refer the whole business to the primary election would be to dismiss the idea of coöperative action, to abandon absolutely the party scheme. And that the party scheme is a necessity under our system is the judgment of men quite as good, equally able, and far more experienced than our good friend Rowell.

Some preliminary conference among the members of a party, call it by any name you please, is the first and absolute essential of party organization and action. To undertake to get on without it is to throw the whole business of politics into chaos and to leave the outcome to chance. They have had more experience with the direct primary in Oregon than in California, and to the Republican party, which includes practically four-fifths of the Oregon people, it has been a bitter experience. Now they are trying to find a way out, and the easiest and most natural way is through a system of party conferences in some respects like the old party conventions. In supporting this plan the *Portland Oregonian* of the fifth instant says:

From the fact that it is impossible for the electors in general to know the candidates arises the need of conventions of the representative men of a party. These representatives should be chosen by the widest suffrages of the members of the party, in every county. The candidates recommended will then go to the primary for nomination. If not acceptable, they will fail in the primary, and others will be nominated.

It is a simple method, perfectly reasonable, entirely in accord with the spirit and method and purpose of the primary law. In adopting it, the Republicans of the State will do exactly what the Democrats did, when they assembled at Portland and put forth a full ticket, led by Chamberlain for governor and Gearin for the Senate; and later when Chamberlain was put forward for the Senate in the same way. Their course was perfectly legitimate; it was accepted by their party and Republicans didn't complain about it. Attending the Republican convention there is likely to be a great number of voluntary members. The more the better—the conference then will partake of the nature of a mass meeting as well as an assembly of delegates. The one object will be to agree on candidates upon whom concentration may be had for the purposes of nomination. The situation will require unusual care and deliberation. All know that men must be selected who may be expected to unite their party, or only such can be elected. Deliberation among members

of a party from various portions of the state is a condition necessary to the presentation of acceptable candidates. The electors of a party can not be expected to vote for the unknown candidate who may chance to obtain a plurality consisting of a fractional and often of a local vote. There should be deliberation about candidates who are to be named for the whole State; but without conference, that is, through meetings, assemblies, or conventions, there can be no general knowledge on the subject. All the men of a great party can not meet and confer together; the representative system must have some place and function; there must be some basis of agreement, or there can be no coöperation in or through party. Party name can mean nothing unless a party can organize for consultation on the course to be pursued, and to talk over the names deemed fit or fittest for presentation in their party's name. It is the one and only way to obtain candidates whom the electors will deem worthy of support.

This argument so precisely fits the situation in California that we quote it at length with the recommendation that Brother Rowell and other political idealists shall read and consider.

Those who imagine that the political life of the country can be carried on without party organization would do well to study the history of their country in times past and present, likewise to heed the counsels of men whose prominence in the sphere of working statesmanship justifies them in giving counsel. There is no man of our time of larger or keener mind than Senator Elihu Root of New York. In a recent address to a group of young collegians, Mr. Root dwelt upon the obligations of citizenship. Among other things he said:

My advice would be: Join a party, one of the great parties, according to your general agreement with its record, policy, and tendency; appreciate the necessity and power of political organization and lend your effort to make it wholesome and effective; stand firmly, regardless of your personal fortunes, against every effort to corrupt it or to use it for selfish purpose; support managers who are faithful to the party and serve it for its interests and not their own; stand for honorable candidates unpurchased and representative of the wisdom and best purpose of the party; in local matters be independent and keep distinct your duty as a member of a national party for the furtherance of national interests, and your duty as a citizen of a local community to aid in having it well governed; stand against "bossism" and all that the word implies, and aim to make your party organization within its proper field representative and its leadership responsible and accountable to the party members. If you achieve a place of prominence with respect to party management, set yourself against corrupt practices, expose them when you can, and recognize that your highest duty is to the institutions of your country; believe that there is sufficient love of truth and justice to win support for what is well conceived and faithfully declared; and be content, while making those necessary accommodations of personal opinion which are essential to coöperative action, to put your faith in the indisputable principles of right conduct which would not be compromised in the open and in secret purpose and in the undisclosed transaction should be held equally inviolable. To the extent that these ideals are held sacred, our essential party activities will be a benefit to the nation.

This, too, is worth the attention of those idealists who sometimes appear to think themselves too good to coöperate with their fellow-citizens.

#### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Heyburn's remarks in the Senate on Monday of this week in objection to a proposal to lend army tents for the use of Confederate veterans at their forthcoming encampment at Mobile, recalls the period when the "bloody shirt" was the favorite theme of congressional oratory. With all due respect to Mr. Heyburn, the time for that sort of thing is past. If the whole truth be told, there never was a time for it. The political condition typified by the bloody shirt as we now recall it is the most terrible in the history of the country, terrible because it spoke the voice not of humanity, brotherhood, or statecraft, but of anger, malice, and uncharitableness. The answer of the Senate on Monday was precisely what it should have been. Republicans and Democrats, Mr. Heyburn alone excepted, voted to lend the tents for the Mobile meeting.

The downward movement of prices on the New York stock board, which has been more or less in operation during the past two months, culminated in a small imitation of a panic on Monday. The principal object of the attack was the common stock of the United States Steel Corporation, but the whole list shared in a marked decline. One of the explanations given is to the effect that Wall Street has connived at this movement by way of warning President Taft, and in view of his urgency for his United States incorporation bill just introduced into Congress. There is another and far more rational explanation. It is the fact that the

general stock list has in recent months advanced beyond real values. The general confidence inspired by a great upward movement which began last summer carried prices to a point where conservative men could not see the value behind them. Take Union Pacific for example. This stock pays 10 per cent on the par value. The earnings of the system are good and ultimately it may pay more; but a 10 per cent stock regarded apart from speculation is not worth \$220, at which price approximately it stood for several weeks on the New York board. A reaction to a price bearing a natural relation to the dividend-paying power of the stock was inevitable. Something like this has happened all along the line. Under the impetus of a great upward movement prices were carried high—too high. There may be more than this in the immediate situation at New York, but the fact we have just cited is sufficient to explain why the market tends downward.

There is nothing in the situation of the country at this time to justify a general decline in values on the New York stock exchange or anywhere else. The agricultural interest is prosperous as never before. In every item of agricultural production, excepting only cotton and hay, the product for the year 1909 was greater than in the preceding year, and in every item the value was greater. For example, the wheat product of 1909 as compared with 1908 showed an increase of 28.3 per cent in quantity. Under the relative wheat prices of the two years under comparison there was another increase aggregating 18.3 per cent. High prices for all produce are practically guaranteed for the coming year, and this can hardly fail to promote large plantings. The general industry and business of the country stand at high levels. On this score we can not do better than quote from *Bradstreet's Annual Review*, recently issued:

Spring orders already received by jobbers and wholesalers and business hooked by manufacturers practically insure the full or overtime now being run until next year's crop and trade outlook takes more definite form. While it might be erroneous to expect the record building expenditures of 1909 to be exceeded in 1910, an active year's business is looked for. It is generally conceded that the railroads will be free spenders for improvements in the coming year. Finally, if reports as to holiday and retail buying are correct, public purchasing power, despite high prices ruling, seems to be fairly normal. All these things indicate activity in a high degree. Modifying or qualifying these features is the question of the effect increased price levels of commodities, and therefore of all costs of business and industrial operation, will have upon general business. These have already lessened profits and bid fair to be productive of much friction in industrial lines. If the activity confidently looked for eventuates active money markets and firm rates would seem probable.

The decline in values at New York comes upon conditions which could thus be summarized only a few days before, and nothing has occurred in the meantime to change the elementary status of the situation. Explanation of the little flurry of Monday must therefore be sought elsewhere than in the current conditions of agriculture, general industry, or general business.

It is announced that the railroad now under construction by the Hill interests down the east side of the Cascade Mountains into central Oregon has secured right-of-way to the northern line of the Klamath Indian reservation. Of course, it will not stop there, since every motive having weight with railroad builders will tend to bring it on to Klamath Falls or practically to the California line. There are rumors that it is the intent of the Hill people to come on to California, but there is no reason to believe that this is so in the face of Mr. Hill's explicit denial. The new road will serve as a feeder to the new Hill trunk line down the Columbia river, and it will open up a new highly productive territory in the central basin of Oregon. This region, long neglected, seems now in the way of having not only one road but two, for while the Hill line is building from the north a Harriman line is being built from the south. It is a country of tremendous potentialities and there will soon be traffic enough for both.

It is expected that the new Edison storage battery cars will prove immediately useful in New York City for the out-of-the-way lines where horse-power is still used. But the first order has come for the Tanea Valley line in Alaska, which has been looking for a system which would make the maintenance of trolley wires unnecessary.

Not only are human inhabitants unknown south of Cape Horn, more than 2300 miles from the Pole, but, except sea forms, within the circles animal life and vegetable life are practically absent save a few low forms of hardy lichens and mosses.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

The strike of the shirtwaist makers in New York has attracted an unusual amount of attention throughout the country. Women have rarely displayed a sufficient power of combination to engineer a movement of this kind, and this fact alone has given a certain amount of portentous significance to the event. Then, again, there is a general feeling that the shirtwaist workers have some real grievances, and that their lot has been by no means what it should be.

But there are two sides to the shield if we may judge from some of the correspondence that is finding its way into the Eastern press. The women strikers are not only exercising their unquestionable right to work or not to work, just as they please, but they are coupling this with an effort to deny to others the same rights that they claim for themselves. Among the letters referred to is one that appears in the New York *Evening Sun*. It is written by an attorney who is well known for his labor sympathies, but who is disturbed by the tyranny and illegality of which he was a witness.

He says that he was attracted by the density of the crowd on Broadway and Eighteenth Street, and he asked one of the attendant policemen for an explanation. The officer said that he was on duty to protect those who were working and against the aggression of the "pickets," and the correspondent then stood on one side to watch the proceedings. He thus describes them:

About fifteen linked couples of young women marched up and down the sidewalk for a distance of forty feet in front of the entrance where the policeman stood. Their talk and laughter were loud and they seemed to enjoy the presence of the gathering crowds, and the crowds were gathering on both sides of the street, for it was the hour when the great stores and warehouses were emitting their thousands and those who were in a hurry had to take to the roadway and dodge the street cars. Cries of "Move on, move on!" frequently came from the policeman at the door and the girls did move, but it was a twisting, swaying movement in a constricted circle, and the whole situation seemed charged with a tenseness of expectation that something was likely to happen. Presently there came out of the guarded entrance a number of women, some old and some slips of girls, and immediately the "pickets" shrieked out "Strike-breakers," "Scabs," and other words that were to me unintelligible. The women so accosted ran, with frightened faces, in every direction; some reaching the corner, some, with difficulty, making their way through the crowd, while others were escorted by men to the street cars. Two or three of the most vociferous of the "pickets" grabbed the "strike-breakers." These the policeman arrested, but the excitement continued until all of the women employed in the factory had left.

The "pickets" are described as "well-dressed, breezy, broad-batted young women," who seemed to be having a gay and uproarious time, while the workers were poorly clad and with the hunted look of those who had good reasons to be in fear. The action of the police, is described as so moderate as to be a practical encouragement to law-breaking, and the law was being broken in more than one way, seeing that there was an "unlawful assembly" tending to and actually producing a breach of the peace and directed toward the hindrance of workers in their lawful efforts to earn a living. The women on strike have every right to work or not, "but that right does not carry with it a license to prevent others from working":

Brushing aside the mawkish sentimentality and notoriety hunting which have surrounded this strike, there is a deeper root question than one of wages or union or non-union labor at stake, and it is a question which judges, magistrates, and policemen should bear in mind. It is, Shall one or a number of persons be permitted to deprive another of the means and opportunity of earning daily bread? That is what those pickets were attempting to do, for many of the workers who, if appearances spoke truly, sadly needed the earnings. Suppose that on leaving some of the churches in our city, the congregation were to be assailed with insulting cries and offensive epithets from a menacing mob. Would not the whole country ring with denunciation of the assault on the freedom of religious worship? Undoubtedly it would. Well, the freedom to work is as sacred as the freedom to worship. If one be violated with impunity there is no good reason why the other would not be, and it was the sacred right of freedom to work that was violated on Broadway in the presence of the police.

The law, argues the correspondent, should stand impartially between employers and employed, but the conduct of its officers ought not to be modified by their own sympathies, nor by a discrimination between men and women.

The recent flurry on the New York stock exchange is evidently a part of the conflict that is now in progress between the White House and some of the large financial interests in the East, and an interesting inside view of the conflict is given by a Washington correspondent with an enviable reputation for careful accuracy. It will be remembered that some few days ago a statement with a mysterious suggestion of underlying meaning was given out from the White House, presumably with a view to smoothing troubled waters. It ran as follows:

No statement has issued, either from the Attorney-General's office or the White House, indicating that the purpose of the administration with reference to prosecutions under the anti-trust law is other than set forth in the message of the President on January 1, 1910. Sensational statements, as if there were to be a new departure and an indiscriminate prosecution of important industries, have no foundation. The purpose of the administration is exactly as already stated in the President's message.

The denial that any statement has been issued shadowing forth a general campaign against evil-doers other than the assurances in the presidential message indicates that there was something to deny. As a matter of fact, the President's attitude toward lawbreakers has been a matter of some conjecture in Wall Street, although that fact does not say much for the intelligence of Wall Street. There was a general opinion that nothing was to be feared from White House activities, and in describing Mr. Taft the remark was commonly made that he was "all right" and that "they had him where they wanted him."

Now the substance of this gossip is said to have been carried to the White House by anxious inquirers, who wanted to know if "open town" was really to be the order of the day. At last the reports of Wall Street complacency and assurance became so numerous that Mr. Taft was provoked to a rejoinder, and in the course of conversation he is said to have declared in effect that those who were breaking the law had better not count their chickens before they were hatched, and that there would be no lack of prosecuting energy whenever such energy might be called for. It did not take many hours for this bit of gossip to reach Wall Street, and then there was a further fluttering of the doves, and an entirely innocent bit of colloquy was translated into a portentous statement that the President was about to declare war upon the financiers, and that the innocent were likely to be overwhelmed with the guilty in a general presidential assault with horse, foot, and artillery. Hence the day's panic, which is interpreted by some as due to the natural unsteadiness of the market, and by others as a deliberate threat to the President of what greater things he might expect if the policeman should venture to show his face in the precincts sacred to finance. We may choose between the two threats. We may, indeed, pay our money and take our choice. We shall pay our money anyway.

The mischief of the whole business is that the enforcement of a curiously vague and inclusive law rests with the President alone, and that his mission is not to say whether the law has been broken, but whether it has been so broken as to be an injury to the community. Probably America is the only country in the world where it would be possible to pass a criminal law which must necessarily include a number of innocent and laudable concerns within its scope, and this merely for the purpose of striking at other concerns which are not innocent or laudable. The lawbreakers are divided into good lawbreakers and bad lawbreakers, and it is only against the latter that there is any disposition to move. But what are we to say of a law that can not be enforced without bringing ruin upon the commercial interests of the country, and that must be used only at the discrimination of the executive? It is somewhat as though we should make it a criminal offense to possess dynamite with the general understanding that only those would be prosecuted who used the explosive for evil purposes. The law against combinations in restraint of trade is just one of those happy-go-lucky, run-as-you-please legislative efforts that are responsible for the perpetual state of uncertainty in commercial circles.

The postal savings bank bill is likely to be accepted by both Houses of Congress, not so much because members will be satisfied of its value as because it is an administration measure and will therefore demand the regular machine support. Such criticisms as see the light are from indifferent sources, and they are mainly of an adverse nature.

As a side-light upon the difficulties of conducting a savings bank upon the rigid lines of government control, we have the recent decision of several New York institutions to reduce the rate of interest from 4 per cent to 3½ per cent. The securities such as the law allow no longer make it possible to pay the higher rate, so that it remains a matter of some doubt how a postal savings bank can guarantee a particular interest and in what way it can utilize the funds so as to earn such interest. It is understood that whatever the rate may be it will not be high enough to compete with the existing institutions, but if this be so the postal banks are hardly likely to get business enough to justify their existence.

The difficulty of earning the interest whatever the interest might be is still more perplexing. If the deposits were invested in the 2 per cents, this would of itself prevent the interest from exceeding 2 per cent, and even if it were as much as 2 per cent it would throw all the operating expenses upon the government. Moreover, a period of depression, with its consequent savings bank withdrawals, might have the effect of throwing so many 2 per cent bonds upon the market as actually to impair their value.

Still another question is the ability of the postoffice to run such a business. Seeing that it can not run its own business without scandalous extravagances, we may well doubt the wisdom of allowing it to enter new fields and with almost unlimited opportunities for new and nefarious politics. We have, so far, been willing to allow the great offices of government to be run for the benefit of party subscribers and "the boys" generally. Foreign embassies and the like are of course the legitimate prey of the tyros with check-books, but when it comes to money—our money, our savings—we should like to know something of the men who are going to handle it. Will each new administration mean a new set of incompetents as it means in so many other departments? Are the bank positions to be handed about among the party favorites as is the case elsewhere? There is an old-fashioned idea that safe banking requires the experience that comes from long apprenticeship. The idea has been somewhat modified of late under some hard lessons, but the money-saving public would like to know who would be called upon to manage the postal banks. Would it be Mr. Hitchcock?

In the little town of Essen, Germany, is a hotel—a first-class hotel—at which the principal guests who put up there never have to pay for their accommodation. It is owned by Frau Bertha Krupp, the richest woman in Germany, the owner of the great Krupp Works, at Essen. She runs it at a loss of more than \$100,000 a year. This hotel was built by Frau Krupp solely for the entertainment of the representatives of foreign governments who visit Essen to superintend the execution of orders. Ordinary travelers sometimes can find accommodations at the Krupp Hotel, but only when the rooms are not required for Frau Krupp's foreign official guests.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## The High Water Mark.

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Representing—  
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Peter Samuels & Co., 31 West 15th, New York City.  
Whipple Novelty Co., 22 East 21st, New York City.  
Collins Kombers, 48 W. 22d, New York City.

JANUARY 27, 1910.

THE ARGONAUT, San Francisco:  
DEAR SIR: We have been constant readers of the *Argonaut* during our sojourn in San Francisco—eight years. We feel that you always reach high water mark in your editorials—and your views generally are pleasing. You are, moreover, not afraid. We like you immensely, and now wish to be placed on your subscription list. We enclose check—\$4.00. Please make date from January and send back numbers.

Yours truly,

KNICKERBOCKER-KNICKERBOCKER.

## After Thirty Years' Experience.

ETNA SPRINGS CO.

ETNA Springs, Napa Co., Cal.  
LEN D. OWENS, Owner and Manager.  
W. H. MERRIFIELD, Assistant Manager.  
ETNA SPRINGS, CAL., December 20, 1909.  
THE ARGONAUT, 207 Powell Street, San Francisco, Cal.:  
GENTLEMEN: Herewith check for \$4. Kindly renew *Argonaut* subscription for one year. Have been an appreciative reader for about thirty years, and have reached a point where your paper is an actual necessity.

Yours sincerely,

LEN D. OWENS.

## Can Not Be Without It.

THE SENATE OF THE TERRITORY OF HAWAII.  
REGULAR SESSION, 1909.  
Senate Chamber.

HONOLULU, T. H., January 4, 1910.

EDITOR THE ARGONAUT, San Francisco, Cal.:  
DEAR SIR: I have been away from the Islands for some months and find my subscription has evidently expired. You please send me your paper from the first of the year. I will for a year's subscription. Am too old a reader of your excellent paper to be without its weekly visits.

Address the paper to me at Kealia, Kauai, Ter. Hawaii.  
Yours truly, GEO. H. FAIRCHILD.  
P. S.—Where can I get a copy of the poem, "The Damnedest Finest Ruins the World Has Ever Seen." Has you not printed it in the *Argonaut*? It refers of course to the San Francisco fire.

## One of the Few.

HOTEL SAVOY, SEATTLE.  
"Twelve Stories of Solid Comfort."

JANUARY 12, 1910.

ARGONAUT PUBLISHING CO.:  
DEAR SIR: The *Argonaut* is one of the few papers that I feel like reading each week. I was born and raised in San Francisco, and am interested in the news. Addition to this, it is in a congenial form, and gives it in such manner that it is interesting. Yours truly,

E. F. HALLADAY,  
Manager Hotel Savoy.

The manner of the ginseng's growth gives it a queer shape and in some cases fabulous value. There is first a main root, or trunk. Then on the sides there will be smaller roots, one on a side, and by a curious formation, the offshoots resemble arms and legs, so that the full-grown ginseng looks for the world like a human figure. The more the fancied likeness to the human form is developed, the greater the value according to some of the Chinese. The root as an herb has wonderful properties, but, too, so much beyond is the value of one that looks human. The others will cure cancer and all sorts of other diseases, but the precious one having the human shape will keep off devils and bad luck.

Members of the British Parliament are paid no salaries; hence, as a rule, only men of means can afford the luxury of such an honor. However, many of the Irish members, and of the labor members, too, receive help from their constituents. A purse is made up for them. It is very common for constituencies to elect men who do not live or vote there to represent them in Parliament. Mr. Gladstone never represented a district in which he lived. At different times he represented the University of Oxford, a part of Lancashire, a district of London, Midlothian in Scotland, a probably other places. It is a good plan and worth our imitation.

"Johnson the Hangman" has given up his calling in the Mississippi town where he has presided at leg executions for many years. The number of men has put out of the way totals only forty-two, but has tired of his task and of the social ostracism he and his family have undergone because of his business. I say he has as good an education as the ordinary man and that it was humanitarianism and not callousness which actuated him in adopting and carrying on his business. Johnson's victims were mostly blacks.

The two thousand Japanese cherry trees presented Mrs. Taft and the City of Washington by the corporation of Tokio arrived safely and were planted along the new speedway. Later they were discovered to be infected with various disorders peculiar to vegetable life and were destroyed.

So many counterfeit nickels are dropped in the fare boxes of a New York street railway company that the lead realized when they are melted down makes a appreciable item in the revenue of the road.



## PARIS UNDER WATER.

"Martin" Describes a Few of the Scenes in the Beleaguered City.

By the time this letter reaches San Francisco the first of the great flood will be over and we shall know what we have to deplore. At the moment of writing the end is not in sight for us here. The Hydrographic Department says that the devouring river will be satiated in another two days, and it is strange how willing we are to believe good news from the source that issued its grave warnings only to our ears. For no one believed that the Seine would do any mischief. The ancient Romans never gave to the Tiber half the devotion that the Parisian pays to the Seine, which has been so orderly for centuries which has seemed almost to be a gift from the great Architect for the beautification of the French capital. The Hydrographic Department told us all what to expect. Metaphorically it rung the tocsin in our ears day and night, but the Parisians did no more than come a fresh *décertissement*, and they flocked to the banks and bridges to watch the oily river below and speculate when the frolic would cease. Indeed, the masses of the people seemed to have but little suspicion of actual danger even when thousands of soldiers were working like beavers upon the embankments, and when every bridge was watched by toiling workers as the river-swept debris should create a dam that would precipitate catastrophe. Paris to the Parisian is the holy fane of civilization and protected by the walls from calamity. Menace and threat could do no more than emphasize its immunity.

Paris knows better today, with calamity an accomplished fact and the end not yet in sight. But the city has plenty of fortitude. He goes to the café as usual, when he can get there without a boat, but sits in silence. Some of the theatres are open but audiences are thin. No spectacle can compete with the view of the streets, and so the Parisian makes his way from quarter to quarter as best he may and feasts his eyes upon a spectacle that, let us hope, will not recur. There are silent crowds around the Place de l'Opera as near to it as the cautionary ropes will allow, the famous Place shows signs of subsidence and is guarded by the police. Some small boys duck under the rope, enter the forbidden area, and jump back into safety as the gendarme raises his hand. But no one laughs, which is a sinister sign, for the Parisian always laughs when the gendarme is discomfited. Making his way to the Place de la Concorde we find it practically under water, and we are told that subsidences have already occurred here. We can not get into the Tuileries at all. It is isolated and so is the Tuileries garden, but the curator of the Louvre is still in high spirits. He says the water must rise a long way yet before it wets the feet of his statues, and although the *Dieu* may be indifferent to property—as indeed seems to be—he will at least be respectful of art. We hope it may be so, but the omens are not favorable. Notre Dame at least enjoys no exemption, and hosts of people who would willingly send up their prayers within the classic pile must carry their else-where, for Notre Dame is surrounded and the crypts are flooded. But large numbers of the faithful are to be found in the other churches and the prayers are unceasing; but what can prayers do so long as the wind blows from the wet quarter and the snows continue to melt? Some of the churches adopt a better road to the Throne of Grace by throwing their doors wide open for the relief of the homeless and the hungry. Other devotees adopt other ways. A large concourse of the faithful has just taken the image of St. Genevieve and carried it through the flooded districts on the left bank of the river, in order that the patron saint of Paris may see for herself what has happened in her favorite city and so take such remedial steps as may seem proper to her. But whatever St. Genevieve may see fit to do it would be well for her to do quickly, for the river is still rising and even patron saints may become a little drowsy when they are called upon only in emergencies.

The ugliest feature of the situation is the insurrection of the criminal classes. The Paris Apache is well known, for in cold-blooded cruelty and rapacity he resembles nothing so much as the terror of the Western plains. Paris orderly and alert can hardly cope with him, and now that every able-bodied policeman in the city is busy with rescue work the Apache feels that he has at last entered into his own and that he may plunder and even murder, to his black heart's content. In many quarters the citizens have organized themselves in self-protection, and one meets patrols of twelve well armed and ready for the thug and desperado. The patrols make no prisoners. The criminal who is caught in *flagrante delicto* is treated to a sound drubbing, and then unceremoniously tossed into the river to sink or swim, with a preference for the former, and the river just at present is not favorable to natatory exercises. Quite a number of bodies, evidently of Apaches, have already come ashore. When soldiers catch an Apache they shoot him on the spot. But with the masses of the homeless people there is no trouble whatever. Martial law has never been in sight of for a moment. There is no hunting of the people about, no strident orders, no revel of brief authority, no shouting or hectoring. Parisians would not allow themselves to be bayoneted into safety, and such ferocity is beyond all praise at a time when every

soldier and every policeman is needed for the physical labor of salvage.

As I have said, the end is not yet, for the river is still rising. Even if the flood ceases when the scientists say that it will, the next two or three days must add immeasurably to the misery and the destruction of which even now it is impossible to form an estimate. PARIS, January 27, 1910. ST. MARTIN.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Tita's Tears.

A certain man of Ischia—it is thus  
The story runs—one Lydus Claudius,  
After a life of threescore years and ten,  
Passed suddenly from out the world of men  
Into the world of shadows.

In a vale  
Where shoals of spirits against the moonlight pale  
Surged ever upward, in a wan-lit place  
Near heaven, he met a Presence face to face—  
A figure like a carving on a spire,  
Shrouded in wings and with a fillet of fire  
About the brows—who stayed him there, and said:  
"This the gods grant to thee, O newly dead!  
Whatever thing on earth thou holdest dear  
Shall, at thy bidding, be transported here,  
Save wife or child, or any living thing."  
Then straightway Claudius felt to wondering  
What he should wish for. Having heaven at hand,  
His wants were few, as you can understand,  
Riches and titles, matters dear to us,  
To him, of course, were now superfluous:  
But Tita, small brown Tita, his young wife,  
A two-weeks' bride when he took leave of life,  
What would become of her without his care?  
Tita, so rich, so thoughtless, and so fair!  
At present crushed with sorrow, to be sure—  
But by and by? What earthly griefs endure?  
They pass like joys. A year, three years at most,  
And would she mourn her lord, so quickly lost?  
With fine, prophetic ear, he heard afar  
The tinkling of some horrible guitar  
Under her balcony. "Such things could he,"  
Sighed Claudius; "I would she were with me,  
Safe from all harm." But as that wish was vain,  
He let it drift from out his troubled brain  
(His highly trained austerity was such  
That self-denial never cost him much),  
And strove to think what object he might name  
More closely linked with the hereaved dame.  
Her wedding-ring?—would he too small to wear;  
Perhaps a ringlet of her raven hair?  
If not, her portrait, done in cameo,  
Or on a background of pale gold? But no,  
Such trifles jarred with his severity.  
At length he thought: "The thing most meet for me  
Would be that antique flask wherein my bride  
Let fall her heavy tears the night I died."  
(It was a custom of that simple day  
To have one's tears sealed up and laid away,  
As everlasting tokens of regret—  
They find the hottles in Greek ruins yet.)  
For this he wished, then.

Swifter than a thought  
The Presence vanished, and the flask was brought—  
Slender, bell-mouthed, and painted all around  
With jet-black tulips on a saffron ground;  
A tiny jar, of porcelain if you will,  
Which twenty tears would rather more than fill.  
With careful fingers Claudius broke the seal  
When, suddenly, a well-known merry peal  
Of laughter leapt from out the vial's throat,  
And died, as dies the wood-hird's distant note.  
Claudius stared; then, struck with strangest fears,  
Reversed the flask—

Alas, for Tita's tears!  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

At one time the swan was considered a royal dainty; only the king's sons or persons of considerable yearly income were allowed to eat of it. The peacock, it is true, afforded the most famous dish—the bird of state, honored by being carried to the dining table at feast times by the fairest lady of the company, instead of by a common servitor; but the swan was a good second in repute. For many long years it has been the custom for a number of young swans from the Thames to be forwarded to the king's kitchen at Christmas time; some were cooked for the royal table (where it is probable they were left uneaten) and others were sent as gifts by his majesty's orders to his friends. The swans on the Thames belong partly to the sovereign, partly to the Vintners' Company, and the beaks of the young cygnets are nicked to distinguish the owners. The full-grown swan is said to be stringy and fishy-tasting meat, but the cygnets are much liked by some authorities. Most of us have no opportunity of sampling the dish for ourselves, but we may take it on trust that it is not, after all, a great loss, and this supposition is borne out by the king's decision not to have his lawful supply forwarded.

The Australian laws which it was assumed would make the union labor cause secure are evidently working the other way. President Bowling of the Northern Miners' Federation, of New South Wales, has been convicted of obstructing work at the mines during a strike, and sentenced to one year at hard labor in prison. Three other strike leaders were given sentences each of eight months at hard labor, while a number of miners were condemned to briefer terms of imprisonment.

The palace of Choragan in Constantinople, recently destroyed by fire, was built by Sultan Abdul-Azis, and was the finest of the palaces on the Bosphorus. It was constructed of marble, and the interior was remarkable for the beauty of the sculptured ornaments in marble and wood. For many years it was the home of the deposed Sultan, Murad V, and was inaccessible to visitors. It was occupied by the Turkish parliament when that body was formed a little more than a year ago.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sir Mortimer Durand, former ambassador to the United States, was defeated in the recent English elections, contesting a seat in Parliament from the city of Plymouth.

Judge H. K. Hanna, circuit judge of the First Judicial District of Oregon, has just resigned his position, after long service on the bench. Judge Hanna had passed his eightieth anniversary some time before he resigned.

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is foreman of the grand jury in New York investigating the "white slave" traffic. He pleaded inexperience and poor health, but was induced by the judge to take up the work as a patriotic duty.

The Duke of Norfolk, premier duke and earl of England, has been mayor of Sheffield and postmaster-general. He went to the front in the Boer War. There are few, even of the great millionaires, who are as wealthy as he, and he is still glad to be spoken of as a notable public character.

Mr. Jacob M. Dickinson, Secretary of War, who recently returned from an extended trip to Porto Rico, Cuba, and San Domingo, has been chosen by President Taft to make the official excursions for the present administration. His next trip, which probably will be made early in the summer, will take him to the Philippines and Hawaii with the Panama canal and Alaska still in the distance.

A Vanderbilt of the fourth generation has entered the directorate of the New York Central Railroad, William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., having been chosen a few days ago to fill one of the vacancies recently created in that directorate. He is of the fourth generation from the creator of the New York Central system, and he is considerably older than two of his uncles were when they entered the New York Central board.

The senatorial candidacy of former Judge Frederick A. Powers of Houlton, to succeed Senator Eugene Hale, whose term will expire next March, was recently launched in Augusta, Maine. On the third day of next March Senator Hale will have served thirty years in the upper branch of Congress, and prior to that time he served two terms in the lower branch. Senator Hale's son, Colonel Frederick Hale, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Congress in Reed's old district, the first.

Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont has won first place among enthusiastic workers for woman suffrage. Her house at Newport has been made a general headquarters, with special arrangements for lectures, and she works every day with her secretary and stenographer. She has seen hundreds of people, sent out thousands of letters, raised thousands of dollars, spoken before clubs, prepared magazine articles, sent organizers throughout the State, and has put into action all the executive force for which she has long been distinguished.

Miss Ethel M. Arnold, granddaughter of the great Rugby schoolmaster, and sister of Mrs. Humphry Ward, recently lectured in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Pennsylvania Limited Suffrage League. Her talk was on "Woman's Progress in Europe." Although a firm believer in "Votes for Women," in England, Miss Arnold, as a foreigner, prefers, it is said, not to be considered a propagandist for the suffrage cause in America. This is Miss Arnold's second visit to this country, her lectures last year having been received with much favor.

Joseph H. Choate, now nearing four score years, recently delivered an address before the United States Circuit Court in so masterly a style that many of his auditors declared it would rank as one of the great speeches in the history of the American Bar. Mr. Choate had been congratulated just before he arose to speak on his seventy-eighth birthday, which he had celebrated on the day before, but to those who saw him and listened to him he seemed as one in middle life. When he began the case had been talked over in every conceivable form. Before he had spoken two minutes judge, lawyers, and spectators were listening in rapt attention. He threshed out the essential points from one thousand pages of testimony and four hundred pages of briefs.

Robert Blatchford, Socialist, atheist, and revolutionist, joined the Tories in the recent campaign in England, and wrote a series of fiery articles magnifying the alleged danger from Germany. Blatchford is probably the most widely read writer in England. His hook, "Merric England," ran into millions of copies and sold more than any book ever published in England before or since. It is the standard text book of English working-class socialism. More than a million copies of the *Clarion*, the weekly paper which he edits, are sold every week. The son of a pair of strolling players, Blatchford never knew what it was to have a home in childhood. He was battered about from pillar to post, and his education was chiefly picked up in the streets and lanes. At ten years of age he had lost all trace of his parents, and was earning his own living. At twenty he enlisted and served twelve years in the army. Perhaps his experience as a real soldier has kept him from giving way to the socialistic hatred of "militarism." When he left the army he took to journalism, and in a year or two he was earning \$5000 a year at it.



## THE SCARLET SPIDER'S BITE.

By Marguerite Stabler.

Between sun and sun, almost in the twinkling of an eye, fences, sign-boards, even the crumbling walls of old Corpus Christi, blazed with the announcement of the coming show: "El Gran Circo. Nueve días en la Ciudad de México." Human snakes, giraffes, zebras, acrobatic elephants, gleams of graceful pink proportions skimming the air, dazzled the eye of loitering youth and business-like middle-age alike.

The joys of bull-ring and Easter fiesta faded into nothingness in comparison with the promises of *la reina del circo* describing pink semicircles through the atmosphere; *los incomparables acrobatisas* soaring at leisure through space; Johnny Purvis y Charles Jing looking out of each other's eyes; and marvelous other feats that made the twenty-fourth of May seem weeks, instead of days, away.

Posters of the beautiful Clarita, *la reina*, the sunlight tangled in the meshes of her golden hair, dallied with bottles and casks in wine shops, toppled above melons and eggs in restaurant windows, eclipsed the display of hats and lingerie in uptown shops, until in innumerable ways she had demoralized the gaping world that waited with bated breath the dawning of the twenty-fourth. All this because never before had the great American circus visited the City of Mexico.

When at last the twenty-fourth actually dawned and the hour of the great street parade drew near, the walks along the published line of march were so thronged with eager onlookers, outriders with pointed bayonets charged the crowds to clear a way for the procession. And with the passing of the parade the populace formed in line while the cages and floats wound into the circus quarters, and then fled into the big tent, there to wait several hours for the show to begin. Those who came earliest secured the best seats, so those who waited until the hour scheduled for the performance had to stand in the tent openings or line the ring.

It was because he had arisen late, breakfasted late, loitered around the office, and arrived at the hour appointed for the beginning of the performance, that Roderiguez di Arguello, unable to get a seat, was standing near the curtain of the dressing tent when the blare of trumpets and the stentorian tones of the oily ringmaster announced in halting Spanish the feat of this "most greatest ever" tight-rope, slack-wire, and high-trapeze artiste, Clarita, *la reina del circo*.

Young Di Arguello had watched idly while an elephant danced on a tub, a sea-lion conducted a singing-school, glass balls had turned into live guinea-pigs, and similar marvelous feats had been perpetrated before the wide-eyed audience; but at the announcement of the entrance of Clarita he turned toward the curtain expecting to see the usual creature of painted smiles and cotton roses.

The band softened its blare to play a few bars of "La Paloma" when a rift in the curtain revealed a pair of wonderful blue eyes above a slender length of tinselled corslet and pink fleshings before a spring and a bound landed her in the ring.

Boldly the dark eyes of Di Arguello fixed the blue eyes as they peered from the curtain, and frankly and fearlessly they had laughed back at him. The next moment the voice of the crowd arose to welcome the entrance of *la reina del circo*.

Seizing the first trapeze, set in motion by the dark-visaged little man who had reached the ring from the opposite side, the silver ankles twinkled a moment in mid-air as she poised for her flight toward the highest. Eyes and mouth agape, excitement-loving Mexico watched the little wisp of woman swing, alight; swing again and catch with unerring sureness the next higher bar, until she reached the top—the agile little man in scarlet tights counting "One, two, three," as she swung from bar to bar with the precision of a clock.

Until the perilous downward flight was finished not a long breath was drawn in the audience; then with a triumphant fanfare of trumpets and an airy somersault she threw a handful of kisses to her delighted audience and skipped across the ring. The blue eyes, as they met the eyes of the tall young fellow at the exit, laughed again, this time at the terror depicted in his face, for every breathless minute as he had followed the fearless little figure swinging and catching in mid-air he had expected to see her dashed to her death over his head. Her smiling glance reassured him, and the look he turned upon her established a sort of sympathy between them, for, instead of the pleasure in the suspense she afforded her audience, here was only intense concern for her safety—to say nothing of the graceful manner and air of distinction that went with it.

At the next performance, although Di Arguello was among the earliest arrivals, he scorned a seat. This time the blue eyes peered through the rift in the curtain an instant before her act was called, and the tall young stranger, quick to see his opportunity, sprang to her feet with: "Pardon me, did you drop this?"

It was only the rose he had worn in his coat that he gave her, and the next minute she was gone—the little dark-visaged man had drawn her back—but Di Arguello had achieved a glimpse of girlish grace and a freshness of youth quite innocent of the painted smile he had been taught to expect.

"Diablo!" Di Arguello looked around the sawdust ring, the clowns, the lion-tamers, the barback riders, the tawdry squalor of it all, and wondered how it could

happen. He had also seen white water lilies growing sweet and fair from the slime of their marshes, and had wondered how that could happen.

The world, the next day, buzzed with echoes of the sawdust ring, the sea-lions, the human snakes, the lion-tamer, the trapeze performers. Di Arguello cringed when he heard the name of *la reina Clarita* banded from lip to lip. Having seen her at close range, he knew she was not the mere tinselled figure of the "most greatest ever," in cotton roses and painted smile, but a woman, young and sweet, with wonderful blue eyes that danced and smiled with the very joy of living, courting death to provide thrills of suspense for this excitement-loving crowd.

Roderiguez di Arguello finding himself so frankly interested in this blue-eyed little thing, lost no time in indulging the new whim that put a keener edge on life than he had felt for a long time. Every evening now she made excuses to leave her dressing-room in time to snatch a word with him, and when she twinkled in her mid-air swing coyly blew him a kiss.

The comparison of the slime from which the white water lilies grew forced itself insistently into his mind as he ingratiated himself with the oily ringmaster in order to see something of the life behind the tawdry glitter of the show. But it was not easy, even with the good graces of the ringmaster, the lion-tamer, and the fire-eaters, to meet *la reina* between performances. The dark-visaged little man was zealous in his care of his pupil. The hours between practice and performance must be given to relaxation; excitement unstrings the nerves, and a steady nerve is the trapeze artist's whole capital.

"I can't—I wouldn't dare," the sparkling little Clarita faltered in a stolen interview, the scarlet spider an instant off guard.

"Some time?" Di Arguello urged, as she passed him in her bound into the ring.

Up, up, up, the lithe little figure swung, the scarlet spider's admonitory "One, two, three," calculating the play of every muscle. At last her moment of pause was reached when she gained her mid-air perch. Then as she worked her swing up to its highest point of vibration, the scarlet tights watching every movement, every pulse-beat, the golden head bound with its gay red roses nodded an unmistakable "Yes" to some one standing near the dressing-room curtain.

The heavy lids drooped quickly over the beady black eyes of the dark-visaged trapezist. It was his own crown of glory when *la reina Clarita's* feats brought showers of applause upon her head. Since the days of her first tight-rope and slack-wire efforts he had worked with her, taught her, trained her nerves into iron, her muscles into steel. He had guarded her girlish innocence against the temptations of the life surrounding her and the ogling eyes of the too-admiring gallants of the towns where they stopped, worshipping her always at a reverent distance ever since she had been old enough to appreciate her power over him. And when, in her high trapeze act, she turned her trustful, triumphant eyes upon him and he felt himself the custodian, the preserver, of her life, his cup of joy ran over. Even her indifference to his suit and resentment of his interference in what were to her mere harmless flirtations, were more than balanced by that look, when, at his "One, two, three," she sprang into his outstretched arms with her trusting smile.

Meantime, hugging to her heart her secret with the handsome stranger, so good, so kind, so anxious to get her away from her sawdust setting, the little streak of tinsel-light flashed and circled overhead, guided and steadied by the faithful ticking of the scarlet spider's "One, two, three." This time, however, the first time since the proud day she had taken her first flight in public, her eyes looked into his merely as a target by which to gauge her effort—merely in the light in which Toby, the acrobatic elephant, regarded his trainer.

The exigencies of a nine-days' stay left no time for unnecessary preliminaries on the part of Di Arguello. His mind had been quickly made up and while the iron was hot was the time to strike. Although the management guarded its bright, particular star with hydra-headed watchfulness, the name Di Arguello opened many doors with the oily ringmaster. The language of the languorous brown eyes, with the skill of much practice, needed no interpreter to the laughing blue ones, and the next performance was to be the last.

"Tonight," Di Arguello whispered, the evening of the close of this most successful engagement. His automobile was waiting down the street, with clinging wraps and lace mantilla with which the tinsel corslet and hated cotton roses might be easily disguised.

Their moment's interview as she appeared at the door of the tent was longer tonight than usual, and neither stopped to wonder where the scarlet spider might be. Because of the over-shadowing watchfulness of her trainer, all the world, to Clarita, was good. It was kind, oh most kind and very good, indeed, of this handsome young gentleman to want to get her away from her circus life, although she had never thought it was so different from any other kind of life until he had pointed out to her the comparison between the lily and the slimy marshes.

The scarlet tights crouching on the other side of the curtain reached the door just in time to catch the flash of ecstasy the blue eyes shot into the brown and hear the proprietary tones in which the bold young Mexican gave his commands.

A steady nerve is the trapeze artist's whole capital,

and the emotions of hate or even love are the first luxuries denied him. Therefore the high-trapeze act of Clarita, *la reina del circo*, began promptly when it was called. Night after night the climax of enthusiasm had been reached when Clarita sprang into the ring, threw kisses to her admiring audience and stood a moment aglitter, in the limelight before seizing her swing. To night the crowds went mad. Showers of confetti perfume-filled eggs, fans, coins, rained down at the little trapezist's feet. This was the greatest act of the circus and tonight was the crowning success of all her efforts.

The happy heart under the tinselled corslet went out to all this gay, mad world that stamped and called and shouted its glee at the feat she was to perform for them, but the blue eyes clung, almost afraid to watch her bars, to the figure near the curtain of the dressing room tent.

Up, up, into the air she climbed from bar to bar "One, two, three," every muscle acting in unison with the ticking of that faithful scarlet clock. The first series of swings was safely reached and with a flash and quiver of pink curves *la reina* landed safely in the outstretched scarlet arms.

This, their moment of triumph, set the holiday-minded audience off again into peals of applause, delaying their act and keeping the protecting scarlet arms around the tinselled waist. An instant's flash of memory brought back their good old tight-rope days, when he had been her hero, and the later slack-wire work, the wide blue eyes smiling trustingly into his with the present triumph when she had all Mexico at her feet. But tonight that radiant smile that had set her soul aflame was turned from him. Down, down into the pit, at the curtain door, those blue eyes, the barometer of his life, she past him. He had lost her forever and for what? "One, two, three." Would she not remember to turn her eye up to his if only from force of habit? The hands that clasped her wrists tightly, lightly, pressed a trifle harder to recall her to the moment. A blind, ecstatic smile overspread her countenance, conscious of nothing but Di Arguello standing near the ring.

Again the heavy lids shut away the despair that surged in upon the dark-visaged little man. "Lost and to a life of—what?"

"One!" This was the most perilous stage of the act. The bar must be set in motion in order to swing back the instant he let her wrists go. The stamping, roaring crowd below was breathless. Was it the radiance of her beauty tonight that made the audience one great heart that throbbed for her safety?

"Two!" Di Arguello, suddenly beside himself with the thought that the happiness of his life was hanging by her heels in mid-air forty feet above his head, groaned aloud and cursed the hour he had let her take this final risk.

Still fearless, confident in her trainer's unerring ticking, radiant with the joy of this wonderful new happiness, *la reina del circo* prepared for her last flight.

"Three!" The net was spread under the whole are covered by the trapeze, and the chance of a fall to the ground reduced almost to an impossibility. This or last moment she was his—the next she would be lost forever.

Twice the bar swung toward him. Now! One strong steady motion and it would reach the opposite bar squarely, but with a dextrous twist the bar might swing just beyond the protection of the net, and—the alternative was the insolent young Mexican waiting for her at the curtain.

A terrified hush fell upon the audience, then a muffled groan arose. A few women shrieked or wept aloud. Di Arguello, rushing to the spot where the tinselled corslet glittered in the sawdust, pushed the crowd of clowns and charioteers roughly aside.

"*Madre de Dios!*" he swore, beside himself with tempestuous grief, "I loved her!"

As the trapeze ceased to swing a shrinking scarlet figure crept to the spot where the gay cotton roses lay so low. "Not half so well as I," he groaned, through his painted smile.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1910.

Gardiner's Island, in Long Island Sound, has a romantic history. It was the first settlement within the present limits of the State of New York. Its founder, Lion Gardiner, purchased it of Wyandanch, chief of the Manhanketts, the great sachem of Long Island in 1633 and the price he paid was one large black dog, one gun, some powder and shot, some rum, and a few Dutch blankets, in value about five pounds. In the same year Lion Gardiner took up his residence there, and in the following year the island was secured to him by a grant of the Earl of Sterling. Since that time the property has been in the hands of the Gardiner family, descending directly through all these years from father to son, possibly the only and the oldest property in this country which has so passed. Lion Gardiner, first proprietor and lord of the manor, was an educated Englishman of distinguished lineage. He was born in 1599, and died in 1663 in Easthampton, where his body lies buried in a large tomb, which is one of the sights of the village. He had been an engineer in the English army.

In the English Church Times the clerical obituary for 1909 contains 461 names. The ages of 370 of the deceased clergymen are mentioned, and these show the attainment of an average age of 71½ years.



## THE TURK AT HOME.

A Lady Author Writes Enthusiastically of His Kindness, Courtesy, and Hospitality.

The woman who travels alone, or with but one companion, and that of her own sex, through Turkey, across Asia Minor, over the Taurus Mountains, through Mesopotamia to the Tigris, down the river by raft to Baghdad, and home across the Syrian desert, has accomplished a feat that deserves an enduring record. Here in the Western world we know little of the Turk, and when we do hear of him it seems to be usually in connection with the massacre of some one. We dislike the way in which the Turk is conventionally supposed to treat his women folk, and in a general way we look upon him as an undesirable citizen whose room is preferable to his company, and who is peculiarly obnoxious upon dark nights. And yet here are two women without escort, almost without supplies, who throw themselves fearlessly upon the hospitality of these people, who penetrate far beyond the pale of civilization, and who not only come home safe and sound to tell the story but who tell it with all the enthusiasm evoked by a long and delightful holiday. Evidently there are visions about, and we have been misled by a missionary zeal that would first paint exceedingly black for the sake of a hoped-for contrast. Perhaps even the Armenian horrors have been exaggerated, and it may be that the victims in the majority of cases received no more than their deserts. However that may be, the fact remains that these two unprotected women traveled through the length and breadth of the Turkish dominion; that they were not only unmolested but that they "carried away a general impression of kindness, of consideration, and of loyalty that will not lightly be forgotten." It is true that there were occasional lapses from grace, but they were very rare. As a rule, "soldier and shepherd, landlord and muleteer, were kindly and courteous, and among the Turks and the Arabs no trouble was too great, no provocation too exasperating." It is a great testimonial to virtue and well deserved.

The author deserves our gratitude for her strict avoidance of scenic descriptions and of the commonplace. She went to Turkey to see the Turk and not his mountains or his forests. Having read her book, we know the Turk as we never did before, and we like him. So far as we are concerned, the arrow of calumny will henceforth pass him by unscathed.

Here is a touching picture of a certain Albanian Turk named Hassan. He had lost both his children through sickness, and the loss had soured his nature. Under his sense of grief his behavior toward the women of his village had changed, and whereas "they used to feel instinctively a sense of protection when he was anywhere near," now he brushed past them rudely, so deeply had the iron entered his soul:

I was playing with a baby of two or three which had strayed from its mother, one of the fine Kurd women of Amanus, and, like its mother, was beautiful. A short white shirt was its only garment, and the round red cap with the blue head that hung for luck over its forehead. Hassan stood beside me fingering his *tesbih* (rosary) and looking at the child, and the hunger for his little boys clutched at his heart. He longed to turn away, but he was fascinated by the sight and could not. I held up the child to him at last—"See, Hassan, can you hold a baby?" and put it into his arms. But the touch of its warm limbs made him shudder. With immense self-control he held the child for an instant; then put it down with sudden deliberation, almost with repugnance, and stalked away. Alone on the mountain-side he wrestled once again with the old despair. The horror was stifling him. In his mind he saw two little white faces, the rain that dropped on them, the mud that smeared their whiteness.

Upon another occasion the author witnesses a wild native dance. It is a scene of frenzy as the dancers in long white shirts whirl to and fro with brandished swords and their long hair floating in the wind. Then comes the cry "Enough, Enough," and in a moment the tumult is stilled, the fire replenished, and "one puts his own cloak around my shoulders, and we all squat down together":

A sort of sadness falls upon them, and they begin to smoke. I lie on my back and watch the stars, brilliant even for these regions. The men do the same, and there is peace.

"Pasha," one volunteers at last, half shyly, "what do your wise men in Inghilterra say of the stars?"

I do not wish to display my ignorance, and I ask the same question of them.

They are loth to answer at first; but I press them.

"They say," answers the sheikh seriously at last, "they say that each man has his own star. It first appears when he is born, and, when it goes out, he dies."

"Can a man see by his star if he is going to die?" I ask.

"Yes, it grows paler and paler. At last none sees it but he; and then he knows he will die very soon."

"Can you point out your star to me, sheikh?"

"No, no," he answers nervously, "*Ayb-der*" (it is forbidden).

One very old man near me looks up at the sky for an instant.

Then he draws his cloak tighter round him, and shivers a little. He thinks his star is growing pale.

A woman has of course a special facility for learning of the life of the harem, and although the author seems to have paid but small attention to this aspect of Oriental existence, what few glimpses she gives us are full of interest. The Vali himself introduces her to his harem and leaves her with his lady who "is worth more to him than his horses." But she is old and by no means beautiful. Moreover, she is sulky and leaves the conversation to her maid:

"Oh, it is dull nowadays for the gracious *Khanem*! She came here long years ago from gay Siamboul, and has never seen her mother since. She was only fifteen then—a happy child, and they told her pleasant things of the city that was to be her home. It was always warm there, and the mountains were white with snow behind the plains; there would be

picnics on the yellow sea-sands in the hot summer evenings, and great ladies from far Kurdistan would come down to visit her, bringing with them the silks of Persia, and strings of white pearls from the Gulf. The Vali was young and handsome in those days, and he really loved his bride. That voyage from Stamboul to Mersina was all delightful. She could even unveil in the little space set apart for the Pasha's harem, and play with two other little brides who belonged to a Pasha in Beyrout. Well, that was very long ago. The Vali was good still to the *Khanem*, but things were not all rose-colored in the harem." A tall girl holding a tray of sweets in the doorway makes a little movement of irritation after the last remark. She has quantities of fair hair. The Armenian casts an ominous glance in her direction. Poor Circassian girl, unwilling disturber of the peace of the harem!

Of Turkish medicine we hear a good deal, or rather of a sort of faith-cure which is perhaps safer than medicine. Upon one occasion the author was ill, and the Turk, Ibrahim, comes to her in grave concern. Her immediate cure is absolutely essential if she is to survive the fatigues of the road, and if she will but submit herself to him he knows of a certain cure. And so he leads her to the cemetery, to the tomb of a holy man that shines weirdly in the moonlight:

"Sit down!" is the command, and I sit obediently on the step of the tomb. Along one side of it runs an iron grating, rusty and weather-beaten. Through it you see the coffin, the narrow Moslem bier, the green turban of the *hajji* (the pilgrim to Mecca) folded round a fez at the head. It is not much that can be seen within, for the holes of the grating, as I expected, are partly filled with dirty pieces of rag and what looks like little tails and curls of hair. While I examine them, Ibrahim is fumbling in the capacious depths of his leather waist-belt, and I make out all manner of strange objects, rain-soaked and discolored, stuck and dried into the grating. There are plenty of rags, bits of the common red or blue material of the country people's dresses, wisps of hair, coarse and fine, human and animal; little strings of beads, the *tesbih* (rosary), beloved of the faithful, here and there the magic blue bead, so potent to scare away the Evil Eye. Stretched into a little cotton bag are tiny sharp objects, which I discover on examination to be the nail-parings of human hands, and hard substances which are human teeth. "Leave them alone, Pasha," Ibrahim reprimands me severely. Do I handle too lightly the dear polluted things? So much they have meant to men, so much of human suffering, of human desire is bound up with them. I know now why Ibrahim has brought me here.

"Now let down your hair." I obey, and when it all hangs over my shoulders Ibrahim kneels down beside me. He selects carefully a straggling wisp, and holding it secure between finger and thumb, he proceeds to cut it off, somewhat clumsily, with his bone-bladed hunting-knife. "Now hold it while I tie it together." Carefully, with clumsy fingers, on which barbarous gold rings of the peasant gleam in the faint light, the hair is tied with a white thread. Then he rises, looks about for a part of the paling which bears the least number of offerings, and ties it firmly to a little rusty bar. "Look at it well now, Pasha," and as he fastens it he mutters over it, deliberately and with emphasis, a formula unknown to me.

"Tell me what you say," I ask, eager to lose nothing. For a moment he looks despairing—he knows but one word of English, "Good-bye." Ha! it has dawned on him—that word will exactly suit the occasion.

"Bâk, Pasha" (look), he says excitedly, "*Isitma* (fever)—*isitma*—good-bye, haide!" Ah! I understand. The evil is transferred, the fever is left behind with the wisp of hair. It is tied to the wonder-working *turbah*, "nailed," as it were, "to the cross."

How simple and how safe. The cure, too, seems to have been a veritable one, for we hear no more of the sickness. It had been "nailed to the cross" and left behind.

It is true that the sickness recurred at a subsequent time, but this sometimes happens even with the more orthodox remedies of the unbeliever. Upon the second occasion it was Hassan who acted as physician, but his method was even more simple:

The nature of the malady must first be diagnosed. Its leading feature was the yellowness of my complexion. This was quite new to me, but I agree weakly. Was not a yellow skin—yellow in the whites of the eyes—a sign of jaundice? And what did jaundice mean but that the sun had looked at me for evil? The sun, of course, was the offender. He must be paid out in his own coin. Like must be treated with like. I must eat or drink some yellow substance to counteract his evil influence. Then he would be demolished for the time, his influence annulled. The most potent of prophylactic yellows is the yellow cow. Such is savage philosophy—or shall we say savage homeopathy?—all the world over. Did I possess a piece of amber?—a necklace or *tesbih* (string of beads) perhaps? If so, it should be dipped in the milk of a yellow cow, soaked in it all night, and worn tomorrow as an amulet. That would establish and make permanent the cure. No, I had no such piece of amber. Well, then, no matter. To drink the milk of the yellow cow would be equally effective, so long as it contained two at least of the cow's yellow hairs. The idea is nauseating, but my interest in so obvious an instance of sympathetic magic, fortifies me to face the ordeal.

"Where can we procure the milk?" I ask, remembering that all the cows of the village are dun-colored, not red or yellow. The Kurd woman here will fetch it. Hassan, I perceive, has been in collusion with the ladies, and a hurried consultation outside the tent, where they still linger, soon sends them off in a hurry to their own village where the cattle are correctly colored.

Late that evening, when the camp is quiet, and only a pale new moon looks into my tent, Hassan brings me the precious milk. He carries it in a wooden bowl. By the flickering light of the lantern that hangs over my head, I can see, with disgust, two substantial red hairs on the surface.

"Must I really, Hassan?" My spirit fails me at the last.

"Pasha Effendi," he utters solemnly, "*olur*" (It will be, it must be). Then, standing over me, he lifts his hands in blessing, "*Shimdi, Pasha, rahat*" (Now, Pasha—rest).

Next morning the cure is complete. The sun is successfully outwitted. "*Mashallah*!" (Praise God!) is the comment of the caravan when I emerge from my tent at sunrise and call for my horse for the day's march.

Another favorite cure is in the tying and untying of knots, for it seems that either will do if the symbolical imagination be rightly employed. To cure a fever a knot must be tied in a string—of course, with the correct prayers—and just as the knot obstructs the passage of the finger along the string so will it obstruct the passage of the fever in the system. The thing is obvious enough when you think of it, and its efficacy unquestionable:

Commoner still is the negative practice of untying knots.

The purpose of this is to unloose, to set free, to let escape. Women at critical times all the world over, such as marriage, birth, and death, like to undo all knots on their persons. In Saxony, when a woman is in travail, all knots in her garments are untied, and all locks in the house unloosed. In the East Indies, this applies to the whole period of pregnancy. For the whole nine months a woman may wear no knot on her person. Among tribes still lower in the scale of development the same principle is extended to the father also. After the fourth month of pregnancy he may tie no knots in his own clothes, and, more than that, he may not even sit with his legs crossed. The idea is logical. The knot, the knitting together of objects, would tie up and contract that which ought to be free to expand. The delivery would be impeded. To facilitate it, on the contrary, knots must be untied, locks unloosed, lids lifted, pots and pans opened, swords unsheathed, spears taken down from their places. Even among the ancient Romans the idea of the potency of knots was so common that Pliny remarks on it, adding that no one ought to sit beside a pregnant woman, or a sick person, or at a council of war, with crossed legs or hands clasped. No real union in marriage could be effected, it was thought, until a knot tied during the marriage ceremony, or a lock closed, had been unfasted.

All this seems very similar to the faith-healing practices rife among ourselves—so true is it that there is no new thing under the sun. The prayers, no doubt, are somewhat different, but the Turkish variety is just as potent.

A sort of nature worship is to be found throughout Turkey and omens and divinations are in much favor. There was a sacred well at Edessa, and it is natural enough that any well that is upon the edge of a desert should be endowed with magical properties. Its sides contain holes, and these holes are filled with round pebbles. "How came they there?" is asked of the guardian, who is willing enough to explain the sacred nature of the place:

From him I gather that the cave and its waters are sacred. It is, in fact, of the nature of a wishing-well. When a man comes here to wish he must throw a stone against the wall of mud. If the sacred cave rejects the stone he will be disappointed in his wish. If it sticks in the mud the spirit of the cave, the living power that inhabits its sacred waters, has accepted and fulfilled it.

"What is your wish, Pasha?" Hassan asks me when he gets my ear alone. We are standing round the cave: I am resting on a rock.

"That freedom may come to your country some day," I answered under my breath. I have lately learned where Hassan's sympathies lie, but this was before the days of the constitution. So I must be careful who hears em. I take up a pebble from the bed of the stream and throw it against the muddy surface. It sticks. "*Olur*" (It will be), he assures me gravely, and events have proved the sacred waters spoke true.

"Now for your wish, Hassan." He pauses to make sure no one hears, then he mutters something quite inaudible to me. He takes up his pebble slowly with a hand that shakes a little, and throws it unsteadily. It crashes back again into the stagnant pool at the bottom. Hassan turns away. The spirit of the cave has rejected the desire of his heart.

I begin to talk to the gendarme. I ask him foolish questions about the mosque and the cave. I do not want to see Hassan's face.

At the end of the book we have a description of the reverential services that are performed in all Mohammedan countries to the memory of Hussein. Kipling, it will be remembered, makes use of one of these celebrations as the basis for one of his most striking sketches of Indian life. Here in Turkey the occasion is signalized by an emotional service and sermon that reminds us strongly of the camp and revival meetings nearer home:

Then the joys of Paradise are the preacher's theme, the raptures the faithful may enjoy. But how attain to those glories? The study of the Koran will not effect it. Prayers and fasts are of no avail—the *haj* (pilgrimage) itself is useless for salvation, unless the faithful knows the only way that brings salvation. By none of these things is Paradise won. No, Hussein himself is the Gate of Paradise. For his sake it is open to the believer. In his name it may be won. Hussein sustains the world, in him, in mystic fashion, all things consist. "Pray God, oh Mussulmans," the preacher exhorts them "to keep you in his love!" But the lamentation of Muharram is the specially ordained path to that love. To mourn in spirit and in truth on this sacred night, that is the chief duty of the faithful. Those who do not weep, whose hearts are hardened, those to whom this suffering is nothing, they are the lost, the ruined eternally. Weeping is the sign of repentance, of the broken heart.

"Oh, my brothers, my sisters," the preacher implores, himself dissolved in tears, "weep, weep for Hussein—weep hot tears of pity, of repentance, of love. Alas! alas!" and he tears his hair with unfeigned grief, "tear out your hair, ye faithful, beat your hearts—this sorrow kills me, who can behold it unmoved?"

Even for the dead Christ they do not weep like this.

The grief of the people is overpowering, profound. The men sob with the women, the very children cling frightened to each other, and cry for sympathy. If they can not mourn for the *Inam*, they can weep for the children like themselves, the babes of Hussein who died in the desert of thirst. Sobs and tears drown the preacher's voice. "Ah, praise God!" he murmurs. The appeal has had its effect. The hearts have melted. "Accept, oh Allah," he cries impressively, "accept this tribute of hot tears!"

Take it all in all, this is the most pleasant book about Turkey that has been published. The author is never superior and never condescending. Not for her is the rôle of representative of a higher race, nor does she forget the common humanity which is identical in East and West, and which, once recognized, overcomes the prejudices of race and religion. That her book will come almost as a revelation to many to whom Turkey is little more than a name, is evidence of its originality and its earnestness.

"The Soul of a Turk," by Victoria De Bunsen, with eight full-page illustrations reproduced from photographs. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$3.50.

Chicory, used to mix with coffee, is the oldest known adulteration of food. In cheap restaurants the coffee is often half chicory.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Hindrances to Good Citizenship*, by James Bryce. Published by the Yale University Press, New York; \$1.15.

This is a publication of the Dodge lectures delivered by Mr. Bryce at Yale University. Commenting on the possible impropriety involved in the criticism of the standard of civic duty prevailing in a nation to which the critic himself does not belong, it occurred to the author that the problems of citizenship are the same in all free countries, and that a certain value might attach to the presentation of a view caught rather from the European than from the American angle. The hindrances to good citizenship are the same everywhere, with perhaps a distinctive local tint, and so a consideration of the question need in no way involve an invasion of the forbidden field of current politics.

In the course of three lectures Mr. Bryce elaborates the three main causes of bad citizenship. They are Indolence, Selfish Personal Interest, and Party Spirit. The first, he says, is the most common; the second, the most noxious; and the third, the most excusable. Passing on to a summary of the possible remedies, he puts upon one side as too large for discussion the political theories of Philosophical Anarchism and of Socialism, which are not so much remedies as a change in the whole fabric of government. Enumerating the minor remedial expedients he gives the place of honor to Proportional Representation as calculated to quicken the pulses of public life. English experiments in this direction, he tells us, have been dropped, the method still in use in Illinois has not given much satisfaction, while on the other hand the scheme has worked well in Belgium and Switzerland. It is these same two countries that have apparently succeeded in a plan for Obligatory Voting which is out of the question in both America and England. It would certainly seem that small civic value can be attached to the vote cast *sub panis*. It is to Switzerland, too, that we must go for experience of the Initiative and the Referendum and Swiss testimony seems opposed to the former and favorable to the latter. But the conditions in Switzerland are so different from those elsewhere that the evidence has but little value.

The evil of Personal Interest is, as Mr. Bryce says, the most noxious and only to be overcome by vigilance. He speaks of the danger of passing laws "which influential groups of wealthy men may have a personal interest in promoting or resisting." Mr. Bryce has little to say on the subject of the Primaries as political parties are not recognized by European law and no such problem exists in Europe.

But the crux of the whole problem is to overcome the original Adam in man. We must reach the will through the soul. There must be an ethical and a civic education of the voter, a task which Switzerland alone of the European nations has undertaken. It is not enough to teach children to wave the flag unless they learn also to consider the communal rather than the personal interest at the polling booth. All efforts at political improvement resolve themselves ultimately into the ethical status of the voter, and it is to the improvement of the ethical status that the best efforts must be directed.

*The Demagog*, by William Richard Hereford. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

With but few exceptions we are still awaiting the novel of modern politics that shall be also a work of art. Politics and art are, of course, strange bedfellows, but the novel that is no more than a paraphrase of actual conditions with a few average women thrown in as a makeweight may be readable, and it usually is readable, but it makes no appeal to the imagination or to the conscience, and therefore it is not art.

In this particular story we seem to pierce the thin disguise of the "demagog": He owns a chain of newspapers throughout the country and he aspires to be President, and so he might as well be named outright. Anxious to enter society, but debarred by his subversive agitation, he plays upon the social sympathies of Harriet Stowers and is properly and persistently snubbed by her aristocratic aunt and finally by Harriet herself when the irregularities of his early life come to light. We have a glimpse of the political boss who sells his State for ready cash, we see the purchase of conventions, the ugly machinery of a depraved newspaperdom, and finally the scene at the national convention when everything would have gone for the "demagog" but for the hysterical mistake of his nominator, who nominates his opponent instead of himself. And so the curtain falls upon chagrin and humiliation, political, social, and sentimental hopes dashed to the ground, and nothing ahead save a problematical repentance.

The story would have been better had the "demagog" been of a more masculine type. He is distinctly effeminate and so is his editorial writer, who makes the colossal blunder

at the convention, an unthinkable blunder, by the way. We dislike the "demagog" from the beginning, and, indeed, we dislike nearly every one, including the heroine. The only really virile character is that of McQuade, the boss, who is at least a man, if a bad one. But there is no art in the story, no suggestion of better things, no appeal to the imagination. The theme is ugly, sordid, and repulsive, but there might have been a touch of silver behind the shadows.

*Men and Manners of Old Florence*, by Guido Biagi. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; \$3.50.

The author is the librarian of the Laurentian and Riccardi libraries of Florence, and is therefore in a position to write understandingly and with authority. He tells us that the five essays composing this bulky volume are intended only as sketches for a larger work, but that they are founded upon entirely new material and documents that have never been used. There is no re-hash of hackneyed material as is common enough with "most modern writers on Florentine subjects."

The first essay is devoted to the geographical Florence of the thirteenth century, when the city was still walled and before her suburbs had grown up around her. In the second essay we have a sketch of "The Mind and Manners of a Florentine Merchant of the Fourteenth Century," and it is based on an ancient document called "A Book of Good Examples and Good Manners." This is followed by a chapter on "The Private Life of the Renaissance Florentines," probably the most interesting chapter of an interesting book; and then comes a biographical sketch of Tullia of Arragon, a lady of easy virtue, whose profitable use of her beauty did not prevent her from honoring "virtue and the virtuous," or from holding her own with those "who knew how to combine literature with morality." Tullia was evidently an exceptional woman, for she was proclaimed as superior to even Vittoria Colonna herself; and so, "with a high head and royal mien, Tullia of Arragon, poet and courtesan, held court in Ferrara in peace."

The concluding essay is on "The Twilight of the Past," and this is followed by an excellent index. Forty-nine illustrations, most of them reproduced from ancient pictures, complete a volume of exceptional interest to the historian and to the lover of Italy.

*The Seventh Noon*, by Frederick Orin Bartlett. Published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

The theme is an old one, but in spite of an occasional carelessness of detail it is worked over into a thoroughly acceptable novel with a salutary and tonic breeziness that persists all the way through.

A struggling young lawyer named Donaldson is tired of his life, and when his friend, Barstow, tells him that he has discovered a new poison that kills unerringly without pain, symptoms, or traces at the end of seven days, he purloins the little vial and drinks its contents. Then he draws his little capital and proceeds to eat, drink, and be merry, although with the proviso that for seven days he will hold his life at the service of any who need it.

To his surprise he finds that a great many need it, including Miss Arsdale, a beautiful girl with an opium fiend for a brother. In fact, the world seems in a conspiracy to demand benefactions from the man who had supposed himself to be a supernumerary, and with the dawn of the seventh day Donaldson finds himself the centre of a circle of beneficiaries, but very much in love with the finest girl in the world. Then his friend, Barstow, casually mentions that his new poison is not a poison at all, but a quite harmless liquid, and that the proverbial dog upon whom he tried it is alive and kicking. So the sun comes out in full glory and Donaldson realizes what a good thing it is to be alive. "The Seventh Noon" is a good book to read.

*The Deeper Stain*, by Frank Hird. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a rather conventional story of English life. The Strathons are reduced gentlefolk with two daughters and a rascally son in India who sponges on his parents and slowly reduces them to actual want. The heroine is the daughter, Beatrice, who marries a stodgy but a good man named Houghton in order that she may protect her brother from the proper consequences of forging Houghton's name. We have a good picture of semi-genteel English life with a glance at the real thing, and as Beatrice presently falls in love with her husband, as wives sometimes do, we feel that we are none the worse for reading "The Deeper Stain," and even perhaps the better for it in a dreary sort of way.

*The Severed Montie*, by William Lindsey. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.35.

The author has tried "to picture Provence in the time of the troubadours," a feat difficult enough and not without its temptations to idealize. As his hero chooses Raimbaut, whose life is saved almost by a miracle, and

who vows to wear always a mutilated mantle as a reminder that "a life saved by prayer belongs to Christ and His church." Raimbaut becomes a troubadour, and we watch his adventures with some interest and not without a doubt whether fortune was ever so uniformly kind even to a valorous piety.

Indeed, we have a suspicion that kindly time has blurred some of the ragged edges of troubadour life and that the day never was, even in Provence, when "Idealism reigned supreme, with Love, Joy, and Song her counsellors," or when "love ceased to mean passion and homage to women grew to be a religion." Ancient history has an adorable weakness for preserving only the beautiful, and we may believe that in this gracious story the author has aided and abetted her in her *de mortuis* policy.

*A Wanderer in Paris*, by E. V. Lucas. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.75.

Mr. Lucas is a good guide. He has already done his whole duty to the tourist in London and Holland, and now he takes his personally conducted party to Paris, fortunately before the arrival of the obliterating flood.

It is to Mr. Lucas's credit that he caters for the ordinary visitor whose time is limited and whose tastes are wholesome. If we wish to visit the abattoirs, the catacombs, and the sewers we must go alone, and we shall find in this volume no enlightenment on the shady aspects of Parisian life and no catering to the tastes that are kept out of sight at home and produced in full force abroad. But for the legitimate sights of the city—its geography, its monuments, and its galleries—we may safely take the author for a guide in the full assurance that we shall see all that is worth seeing, and that the information is conveyed with the peculiar literary grace of which Mr. Lucas is a master. Moreover he whets our appetite with sixteen fine colored illustrations and thirty-two that are uncolored but no less interesting.

*Castles and Chateaux of Old Burgundy and the Border Provinces*, by Francis Miltown. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$3.

Mr. Miltown has now a round dozen of descriptive guide books to his credit, and in his latest he gives us the familiar and happy combination of past and present, history and actuality. There could be no better book for the tourist who likes to have a modicum of research work done for him and to be personally conducted from point to point of interest. The sixty illustrations, many of them colored, are the creditable work of Blanche McManus, reproductions of paintings made on the spot.

*The Vanishing Smuggler*, by Stephen Chalmers. Published by Edward J. Clode, New York.

This is a story of the old smuggling days in the north of Scotland, when whole communities engaged in the contraband trade without any recognition of the moral issue. The story is told simply and with considerable

power of character depiction. We see the repeated trips of the little craft, the ingenious devices for landing the goods, the expedients of the revenue men, and the more violent crime that always lurked as a possibility behind the illicit business. Then, too, there is a very pleasant romance with a pretty girl for its centre and the competition of her two lovers, one of them a young smuggler and the other a customs officer.

*Army Letters from an Officer's Wife*, by Frances M. A. Roe. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.

The author has found a distinct literary mission in this sketch of Western military life as seen by a woman. She assures us that the events are not imaginary, that the letters are accounts of actual experiences that came into her own life with the army in the Far West. Whether they be about Indians, desperadoes, or hunting—"not one little thing has been stolen."

There certainly seems to be no need of sensational Western fiction while facts are so much more sensational. From the first page to the last this book tells of things that are worth the telling, of the endless vicissitudes of the frontier camp, of Indian fighting and the struggle for life, food, and social order. The first letter is written from Kit Carson, Colorado Territory, in October, 1871, and the last from Salt Lake City, in September, 1888. They are written in a spirited style, as though the author were thoroughly enjoying herself at the time, while the twenty-seven illustrations help us to visualize the scenes.

*Sociology*, by James Quayle Dealey. Pb. D., Published by Silver, Burdett & Co., New York, Boston, and Chicago.

The author has made a commendable effort to express the science of sociology in simple terms and to emphasize the necessity not only for its intellectual study, but for an individual and collective effort toward its application. Sociology, after all, aims not alone at the perfection of the machinery but also at the purification of the motive force, not only at the enunciation of an ideal but at the determined and enlightened unselfishness to realize it. With this view the author gives us first a brief survey of the sociological efforts of the past, and secondly a consideration of the forces, such as the religious, the cultural, and the educational that must be invoked for the eradication of evil. He is to be congratulated upon his avoidance of faddism and upon his insistence on an ethical foundation for progress.

*The Playground of Europe*, by Leslie Stephen. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.75.

The playground of Europe is of course Switzerland, and Sir Leslie Stephen is perhaps its best known admirer and exponent. In this volume we have a collection of writings of literary value, most of them having already seen the light in less permanent form, and now to be welcomed and preserved in this dignified form. There are fifteen illustrations.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The American Ideal.

*The Promise of American Life*, by Herbert Croly. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

Admirable as this volume is, it might be more effective if it were shorter. The historical survey, for instance, might have been condensed in favor of a greater emphasis upon current problems.

The scope of Mr. Croly's book is suggested by many pregnant passages in his opening chapters. Since the Revolution, Americans have been saturated with an idea of a national promise, of a destiny that must inevitably accomplish itself by the ordinary evolutionary processes, and that needs a minimum of direct and intelligent human cooperation. However solid such a sentiment may have been in the past during the high tide of natural development, a persistence of the conception that such consummation will take care of itself "is admirably designed to deprive American life of any promise at all." The fault in the vision of the average American is in "the expectation that the familiar benefits will continue to accumulate automatically," and elsewhere we are told that "as long as Americans believed they were able to fulfill a noble national promise merely by virtue of maintaining intact a set of political institutions aided by the vigorous individual pursuit of private ends, their allegiance to their national fulfillment remained more a matter of words than of deeds."

Democracy, argues the author, must now show its credentials. It must recognize that good comes by effort, by a direct, forcible, and sincere ordering of the individual life in accordance with the national ideal, and not a wearisome mouthing of platitudes unaccompanied by a struggle to give them reality. The gulf between ideals and effort is wide one, and we have lived too long under the delusion that ideals alone are necessary. Hence we have such problems as the class consciousness involved in the struggle between capital and labor and the careless and good-natured inertia that allows the government of the country and of every part of it to fall to the hands of the most notoriously unfit among us. We cultivate a lofty educational ideal and allow our schools to become monuments of inefficiency. We make a fetish of a political doctrine such as the Monroe Doctrine and allow it to become an urgent and an aggressive danger. There is no thoughtfulness in the common good, there is class consciousness everywhere, and national consciousness nowhere, and over everything is the spirit of *laissez faire* under the soporific of a special destiny.

It is to the author's credit that he has no ill will against the earthquake, and that he advocates no special legislation as a preliminary to the millennium. The remedy must be ethical. We have had a false idea of democracy, believing that it was a charter to every man to do what he pleased. The mandate of democracy is the reverse of this, giving sovereign powers to every citizen, it demanded in return that every citizen shall be the servant not of himself but of his fellows and of the nation. It is a hard saying, but it is the only panacea that Mr. Croly has to offer us, for he tells us that "the only entirely satisfactory solution of the difficulty offered by the systematic authoritative transformation of the private interests of the individual into a disinterested devotion to a social object."

It is well that such a doctrine should be reached and from a text that comprises so useful and so trenchant a review of the national position. That it can be read without striking a responsive spark of interest and admiration is impossible.

New Publications.

*A Curb to Predatory Wealth*, by W. V. Marshall, is an elaborated plea for a progressive property tax. It is published by R. F. Duffield & Co., New York.

Harry Graham gives us an amusing volume of etiquette in rhyme under the title of "Dilettante Ditties." The illustrations are by Gordon Grant and the publishers are Duffield & Co., New York.

Duffield & Co., New York, have published the complete text of "The Passion Play of Crammerngau," translated from the German with an historical introduction by Montrose Moses. The book is of good appearance and of the type of comfortable size.

The latest addition to the What Is Worth While series is "Do It to a Finish," by Carson Swett Marden, published by Thomas Crowell & Co., New York. It is a layman on honest work and thoroughness which is needed at a time when slovenliness is in order of the day. The price is 30 cents.

So long as children are supposed to need a quiet and attenuated Shakespeare they can hardly do better than resort to Charles and Mary Lamb, whose "Tales from Shakespeare" has just appeared in a new edition from the press of E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. In this instance we have a compensation for the

doubtful value of the text in the illustrations by Arthur Rackham. Of these we have twelve, some being new, while the others have been re-worked and improved. The book is of handsome appearance and the price is \$2.50.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published a volume of selections from "The Great English Essayists," with introductory essays and notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. The selection includes such essayists as Bacon, Burton, Sir Thomas Browne, Milton, Samuel Johnson, Cowley, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and others, while the introductions are brief and illuminating. The price is \$1.

John G. Neihardt gives us a volume of verse under the title of "Man-Song." There are twenty-seven selections, including some dramatic fragments, all of them marked by an energy of expression, a careful choice of words, and a certain sensuous exuberance that is probably matched with the popular taste. Now and then there is a suggestion of something better than sensuousness, a buoyancy and a hopefulness that are stimulating. At the same time, Mr. Neihardt is not yet among the prophets and he gives small evidence of a vision beyond the veil. It may be that the poetic clairvoyance will come later, and if so it will find a fitting habitation ready made.

A fine piece of decorative typographical work comes from A. M. Robertson, San Francisco. It is entitled "Infra Nubem: The Lights Outside La Bocana," by Alexander McAdie. The letter press is an excellently written appreciation of the Golden Gate from the scenic and historical points of view, the decorations being by Lucia K. Mathews and the colored frontispiece by Arthur F. Mathews. Apart from the literary merit of the little sketch, which is high, the volume is one to be desired for its luxurious get up. Printed upon Japan paper and bound in white and gold with colored page titles it is eminently a book for the *de luxe* shelf. The price is \$1.50 and only 500 copies have been printed.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Austin Dobson, who wrote his first poem when he was twenty-four years of age and a clerk in the English board of trade, reached his seventieth birthday a few days ago. He is still writing the dainty, delicate verse that has won for him a distinguished position among men of letters.

The Cecil Rhodes Scholarship for the State of Illinois, competed for by students from numerous institutions, has been awarded to Edwin P. Hubble, a student at the University of Chicago.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. are sending to press the fifth edition of Mr. DeMorgan's "Somehow Good."

In his "Diplomatic Memoirs," Mr. John W. Foster gives a practical instance of how difficult it is made for a person of different religious belief to marry a Spanish Catholic. While he was minister at Madrid his secretary of legation, a Presbyterian, fell in love with a Spanish girl, and before he could obtain the necessary sanction for their marriage he had to prepare documents and certificates that made a pile a foot high. And as these all had to be on stamped paper, the cost in stamps amounted to sixty dollars. Anecdotes of this kind, and amusing incidents of diplomatic and court life, abound in the two entertaining volumes.

Professor Otto Jespersen of the University of Copenhagen, who recently delivered a series of lectures at the University of Chicago, is the originator of "Ido," a proposed universal language that is said to be an improvement upon "Esperanto."

The trustees of the bequest of \$2,000,000 left by Mrs. Amanda W. Reed, an Oregon pioneer, are about to establish a college at Portland, Oregon, to be known as Reed Institute.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot recently obtained an injunction restraining the Circle Publishing Company and E. Milton Jones, doing business as the University Library Extension, from publishing an edition of fifty works, edited by him, and published under his supervision, by P. F. Collier & Son, as "Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books," under the title of "The Harvard Classics."

New Books Received.

"The French Verb," by Lieutenant Charles F. Martin. American Book Company.

"The Song of Songs," by Hermann Sundermann. Huebsch.

"From the Cup of Silence," by Helen Huntington. Putnam.

"Orpheus: An Universal History of Religions," by Dr. Salomon Reinach. Putnam.

"Fifty Years in Camp and Field," by Ethan Allen Hitchcock. Putnam.

"The Triumph of Love," by Lyman Whitney Allen. Putnam.

"Modern Christianity," by John P. Peters. Putnam.

"Reveries and Other Poems," by Gottfried Hult. Putnam.

"Woman's Work in English Fiction," by Clara H. Whitmore, M. A. Putnam.

"The Substance of Socialism," by John Spargo. Putnam.

VALENTINE VERSE.

A Valentine.

Scarce I dare to tell you, Florence,  
Of the secret that I hold,  
Lest you, with a fine abhorrence,  
Say that I am over bold,  
Toss your queenly head and pout your  
Pretty scarlet lips in scorn;  
But I've dreamed so much about your  
Loving ways both night and morn,  
That at last I have decided,  
Though you think me sadly weak,  
And declare me most misguided,  
Now to speak!

When the summer's golden glory  
Made the earth divinely fair,  
First I dared to breathe the story  
Of my secret to the air,  
Longing that some sprite or spirit,  
Disembodied, lurking near,  
Listening, might chance to hear it,  
And repeat it in your ear.  
With my message no befriending  
Fairy to your chambers flew,  
Or I should not now be sending  
This to you.

Autumn's bazy skies above you  
Were as brilliant as the trees,  
When, at eve, I heard "I love you,"  
In each murmur of the breeze.  
Yet I could not summon courage,  
Could not trust my faltering tongue,  
Musing "how could maid of her age  
Care for one no longer young?"  
So the gracious autumn ended  
With its south winds blowing bland,  
And the winter time descended  
On the land.

With the new year I confided  
To myself that I'd be bold;  
Lo! a month away has glided—  
Left the secret still untold!  
Still untold—but nay, you know it,  
Dear, at last (perchance did then),  
And, no doubt, you think a poet  
Should woo better with his pen.  
Yet unless you wish to see my  
Sun of life in sure decline,  
You will promise, love, to be my  
Valentine! —Clinton Scollard.

A Valentine.

Go, Valentine. I do not dare  
To go myself and speak  
The word which, like the morning air,  
Shall tinge this Rose's cheek.

And when you see the scarlet tint  
Across her features climb,  
Betraying in a blush a hint  
How she accepts my rhyme,

Know this: if I her heart have won,  
Her lips shall part and tell;  
If I have lost, your day is done,  
A swift match, and farewell.

Go, then, and while I madly burn  
In love's devouring fire,  
I live if she one word return;  
Or else, like you, expire.

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in *Harper's Magazine*.

A Test of Affection.

(Lines by a young woman who has just received a three-dollar valentine.)

What is this gaudy, fragile combination—  
A frill, with paper lace and paste,  
With sundry weed essays at veneration,  
A price-mark, too, almost—not quite—erased.

Well, well! a valentine it is; and see  
Beneath this glass, "Marked down \$3.00."  
Poor George!—to show his love for me,  
Deprives himself of six new collars.

—*Harper's Bazar*.

A Legal Secret.

"Twixt two dull legal leaves it lies,  
An old unfinished valentine;  
"If you love me as I love you!"  
That's all—one tender, time-dimmed line.  
No, not quite all, for here's the date,  
"Feb. Fourteenth, seventeen ninety-three";  
And just above is faintly traced,  
In faded ink, "To Dorothy."

O dusty tome! you've guarded well  
The secret of this *billet-doux*;  
You're near a century older since  
Some love-lorn lawyer trusted you.  
Was it the longed-for client's knock,  
When he this single line had traced,  
That made him start in sudden shame  
And hide his rhyme with guilty haste?

"If you love me as I love you!"  
I wonder if she did or no;  
I wonder was she false or true,  
This "Dorothy" of long ago.  
Ah, well! it can't matter now,  
And yet, above earth's busy stir,  
Perhaps, who knows, somewhere, somehow,  
She still loves him as he loves her.

—Jennie P. Betts, in *Life*.

A Valentine.

All things are here to make the season sweet:  
The rush of pure, keen air through pale, clear  
skies,  
The scent of shower-soaked earth beneath our feet,  
Where frail green shafts from winter sleep arise;  
And shall your heart not waken, nor your eyes  
Look into mine, and grant what mine entreat?  
What more can Love desire than to belong  
To this first hour when faintly flushing spring,  
Born hut today, is yet so fair and strong  
That she can set life's pulses quickening?  
And shall your soul not listen while I sing,  
Learning Love's spring-time lesson from my song?  
—*London World*.

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## THE REVOLT OF THE EMPRESSES.

The Suffragettes Have Set a Bad Example to the Great Ladies of the Celestial Empire.

Encouraged by the bad example of the suffragettes, three of China's empresses have suddenly gone on strike and created a very serious situation indeed. The ladies are secondary widows of the late Emperor Tung Chih, and while the great Empress Dowager was alive they never dreamed of asserting themselves. She put them in the place she thought they ought to have and kept them there; squabbling was not tolerated; complaints were never listened to. But now the present Empress Dowager is an amiable, gentle person who is noted for her graceful bow and her unaggressive temperament, and the real power is vested in a man—the Prince Regent.

Of course a man with three women pouring their grievances into his ear is in a helpless condition. In the face of the present crisis he confesses himself utterly perplexed. He does not know what to do to pacify the women who, with the reckless fury of Chinese females in a temper, threaten to commit suicide on the doorstep if he does not immediately accede to their demands. Meantime the situation is strained; the palace is in an uproar and one of the imperial ladies has packed her boxes three times with the intention of leaving the Forbidden City and bringing such a scandal round the ears of those in power that the very dynasty will totter.

What all these good ladies want, and want immediately if not sooner, is a higher title and greater dignities. The situation is really exceedingly complicated. Now that poor Kwang Hsu is dead, one party is trying to pretend that his title to the throne was never valid because he was of the same generation as his predecessor, Tung Chih, and therefore unable to offer ancestral worship at the latter's tomb. If this be true, his widow is not properly Empress Dowager at all, and these other three ladies, being wives of senior generations, would have the title which they so greatly desire. But—there is an important "but." The late Empress Dowager, wily old lady that she was, saw this loophole and proceeded to stop it up by making the new baby Emperor Hsuan Tung, the adopted son of all the last three emperors. Thus, according to Chinese etiquette, the line is straightened out—at least the anti-suffragette party say that it is. The names of the former emperors receive due respect and proper sacrifice. Every one should be contented and at first every one was contented. The widow of Kwang Hsu took up her position as head of the court, and with a kindness which has been ill repaid she gave to the other odd widows of various generations a special allowance to add to their comfort.

Base ingrates that they are, these three revolting ladies promptly began their intrigue. They must have known that officially speaking they had no shadow of a claim to special distinction because they were never anything but secondary wives. Still they were three to one, and they loudly protested to the discomfort of everybody in the palace that Kwang Hsu's wife was no more the real mother of the present emperor than they, and they intended to share her official rank and emoluments—or die in the attempt.

The funeral of the old Empress Dowager gave them just the opportunity for a public demonstration that they wanted. All the court ladies accompanied the cortege to the tomb eighty miles from Peking in a range of delightful, peaceful foothills. The three imperial wives went with the rest—meekly, quietly. Alas and alack! theirs was only the calm which precedes the storm. Once at their destination, these determined ones declared a state of siege and refused to return to the capital until their claims were settled. Think what a distressing situation! It was then the middle of November and the cold weather was fast approaching; the lady whom all had come to bury was buried after a long and most expensive ceremonial; the courtiers wanted to go home, the real Empress Dowager was most anxious to get back; the newly made streets of the capital had to be kept closed—at great inconvenience to traffic—till she did come back. The Regent, gentle, conscientious, anxious to please everybody, was almost distracted. He appealed, threatened, commanded, urged—not a step would those imperial ladies move. We Westerners have an idea that the Chinese woman is a subservient creature ordered about by her male relatives as if she was a performing poodle. But there never was a greater mistake. The Chinese woman, for all she keeps socially in the background, is just as much a power as any other woman; her tongue is as long and as loud—and the methods to which she will stoop to gain her end make her even more dangerous to oppose than her emancipated sisters. When the discontented Chinese woman happens to belong to court circles there is no mischief she can not make as, whatever her grievance, plenty of intrigues are always ready to further it. The would-be empresses, therefore, found supporters—underdogs who hoped if they could stir up enough dissension they might improve their own positions. These worthies

are said to have bribed various high officials to their side and deliberately set up about undermining the position of Kwang Hsu's wife by alienating from her adherents and friends. Because she was of a mild character, she would not dare retaliate they thought. But in one case she did retaliate very unexpectedly. Or rather, since no one can prove that she actually did retaliate, let us say Providence helped her to assert her position.

Just when the squabble was at its height, Peking was startled one morning by an imperial edict depriving of his office the viceroy of the province. This was a gentleman hitherto supposed to be in good favor—though he was known to have original methods of keeping his accounts. Little vagaries like this, however, are too common in China to excite remark. He was not impeached for these. No, indeed. The censor who memorialized to the throne against him gave as reasons for dismissal from office that he who was in charge of the funeral arrangements of the old Empress Dowager had permitted a vulgar cinematograph operator to stand outside the city wall and play his odious machine upon the wife of the late emperor as she made her bows before the coffin. For once in her life this gentle lady was indignant as she arose from her knees and heard the click of the camera—painfully reminiscent of the click of machine guns in 1900—in her left ear. Now wasn't that enough to irritate a lady? The Regent decided that it was and dismissed the viceroy for lack of reverence.

The discontents camping at the tomb heard of the dismissal and hardened their hearts still more. Finally, the wife of Kwang Hsu had to go home without them, and a story that the third wife of Tung Chih was suffering from something like mumps and the others were staying on to attend her was carefully circulated. Nobody believed it and it was common talk that all the high officials who were being sent daily to the tomb were not to inquire after the sufferer, but to persuade the recalcitrant ones to come home. "No," said the imperial ladies, "either you give us what we want or we commit suicide on the tomb of our ancestors." It was no idle threat, as any one who knows the Chinese character realizes. They certainly would have taken a little opium between two pieces of jelly cake without a moment's hesitation if they saw the game was up—and the Regent would perhaps have been wise to let them. But even a secondary imperial funeral is expensive in the Far East, and the Chinese have an absurd prejudice about allowing the obstinate females of a household to kill themselves for spite. They might return—like Mr. Stead's friends. So, to cut a long story short, the Regent weakly temporized and sent extra titles and extra palace chairs upholstered in yellow and money, and though neither titles nor cash were quite as much as they demanded, the would-be empresses decided to come back to a warmer domicile.

Here, then, for the time being the story closes, but a sequel is by no means improbable. Will these desperate three, once they are snugly esconced behind the walls of that hotbed of intrigue the Forbidden City, instead of shivering in the hills remain satisfied with the present compromise? And will the claimants for the title of empress be increased as time goes on? I believe there are two other ladies who have also some right to the honor sought by these three determined widows. One is a second or third class consort of Hsien Feng who died in 1861, and the other is a secondary consort of poor Kwang Hsu. But perhaps they are not a great cause of anxiety, the first because of her age, the second because of her very inferior position as the last wife of the last emperor of the lowest generation. Still the possibility of six competing empresses in one palace must keep the Regent awake at night—especially when he considers how many other difficulties he has to adjust in the disordered state of modern China.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, January 25, 1910.

Artistic impulses govern even the ordinary artisan in Japan. This, from an article in the *Craftsman*, by Mr. L. Wakeman Curtis, illustrates the fact: "In so commercial and non-artistic a porcelain district as Nagoya I saw a big room full of men working in clay, hastily copying in quantities pieces that were to go, in a shipload, to fill an order in England. I paused beside a man who was finishing soap dishes. On each cover, before it went to be baked, he was adding the knob by which it could be lifted, that on the European model before him was utterly without sentiment, less gracious of shape than a freshly dug onion or potato. With a few slight, quick touches, seemingly as unthinking as a machine, he was yet doing more than was required—he was causing each knob, as it passed under his hands, to take the look of a half-opened bud, a faint hint of a leaf being also quickly modeled in the 'biscuit' beneath it."

The statue of Queen Victoria, the chief figure of the memorial piece to be set up before Buckingham palace, will be put in place this summer.

## A School for Critics.

The report that an unidentified New York millionaire, interested in the drama, is to give \$1,500,000 to endow schools of dramatic criticism—at Harvard, Yale, and Columbia—is calculated to cause talk among actors. Several prominent players are said to have been asked by him to constitute an advisory committee. John Drew, who has recovered from his accident and has rejoined his company in "Inconstant George," when asked for his opinion on the subject, said:

"If this endowment is a fact I have not been taken into the confidence of the donor, but it is doubtful, in my opinion, whether the scheme is especially necessary or desirable. Critics, like poets, are born, not made. A man must have eyes that see and a mind that knows the significance of what is seen, but a little erudition, except in rare cases, is apt to make a young critic pompous and cocksure. Earnest, sincere, fair criticism the actor welcomes, for in some ways it is a truer guide to development in his art than the response that he gets from his audience. He has a right to complain, however, of the flippant critic who sacrifices facts to scoring points. This critic is now gone out of fashion and in his place is the man who tries honestly to report what he sees from the judicial standpoint. One of the best critics I ever knew once told me that if he could tell the facts about a bad piece he never needed either satire or words of condemnation to make his criticism strong and stinging. And actors would rather take blame from such a critic than praise from a 'gusher.'"

"A school of criticism might teach young men a great deal about the history and traditions of the stage and about the historical interpretation of classical rôles which it would be well for them to know, but the great danger is that of 'a little learning.'"

A wealthy amateur went into one of our largest music stores the other day (says the *New York Evening Post*) and said to an elderly clerk, of conservative mien: "I want all of Richard Strauss's music that you have in an arrangement for piano, four hands." The clerk stepped back and exclaimed: "Mein Gott! you are welcome to it!"



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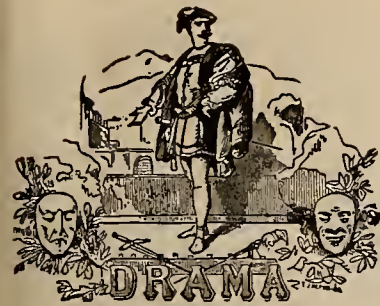
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"THE TEST."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Blanche Walsh has quite a dramatic vehicle at the Van Ness Theatre this week in "The Test," a rather prolix play which presents the old problem of man's and woman's responsibility concerning a storied past in a spirit of championship of the woman.

The author, Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman, should, of course, be regarded with gratitude by the trampled-on sex, only it seems to me that since the problem is offered as a problem, all things should be equal between the man and woman, whereas they are the reverse. The man is unmitigatedly bad, and the woman is meant to be more than potentially good, which gives the woman an unfair start. And, besides, there are several inconsistencies in the play, which make one feel that the woman's fall was quite unnecessary in the first place, she being the kind of woman she was in the second place. For she has won out. That is, with the help of the hero, who rescued her from misery and the gutter. So we are to suppose her to be a professional singer who is earning her living, and avoiding the questionable gallantries of men.

Handsome, spectacular young women with a past who elect to remain unsought are, as a usual thing, eagerly importuned by battalions of unreasonable males, who seem to have a preference for kindling the love-light in the eyes of dubious women with temperament, instead of in the self-contained orbs of the nice, prim, pretty, humdrum, home-creating, thoroughly conventional girl who has no past, no secrets, and no temperament.

Yet, perhaps after all Emma Eltyngne was devoid of temperament. That question rather remains unsettled. But, to return to the inconsistency, here it is: Emma deeply loves a weakling who is a mechanical genius. To give him a start in his inventions she is sedulous in her attentions to men who, she thinks, are strong enough financially to give him a hacking. Tretman, her lover—things between them being presumably on a Mrs. Grundy basis, as far as I could make out—becomes jealous, misconceiving her attentions to her friends. He becomes dishonest in order to match their resources, and when he is caught and convicted she gives herself to McVane, an unscrupulous individual known as "the chorus girl's delight," as a bribe to save her lover from imprisonment. McVane is able to do so, but he plays her false, and the sacrifice is in vain.

Now, the different ways in which this sort of sacrifice is regarded by different people leaves a sort of confusion in the minds of those of us who are too weak-minded to reason the question out on its merits. In "Paid in Full" the wife was admirable because she meant to adhere to purity. In "Monna Vanna" the wife was noble exceedingly because she was prepared to give up her woman's purity as a burnt offering to save her city from ruin, starvation, and defeat. "Monna Vanna" had a big motive. So, perhaps, did Emma Eltyngne, although a much more selfish one. She loved her man, and lessening his sufferings would naturally lessen hers, and, besides, restore him to her arms. But, since she is depicted as a woman of beauty, charm, talent, and strength of character, why did she need to sink to poverty and misery afterwards?

To be sure, she lived in New York instead of California, but even in New York there seems to be always an opening for a woman with her gifts. To save my life I can not regard this question of women sinking "in the gutter," as Emma said, or even near it, in the romantically compassionate spirit aimed at by the author. In Europe it is different. The haughty laboring classes have not entirely struck work there yet, and there is often an over-production of labor for the market. There, if a woman falls once, she is like a turtle on its back, and it takes Herculean efforts to get back to where and what she was. But, since the moneyed classes here seem to have difficulty in finding enough people in the working classes to supply their numerous wants, no woman, or mightily few of them anyway, need call aloud for pity over her hard fate in leading an impure life against the grain.

Of course I realize that this is a dreadfully utilitarian, commonplace, unromantic, undramatic point of view, but when we are tacitly invited to compassionate a young, handsome, healthy, vigorous, talented, dominant nature for weakly submitting to "the fell clutch of circumstance," you must excuse me, Emma,

for quoting "Dad" in "Father and the Boys" and saying coldly, "Nay, nay, Pearlina." And then, besides, isn't it rather ugly and indecent and low-down to offer up that kind of sacrifice for one's love? At all events, I find that I am thoroughly out of sympathy with Emma's methods of managing her rather complicated affairs, and I am quite sure, after seeing Vasta Herne's opium-jim-jams, and after listening to Emma's story, that my prevailing emotions toward their respective suitors are those of cordial felicitation to the doctor in "Vasta Herne"—or they would be if he were more than a lay figure—and of dubiety for the future happiness of Arthur Thone; although the author is a little cryptic in his pronouncement on just the kind of man Thone is, which rather lessens one's solicitude for the fortunate issue of his affairs.

As to the problem itself, it is always a rather interesting one. I know it is the proper thing to decry problem plays, but, for my part, anything in the drama that touches on the realities of life, providing a proper reticence be not violated, is most acceptable to a steady theatregoer. We want something vital, something to make us both think and feel. Yet, somehow, the problem in "The Test" did not penetrate below the skin. Mr. Goodman has evidently arrived at giving us a group of the curious unconventional characters that one can find in the lower East Side in New York, who speak our language—and speak it correctly—and think our thoughts, but whom circumstances have driven there in a mood to be at odds with fate.

The dramatist does not yet show a master's talent in handling his pawns, and they give one rather a job-lot impression, they are such an unsorted collection of human curios. The jail-bird, with his prison-pallor, and his hatred for woman, is the most interesting. The action seemed to warm up considerably with his appearance, and, as a hopeful spectator remarked, it looked as if there was going to be "something doing." The character was well acted by Mr. Will Corbett, who lent the embittered derelict a suitable physiognomy, and manner, and who intensified the dramatic interest of the scenes in which he figured by acting that was strong, dramatic, and yet natural.

Mr. George Howard, the leading man, lacks in the element of realism, because of a slight but unmistakable insincerity that we can not quite forget. It is more particularly noticeable in his facial expression, although his attitudes, in their attempt to convey an idea of ease and naturalness, are well chosen. But, for instance, in that burst of laughter, when he is first incited to doubt Emma's truth and worth. It had a most theatrical effect, and I am not sure yet whether it was meant to convey a secret, but bravely hidden uneasiness, or an absolute security as to her faith, as one might convey with a laugh, "my life upon her honor." Nicholas Judels gave a creditable sketch of the young poet who writes poetry in the pauses of peddling suspenders, and C. Jay Wilham's representation of the old German was a sympathetic one. Misses Sterling and Bell represented two pretty girls whose existence had some bearing on the plot, and the uncertainly defined character of Thone quite adequately the rest. Although Miss Sterling requires lessons in the art of make-up, and Miss Bell has not yet learned to discriminate between the expressions due to laughter and tears, otherwise she did well, especially in her delineation of a girl's first revolt against the wounding blows of destiny.

Miss Walsh has a dramatic rôle, but Emma's speeches are too long, and as Miss Walsh's art always lacks flexibility, there was some effect of monotony conveyed, more particularly in the important scene when Emma reveals to her lover the secret of her association with McVane. Here she reiterated, upon MacVane's repeated reminders, that she was coming "to facts, brutal facts," but with the lack of logic of a true woman she dodged the facts so long that we grew a little impatient. But, with the exception of that slight sense of monotony induced by a sort of rigidity of acting and modulation, Miss Walsh can be considered to have dealt very successfully with the rôle of Emma.

As for the solution of the problem, well, this particular kind of problem is never solved, except individually, for each woman works it out according to temperament, or circumstance. Common sense tells us that in every civilized community some women, many, perhaps, have kept their secret and come out victoriously respectable. But few probably have struggled out of a degraded life that followed the first fall. I have a dim suspicion, however, that Emma's gutter might have been brought about by poverty, and not shame.

It is really amazing, and always will be, how many lines one loses in a play through incorrect inflections, and coughings from an audience. If any one wants to find out how much, let him get the copy of a play after he has seen it acted, and learn to his amazement that he has patently lost a very appreciable sized fraction of the text, together with some information quite vital to a proper comprehension of the plot.

Rostand's long awaited "Chanticleer" was produced in Paris this week.

The Schumann-Heink Concerts.

Mme. Schumann-Heink, the greatest living contralto, will give her first concert at the Garrick Theatre Sunday afternoon at 2:30. The programme will be a most remarkable one, including five great operatic scenes and about a dozen splendid songs. Here is the list: "Recitative and aria," from Mozart's opera, "Titus"; aria from Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah"; "Waltraute Scene," from Wagner's "Gotterdammerung"; "Ah! Mon Fils," from Meyerbeer's "The Prophet," and the "Prison Scene," from "The Prophet."

German song writers will be represented by "Die Altmacht," Schubert; "Das Erkennen" and "Mutter an der Wiege," Carl Loewe; "Traum durch die Daemmerung" and "Allerseelen," by Richard Strauss; and Felix Weingartner's "Lichiesier."

In English Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing Nevin's "The Rosary"; Chadwick's "Oh, Let Night Speak of Me" and "Danza"; "Lullaby," by Carrie Jacobs Bond; and "Love in a Cottage," by Rudolph Ganz.

The second concert will be given Thursday night, when a number of novelties will be given for the first time in this city, including songs by Max Reger, Richard Sahla, and L. Stein. An interesting Schubert group includes "The Erlking," "Death and the Maiden," and other standard selections.

Owing to the enormous demand for seats for the farewell concert, on Sunday afternoon, February 20, this event will be given at Dreamland Rink, and a special programme will be prepared.

Seats for all the concerts are on sale now at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. On Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre after 9:30 A. M.

Next Friday afternoon, February 18, Mme. Schumann-Heink will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, presenting the great programme of the opening concert here. Seats will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday.

The St. Francis Musical Art Society will listen to this artist next Tuesday night in the Colonial Ballroom of the Hotel St. Francis.

Mme. Carreno's Success.

All that the music critics have said in the highest praise of Mme. Carreno was justified by her playing at her final recital last Sunday at the Garrick Theatre. For many years the pianist has held her place as the greatest of women who have devoted themselves to this instrument. In her audience Sunday were some who could recall hearing her thirty-seven years ago, when she was with a concert company which toured America, and which was made up of such artists as Emil Sauret, the violinist, afterwards the husband of the youthful Carreno; Carlotta Patti; Mario, the great tenor, then in his declining period, and Annie Louise Cary. Of that quintet Mme. Carreno still survives on the concert stage, though Sauret still plays and teaches in Europe. Her art has broadened and ripened with the years, as it must have done with one who possessed so artistic and so aspiring a nature. Few even of the men who have been hailed as masters of the piano have been her equal.

It was a signal honor for the Lyric String Quartet of young women, huddling artists, to be invited to appear with Mme. Carreno, and the result was most pleasing to their many admirers. Miss Mary Pasmore, the first violinist of the group, is the star of this organization, and her success has been won by earnest application. It is a matter for congratulation that her first four years of study were here in San Francisco, under Mr. Hother Wisner, the violinist and teacher, and that her later term in Berlin proceeded regularly forward from that grounding of her instruction.

Mr. Mantell's Birthday.

For some time that independent journal, *Life*, has been printing a column of anniversary greetings and congratulations. This, from the issue of February 3, is a graceful tribute, which Mr. Mantell's many admirers will read with pleasure:

"Robert Bruce Mantell, born February 7, 1854: We confess to a sneaking admiration—nay, love—for the old and simpler form of the drama. We like the ruggedness of it, as distinct from the smart verbiage of much of the later forms. Shakespeare still interests us, and those old actors who stalked across the stage, unwrapped in a profound melancholy or depicting elemental passions, appeal to us still with an absorbing interest. Mr. Mantell has many a time inspired us with delightful emotions. We trust that he may long continue to do so.

"You have an honorable place in your profession. We salute you, sir, as a very worthy actor."

Mme. Julia Mouton, eighty-four years old and penniless, was taken to the Saint-Antoine Hospital in Paris a few days ago. In her youth she was an equestrienne at the Imperial Circus, where her grace and beauty attracted the notice of Napoleon III. She was established in a handsome residence and for years was surrounded with luxury. After the downfall of the empire she continued to be known as "the friend of the emperor."

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Prices: Night and Sunday and Saturday Matinees, \$1.50 to 25c. Bargain Matinee Thursday, 75c, 50c, 25c. Seats on sale at the theatre and Emporium. Next, "The Right of Way."

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## VANITY FAIR.

It has for long been a theory with certain male misanthropes that women use an extensive vocabulary of millinery and dress-making terms that have absolutely no meaning and no other province than to convey a certain soothing sensation to the mind. We all know that there are such words. We use them in conversation with babies and we have all heard of the old woman who derived much spiritual satisfaction from "that blessed word Mesopotamia." Of course, it may be that the language in which women converse, or seem to converse, upon millinery and allied topics really has a meaning and is something more than an ear-pleasing glibberish; it may be that they have actually elaborated a new and vast vocabulary that refers to definite things and is so understood, but we doubt it; we doubt it gravely.

Go into a fashionable millinery store and see how immense is this new terminology. Listen to the conversation around you and by closing the eyes you may imagine yourself in Chinatown. Many of the new words have a French appearance when they are written, but they have no French sound when they are spoken. For example, what is "charmeuse" when applied to a garment? What is "étamine," and "zephyr," and "tana-lawn," and "faillie," and "hengaline," and "shantung," and "shot messaline"? Are there such things? Do they express any kind of reality, or any sort of novelty in the way of manufacture, or are they just pretentious terms for such ordinary things as muslin, silk, or cloth? When a woman asks for shot messaline does she actually want some definite thing that she knows about, and does the attendant go away and get that thing and no other, or does she merely take hold of the first pretty material that is within reach? We suspect the latter, and that any other little piece of meaningless jargon would do just as well.

This new glibberish is applied not only to materials, but to completed garments. A very ordinary sort of article is labeled a "fishwife tunic," and after we have gazed in stupefaction at a "serge djibbah" we recognize it as an ordinary smock such as school girls wore twenty years ago and still wear. But what is a "boat-shaped turban with rolling sides," and what is a "Sapho honnet"?

In connection with all this weird nonsense a correspondent of the London *Express* reports a fragment of conversation that he overheard in an Oxford street. Of course, he had no business to be there at all. He went as a spy and should be denied the rights of a belligerent, but fortunately for him he was not caught. Here is the conversation:

Mrs. A.— . . . I am not quite sure about the fabric, dear. Sometimes I think of brocade. You know the kind which collapses into the very limpest of heaps at the slightest provocation; and sometimes I fancy net, with an underskirt.

Mrs. B.—You want it with plenty of body and enough float at the back, dearie.

Mrs. A.—Quite so. And would you have the material slit at the sides from the waist?

Mrs. B.—I think so, and the concave edges would give a pointed effect.

Mrs. A.—How delightful. . . . About that underskirt: are you thinking of tuckings and shirrings?

Mrs. B.—I rather fancied a satin foundation—"Princesse," you know, with a deep yoke effect and a plaited flounce below, but won't it tend to cut the figure?

Mrs. A.—Perhaps chenille loops would make an attractive trimming, dearest. . . . And, of course, you'll have the overskirt caught here and there to show the true shade.

Mrs. B.—And the sash will have mordoré pompons.

He says he failed to grasp their meaning. Naturally, and for the simple reason that they had no meaning. Is it conceivable that these women were forming a mental picture of some possible structure when they talked about a garment with plenty of body and enough float at the back, dearie: slit at the sides from the waist and with concave edges that give a pointed effect with a satin foundation, dearie, and a deep yoke effect with a plaited flounce that won't cut the figure, dearest, and caught here and there and the sash with mordoré pompons? Is it thinkable that this called up a mental image or that these women were really talking about something, and not merely indulging in soothing burlings? The correspondent says he escaped as quickly as he could, but as he fled into outer darkness he heard a saleswoman say to a customer: "What you want is a skirt made full length and done in the old-fashioned corrugations of corded shirrs." That, of course, was exactly what she did want. She wanted anything that was incomprehensible, but it would be safe to bet that she had not the least idea what she was going to get.

Telegraphic reports say that the Marquis de Villalobar, Spanish minister to Washington, has been recalled to Spain and appointed to another diplomatic post, and that this is due to the affront put upon him when he was asked to withdraw from a certain room in the White House that was reserved for the use of ambassadors only. The reports add

that the post at Washington remains vacant, and is likely to do so for some time to come.

The sensitiveness of the Spanish minister may cause a smile, but on second thought it would seem that a lack of official courtesy is not a laughing matter. It is no slight thing to ask any man to withdraw from a room because of a slight and technical inferiority of his official grade, and the incident becomes still more regrettable when we realize that such a distinction ought not to have been made. There is no conceivable reason why ambassadors should be corraled upon one side of a door and ministers upon the other. If the occasion had been a procession where one man must necessarily walk behind another, or a dinner where the guests can not all sit upon the same chair, it is perfectly understood that a rigid precedence must be followed, and even a Spanish grandee would take the place to which he was assigned by a well understood rule. But that is no reason for the invention of an entirely new and gratuitous piece of discrimination that has resulted in the humiliation of a foreign representative, and whoever is responsible for it has no reason to be proud of his or her handiwork. Of all the foreign representatives at Washington, the Spanish minister should be specially secure from affront.

The good people of Chicago—that is to say the people who want to make other people good—are agitating themselves because so many families are giving up housekeeping and taking suites of rooms at the hotels. Why this should be regarded as a mark of social decadence it is hard to say, but it is so.

Several of the malefactors have been interviewed and invited to give their reasons. They say that hotel life is more convenient and quite as homelike. They can have their own suites of rooms and they can have their own servants if they wish. They can suit their own convenience as to the domestic work, and whatever part of it they wish to avoid will be done for them expeditiously and conveniently by the hotel. They select their meals from the hotel bill of fare and the dishes are brought to them in their rooms by the hotel waiters, or they can be fetched from the kitchen by private servants. It all seems convenient enough, simple enough, sensible enough. Where does the decadence come in, the "ruin of the home life," and all the other canting nonsense with which we are so regularly regaled? It seems to be a matter of personal preference just like parting the hair or the color of the tie.

The social reformers seem to think that there is some special virtue in housework, and that the spiritual nature is stimulated by holling the potatoes or dusting the dining-room. The object of boiling the potatoes is that the potatoes may be hoiled and of dusting the dining-room that the dining-room may be dusted. Both of them are hateful necessities like washing the neck for low dress or wearing new shoes. Therefore they should be done as rapidly and as unobtrusively as possible and with the utmost economy of time and labor. The woman who hoils potatoes when she can get some one else to hoil them for her, or who supervises the boiling when some one else will supervise it for her, ought to have her phrenological department examined by a specialist. Of course, the drugger of housekeeping may be a means to some greater good, but it is sheer folly to talk of it as good in itself. It is a hideous nuisance, a soul-destroying routine, and there ought to be a law passed against it.

A little imagination will show the sheer idiocy of the housekeeping system as such and apart from considerations of some higher good. In any suburban street toward the dinner hour there are some dozens of women each washing a few potatoes to be hoiled over several dozen fires in several dozen saucepans. This is the process that commends itself to the hen-headed social purist. All those potatoes could be hoiled in the same length of time by one woman over one fire, but this is the way that marks social degeneration, the breaking up of happy homes, and the ruin of domesticity. It seems strange.

There is, of course, this to be said: Most of the critics of communal life, or hotel life, are women, and they may have ideas that are not divulged. They may be of opinion that the woman who finds leisure from housekeeping will not employ that leisure in reading Browning or in a search for the higher life, but that, on the contrary, she will "ahoose the neighbors." She may know that for the average woman any kind of labor, however monotonous, however wasteful, however unproductive, is better than a leisure that will be misused, and perhaps it is some such unvoiced conviction as this that produces the protest against the hotel life.

It is a strange order of mind that identifies a moral danger in every change of custom. Just at present a number of apprehensive ladies in New York are relieving their feelings in the public press because a number of other ladies are discarding their wedding rings. It is a national danger, an evidence of degeneration, and so on through the well-worn terminology.

And suppose the ladies are discarding their

wedding rings! What of it? There was a time when wedding rings were not worn, and a time will come when they are no longer worn unless change has ceased to be a factor in human affairs. There was a time when women wore rings through their noses, and a great help they must have been in domestic discipline, but that particular custom has gone out of fashion. There was a time when women wore crinolines. They don't wear them now, but they do wear form improvers and curious devices that are pictorially advertised as "impermeable," and all sorts of mysterious contrivances that we do not know the use of and would scorn to inquire. These things do not mark a movement either upward or downward upon the moral scale. They have no more to do with morality than breakfast food, and why people persist in seeing a moral issue in the most insignificant things is one of the wonders of the age. If women do not wish to wear wedding rings, then let them leave them off. Personally we may think it rather a pretty custom and sanctioned by centuries of sentiment, but the idea

that their disuse marks a "national peril" is too vacuous for discussion.

New York jewelers say that they know nothing of the movement, but they admit that the slender ring is now more fashionable than the solid and substantial hoops that were once in favor.

Several illustrated newspapers have published pictures of Lady Constance Stewart Richardson, who dances barefoot for some charitable purpose. We are not prudes. We do not object to bare feet, but the line must be drawn somewhere, and our own private conviction is that Lady Constance Stewart Richardson ought to be slapped—hard.

Mr. Golding—So you want to marry my daughter. Do you think that you can support her in the style to which she has been accustomed? Jack Winsome—No, sir, but I can support her in a good deal better style than you lived in the first five years after you were married.—*Somerville Journal*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Said a nervous lady to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh, no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking water from."

Mark Twain, in the course of a speech, talked of his pet aversion. "Christian Science," he said, "reminds me of the apple cure for drunkenness. In Hannibal, in my boyhood, the apple cure was highly esteemed. I remember once hearing the Hannibal town drunkard expatiate on the apple cure. 'You believe in it, then, do you, Hank?' a listener asked. 'Believe in it? How can I help believe in it?' the drunkard said, excitedly. 'Ain't it cured me eight times?'"

The consul in London of a continental kingdom was informed by his government that one of his countrywomen, supposed to be living in Great Britain, had been left a million of money. After advertising without result he applied to the police, and a smart young detective was set to work. When a few weeks had gone by his chief asked him how he was going on. "I've found the lady, sir." "Good! Where is she?" "At my place. I got married to her yesterday!"

One day a sympathetic old German gentleman was leisurely strolling past one of the city fire houses, when he was moved by tears of the captain. Stopping to offer consolation, he said: "Say, for what you grief?" "Oh," replied the captain, with a fresh gush of tears, "my poor father is dead. If he had lived just one more day he would have been chief of the whole fire department, just think." "Do not so had feel," said the friendly old German, patting the fellow on the shoulder, "maybe he is a fire chief now."

During the French Revolution a thief and a marquis jolted in a tumhril side by side through the wild streets of Paris, on the way to the guillotine, while a venerable priest tried to console their terrible last ride with moral reflections. "A bas la noblesse! Down with the aristocrats!" shouted the red-capped mob. Thereupon the thief rose in the cart and cried: "My friends, you deceive yourself. I am not an aristocrat. I am a thief." The priest plucked him by the sleeve, saying reproachfully: "Sit down. This is no time for vanity!"

On an occasion when Mr. Gladstone was announced to speak in Manchester, the hall was packed and the air was stifling. For some reason it was impossible to open the windows, which were very high, and one had to be broken. It was feared that the noise would startle the audience, and the mayor stepped forward to explain what was proposed. The audience, however, had not assembled to listen to the mayor and overwhelmed him with cries of "Gladstone," "Gladstone!" At last the misconceived and infuriated official restored silence by shouting at the top of his lungs: "I'm not going to make a speech, I've got something to say!"

It was with a good deal of confidence that he walked up to the magistrate's desk, notwithstanding the fact that a policeman had a firm hold on both sleeves. He waited quietly till one of the policemen had made the accusation of "drunk and disorderly," and then asked Magistrate Scott if he might speak. "Yes," replied the magistrate; "what have you to say?" "Well, judge, I was drunk last night; but it does not often happen. I have lived in this ward nearly all my life and any one can tell you that." "Oh, lived here all your life, have you? Do you know any one in the ward that can speak for you?" asked the magistrate. "Yes," said the prisoner, "I know —. He can tell you all about me." "You know him, do you? Well, so do I. Ten days."

There was a time, while Lyman Trumbull was chairman of the Senate committee on judiciary, that Benjamin Butler was chairman of the judiciary committee of the House. It was at this period that a delegation from one of the Southern States visited Washington with a desire to secure the impeachment and removal of the federal judge of their State. They interviewed Mr. Butler as to the probability of carrying such a measure through that session. "I don't know," was Mr. Butler's reply; "I am chairman of the judiciary committee of the House. The necessary action can be had here. But Lyman Trumbull is chairman of the Senate committee, and Judge Trumbull is troubled with two things—the dyspepsia, which makes him miserable, and conscience, which makes him uncertain."

Assemblyman John C. Hackett of New York recently told this story in a speech: "I was up in Rockland County last summer and there was a banquet given at a country hotel. All the farmers were there and all the village

characters. I was asked to make a speech. 'Now, said I, with the usual apologetic manner, 'it is not fair to you for the toastmaster to ask me to speak. I am notorious as the worst public speaker in the State of New York. My reputation extends from one end of the State to the other. I have no rival whatever when it comes——' I was interrupted by a lanky, ill-clad individual, who had stuck too close to the beer pitcher. 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I take 'ception to what this here man says. He ain't the worst public speaker in the State. I am. You all know it, an' I want it made a matter of record that I took 'ception.' 'Well, my friend,' said I, 'suppose we leave it to the guests. You sit down while I say my piece and then I'll sit down and let you give a demonstration.' The fellow agreed, and I went on. I hadn't gone far when he got up again. 'S all right,' said he, 'you win; needn't go no further.'"

THE MERRY MUSE.

Economizing.

Ye ho, the cost of living's up,  
Our food begins to vary.  
We can't afford a porterhouse,  
So pass the round steak, Mary.

The choicest cuts are not for us,  
The prices make us shiver.  
Oh, Mary, give the company  
Another slice of liver.

—Detroit Free Press.

Everywhere.

The Bee is like a man. All up  
And down the world he heats it;  
He gathers honey all his life—  
Some other fellow eats it. —Puck.

Poor Goat.

There was a goat in our town  
And he was wondrous thin,  
And yet wherever food was, he  
Was always butting in.

And when he found the food was gone,  
He never acted blue—  
He merely ate the dishes, and  
He ate the table, too.

He ate a family washing and  
The clothesline at a bite;  
And then he ate a whetstone, just  
To whet his appetite.

He might have been there eating yet,  
But that's an open question—  
He ate a box of breakfast food  
And died of indigestion!

—Cleveland Leader.

Conscientious.

I went and took a meatless meal;  
Much indignation did I feel  
Against the sordid-minded trust  
Which prices heavenward did thrust.

I always did consider fish  
A most unpalatable dish,  
Yet sacrificed my appetite  
Unto my sense of what was right.

Nor do I hanker for things green,  
Even though they be duly seen  
With skill prepared in varied ways,  
And richly drenched with mayonnaise.

A dreary feeling o'er me steals;  
I say I love my meatless meals,  
And from such diet shall not stop—  
But oh, you steak, and oh, you chop!

—Totten Topics.

More Frequently.

I shot a poem in the air;  
It was reprinted everywhere,  
From Bangor to the Rocky Range—  
And always credited to "Exchange."

—New York Mail.

And long, long afterward it chanced,  
As a book of verse I gazed upon,  
I found the poem published there,  
And it was simply signed "Anon."

—Denver Republican.

But now that hit of vagrant verse  
Has gone much farther and fared worse;  
In the Podunk Times last week I read it,  
And London Tit-Bits had the credit.

—Chicago Tribune.

The Maid Who Guffed.

Last year she deftly made the tee  
And drove the ball with skill and grace;  
A splendid maid and lithe was she,  
With pretty sunburned arms and face.

This year she still is making tea—  
With catnip, though, instead of sand;  
She tries to drive the hawl, but, see,  
'Tis just a rattle in her band.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Willing to Aid.

"Can I borrow a rake?" the neighbor sighed,  
To the would-be borrower she replied:  
"You could with pleasure, there is no doubt,  
But just at present my husband's out."

—Social Register.

"Do you think a college education helps a man in business?" "Sure. I've had two college boys here workin' for me durin' the last year, and I was afraid to discharge either one of 'em for fear they'd find fault with my grammar when I done it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The week before Lent seemed to hold the culmination of all the gayeties of a brilliant social season. There was a sample of every sort of amusement and entertainment, formal and informal. The dinner given by the Associated Charities, the Greenway hall with its numerous dinners before the dance, the big military ball at the Palace, and the Mardi Gras ball, which ushered in Ash Wednesday, besides the many smaller affairs—the luncheons, teas, bridge parties, and other gatherings of all descriptions—made the week's pleasures a combination of charity and frivolity, a fitting beginning to the more quiet days of Lent.

The wedding of Mrs. Frank Norris and Mr. Frank Preston took place Monday, February 7, at St. Luke's Church.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Everett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Everett, of 3477 Pacific Avenue, and Mr. Thomas R. Minturn, Jr., took place at the bride's home on February 9. They will make their home in Fresno.

At high noon February 3, Miss Helen Evadne Brickell and Mr. Stuart Middlemas were married, the Rev. George Adams officiating. The bride has but recently returned from a seven months' trip to Europe with her sister, and is the daughter of the late Mr. John Brickell, one of the early pioneers of San Francisco. The young couple left on the Overland for the East, and on their return will occupy apartments at the Hotel Monroe in this city.

The Mardi Gras ball, given for the benefit of the Children's Hospital, was held at the Pavilion Rink, Tuesday evening, February 8. Among the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the hospital who worked for the ball and assisted the president, Mrs. Latham McMullen, were Mrs. Laurance Scott, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. Harry Poett, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, Mrs. Silas Palmer, Mrs. Benjamin Dibble, Mrs. Norris Davis, Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Miss Linda Cadwalader, and Miss Mary Josselyn.

The final dance of the series of Greenway assemblies was given Friday evening, February 4, in the ball-room at the Fairmont.

Among the hostesses who gave dinners before the Greenway ball were Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. James Farrell, Mrs. John McMullen, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Howell, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Vera De Sahla, Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Elizabeth Livermore, and Miss Anita Maillard.

The members of the Hermosa cotillion gave a military ball at the Palace Hotel, Friday evening, February 4, the guests including officers from the Presidio, Mare Island, the Naval Militia, and the Californian Greys.

The annual dinner of the Associated Charities was held at the Palace Hotel, Tuesday evening, February 1. Mr. Osgood Putnam, president of the Associated Charities, delivered the opening address. Other speakers were Miss Katharine Felton, Mrs. Octavine Briggs Schweitzer, Miss Griffith, Mr. Charles F. Wheeler, Mrs. M. C. Sloss, the Rev. Father D. O. Crowley, and Mr. Richard G. Boone. Among those who gave private dinners at small tables while guests of the large banquet were Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. John S. Merrill, Mrs. Joseph Sloss, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Miss Alice Griffiths, Miss Betty Ashe, Miss Helen W. Pendleton of Oakland, the Rev. Dr. Bradford Leavitt, Miss Virginia Fitch, Mr. Jacob Borth, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Miss Katherine D. Burke, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Frank Carolan, and Mrs. Mayo Newhall.

Mrs. George H. Mendall, Jr., gave a bridge party at her Pacific Avenue home on Tuesday, February 8.

Mrs. John McGaw gave a bridge party on Thursday afternoon, February 3. Other bridge hostesses of the week were Mrs. Charles Storel, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Charles M. Belshaw, and the Misses Calhoun.

Mr. Emile Bruguiere was host at a musicale-tea on Wednesday afternoon, February 2, at the St. Francis Hotel.

The nomination of Dr. Stokes by the President to succeed Dr. Riley as surgeon-general of the navy is specially interesting to Californians. Dr. Stokes is well known here, and his wife was a San Francisco girl, Miss Charlotte Birmingham.

The tennis group of the "Professor Napoleon" cast gave a surprise party to Mrs. Norman McLaren, Wednesday evening, February 2, at her home on Sacramento Street, at which were present many of the prominent workers for the Telegraph Hill Settlement. A band composed of the

boys of the Settlement supplied the music. A large banner, with the portrait of Mrs. McLaren in the robes of Professor Napoleon, was carried by the tennis dancers.

The officers of the Thirtieth Infantry, U. S. A., gave a banquet at the Fairmont Hotel, Wednesday evening, February 2. The banquet was given to celebrate the organization of the regiment in 1901 in the Philippines. The regiment is stationed at the Presidio and the banquet is an annual event.

A California society has been organized in New York with Mr. Joseph D. Redding as president. The officers elected are Mr. Joseph D. Redding, president; Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. Henry Varian, Mr. David Rich, and Mr. William A. Brady, vice presidents; Mr. Charles J. Brooks, treasurer; Mr. Harry Welch, secretary. A number of trustees were elected and the board of trustees now stands: Mr. Charles Aronstein, Mr. Calvin B. Brown, Mr. Jerome Case Bull, Mr. Eugene J. Cantin, Mr. E. S. Chappell, Mr. Edward H. Clark, Mr. Harvey W. Corbett, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, Mr. Elmer de Pue, Mr. Max I. Koshland, Mr. Herbert H. Maass, Mr. E. J. McGanney, Mr. B. E. Severns, and Mr. Mitchell Weiner. The society will hold a special celebration of the sixtieth birthday anniversary of Clay M. Greene, the first white child born in California after the admission of the region to the Union as a State.

Among the younger hostesses of the week who entertained at luncheons were Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Lilian Van Vorst, Miss Sarah Coffin, Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Gertrude Perry, and Miss Maude Wilson.

A bridge party was given by Miss Helen and Miss Bessie Ashton at the St. Xavier, Friday, February 4.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont, February 4. Her guests were Mrs. Henry Kiersted, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Miss Cora Smedberg.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant's new home at Broadway and Webster Street was the scene of a house-warming on Friday afternoon, February 4. Among those invited to the reception were Mrs. Frank Carolan, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Mrs. Raoul Du Val, Viscontesse de Tristan, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. Gus Taylor, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Fred Kohl, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Miss Marian and Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Edward Pringle, Miss Emily Carolan, Mrs. Laurance Irving Scott, Mrs. Athole McBean, Mrs. Will Tevis, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. George Mendell, Miss Laura McKinstry, Mrs. William Bourn, Miss Maud Bourn, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. E. B. Crockett, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. William R. Smedberg, Mrs. Cora Smedberg, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Richard Girvin, Mrs. Charles McIntosh, and Mrs. Joseph Donahoe.

Mrs. Thomas H. Barry and Miss Ellen Barry held the first of their February receptions at Fort Mason, Friday afternoon. They will be home every Friday afternoon during the month.

Mrs. George D. Joy was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel Manx on Tuesday, February 1. Mrs. Joy's guests included Mrs. George Tyson, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. James Jordan, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Charles Wadsworth, Mrs. M. H. De Young, Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. J. W. Edwards, Mrs. Dolliver, Mrs. Marrie Casey, Mrs. E. J. Buck, Mrs. W. S. Davis, Mrs. Clinton Jones, Mrs. W. Y. Tomier, Mrs. Crawford Clark, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. Francis Lucas, and Miss Jennie Stone. Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury gave a dinner Monday evening, February 7, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

On Tuesday evening, February 8, Governor Gillett and his staff gave a banquet to Brigadier-General Thomas H. Barry, U. S. A., and Mrs. Barry, in the banquet room at the Palace Hotel. The Presidio artillery band played in the court of the hotel.

Mrs. George P. McNear gave a luncheon to twenty-five of her friends at the Fairmont Hotel, Monday, February 7.

Mrs. James Athearn Folger gave a musicale on February 4 at her Pacific Avenue home.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard have returned from a trip to Mexico.

Mrs. Andrew B. McCreery, who recently spent a few weeks at the Fairmont and in Burlingame, has returned to England, where she has passed most of her time in the past few years.

Princess David Kawanakoa has recovered from her recent illness, and has left the Adler Sanitarium and returned to her home on Presidio Terrace.

Mrs. Allen Lewis has returned to her home in Portland.

Miss Agnes Tobin returned from Europe last week and is at the Fairmont Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie will soon return to New York City, where Dr. Mackenzie has been recently appointed to the position of secretary of the Presbyterian Church of the United States, which will necessitate his returning East.

Mrs. Lombard of Los Angeles has been visiting Mrs. C. D. Farquharson at her home on Jackson Street. Mrs. Lombard is planning a trip to Honolulu in the near future.

Among those sailing on the transport *Sheridan* February 5 were Captain and Mrs. Walton. Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, whose wedding to Mr. Alan McDonald will take place April 14, entertained twenty of her friends at tea at the Fairmont on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst have taken apartments at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore have given up their apartment at the Richelieu, where they have

been spending the winter, and have returned to their country home.

Mrs. Margaret Bender Young has recently been visiting Mrs. Sloat Fassett at her home in Washington, D. C.

Mr. James D. Phelan will leave New York for Europe on March 4, and expects to be gone several months.

Mme. la Comtesse de Tristan, who has recently returned from France, is pending the winter at the residence of her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Mrs. James Porter Langhorne has been spending a couple of months with her daughter, Mrs. Richard Hammond, at Colorado Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Jr., have been in Rome recently. They expect to meet Mr. Edward W. Hopkins, Miss Florence and Mr. Samuel Hopkins in Naples later.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, are at present in Rome.

Mrs. Jessie Newlands Eldridge is in Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker and their son will soon sail from New York for Switzerland, and plan to spend the summer on the continent. They expect to return to Burlingame in October.

Miss Patricia Cosgrave, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Emery Winship in Macon, Georgia, has gone to New York, where she will make her home with her brother, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave.

Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Schilling and Miss Elsa Schilling are enjoying a visit to the Bermudas, after a several weeks' stay in New York.

Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and Miss Marian and Miss Elizabeth Newhall will not go abroad as they intended, but will spend the summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. William Renison of Stockton have been spending a week in San Francisco.

Mrs. John I. Sabin and Miss Irene Sabin are visiting Captain and Mrs. Alfred Bjornsted at Fort Leavenworth. They will not return to their home in Mountain View until late in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hineley Taylor have gone on a trip to Mexico with Mr. E. S. Benedict and Miss Benedict of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Johnson have returned from the East.

Mr. Peter Martin, who has been in New York, is expected to arrive in California on the tenth of this month.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose have been at the Palace Hotel for a couple of weeks, but have returned to their home.

Mr. Charles Rollo Peters, accompanied by his two sons, sailed from New York recently to join Mrs. Peters and spend the winter in England.

Miss Edith Moulton has gone to Europe for a six months' trip.

Mrs. Dennis O'Sullivan, accompanied by her youngest son, has arrived in San Francisco from London and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Curtis, at their home on Union Street.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Miss Miriam McNear have given up their apartment at the Hillcrest and are at the Granada for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore have returned from Galveston, where they went to attend the wedding of Mr. Charles Norman and Miss Seeley.

Mr. and Mrs. Germaine Vincent (formerly Miss Lucy Gwin Coleman) have postponed their visit to New Orleans on account of the illness of Mr. Vincent's mother.

Mrs. Charles R. Waceler expects to go East to spend the Easter holidays with her daughter, who is a student at Vassar.

Captain and Mrs. J. Malcolm Graham and their little daughter sailed for Manila last week on the transport *Sheridan*.

Mrs. Drury Melone and her daughter, Ethel, sailed on the *Manchuria* on Tuesday for Honolulu, where they plan to stay for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard have returned from their trip to Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Avery returned from their trip to the Orient on the *Chiyo Maru*.

Mrs. Uriel Schree is at the Fairmont awaiting the return of Admiral Schree to San Francisco with the Pacific fleet.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney have left the St. Francis and are once more occupying their apartments at the Hillcrest.

Mr. and Mrs. Drummond McGavin are expected to arrive here February 14 from Lander, Wyoming. They will be the guests of Mrs. L. L. Baker for several weeks.

Sergel Rachmaninoff, the Russian composer and musical director, made his first appearance in America as a conductor at a concert in New York City, January 27. One of the numbers on the programme was his symphonic poem, "The Isle of Death," given for the first time.

Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, has been selected to deliver the oration on golden jubilee day, May 17, next, when the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the college of California, the precursor of the University of California, will be celebrated.

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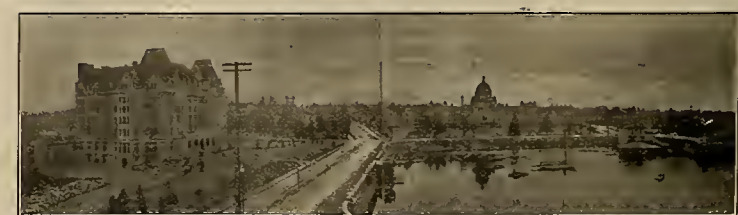
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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Robert Mantell is proving his claim to the ace of America's leading actor of classic age rôles before large audiences at the Columbia Theatre. For this, the first week of his engagement, he had announced seven important productions, and so far every one of these has been not merely satisfactory but distinctive. It is difficult to choose among his characterizations; better to say that in each part assumed he has been a figure that led the eye and stirred the emotions. Marie Booth Russell is winning especial favor as his principal support. Her Lady Macbeth fell little short of the supreme qualities that mark the stage presence of the star. Mr. Mantell is a capable company, capable even for the exacting requirements of Shakespearean tragedy. The settings of his plays are more than adequate; in most instances they are remarkable for beauty and effectiveness. Saturday night "King Lear" is the bill, and Mr. Mantell is a most picturesque and forceful figure in the tragedy.

On Monday night next, opening the second week, "Richelieu" will be presented; the star's appearance and success as the wily cardinal here two years ago is still a vivid memory. Tuesday night, "Othello"; special Wednesday matinee, "As You Like It," with Miss Russell as Rosalind; Wednesday evening, "Richard III"; Thursday night, "Macbeth"; Friday night, "Louis XI"; Saturday matinee, "Hamlet"; Saturday night, "Richelieu."

Florence Roberts began her engagement at the Novelty Theatre Tuesday evening, and was welcomed by an audience that filled the house to overflowing. No theatrical star has more loyal following in San Francisco, and the theatre-going public is to be commended for this. For years Miss Roberts has shown her devotion to her art and to her admirers by giving them earnest, sincere, and realistic characterizations. None has worked more indefatigably, none has endeavored more persistently to secure good plays, and produce them in a manner befitting. In any of her productions Miss Roberts could rely and with pride ask comparison with the best. Much of the credit for this may be given to her managers, but those who have followed her career closely know that the inspiration came from her. Miss Roberts is much more than a talented actress, who always shows an intelligent conception of her roles. There are few who have her technique, and her emotional power. She is at her best now. During this engagement her principal part is White Whittlesey, who has won a place of his own here in romantic parts. His touch is lighter, though his manner has gained force. The company throughout is well chosen. "The Transformation," which is a strong emotional play, with an ingenious conceit in its presentation of the heroine, played by Miss Roberts, in contrasting characterizations, will be continued all next week.

Rose Melville will make her last appearances in that bucolic classic, "Sis Hopkins," at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and, commencing at the Sunday matinee, "The Virginian," a drama that has always been eagerly welcomed in San Francisco, ever since its first production at the Columbia Theatre before the fire, will begin next week's engagement. It is said that the better the novel the harder it is to make a good play thereof, but "The Virginian," as dramatized by the author, Owen Wister, and Kirke La Shelle, is an exceptionally good one and one that holds the attention from curtain rise to its final fall. The Kirke La Shelle company this season has an organization of superior players, including William L. Gibson, Marshall Farnum, Charles R. Gilbert, Harry Elliday, J. R. Furlong, Mabel Wright, Eleanor Wilton, Jane Carleton, Marie Dantes, and important others. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday.

At the Van Ness Theatre Miss Blanche Walsh continues in "The Test," starting the second and last week of her stay next Monday night. The play and company are reviewed at length on another page. The only matinee during the Walsh engagement will be on (Saturday) afternoon, and next Saturday.

Bert Leslie, an "artist in slang," heads the bill at the Orpheum next week, beginning with a Sunday matinee. His vehicle is a playlet titled "Hogan in Society." He is backed by competent company, which includes Josephine Darcy, one of the prettiest and cleverest actresses in vaudeville. Leslie in the part of Hogan, a Bowery bartender, has great opportunity for his peculiar style. John T. Thorne and Grace Carleton will appear in "The Souhrette and the Yip." Thorne, as Noble Nubbin of Sand Creek, N. D., is misused for a theatrical manager by a slangy abortionist and has the time of his life until his identity is discovered. La Veen-Cross and company will present their second edition of "Roman Sports and Pastimes." It is in four scenes, in which they appear as Roman gladiators and perform feats of strength. Charles Hanna, "the Street Fakir," is a monologist

with an original idea. The fakir as portrayed by Kenna is best known to the small country fairs of interior towns. The fifth new act will be Emma Francis, one of the most charming dancers in vaudeville, and her two Arabian boys, who will introduce something new in the singing and dancing line. Miss Francis is just from Europe, where she proved a great success in the leading music halls. Next week will be the last of the Five Mowatts and Seldom's Venus.

The Lombardi Grand Opera Company will open its season at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, February 27. The organization numbers one hundred and forty-seven people. There is a chorus of sixty and an orchestra of fifty. Among the operas to be presented are "Iris," "Madam Butterfly," "La Boheme," "La Tosca," "Semele," "Norma," "Lohengrin," "Samson and Delilah," "La Gioconda," "Aida," "Il Trovatore," "Faust," "Carmen," "Lucia," "Rigoletto," "Cavalleria Rusticana," and "Pagliacci."

The second Lyric "Pop" Concert will be given Sunday afternoon, February 27, at Kohler & Chase Hall. On this occasion the programme will include a charming string quartette by Haydn, a group of important violinello soli, played by Miss Dorothy Pasmore, and Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette," with Mr. F. M. Biggarstaff pianist.

McIntyre and Heath, the oldest team of funmakers on the stage, follow Blanche Walsh at the Van Ness Theatre for a two week's engagement. They have been called Klaw & Erlanger's laughing trust, and merit the title. Their production this year is called "In Hayti," and concerns a humorous revolution on the Ethiopian island. The stars impersonate a couple of colored politicians.

"The Right of Way," a dramatization of Sir Gilbert Parker's stirring story of the same name, will follow "The Virginian" at the Savoy Theatre.

Miss Myrtle Elvyn, a young American piano virtuosa who is meeting with enormous success on her first transcontinental tour, will give concerts in this city, opening Sunday afternoon, March 6. She will also be heard at one recital in Oakland.

Theatre-goers will be pleased to learn that Henry W. Savage is to send Mabel Wilber, George Damerall, Oscar Figman and the other people of last year's "Merry Widow" cast to the Columbia Theatre for the presentation of the Lehár triumph.

Florence Roberts will be seen in "Gloria" during the third week of her engagement at the Novelty Theatre.

Jessie Busley, long the shady but successful heroine in the dramatization of Miriam Michelson's "In the Bishop's Carriage," is now a member of the New Theatre Company. She has played Maria, in "Twelfth Night," and it is said with success.

Leo Slezak, the Wagnerian tenor, who has become a popular favorite in New York, is said to be not only a splendid singer, but a tenor who uses his brains and can act. He has a sense of humor, and tells a story of a man who went to a doctor in Vienna and left his brains for repairs. The doctor told him to call again in a few days, but weeks elapsed before the man returned. He was asked why he hadn't called for the brain sooner, and answered: "Oh, I didn't need it. I am a tenor at the opera."

Lackaye's Latest Curtain Speech.

Wilton Lackaye was in a tolerant mood on the opening night of his engagement at McVicker's Theatre in Chicago, and between the acts of "The Battle" spoke quite kindly to his admiring audience. By way of paying it a compliment he told the story of Mr. Shaw, who on the first night of one of his plays in London, visited the theatre, not to learn if his own work was good—which he knew it was—but to discover whether or not the audience was a success. Last night's audience, Mr. Lackaye said, was a success. This was because it was so profligate in its applause, and he suggested as a wise plan for theatre-goers that they be enthusiastic during the first act of a play, just for the inspiring effect on the performers during the other acts.

Encouraged by the pleasure which these remarks inspired, Mr. Lackaye indulged in criticism of Mr. Moffett's play and of his own part therein. He said that in addition to fulfilling the primary function of the drama, "The Battle" was punctured with slight injections of thought, but not enough, he hoped, to cause annoyance. The struggle between Capital and Labor was ages old, Mr. Lackaye informed his hearers, and he asserted his belief that in the prehistoric days those of our ancestors equipped with the longest arms and the most resilient tails took unto themselves the largest coconuts. Reference was made to the difficulties which he encountered in the impersonation of John J. Haggleton, the millionaire, since his personal

income was not in harmony with the state of affluence from which that character formed his mode of thought and his method of living. He hoped the ladies and gentlemen present would find food for chat at their after-the-theatre suppers, and vanished laughingly behind the curtain, saying: "Girls, you see I have fixed it for you!" Which sally was greeted cordially.

The Folks Who Walk.

The nervous man, whose doctor told him that walking was the exercise he needed (says the New York Sun), came into the office of the physician not long ago and said: "If I keep this up just a few months longer I'll be a worse wreck than I am now."

"What's the matter now?" asked the doctor. "It's the land of folks that walk on the streets. They get my nerve for fair," replied the nervous man, fuming at the very thought. "There are the saunterers, for one thing. Those are the folks who just wander in the crowded parts. They are related to the blockers, the folks who won't let you pass, but the saunterers don't do these things on purpose. They don't know any better than just to ramble along. I've seen two ordinary defenseless women of something past the middle age, who belonged to the saunterers and who merely by the exercise of a little ingenuity occupied a whole sidewalk so effectively that no one could get by."

"The blockers are a different sort. They won't let you by for some reason known to themselves. If you go to one side they turn that way and cut you off so you can't come through between them and a building or railing. If you veer off to the other side they'll force you clean to the gutter before you have a chance to get around."

"They aren't like the folks who always pick out the entrance to a subway station to hold converse. These folks shut you off through ignorance, but the blockers seem to do it out of pure meanness."

"They annoy me as much as any type except the racers. Those are the folks who get the idea that a man who is walking at all briskly wants to take on all comers in a heel-and-toe competition. They get alongside of you and match strides. If you show the least tendency to hurry away from them they spurt. If you drop back they slacken speed too. There is almost no way to get rid of them if you keep on walking down the street you're going, and so you have to turn off into some side street and lose the racers that way."

"There isn't, but there ought to be, some generally understood rule about the road for walkers. There are folks who always keep to the right. In that way two streams of persons moving in opposite directions can go along on the same pavement. But there are always families of road hogs, who get along in one direction, spread across the street from building line to gutter, and they carry all before them."

"Sometimes, too, some single man attempts to work through a crowd, incommoding every one who is trying to go in the opposite direction. There are the folks, too, who come up out of a subway entrance, spread out all over the stairs, so that it is a battle to get down a step or two in spite of keeping to the right."

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Teacher—Jimmy, you look very pale this morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No ma'am. Ma washed my face this morning herself.—Woman's Home Companion.

"There's a masked man at the back door." "Horrors! Is he after my diamonds?" "No, madame. He only wants to borrow a can of gasoline."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Farmer (at the grindstone)—Well, why don't yer turn? City Nephew—Nix! Ye don't fool me ag'in. Whenever I turn, ye go and hear down with the axe!—Life.

"A man ought to be a good mechanic in order to get satisfactory results from an automobile." "Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins. "but it's still better to be a good financier."—Washington Star.

"Ever been locked up?" demanded counsel. "I have been," admitted the witness. "Aha! And what had you been doing to get yourself locked up?" "I had been doing jury duty."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

She (protestingly)—That's just like you men. A man never gets into trouble without dragging some woman in with him. He—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah in the whale?—Boston Transcript.

Miss Elder—The idea of his pretending that my hair was gray. Miss Peppery—Ridiculous! Miss Elder—Wasn't it, though? Miss Peppery—Yes, just as if you'd huy gray hair.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Poet's Wife—My husband read this poem at a public celebration before thousands of people. Alas! it was the last poem he ever wrote. Publisher—I see. Did they lynch him or shoot him?—Leslie's Weekly.

The Doctor—Mrs. Murphy, you must be at your husband's side constantly, as you will need to hand him something every little while. Mrs. Murphy—Niver, doctor! Fur he it from me to hit a man whin he's down!—Puck.

"She's going on the stage." "Is that so? She can't sing, and I never saw her act." "I know, but that's all she can do. Her husband has deserted her, and she never learned to work at anything before she married."—Detroit Free Press.

The Judge—Did you arrest this chauffeur for speeding? The Policeman—No, yer honor; I pulled 'im in fer obstructin' th' road; he was goin' 30 miles an hour, an' he was complained about hy them that was ridin' at th' regular rate.—Chicago News.

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"They are threatening," said the city clerk, "to hang you in effigy." "Let 'em," replied the mayor, who declined to become excited. "They threatened to hang me in Arizona once, and I'm not going to let a little thing like this scare me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I notice lots of college boys around town." "Yes; the midwinter vacation is on." "Seems to me these midwinter vacations must interfere seriously with a boy's college work." "Not at all. The football season is over and it's too early for track work."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"Honey, I can't find a retraction of that story about your sister's elopement with the Chinese cook after poisoning her husband and forging her father's name to a \$50,000 check! Where did you see it?" "It's inside, my dear, next to the 'Lost and Found' column, and about the size of a pure food law label."—Life.

"John—John," whispered Mrs. Gidgely, nudging her husband. "What is it?" he sleepily asked. "There's a hurglar in the house." "What do you want me to do—get up and run the risk of being killed?" "No; but if you find in the morning that somebody has gone through your pockets, don't blame me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I regret very much that we can not use your story," said the magazine editor, handing back the manuscript. "It's astonishing how much really good literature we are compelled to decline." "It's more astonishing, though," said the disgruntled author of the story, "that you never let any of it get into your magazine."—Chicago Tribune.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Commander Peary.

The Committee on Naval Affairs has reported unfavorably the bill to make Commander Peary a rear-admiral and to retire him in that rank carrying a pension of \$6000 per year, and the general opinion will be that the committee has acted rightly. Commander Peary has done nothing to merit either the promotion or the pension. Indeed, for many years past he has been treated with an unaccountable partiality by the Navy Department. Supposed to be in the service of the United States government and to be in the receipt of pay for the performance of definite duties, he has again and again been granted long leaves of absence in order to undertake Arctic exploration work in no way related to his official duties and from which the country could expect no benefit whatever. And during these long abstentions from duty Commander Peary has received his pay just as though he had performed the corresponding duties. Clearly he is entitled to no further favors, the balance being already heavily upon his side.

The action of the committee implies no lack of appreciation of Commander Peary's feat. It may be all that

his warmest admirers claim for it, but it still remains wholly outside the sphere of government rewards and distinctions, which should be reserved for those who have performed national services. The discovery of the North Pole is not a national service. There was never a likelihood that it would be one. It was a daring and creditable piece of personal adventure, and worthy of the applause that it received. To reward it with public money and promotion is to make the whole thing absurd.

### The Hatters and the Unions.

It would be hard to attach too much importance to the decision of the jury in what is known as the hatters' trial, which, after four years of litigation, has just been brought to a close in the United States Circuit Court at Hartford, Connecticut. The action was brought by D. E. Loewe & Co. against about two hundred defendants, members of a labor union, the complaint being that the said defendants had infringed the Sherman anti-trust law by their action in promoting a boycott against the plaintiffs, which hampered, crippled, and perhaps destroyed their ability to produce hats and to distribute their merchandise in other States, "thereby necessarily reducing and restraining the natural flow of commerce between the home plant and the places of deposit in other States, which commerce, of course, is interstate." After consideration the jury found for the plaintiffs and awarded them damages to the extent of \$74,000, which being automatically tripled under the provisions of the Sherman Act raised the amount of damages to \$222,000. The defendants are described as stunned by the magnitude of the blow and to have dejectedly discussed its import.

The import of the decision is indeed great. It means, first, that individual members of labor unions must take full responsibility for the action of their officers, and it means, secondly, that illegal combinations in restraint of interstate commerce may be committed as much by labor unions as by any one else. The attorney for the plaintiffs was justified in describing the result as a "new declaration of independence."

An added importance is given to the event by the participation of the United States Supreme Court. The defendants filed a demurrer to the effect that no cause for action under the Sherman Act had been set forth in the complaint. This point was referred to the Circuit Court of Appeals, who in turn referred it to the Supreme Court of the United States. The decision of the Supreme Court was to the effect that the action was a right and proper one; that the complaint indicated a condition well within the scope of the Sherman Act; and that the cause might be advantageously tried. The Circuit Court judge in his presentation to the jury explained in effect that the only matter at issue was as to the facts of the boycott as set forth by the plaintiffs. "If the essential elements of such a plan," he said, "and the means employed to make the plan a success have been clearly established by the evidence, that ought to be all that is required to entitle the plaintiffs to prevail. I am constrained to say, gentlemen, that in so far as combinations in restraint of commerce are concerned, and the connection therewith of the defendants as parties, it is not possible for any reasonable man to draw any inferences from the facts represented by either party which enables him to reach any other final conclusion."

An appeal was of course taken, but if the judgment is affirmed its results must be far reaching and momentous. They will apply to every case of boycott directed against a business that has an interstate trade. They will establish the contention that there must be no combination in restraint of trade, whether such combination be on the part of corporations or of members of a labor union. And they will have the still more admirable effect of impressing upon the members of a labor union that they are responsible for the acts of

their officers and that those acts may easily involve them in serious pecuniary trouble.

### Dis Harmony in the League.

It is distressing to note that the proceedings of the Lincoln-Roosevelt League are shrouded in mystery. The public had a right to hope for something better from an organization whose chief card was popular confidence, politics in the full light of day, and an avoidance of the dark methods pursued under the old convention system.

For the life of us we can not see the difference except that the nominating powers formerly exercised by men duly elected for the purpose have now been seized by men who are elected by no one, who represent no one in any orderly way, and who have no sort of mandate except from their own ambitions. With this one vital and undemocratic exception the machinery of the whole business seems to be identical. Even the terminology is largely the same, only more so. We read of secret sessions of executive committees, of private cabals and caucuses, of the claims of rival candidates that are discussed behind closed doors, of disgruntled factions, of bargains, of tradings, and of deals. All the old procedure that was supposed to be abolished forever is obviously working, and working overtime, and special shifts at that, while the men who airily promise us a full ticket when they get ready to issue it have no more representative character than any dozen men picked at random from the street. This may be a new rendering of democratic institutions, but it looks remarkably like anarchy.

The fact of the matter is that the reformers have been at their wits' end, and their doors have been discreetly closed so that the minds of the faithful few might not be disturbed by the sounds of unseemly wrangling. The only men upon whom they could agree for the governorship nomination had the good sense to refuse the doubtful honor, while those who were willing to stand were obnoxious to some of the reformers. None are so hard to please as the self-righteous, and the man who persuades himself that he has a mission to redeem the community usually bristles with ill-tempered prejudice.

At the last meeting of the committee it was reported that there were only two candidates for the governorship whose claims were seriously considered. Mayor Mott of Oakland was one and ex-Senator Belshaw was the other, and they were said to be making a "close race." It was Mayor Mott's calamity to have incurred the hostility of Dr. Pardee, and he must have found this a heavy handicap. Mr. Belshaw, on the other hand, is writhing under the displeasure of Mr. Chester Rowell and his immediate followers, while these same gentlemen are by no means enamored of Mr. Mott. It is painful to read of these factions in a family that should be happily united in the good work, and in justice to the League it must be admitted that its members tried to wash their dirty linen in private. The situation is said to have become so strained that the meeting of the nominating convention, or rather the "executive committee," was postponed to allow the storm to subside, or perhaps to find some other candidates whose claims would be less contentious. In fact, some other names have been mentioned, among them those of Mr. Hiram Johnson, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, and Mr. Harris Weinstock. There is also a Mr. Henry P. Dalton, who is said to have mentioned his own name and to have quite a sprinkling of supporters among the League. Mr. Dalton is confident that he can coerce the nominating convention, or rather the "executive committee," to his own way of thinking. At least he means to try strenuously, and he may find that his rivals have been respectively removed by the animosities of Dr. Pardee and his faction and of Mr. Rowell and his faction.

It is evident that things are at sixes and sevens with



the Leaguers, and that all the worst features of the old convention system and none of its good ones are in full play. To abolish an elected nominating convention and to put in its place a non-elected "executive committee" that meet and quarrel, like Kilkenny cats, behind closed doors seems an amazing kind of reform, and one that only childish minds can contemplate with any sort of satisfaction.

Certainly the Leaguers will find no comfort in the President's speech at the Lincoln banquet. If it is possible to suppose that the President ever heard of them, we might almost suppose that he had them in mind when he referred to the current movements "toward factions and small groups, rather than toward large party organization." It is perhaps too much to hope that the whetted ambitions of the leading reformers will give way before the President's appeal for unity, or his wise hope that party differences may be settled within party lines to the avoidance of reverses at the coming congressional elections. But there may be some in the League who will listen before it is too late, and who will withdraw from factional combinations that can have no other result than a partition of strength, and a surrender of control to the traditional opponents of the party.

### Compulsory Voting.

Of all the silly schemes with which the reformers of today are puzzling their poor, sick brains, that of compulsory voting is probably the silliest. Indeed, it is hard to write about it with patience or to believe that it is seriously advanced as a solution of anything whatever. Of what earthly value is a vote that is cast under compulsion, and what conceivable contribution can it make to the collective political wisdom?

Electoral apathy is of course an evil, perhaps one of the greatest evils of the day, and its immediate result is an abstention from the polls. But the abstention from the polls is the symptom and not the disease. The apathy is the disease, the indifference to political issues, and how can we cure apathy and indifference by compelling a man to come to the voting booth and to cast an apathetic and indifferent vote? Political dullness and stupidity are not to be cured by the compulsory performance of a mechanical action.

If the reformer were but constitutionally capable of looking in a straight line, which of course he is not, he would see that the abstention from the polls of the political dullard is a safeguard and not an evil, a benefit and not a wrong. He is just the very man we want to exclude from the polls, like the idiot and the criminal; but fortunately he excludes himself and so saves us the trouble. His compulsory vote would be a pollution of the votes that are founded upon reason and conviction.

The compulsory vote of the political dunces would either change the result or it would not change it. If it would not change it, then there is no need to send the policeman after them. If it would change the result, then in what a position do we find ourselves? Here is a given result that would be reached by the votes of citizens who are intelligent and patriotic enough to form opinions and to take the trouble to express them. But no, we say, this result shall not stand. We will change it, and in fact reverse it, by herding to the polls a mass of men who have no opinions at all or no energy to express them. It is the incompetents who shall determine the results, and in so doing they shall reverse and nullify the votes of good citizenship. That is precisely the position of the reformer who contends that compulsory votes would have an effect upon results. He must so contend, because otherwise there would be no virtue in the quack medicine.

The contention that because some other countries have adopted a system of compulsory voting, therefore it would be good for us, is one of those fatuous conclusions to which the reformer is so fond of jumping. It is true that Belgium has some such system, and it is said that the plan is in force also in Switzerland. But the conditions in those countries are entirely different. Speaking of compulsory voting in Switzerland, Mr. James Bryce, in his Yale lectures on the "Responsibilities of Citizenship," says that the law "witnesses not to exceptional negligence, but to an exceptionally high standard of duty." That is to say, a failure to vote was so rare that it was considered, and finally became, an offense. In another lecture he says that compulsion "is too uncongenial to the habits of England or of the United States to be worth considering as a practical measure in either country."

One day we shall work through this midsummer madness of political nostrums, and then we shall recognize that compulsion in any form is no more than a hateful necessity to be rarely and reluctantly used. But the reformers may have quite an inning before then, and after they have succeeded in making us vote at the point of the bayonet perhaps we shall have to say our prayers in the same way, and so acquire an inward and spiritual grace whether we wish it or not.

### The New Indian Council.

A report from Calcutta announces the first meeting of the new Imperial Legislative Council, or rather the first meeting of the old Council, under the new conditions that have lately been elaborated. The Council is much enlarged, consisting of 370 members instead of 126 as formerly; its representative nature is increased, inasmuch as 135 of its members will be elected in place of thirty-nine as heretofore, and its powers will be so far extended as to include budget construction and a definite legislative programme. For the first time in her history India has something in the nature of a parliament, and while the democratic principle is still at a minimum, it will certainly develop just so far as is demanded by the self-governing capacity of the natives.

At the same time Lord Minto made it evident that the iron hand of repression would be none the less real because of the velvet glove. In his opening speech the governor-general referred to the outrages that have signalized the last few years of native discontent, the many murders and attempted murders of Indian officials, and the openly expressed sedition of the revolutionary press. He spoke at length of "the anarchy and lawlessness which are seeking to subvert not only British rule but the governments of the Indian chiefs", and then he went on to declare that the "British administration will no longer tolerate such newspaper preachings, and is now determined to bridle literary license."

It was a momentous declaration in its way, and will no doubt be followed by the usual clamor for the "liberty of the press" and the ravings that ordinarily accompany a check to sedition. None the less the sober judgment of the world will applaud this wise coupling of a democratic extension with a coercive policy toward lawlessness. Time and again it has been shown that murderous outrage in India has followed close upon the heels of newspaper incitements to violence, and there is no reason why the law should discriminate between the actual criminal, who is usually some weak-minded and impressionable wretch, and the more real malefactor who instigates and suggests through the medium of the printed word.

The liberty of the press has been productive of more maudlin folly than almost any of the popular catchwords of the day, and those who talk most of it have usually the least idea of its meaning. There is no virtue in a free press except in so far as it may conduce to a free people, and the moment the press becomes an instrument of oppression or of crime its freedom ought to be taken from it. Civilization can not afford to enfranchise institutions at the expense of human beings, or to allow a fetish that is largely meaningless to serve as a cloak for tyranny and murder. The native press of India is managed mainly by men whose intellectual attainments take the almost invariable form of speech and writing, who are wholly without the discipline of experience, and who are saturated with centuries old traditions of craft and intrigue and cunning violence. To allow such men to throw their incendiary suggestions into the powder magazine of popular ignorance and of dense superstition would be simply to invite destruction.

At the same time the Indian government is said to be fully aware that the press is itself an intermediary, and that the primary instigators of murder and outrage are the Brahmins, whose capacity for subtle and impenetrable intrigue has never been surpassed. There is reason to believe that every assassination has been the result of a direct order and that there is practically no limit to the allegiance that the Brahmins can command from their fellow-countrymen of lower castes. A general cry of "India for the Indians" would be the dawn of an ill day for the British garrison, and the authorities certainly anticipate such a day as soon as the country shall be adjudged sufficiently saturated with revolutionary sentiments. Lord Minto is anxious to resign, and it is no small matter to find a man with resolution, nerve, and intelligence enough to succeed him.

It is therefore evident that the Indian government has

cause for apprehension and for looking to the future with some anxiety. The revolutions in Turkey and in Persia, while ancient history to the rest of the world, have not yet been thoroughly canvassed by the Hindus or even universally known among them, while an element of sinister burlesque has been added to the situation by the arrival of Halley's comet. The Oriental mind is far more impressed by a comet than by the most portentous political fact, and it seems to be true that the celestial visitant is viewed with grave concern by the Indian administration, and is the cause of elaborate precaution against the effect of a religious and national fervor that is nearly sure to ensue. The Hindu regards a comet as the precursor of great events and he is quite likely to manufacture the great events to suit the occasion, under the instigation of the astute Brahmins who for generations have been the evil genius of India.

### The Redemption of Montreal.

Montreal has just passed through a municipal election that is unique in her history, that has swept away her old party lines and brought the forces of good and of bad government into open conflict. It is good to see that civic decency has triumphed all along the line and that Montreal is in a fair way to redeem a reputation that was said to be as bad as any on the American continent. But perhaps that was an exaggeration.

We have not heard much about the corruption of Montreal, partly because of a certain misdirected patriotism peculiar to the commercial capital of Canada, and partly because of a fervent piety that has been associated with the city since its foundation. Montreal kept up a brave appearance to the outside world, and if wrong-doing was suspected it was discussed in whispers.

But graft is not one of the things that can be permanently hidden, and when a royal commission was appointed to enquire into the civic finances the day of secrecy was over. Every one began to talk about the "ring" that was responsible for the raising of six million dollars annually, of which less than five millions were legitimately spent. Gradually the whole story came out, and the good people of Montreal were invited to examine a system by which the aldermen or supervisors were able to lay the whole city under tribute and to blackmail and rob every one who was so unlucky as to need anything at their hands. There is no need to go into details. They are familiar enough, except for the fact that the pious reputation of the city had exercised a soporific influence upon the newspapers and the chief citizens. It was like suspecting a bishop of stealing a silver spoon.

But with the report of the commission the apathy disappeared. The newspapers woke up, and for a wonder they were unanimous. For the first time the dividing line between French and English was wiped out, and the new Citizens' Committee cared nothing for nationality and everything for honesty. Dr. Guerin was chosen as the mayoralty candidate and behind him was a slate of clean men, no one caring anything about their nationality, their politics or their language. Dr. Guerin and his slate were opposed by Senator Casgrain and his slate as representing the old order of things, although it is to be remembered that abominably dishonest systems are sometimes represented by honest men, as witness the present mayor of New York, who represents Tammany. The election was held early in the present month. Dr. Guerin was elected mayor by a majority of eight thousand over Senator Casgrain. All the nominees of the Citizens' Committee were successful, and the new broom has already begun to sweep out the filthy and festering stables of the old administration. Incidentally, eight aldermen have been indicted, and if they are found guilty, after a speedy trial, they will go to jail, without hope of escape or even of delay.

Montreal has been slumbering in iniquity for a long time, but she need only hold on to what she has won to become the model city of the Dominion of Canada rather than its reproach.

### Difficult Politics in England.

Mr. Asquith, the British premier, seems to have taken the first trick in the intricate game that he has to play. The Irish members hold the balance of power in the new Parliament and can place the government in a minority at any minute, and consequently overthrow it, by transferring their votes to the Conservative side. This it would be against their interest to do so long as there is a prospect of securing a measure of home rule or of striking a vital blow at their ancient enemies, the



lords. At the same time the Irishmen are not enamored of the new budget, which now comes up again for passage, not so much because they disapprove of radical finance as because they dislike the increased tax upon whisky. There was, therefore, some apprehension that they should take advantage of their strength and demand amendments to the budget that would embarrass the government.

This possibility seems to have been avoided by a compromise between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Redmond, the Irish leader. It has been agreed that the budget shall not be made a party question so far as the Irish are concerned and that they shall either vote according to their individual opinions or abstain altogether. This will insure to the government a small but sufficient majority on the budget, and when that is disposed of the whole force of Liberals, Labor men, and the Irish will be united for the attack upon hereditary privilege. It will be an unruly and a difficult team to drive, and disaster will be so close at every corner that another general election within the year is more than probable.

### The President's Speech.

President Taft's speech at the Lincoln banquet in New York fully deserves the publicity that has been given to it. It bears every mark of careful preparation, of earnest purpose, and of a recognition of the importance of the real occasion that called it forth. It was an effort to close the cleavage in the Republican ranks, to justify the party policy in the eyes of the country, and to reestablish the unity of effort that has been so gravely impaired. How far it will succeed remains to be seen. It contains some things that will increase the existing dissatisfaction, while it contains much more that should assuage it. It may be said also that the President was entirely silent—perhaps properly and necessarily so—upon some matters, such as the speaker-ship and the ascendancy of other mistrusted individuals, that have become burning questions. A demonstration that the party has fulfilled, or is in a fair way to fulfill, its election pledges is not enough, good as it is. As a nation we have grown politically a great deal during the last few years and have learned to look at the spirit of administration rather than at the letter. For example, the fact that some sort of attempt was made to ragoon the so-called insurgents into subjection by cutting off their patronage weighs far more heavily in the mind of the average intelligent citizen than the fact that postal banks are in a fair way to be established or that the injunction power is to be regulated. Party popularity is no longer entirely a matter of the party platform and its technical fulfillment. It is rather a question of confidence in the whole animating spirit of administration.

Next to the tariff it is the President's remarks upon legal combinations that will attract the most attention, and in this connection he may easily feel that he has the whole weight of honest public opinion behind him. Nothing that he said will do more to inspire confidence in his strength and in his calm determination to exercise it aright. And the explanation is simple enough. The public has no confidence in the man who allows himself to be frightened by the possible consequences of a right action, for however calculating and even cowardly a community in some of its aspects may seem to be, it knows instinctively that the results of a right action are always good. In speaking of illegal combinations the President spoke with a tranquil courage that will do more to reassure business than the most positive promises of non-interference. He said that if the enforcement of the law is not consistent with the present methods of carrying on business "then it does not speak well for the present methods of conducting business, and they must be changed to conform with the law." There is not the smallest hint here of any intention to countenance wrong-doing or to palter with misconduct in order to avoid some real or imaginary ill. The President knows well that nothing can be so destructive to legitimate business or to public confidence as the idea that the law can be flouted, or defied, or threatened, or that its penalties can be evaded by an appeal to fear. He has said nothing since his inauguration that will do more to appeal to the imagination of the country or to enhance his reputation for a dignified and simple sincerity. Especially significant, in view of recent events on the New York stock exchange, is the President's intimation that he is not to be deterred from his course by a fear of panics. Rightly or wrongly, there is a belief in well-informed quarters that the recent financial flurry was of an artificial kind, that

it was intended as a hint of worse things to come if law-breakers were to be checked. The President intimates quietly and unemotionally that he is not to be moved by any such considerations. It is not for the law to place itself in tune with business methods, but business methods that must place themselves in tune with the law. The law will be enforced in the most considerate and tactful way—but it will be enforced.

The *Argonaut* thinks that the President was not so fortunate in his defense of the tariff, although it commends his courage in thus repeating the contention that he made originally at Winona, and that had a perceptible effect at the time in chilling the atmosphere. It is perfectly true that "nothing was expressly said in the platform that this revision was to be a downward revision," but it was as clearly and universally understood as though it had been so stated. Moreover, Mr. Taft himself, as the chief spokesman of his party, again and again, and most explicitly, avowed his adherence to a reduction policy. It is to be remembered also that it was only his own energetic interference at the eleventh hour that secured such important reductions as now exist, and without an interference that at one time almost threatened a deadlock in the joint conference it would not now be possible to contend that a revision as contemplated by Aldrich and Cannon was other than a flagrant betrayal of faith. The country has reason to be grateful to Mr. Taft personally for such small tariff mercies as it has received—if indeed it has received any—but it can hardly regard them as a party fulfillment of a party pledge.

The *Argonaut's* opinions about the tariff are the same now as they were two years ago, when it declared that the country demanded a substantial revision downward and when it predicted an inevitable public resentment if those hopes were disappointed. There is no need to split hairs as to whether the tariff has been lowered two per cent or increased one per cent. The fact remains that the average citizen, Republican as well as Democrat, is bitterly disappointed at the result, and is even now showing his resentment in the precise way predicted by the *Argonaut* two years ago. Nor is it to be expected that he will be much solaced by an assurance that after "several years" of experiment with the present tariff he will find that he is not so badly off as he thinks he is. With the average citizen it is not a question of abstruse statistical tables, but of his weekly housekeeping bills, that he finds it harder and harder to pay. Even if we admit that the alarming increase in those bills is not due to the new tariff we must equally admit that the new tariff might have made them much lower, and that it failed to do so. And the country is not likely to wait for several years before seeking anew for a remedy. If the tariff is wholly innocent of the recent rise in prices we may wonder why the stand-pat element in the Senate were so determined to exclude it from the scope of the inquiry into high prices that is now pending—a determination that was defeated only by the adroit persistence of Senator Elkins, and to the manifest discomfiture of Senator Aldrich. Certainly the attitude of Senator Aldrich suggested a guilty fiscal conscience.

The omissions in the President's speech were no doubt eminently proper, and we may be assured from the whole tone of his utterance that the matters embraced were not absent from his mind. He has made it clear that he takes no sides in the attack upon Speaker Cannon, that he has no intention to penalize the "insurgents" for their efforts to change the house rules, and that they have nothing to fear from him so long as they give a loyal support to the measures upon which the party is agreed. These are not matters that could legitimately enter into such a speech as that of last Saturday, but none the less they are matters that occupy a large place in the public mind. The "insurgents" command a considerable measure of public respect. To a certain extent they are looked upon as the champions of legislative decency and of that kind of new thought in politics at which it would be a folly to sneer. Nothing could be more hurtful to the administration than a suspicion that its powerful aid was lent to the Speaker for the fortification of his position, or to any of the other special interest groups that have incurred a deep popular mistrust. There ought now to be no such suspicion in spite of the indiscretions of some minor officials who happen to control patronage. No one could deliver such a speech as that of last Saturday's—a speech of such political and personal probity

—and at the same time harbor the slightest sympathy for such autocrats as Cannon, or the smallest wish to destroy the legitimate independence of judgment of any member of the party. The President has a right to ask for a closing of the ranks and for a confidence that has been earned by stalwart intentions in face of unusual difficulties.

### Editorial Notes.

The cold storage of food, like a good many other refinements of civilization, is not quite so unmixed a blessing as at first we believed. In the "good old days" food had to be eaten within a reasonable time of its final preparation, and the inexorable laws of decomposition kept the markets supplied, without much regard to the ruling prices. But we have changed all that now-a-days, and if the prospective profits are not large enough the cold storage vaults are always waiting to receive perishable commodities until prices shall be more favorable. It is, therefore, quite as easy to make a corner in fish or eggs as it is in wheat or cotton, and the long suffering consumer is correspondingly worse off. An eastern market report reveals to our astonished gaze such an item as fifty thousand pounds of halibut that has been in the plant for three years and is still there, waiting until the fish eater shall be willing to pay acceptable prices for his "fresh" fish. Another item is a collection of turkeys and geese that have been roosting in the refrigerator for over two years, while lower down we have a little item of three hundred cases of eggs that are still "new laid" after a meditation of nine months. The refrigerator does not usually occupy a place on the list of causes of high prices, but it seems to be eminently worthy of the investigation that Congress is about to give to everything else.

The Sherman law has been the object of some candid and faithful criticisms during the last few months, and there are plenty of authoritative suggestions that it would be better for commercial tranquillity if it were replaced by some other law that could be understood. At present there are plenty of business concerns that do not know if they are breaking the law or not, while there are others that are obviously breaking the law while doing a legitimate trade, and without offense to any one. So long as a law is inapplicable to any given case without an expert interpretation, so long as it is so vague that its confines are nearly invisible, it is a danger rather than a safeguard. It has now been in force for twenty years and has been interpreted by the courts in its various aspects again and again, but the confusion grows worse all the time. A concern that is admittedly innocent ought not to be placed in the position of a law-breaker, nor should a statute be so loosely drawn that only the courts can define its application. As the law stands now, or rather as the current interpretations stand, it is not so much a combination of competitors that is forbidden as the abuse of the powers that come from such combinations. But such vagueness as this must be fruitful in uncertainties and disturbances, and they ought to be swept away.

Congressman Langley is disturbed in spirit because among the forty thousand men employed in the digging of the Isthmian Canal, only six thousand are Americans. Really this would seem to be small reason for anxiety. The climate of the isthmus is one in which few Americans care to live, and in which almost none are willing to work, or capable of working for that matter. The important thing in connection with the canal is to get it done, and it matters little what the race or the color of the man behind the shovel. American skill is everywhere in evidence on the canal zone; we may be using labor adapted to the tropics, but the essential parts of the work—the brains of it—are strictly American. Furthermore, nobody need worry because Americans are not employed in any particular work or business, so long as every American with the will to work easily finds profitable employment.

Paris has a dozen old soldiers who draw pensions that come to them from the great Emperor Napoleon I. These are not heroes of his epoch, for the last of those died long years ago. But Napoleon, by his will, devised several millions of francs to his companions in arms, and this capital, in default of heirs of the grand army, was deposited in the public treasury. Today the revenue this fund produces is paid out in the form of pensions of 200 francs each to the old soldiers in French territory, and Paris has twelve of these beneficiaries to whom at the first of the year these little pensions are remitted.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

It is now generally accepted by the Eastern press that the recent panic on the New York stock exchange was in the nature of a warning to the President of worse things in the future, if he should persist in an enforcement of the law against criminals. Even the Springfield *Republican*, which believes unwillingly in wrongdoing, says that the trouble was of Washington origin, but it hastens to add that it was due not so much to the anti-corporation plans of the administration as to the failure of the President to make his plans clearly understood. Doubtless, says the *Republican*, the President contemplates no more of an attack on corporations than is involved in an attack upon illegal monopolistic aggression, "but he has not made this as clear as he should."

Such a view as this, seems to be unjust to the President. Certainly none but idiots have ever credited Mr. Taft with a general intention to "run amuck" among the corporations, while the assumption that the panic was caused by apprehensive innocence is frankly ridiculous. The trouble was of course precipitated by guilty consciences and by those who recognized themselves as coming within the area of wrongdoing mapped out by the administration. In the meantime the losses are colossal, however much they may be a mere matter of bookkeeping. Here is a list of a dozen of last year's prices and the loss caused by the day's panic:

Union Pacific .....	219	181½	37½
Southern Pacific .....	139½	122½	16½
Northern Pacific .....	159½	132½	27½
Great Northern .....	157½	132	25½
St. Paul .....	165½	145	20½
New York Central .....	147½	114½	32½
Pennsylvania .....	151½	131½	19½
Atchison .....	125½	113	12½
Reading .....	173½	155½	18½
Amalgamated .....	96½	75½	20½
American Smelting .....	105½	80½	25
United States Steel .....	94½	77½	17½

These figures mean a shrinkage of nearly \$600,000,000, while the total loss upon all prices must be something like a billion and a half of dollars.

There is every likelihood that Mr. Lloyd C. Griscom will succeed Mr. Herbert Parsons as president of the Republican County Committee of New York. No better choice could be made from the standpoint of efficiency and clean politics. Mr. Griscom was formerly United States ambassador to Italy. He was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania and received the degree of LL. D. He was admitted to the bar in 1896 and served as secretary to Mr. Bayard at the English court. He became deputy district attorney of New York in 1897, and he served four months in Cuba as aide to General James F. Wade. In addition to the foregoing, Mr. Griscom has served as secretary to the legation at Constantinople, chargé d'affaires at the same capital, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Persia and also to Japan, and ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary to Brazil. He is described as a "silk stocking" politician, never having even met Governor Hughes, much less Woodruff or Barnes. In nominating him Mr. Bannard, the defeated Republican mayoralty candidate, said: "We must hurry our factional squabbles, get together like an army and stick together until November. Mr. Griscom is a new man to this organization, but not to the country. He is well known to the world and well known in Washington."

The New York *Evening Post* expresses its strong approval of the nomination in the following words:

Mr. Griscom is just the type of man whom the Republican party in its present emergency should bring forward. As we have several times pointed out in the last two weeks, the disorganization at Albany, the situation of Lieutenant-Governor White, the Allds scandal, and the refusal of Governor Hughes to become a candidate for a third term makes it of the utmost importance for the Republicans that there should be a new deal all round, that men of character, ability, and standing, with genuinely patriotic ideas should be placed in positions of trust and responsibility. The selection of Mr. Griscom as county chairman of New York would begin the reorganization in a gratifying manner and point the way to the prompt replacing of Woodruff by a man of the Griscom type.

The recent anxieties in Cuba, while they seem for the moment to have simmered down, have brought the prospects of a racial conflict within measurable distance. The trouble arose from one of those incidents that in themselves seem to be slight, but that are valuable indices of formidable movements. One of the chief hotels in Havana refused to entertain negroes, and although the ensuing protest in its violent form has died away it has been the signal for the organization of a widespread and dangerous movement. This has taken the form of a great political party of negroes with the purpose of controlling the government. The newspaper organ of the new party prints the platform which contains the following provisions:

The independent party of color shall be organized throughout the whole territory of the republic, with a national character, to maintain its equilibrium of all Cuban interests.

The republic of equality, sovereignty, and independence, without race discriminations or social antagonisms, shall be our watchword.

No one can say what success awaits the new party, but there can be no question that the colored element in Cuba is numerous enough to control the republic. Whether the negro has sufficient powers of organization is quite another question, but then no great amount of organization is needed for the comparatively simple work of attack.

We have always understood that "the word of God is free," but it is evident that this must not be taken in a fiscal sense. Otherwise what must we say to the announcement of the leading Bible sellers to the effect that "owing to an increase in the tariff we are obliged to withdraw our prices on all Bibles and Testaments listed in our 1909 cata-

logue"? When Mr. Taft commits himself to a comparison between the old and the new tariffs, does he include in his calculations the fact that the Aldrich bill has increased the price of Bibles?

These are the facts. Under the old tariff law there was a tax of twenty-five per cent on all Bibles "whose chief cost is paper." The new tariff repeats this provision, but the "downward" revisers added the words "and forty per cent on all Bibles whose chief cost is leather." Now as a matter of fact the chief value in nearly all imported Bibles is in the binding. Therefore the price of imported Bibles is to be advanced at least fifteen per cent, and some dealers say that it will be twenty-five per cent. All the better class Bibles are imported, only the cheaper grades being printed in America; but the American Bible companies say that they also will advance their prices to correspond with the tariff increases. It is evident that we must lessen our consumption of Bibles, as they will be too costly to read. And that will be a pity.

The proposal of the English Conservatives for a coalition government seems too foolish for consideration. Coalition governments have never succeeded, nor is there any reason why the plan should be tried now. It is true that the Liberals are not nearly so strong as they hoped to be, but they are much stronger than upon many previous occasions when they managed well enough. Although the Conservatives have gained about a hundred seats, they are still weaker than they were in 1886, 1892, 1895, and 1900. Therefore in no sense whatever has the country declared in their favor. Considering the radical nature of the budget and also of the attack upon the House of Lords, it is remarkable that the Liberals have achieved such a success as they have, and it would have been all the greater if a longer time had been allowed for the proposals to saturate the mind of an electorate that is always more or less sluggish when confronted with novelty. Mr. Asquith, the premier, has of course an immensely difficult rôle to play. He must depend upon the home rulers and the labor men, and he must therefore keep three balls in the air at the same time. But the talk of a coalition government is merely foolish.

Mr. Asquith's remark that the royal veto in England is "as obsolete as Queen Anne" is precisely accurate. The last time when an English monarch exercised the veto was in March, 1707, when the royal assent was refused to a Scotch militia bill. Nominally and constitutionally the government of England is carried on by "King, Lords, and Commons," and all three must cooperate in the passage of ordinary legislation. The assent of the monarch is still necessary, but it is given as a matter of form, and royal interference with legislation is now almost unthinkable. It is in fact, "as obsolete as Queen Anne."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## Too Much Government.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 13, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT:

Your remarks about "Conservation" in your paper of the 12th inst. will no doubt attract the attention of many of your readers. However, you seem to throw all the blame of the conserving policy on Mr. Pinchot. With justice, the responsibility of the innovation should rest on our ex-President, Theo. Roosevelt.

It is true that considerable waste has been going on during the last generation, and it is with satisfaction that we have read the views of Thos. B. Walker in his address to the Commonwealth Club yesterday on forest preservation.

The trouble with the politics of the United States, and a fact which seems to escape the observation of those who intelligently wish the welfare of this country, is that the government of this wonderfully rich country—federal, State or municipal—is carried on for the benefit, first, of the politician, individually; second, of the political party, and third, and last, for the benefit of the country at large. This is logically the outcome of unrestricted suffrage and the consequent manipulation of the votes by the political parties.

These conditions will continue to exist for many years, until the waste, extravagance, and dishonesty of our politicians become so unhearable as to cause a revolution—peaceful, I hope—possibly more terrible than the French Revolution, because it will be a revolution universal, because most of the nations of the world are today governed in similar manner.

But to return to the present, let me recall the words of Jacob M. Dickinson at a late convention of the American Bar Association. He expressed himself partly as follows:

"From the least governed people in the world we are rapidly becoming the most governed people in the world. Our increasing commissions for almost every department of public affairs are making our government—State and national—the most comprehensive system of bureaucracy ever known. The complex conditions of our times in each of their diversified forms are given special treatment and administration. This is a prolific source of legislation, much of it in flagrant disregard of the best-sanctioned and most venerated doctrines."

These words were spoken a couple of years ago. We need only turn to Washington to see how prophetic this utterance has been. As a natural consequence we need more revenue, and we will need still more, for the appetite of the politician is unsatiable; hence, corporation taxes, income taxes, new license taxes, and increased tariff. The life of the political party in power is dependent on this increase of taxes—the more money to spend, the more jobs to distribute; the more jobs distributed, the greater the strength of the party. But, also, the greater the expenses of the government, the greater the cost of living, the more difficult the struggle for life, the greater the restraints upon individual liberty!

The people are already showing signs of restlessness, of revolt against exactions.

Is there a remedy for these evils? It is up to our statesmen (not men in politics) to endeavor to solve the problem.

But will you name the statesman in this country? I look in vain at the list of those who are prominent, of those who occupy the highest positions, and I can not find a single name to fill the bill—and this with a population of eighty millions. Yours truly,

T. B. A.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Thirty Bob a Week.

I couldn't touch a stop and turn a screw,  
And set the blooming world a-work for me,  
Like such as cut their teeth—I hope like you—  
On the handle of a skeleton gold key  
I cut mine on a leek, which I eat it every week:  
I'm a clerk at thirty bob, as you can see.

But I don't allow it's luck and all a toss;  
There's no such thing as being starved and crossed:  
It's just the power of some to be a boss,  
And the bally power of others to be bossed:  
I face the music, sir; you bet I ain't no cur;  
Strike me lucky if I don't believe I'm lost!

For like a mole I journey in the dark,  
A-travelling along the underground  
From my Pillar'd Halls and broad Suburban Park,  
To come the daily dull official round;  
And home again at night with my pipe all alight,  
A-scheming how to count ten hoh a pound.

And it's often very cold and very wet,  
And my missis stitches towels for a hunk;  
And the Pillar'd Halls is half of it to let—  
Three rooms about the size of travelling trunks.  
And we cough, my wife and I, to dislocate a sigh,  
When the noisy little kids are in their bunks.

But you never hear her do a growl or whine,  
For she's made of flint and roses, very odd;  
And I've got to cut my meaning rather fine  
Or I'd blubber, for I'm made of greens and sod:  
So p'raps we are in Hell for all that I can tell,  
And lost and damn'd and served up hot for God.

I ain't blaspheming, Mr. Silvertongue,  
I'm saying things a bit beyond your art:  
Of all the rummy starts you ever sprung,  
Thirty bob a week's the rummiest start!  
With your science and your books and your the'ries about  
spooks,

Did you ever hear of looking in your heart?

I didn't mean your pocket, Mr., no:  
I mean that having children and a wife,  
With thirty bob a week to come and go,  
Isn't dancing to the tabor and the fife:  
When it doesn't make you drink, by Heaven! it makes you  
think,  
And notice curious items about life.

And it's this way that I make it out to be:  
No fathers, mothers, countries, climates—none;  
Not Adam was responsible for me,  
Nor society, nor systems, nary one:  
A little sleeping seed, I woke, I did indeed—  
A million years before the blooming sun.

I woke because I thought the time had come;  
Beyond my will there was no other cause;  
And everywhere I found myself at home,  
Because I choose to be the thing I was;  
And in whatever shape of mollusc or of ape,  
I always went according to the laws.

I was the love that chose my mother out;  
I joined two lives and from the union burst;  
My weakness and my strength without a doubt  
Are mine alone forever from the first:  
It's just the very same with a difference in a name  
As "Thy will be done." You say it if you durst!

They say it daily up and down the land  
As easy as you take a drink, that's true;  
But the difficultest job to understand,  
And the difficultest job a man can do,  
Is to come it brave and meek with thirty bob a week,  
And feel that that's the proper thing for you.

It's a naked child against a hungry wolf;  
It's playing bowls upon a splitting wreck:  
It's walking on a string across a gulf  
With millstones fore-and-aft about your neck;  
But the thing is daily done by many and many a one,  
And we fall face forward, fighting on the deck.

—John Davidson.

Although a very expensive experience, the disaster to the Quebec bridge has been the means of teaching a number of valuable lessons, which will, in a great measure, prevent the recurrence of such accidents. Not the least valuable of the points demonstrated by this incident is the one that tests of the strength of a small model can no longer be taken as a basis in estimating the strength of a structure which is an exact reproduction of that model on a much larger scale. That was the principal illuminating fact brought out by the commission which made an exhaustive examination of the wrecked bridge. Furthermore, it was proved that when the members of a framed structure are themselves made up of a large number of assembled pieces, as in the case of built-up chords, posts, girders, etc., the results obtained on the smaller models are particularly unreliable in determining the strength of the full-size members.

The Virginia legislature has passed a bill permitting the governor of the State to increase his personal military staff from the former strength of twenty colonels to thirty colonels. The measure created little opposition in the legislature after it was explained that the ten additional full colonels would cost the State nothing in the way of additional money outlay. During the debate one member addressed the other as colonel, and when the latter indignantly denied the soft impeachment the offender humbly apologized for saying anything offensive.

It is said that the first hospital ever built in America was erected by the Spaniard Cortez in the city of Mexico in 1524. It was endowed out of the revenues obtained from the properties conferred on him by the Spanish crown for his services in the conquest of Mexico. The endowment was so arranged that it still exists and is paid at the present day. A supervisor is named by the lineal descendant of Cortez at present.

The tenth anniversary of the death of Governor Goebel was observed February 3 by the unveiling of a marble and bronze monument above the grave in the State cemetery in Frankfort, Kentucky.



## PLAYS UNPLEASANT.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Comments on Some of the Malodorous Drama of New York.

We are seeing some pretty queer plays in New York this season—plays pleasant and unpleasant—and curiously enough they are about evenly balanced and again curiously enough they seem to be equally successful. "The City" and "The Nigger" I have already written about in these columns. Since then we have had "The Lily," "Just a Wife," "Mid-Channel," and last and most terrible of all "Madame X." The story of "The Lily" and of Nance O'Neil's success in the sordid part has already been printed in the *Argonaut*. "Just a Wife," by Eugene Walter, has been a disappointment. The subject is daring enough but there is too much talk, and not convincing talk either.

Mr. Walter, whose cleverness as a playwright is unquestioned, has not added to his reputation in "Just a Wife." He has had an idea in his mind, and not altogether a bad one, from a theatrical point of view, but he has fallen down on it, and instead of entertaining he bores us. The story in a nutshell is this: John Emerson has a mistress, one Mrs. Lathrop, of whom he is not only fond but whom he believes is a help to his future success. If, however, his liaison is discovered it will hurt him in his business, so to cover his tracks he marries a young Southern girl who has no money and consents to a loveless marriage for what it gives her. I have my opinion of women of this sort, and I can not see that a marriage ceremony made her position any better than that of the mistress.

The wife is given all of this world's goods that she wants, and her husband leaves her in a well-appointed country house while he lives with Mrs. Lathrop in the town. After a while he begins to tire of his entanglement and he wonders if she is a help or a hindrance. She suspects that he is wavering, and she decides to have it out, not with him but with his wife. To her utter astonishment the wife receives her politely and invites her to lunch! Into this strange party bursts Emerson and there is some plain talking. Too plain, fastidious people might think. Emerson shakes Mrs. Lathrop and wants to make up with his wife, but she will none of it unless he is really in love with her, which we are led to believe that he will be, give him time and opportunity.

There is a lot of talk in this play and not very clever talk, either, nor to any purpose. The whole situation is immoral and cold blooded, and the wife has no more of our sympathy than the mistress. Perhaps way back in his mind Mr. Walter has an idea that he wants to work out, but it is so far back that we neither see it nor feel it. Mr. Belasco has put the play on with a lavish hand, but he will never make it popular because it has no human interest.

Pinero's "Mid-Channel" was a failure in London, but it stands a very fair chance of success here owing to Ethel Barrymore's unusually good acting. Wifehood and motherhood have developed new qualities in this popular actress, whose popularity has generally been attributed to her beauty and charm rather than to her gifts as an actress. There is no reason in the world with such a line of acting ancestors that Ethel Barrymore should not be a good actress. A number of us felt that it was in her to share the reputation of her mother, her father, and her maternal grandparents only give her the opportunity. Let her gain a little more of the experience of life, give her a part in which neither beauty nor charm count for much, and see what happens. She has this part in Zoe Blundell, a hideous repulsive part in a hideous repulsive play. It is, however, a clever play put together with Pinero's unrivaled dexterity, but it has no excuse for being. There is not one uplifting moment, and it has not even the excuse of pointing a moral. It is painted in one dull, sordid color with nothing to relieve it, and the audience leaves the theatre praising the actress but despising the play.

When the story opens Theodore Blundell and his wife, have been married fourteen dreary years. He is a common, coarse-grained fellow, who has dragged his wife down to be as common and as coarse grained as he. They lead a cat and dog life, and neither spares the other when they fall to quarreling as they do most of the time. She is a little more attractive than he, but not much more refined. Being a little more attractive she has a bevy of men friends dancing around her whom she describes as her "tame robins."

One of these "robins," the Hon. Peter Mottram, reads the husband and wife a sermon which he illustrates with a parable. This parable relates to a reef in mid-channel upon which the waters boil and bubble. He tells them that they have arrived at a matrimonial mid-channel rock, and that it is time that something be done. He recommends a trip to Paris, which they agree to take. They have a furious quarrel as to which hotel they will stop at, and Zoe bangs off the stage telling her husband to go somewhere that is hotter than Paris even in summer. That is the curtain.

The next act, six months later, shows them back in their London home—heaven save the name. With Zoe is one Leonard Ferris, the "tame robin" who flew with her to Italy but who is mixed up in an affair with another woman. In the quarrel between Zoe and Ferris she not only abuses him with her tongue, but she attacks him after the manner of a woman of the street.

In the meantime Blundell is having an affair with a woman, but after the manner of men, he does not count that as anything compared to his wife's affair with Ferris. They have a terrible scene in which she lays her downfall to the fact that they have no children, a fact in which the audience rejoices, for to perpetuate their line would be a public calamity. Blundell believes that his wife has been deserted by Ferris, not that she gave him his *congé*, and she takes him to the latter's room to prove her story. There she finds him taking tea with a young girl whom he is going to marry and her mother. It is after the scene with her discarded lover that Zoe throws herself out of the window and ends a life that never should have been begun.

As for Miss Barrymore, she has made her greatest success; but it is a pity, a thousand pities, that she could not have made as great a success in a different play. Her audiences do not want her to appear in a play of this sort any more than Miss Marlowe's audiences wanted her to appear in a play of the "Fiametta" sort. Miss Marlowe gave up "Fiametta," and it is to be hoped that Miss Barrymore will give up "Mid-Channel." I am afraid, however, that she will not. The play has been universally condemned; it is sordid and brutal beyond words, and there is not one character in it with whom we have the slightest sympathy. But Miss Barrymore's acting has been universally praised. She has had a great triumph. The cross currents of "Mid-Channel" have landed her high on the shores of success, and she will undoubtedly cling for some time to come to the vehicle that has done her such good service.

Of the play not one good word can be said except that it is the work of a master hand, but a hand that has been misdirected. Let Mr. Frohman now find a strong play for his "star." One in which she can do as good if not better work than she has done in this monstrosity, and which will not make her best friends lament the degradation of her newly discovered talent.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, February 11, 1910.

## Where Deer Are Still Unnumbered.

Three thousand three hundred and forty-seven miles—that is the police beat which Inspector E. A. Pelletier of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police has had to patrol for the past year (says the *Canadian Courier*). Inspector Pelletier, accompanied by his two comrades, Corporal M. A. Joyce and Constable R. H. Walker, crept back into civilization not long ago, and is being nicknamed "Daniel Boone" because of his exploit, by the smart boys in the Western barracks. It was back in 1908 that the inspector was dispatched to the Far North, where he was under instructions to report on a feasible route from Hudson Bay to the Mackenzie River and to look after Canadian interests in the wilderness. The jaunt to the top of the world began at Fort Saskatchewan. A few miles steamer stateroom comfort; then some gritty paddling, and Great Slave Lake was reached. That was where the real work commenced. The route along this great, wild sheet, into narrow, roaring channels was a nightmare of portages, mosquitoes, and lurking, foaming rapids. On the first of September Inspector Pelletier and party touched Hudson Bay. The wind-tossed timbers of a sailboat on the shore was the first object to meet their gaze. The wreck of the sailboat meant a long pause at Fullerton till winter should set in and permit the dog trains to gallop south with the police.

The move from Fullerton to Churchill—450 miles—was a thriller. Raw deer meat was all that was left of shrunken supplies to sustain the expedition. Probably the most picturesque part of the journey was the passage from Artillery Lake to the Height of Land. Inspector Pelletier has this to say on the event:

"Aided by the sails, we were making good time, but were delayed by large numbers of deer crossing at various points. We must have seen between twenty and forty thousand. The hills on both shores were covered with them and at a dozen or more places where the lake was from a half to one mile wide solid columns of deer four or five abreast were swimming across, and so closely that we did not like to venture through them for fear of getting into some mix-up."

Estelle E. Gibbs, a negress, fourteen years old, recently received the first prize, a gold medal, at the graduating exercises of the Hoboken, New Jersey, public school pupils. She had the highest average of any public school pupil in the city—99¼ per cent in six subjects. The medal was presented by Mayor Gonzales. There are 10,000 white pupils in the schools and only fifteen blacks. Only eleven negro families live in Hoboken. Estelle is the daughter of a Pullman car porter.

Judge McCredie, of Washington, who owns two baseball teams, speaks the language of the "fan," and was elected to Congress to succeed the late Francis W. Cushman, draws the biggest mileage fee of any member. As is perhaps befitting in his case, he has also been assigned to a room in the office building which is most distant from the House. It is as far as from the grandstand to the centre-field fence and back again twice over, from his office through the tunnel to his seat in the chamber.

In 1887 the wheat crop of California was more than three times greater than that of Kansas. Last year the Kansas crop was seven times greater than that of California.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Robert Alphonso Taft, son of the President, won the 1910 vote as the best scholar in the senior class at Yale University. He had led the class during most of the course.

Joseph Tuffree, of Marshalltown, Iowa, recently celebrated his one hundredth birthday anniversary by undergoing initiation into the local lodge of Elks. He is an active business man, in spite of his years.

Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, a lawyer of Dover, New Hampshire, leader in the woman suffrage movement, announces that she is to be a candidate for governor of New Hampshire at the next election. She is to run, she says, on a woman suffrage platform.

The Earl of Carrington is discussed as a probable choice for the governor-generalship of Canada. He is at present the head of the Board of Agriculture, a cabinet position he has held since 1905. His ancestor was made Baron Carrington in 1796. The present earl received that title in 1895, when it was created. He has been governor of New South Wales.

Mr. Stephen Coleridge, son of the late Chief Justice Coleridge of England, is the secretary and the acting head of the National Anti-Vivisection Society of Great Britain. He was invited to this country by the members of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society to aid in furthering the movement for the restriction and supervision of vivisection. It is expected that he will deliver addresses on the subject in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington.

Colonel J. Perry Fyffe has been named by President Taft to command the police force in the Panama Canal zone. The new chief is both a soldier and an editor. When appointed by the President he was managing editor of the *Chattanooga News*. His early military experience came in the feud districts of Kentucky, where he engaged in mountain campaigns against armed and desperate outlaws. He was graduated from the University of Kentucky, and is a lawyer by profession.

Daniel K. Pearsons, who has given away more than four million dollars to forty-seven colleges in twenty-four States, was born in Vermont in 1820, and grew up among the granite hills in poverty. He was successively a school teacher, a physician, and a farmer, but finally began to make his fortune as a real estate dealer in Chicago. Mrs. Pearsons died recently, and since then Dr. Pearsons has lived quietly at Hinsdale, looking after the colleges in which he is interested through his gifts. At ninety years of age he is still strong and vigorous.

Mary La Salle went from Beatrice, Nebraska, to take lessons in singing, as she had been told that her voice was a remarkable soprano. A few days ago she sang for five artists of the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York, and these unprejudiced critics joined in declaring that the young singer was destined for a high place in the world of art. The directors have given Miss La Salle \$5000 to pay for her instruction in Italy under the best of masters, and even the society women of New York have been lavish in gifts to her. It is the general opinion that she will be another Melba.

One of the Nobel prizes recently awarded at Stockholm, that for the most important discovery in medicine, went to Professor Theodore Kocher, of Berne, Switzerland, who is now sixty-eight years old. Before Dr. Kocher, goiter was considered incurable. He was the first, about 1880, to attack this plague in the Valais Canton, and to deny that the taking away of the goiter at first provoked cretinism and then led to death. He discovered the causes of these phenomena. At the Surgical Congress of Berlin he communicated the results of his researches. He showed that the goiter could be removed, but that it was necessary to guard against the extirpation of the gland to which it was attached.

Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., of New York, who for the past two years has occupied the post of first secretary to the American embassy in St. Petersburg, Russia, is now to be transferred to a like position at the Japanese court. Mr. Schuyler speaks Russian fluently. He is an author of ability, and his writings on Oriental subjects have received commendation from scholars of the day. Mr. Schuyler was graduated from Columbia University in 1889, and began his diplomatic career as second secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg. Later he was made consul-general to Bangkok, Siam, and in 1905 he became *charge d'affaires* to Roumania and Servia. He became the first secretary of the embassy at St. Petersburg in 1907.

Bishop E. W. Lampton, of the Louisiana Conference of the African M. E. Church, is the idol of his people, but he never misses an opportunity to give them sound advice. At a recent meeting in New Orleans he said: "I believe that there is a future for my people, but it must be through separation along social lines. I do not seek admission into the parlor of any white man, nor do I invite him into my parlor in a social way. I want only for my people protection under the law, and we will make our own social circles, will entertain our own men and women and will build up our race. But let me remind you that there is much you can do. You must stop throwing away so much money on a good time, and invest more in land. Every negro should have a family and should own his own home."



## ON THE TRAIL TO BLUE LAKE.

By A. A. Major.

Located somewhere in a northerly direction from her snuggled a lone cabin. For three long, weary, heart-breaking days she had been striving to reach it, but the never-ceasing and low clicking of snowshoes brought her no nearer to it. Before her the great lords of the endless forest stretched heavenward and she came to no indications of Blue Lake along the trail. His cabin was hidden among the brush on the shores of the Blue Lake, but she had never seen it, never having been over the trail in the past.

Her steady, patient, and long strides denoted strength. The heavy pack on her shoulders had not begun to fatigue and fag her. Had she lacked strength and a courageous heart, she would not have been following the invisible trail of early winter into the boundless North. She traveled on, the regular swing of her body almost perfect, and her eyes ever watchful and searching the north and the vast woods. Her thoughts were far from her surroundings. The waning gray light of the afternoon called her to a sense of the present. She stopped short and looked at the giant timber to the right and left, then her eyes followed the trail in the snow again back to where it was lost in the gloom, which was quickly gathering. A feeling of loneliness came over her for the first time during the day. The immenseness of the stretches of timber, the calm stillness that seemed to reign, the falling dusk, all impressed her. But she did not remain idle long. Finding a spot between two giant trees, she scraped the first snow of winter away until dead leaves and dry twigs were laid bare, when she started a small fire. Taking from her pack a stewpan, she melted some snow in it until the pan was nearly full of water. Then she laid on more dead sticks and twigs until the fire blazed up cheerfully, and set the water on to boil. She replenished the fire with some more twigs at the sides of the pan to hasten it. Taking a small leather sack from her jacket pocket, she poured out a palmful of black tea into her left hand, carefully closing the sack and replacing it in her pocket.

Close to the heat of the crackling and burning twigs, she was entirely oblivious. Something held her mind and thoughts as if in a vice. The water began to boil unknown to her and send up its unspent steam. Suddenly her forgetfulness terminated. She lifted the pan from the coals and dropped the tea into it, placing it to steep on the edge of the fire. More twigs and sticks on the dying embers brightened the blaze. The dusk did not apparently deepen, for the grayish cast disappeared in the sky. The clear sky aided by the rising of a full moon created an almost perfect night. Only the great shadows darkened the firmament of woods and snow. The rising vapor from the steeping tea and rich odor informed her it had been setting long enough. To cool the tea she put it into the snow, and as the snow melted away from the hot pan, she placed it in another spot. The alluring aroma hastened her efforts at cooling it. The hot tea cheered her and she spent nearly a half hour sipping it slowly from the pan. Rousing herself from her meditation, she extinguished the almost dead fire with snow, after hanging the empty pan on her back. Casting a glance into the sharp shadows, she stopped to fasten her snowshoes, straightened up, slung the pack, and proceeded to the north.

Harry made the journey to his winter cabin from the settlement in three days; surely she could cover the distance in four at most. She had never before been on more than one day's shoeing from the settlement, but gave no heed to that. She was not a very experienced shoer or well acquainted with the trail, but strength and endurance were a dominant factor and counted a great deal. No thoughts of the trail caused her to worry or annoy her; but intuition blindly led her north. She had often heard Harry and other trappers tell of the Blue Lake trail and its characteristics. She kept on thinking that by perseverance she could not miss Blue Lake. As she advanced she observed the change in the nature of the timber. Now the lay of the woods extended towards the north and was more irregular. Just what this signified she had no knowledge of. She felt certain that Blue Lake was not much farther and determined to reach it that night. At the end of a long hour's hard and steady trudging she found herself near a little frozen stream, and discerned that its general course lay to the north. It must lead in the direction she was traveling—to Blue Lake—she was positive of it, though she understood not why she was so certain of it. Intuition in such matters is often a safe guide.

She proceeded ahead faster and with increased strength at the edge of the frozen stream. Faith and hope are stimulants of a strong character; they impart strength. The even surface of the snow now made the trail a trifle easier. Rapidly the stream widened. Her idea that Blue Lake was near-by grew firmer the farther she traveled. The less dense timber and occasional rocks would have informed her Blue Lake was less than a mile away had she been familiar and acquainted with the North woods in that section. Where the stream and Blue Lake met she could not tell, the object of search being the great sheet of snow stretched before her in the bright moonlight. In the distance lying low was a dark, semi-clearly defined line between the clear, starry sky and the glaring expanse. It was the timber on the opposite shore. She traveled out farther. The

large Blue Lake stretched away to the left and right so far that the timber line 'twixt heaven and lake was indefinable. Turning and retracing her steps to the shore she descried in the shadows of the brush three pairs of greenish eyes—such that sent cold shivers down her spine and cold shrugs across her shoulders—glaring out at her. And these temporary trembling sensations were largely due to her thoughts and her wonder at how long they had followed. She unslung the rifle that hung across her back and deftly slid a cartridge into the chamber and kept on to the shore. The eyes backed out of sight; she had reckoned they would. Game was too plentiful for those gray devils to attack a human being. They were only prying. But the six eyes held close together and darted into the deeper shadows as she advanced.

While she skirted the edge of the lake to her left they followed her. They had frightened her; she kept an eye on them. After she had traveled nearly three hundred yards they halted, and she noticed that they ceased their following, sitting back on their haunches. The woman wondered, but she kept on. She picked her trail, at the same time watching the six eyes.

Another hundred yards had been covered—discovering the trail of two mammoth snowshoes, almost fresh. Her heart beating faster and with increasing hope within her breast, she followed it. It led into the woods near the shore and from the lake to the south and west. But those eyes of the gray demons—she could not forget them. Into the timber farther and farther she traveled. Once she thought her nose detected dry-wood fire. She sniffed again, but the scent was gone. She again imagined her nose scented fire after a few steps and she halted. It was fire she was positive; but where and how near? No cabin in the shadows of the distance could be seen. She proceeded again with senses more alert than ever. The smell of fire grew sharper. Whether to expect a cabin or the fire of some lone trapper on the trail, she did not know. She reasoned, and on second thought came to the conclusion it must be from a cabin. No trapper would kindle a fire near Harry's hut. He would not spend the night before a big fire unless he were an enemy. In that case his pot's fire would not be too close to Harry's. Doubtless the trail led to a cabin and she followed it the more eagerly.

She understood now why darting from shadow to shadow parallel to her trail six greenish eyes were not following. She was nearing the habitation of man—these hungry wolves knew better than to approach within the radius of his circle; while the woman, with eyes almost closed, had gone into it heedlessly except for the trail she was traveling.

The trail led straight in the direction she was going, into the thickening timber, and the fire smell was truly growing stronger. Perhaps there was a cabin near-by. Her imagination made out various huts among the distant shadows as she peered into them. It was necessary to give each a look the second time to ascertain its lack of being. The hurried, muffled clack of her snowshoes' interference ceased again as she stuck close to the trail. Never had she heard Harry say anything about the distance of his cabin from Blue Lake. She debated she must have gone back into the timber at least a mile south and west. Instantly, and almost immediately in front of her, shot out a glare of dull red light upon her. In the centre of it looking directly at her stood a tall man. He had heard the approach of the interfering snowshoes and stepped into his doorway to locate it. The instant she overcame her surprise she recognized those broad shoulders and large, long limbs. He put a hand to aid his sight. She said nothing. Certainly that is no woman, he was thinking. Then he stepped out into the snow and looked closer. That could not be she? That red scarf and familiar skirt of blue—he knew them. His heart fairly jumped. So very queerly whirled his head that he could not distinguish anything now. His head whirled so swiftly and perplexedly that he could only stand with his jaws apart and gaze into the boiling whirlpool of moon, timber, and shadows.

Kicking off her oppressive and cumbersome snowshoes, she spoke to him, her breast pounding doubly hard. "Harry, my tall, strong man. I still love you," and threw both her arms about him, and longingly looked up into his great red face. Tears welled in her eyes as she clung to him and buried her face in the folds of his heavy jacket. He was quiet, looking into the woods and the expanse beyond, his arms hanging awkwardly at his sides. His head ceased its whirling and the moon wended on its way in the starry sky, giving form to the shadows again. Strength and the power of the Northern woods were again his—he felt it. The spirit of the man, strong and courageous, was returning to him. Two great arms found their way round her, and looking down on her head, he kissed it; then he proceeded to carry her into a low, fire-lit shack.

The reaction after the long, strained hours of the trail caused her to collapse, the force of soul and strength of body having left her. She was incapable of bearing up under the weakness of the instant, though she could work and labor under the great strain until the thread of life had nearly reached the parting point. Hers was his love again. With the joy it gave came the snap of the rigidity its worry had produced. The tall, strong man poured a few swallows of red liquor down her throat from a dark colored bottle after having laid her on a rough bunk. Unexpectedly, he bestirred himself and took off her damp and heavy packs, rubbing her cold feet until indications of life became

apparent. They were not frozen, but only chilled. I deposited a stone in the coals of the fire to heat. Wrapping it in a thick piece of blanket, he placed it at her feet. He chafed her cold hands, pulled off her jacket, scarf, skirt, woolen blouse, and wrapped her in heavy warm blankets. Her lips were cold, pale, blue; the blood had left them. It seemed as though Death claimed her, her eyes being closed.

Harry placed another stone on the fire to heat a more dry wood, watching the woman meanwhile.

From the opposite side of the small log hut came stir. There on another bunk lay a weak and feeble person who had stirred. Two sunken, deep blue eyes looked from between the blankets at the standing, tall man. The pair of blue eyes at first did not notice the presence of a third person. Another stir was heard the eyes came to a better position and looked at the figure on the opposite bunk.

"Harry," called the feeble person of the blue eyes. He turned about, startled. "What, Gretchen?"

"Who been dat lady?"

"It been my wife," he replied, accenting the last word.

"She har?"

"Yes, she just arriv'd."

A number of stirs came from the bunk. The weak one turned to the wall and was very quiet. Her strength, too, was slowly leaving. Afflicted with nausea for six days, as she had been, undermines life.

The tall man stepped to her bunk, tucked the blanket about her and said, "I reckon maybe she been soon help for you."

To these words he received no response. None was necessary. The trapper placed a warm stone at the feet of the chilled and exhausted woman for the third time. She drew back slightly to get away from it. He looked at her. She was staring at the log roof, her eyes wide open. Harry sat down on a large block at the head of the bunk his wife occupied. Taking both of her hands within his own, he rubbed them briskly. Her head turned toward him slowly—she was fast regaining her senses—and saw large tears slowly trickling down his bearded cheeks. No words were necessary to explain, to ask her forgiveness, to receive it, as they gave out to each other their deep, natural souls, without speaking. His was a cup full to overflowing. The light they had always known until another had come between them flashed from eyes to eyes. He would not forget. The woman in her weakness had brought the strong man to the knowledge and appreciation of her great affection. Where deception and trickery cease to interfere, love heals her own wounds. The tall, strong man folded her in his great arms. The language which her eyes gave forth invited it.

As the tall man laid the weak Gretchen on the padded sled, his wife cautioned, "Place her down easy, Harry."

"Yes," he replied cheerfully, "Ay bane keerful."

The trapper had devised a rest on the sled for the feeble woman's back, and she felt quite comfortable lying against it. A few days' care were the means of a great change in her strength. They were going back to the small settlement with her. Thanks to a woman's rough nursing and simple remedies, the fearful nausea had been quieted. She had been forgiven, had repented and was resting unmolested.

The packs were adjusted and made secure, as well as the human load on the sled. Having closed and fastened the cabin door, Harry took up the sled-thongs and they commenced their homeward journey south along the snow-covered trail.

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1910.

Theoretically, a seat in the British Parliament is too high an honor to be resigned. So a member can not resign directly. He must do something which has the effect of vacating his seat. They have a curious method of doing this and this is the only way of getting out in honor. There is an office known as the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. It is an office of no use or importance, as far as is known, but it carries with it a small salary. This stewardship is practically always vacant. When a member of the House of Commons wishes to give up his job, he simply asks for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, and gets it, of course. His acceptance of a position of profit under the government at once vacates his seat. Then he promptly resigns his stewardship to which he has just been appointed and leaves the door open for some one else who may wish to use it.

The first great bank in the world was the Bank of Venice, established in 1157, when the Queen City of the Adriatic was at the head of the commerce of the Western world. At that time the great current of the trade between Europe and Asia passed through the Persian Gulf and the Red Sea to Alexandria, Egypt, and was carried in ships across the Mediterranean Sea and through the Adriatic to Venice, where it was distributed to various parts of Europe. Venice was a sort of autocratic republic, founded and supported by its merchants, who were famed throughout the world for their wealth and reliability. They founded their bank, which was guaranteed by the government, and was held in high credit in all the great cities on the routes of trade. The word "bank" was derived from the Italian word "banco," a bench or counter over which the business was transacted.



## A SOLDIER'S DIARY.

Dr. Croffut Edits the Literary Legacy of Major-General  
Ethan Allen Hitchcock.

Whether General Hitchcock intended that his diaries should be used as the basis for a biographical or historical work must probably remain an open question. Some men have the diary habit and practice it assiduously without ulterior motive, and we are told that General Hitchcock for nearly half a century kept a minute record, almost a daily one, of the events that came under his personal attention, and that he filed thousands of valuable private letters likely to throw a light upon history. That he was an indefatigable newspaper correspondent is well known, and that his range of interest covered well-nigh everything under the sun is evidenced by his participation in the discussions of his day. But whether he contemplated the publication of his diaries is another matter. From the care with which they were arranged and bequeathed we may believe that he did.

However that may be, the work has been done, and done fairly well, by Dr. W. A. Croffut. That it might have been done better and with a keener eye to public interest is undeniable. A lesser stress upon General Hitchcock's earlier years would have sufficed, for not until we are well on in the book do we come to the Mexican War, although we may believe that there was abundance of material for a better apportionment and for a fuller amplitude toward the end. The actual importance of General Hitchcock's career began to develop with the invasion of Texas and his command at Corpus Christi. It was a war of which he heartily disapproved, believing that "we have outraged the Mexican government and people by an arrogance and presumption that deserve to be punished." Writing at Santa Cruz, the diarist describes an incident that throws a light upon the character of General Twiggs:

A funny scene occurred last evening that would require a Dickens or a Lever to describe. The general called for his letter-book to show me a letter from himself to Commodore Connor. It had been copied by an interpreter, "Colonel" Edmonson. An error was discovered and the general broke out: "Colonel Edmonson! Colonel Edmonson!" (in rapid succession) "did you copy this?"

"Yes, sir."

"My dear colonel! That is not right; that interlineation should be *there*" (pointing with his finger) "and not *there*, don't you see? The sense requires it. I never wrote it so! It is not sense! You make me write nonsense! You will kill me! I'll commit suicide, if you don't follow me. Follow me, no matter where I go—follow me, if you out of a third-story window. I'll commit suicide if you don't! I pledge you my honor I will! I'll not survive it. What? Send that nonsense to the government? My dear colonel! Don't you attempt to correct me! And here again—over here—there should be a period and not a semicolon. The capital letter shows it. How could you make it a semicolon? Correct that on your life."

"I'll correct it immediately," says the colonel.

"And there you've left a space at the beginning of the line! That shows a new sentence; but there was none—it was all one sentence in the original. *Never* leave a space at the beginning of a line except when beginning a new sentence. There! You've put a *g* in Colonel Hardin's name—I'll bet a thousand—ten thousand dollars to one farthing there was no *g* in the original. I'll agree to be shot tomorrow morning if I put a *g* in the original. Follow me—follow me, if you out of a third-story window. I'll kill myself if you don't. I'll kill six others and then kill myself! I'll not survive it. I'll die before I send such a copy to the government! What would be said of me? That I write nonsense and don't know how to spell Colonel Hardin's name! Hardin—d-i-n—there is no *g* in it, and never was! No matter how strange the spelling—follow me! Don't you attempt to correct my spelling!"

Upon the conclusion of the war General Hitchcock received orders of transfer to California, where he was to command the Pacific Division in place of General Persifer F. Smith. He thought it a case of "out of the frying-pan into the fire," as he saw an intention to use him for sinister ends. He credits the governor and legislature with a plan to stir up the Indians to revolt in order that the militia may be called out and paid five dollars a day under the pretense that the United States troops were worthless. His immediate stay in San Francisco was short, but long enough to see something of the Vigilance Committee of 1851:

Ocean steamer *Columbia*, August 20, 1851, midday, on my way to Oregon. Left San Francisco an hour ago. This morning at five o'clock I heard an alarm bell ring. Thinking the hotel afire I looked out and asked a man what the matter was. "Vigilance Committee," he said; "don't you see them going down street?" I then fancied I saw through the fog a procession going toward the wharf where they hung Stewart a few weeks ago. Knowing that they had captured two of his accomplices I supposed they were to be hung, though it seemed an odd hour.

"I will go and see what is going on," said I.

"You'd better not," said the man, "there may be some shooting."

I drew on some clothes and started down the street and found a few people collected in front of the house occupied by the Vigilance Committee. I considered myself a mere spectator, and only walked about listening to whatever I might hear. I soon learned that the police, under the lead of the governor, had rescued the two men from the guard of the Vigilance Committee, and that the committee inside were debating what to do. Some were in favor of tearing down the jail and hanging the two men at noon, as previously voted. Two or three came out and made inflammatory speeches to the crowd, denouncing the authorities for "stealing" the prisoners at night, and appealing to the increasing multitude to defend the Vigilance Committee. Some huzzas were obtained, but the people did not seem enthusiastic. Something was said about shedding "the last drop of blood," as usual on such occasions. At length I got tired of standing and returned to the hotel and dressed. I threw myself on the bed, but in a short time I was hunted up by a man with an official note from Governor McDougall, asking for two hundred rifles or muskets "for the defense of the majesty of law," explaining that they were wanted to defend the county jail.

I knew very well that the two rogues deserved any fate that justly incensed people might inflict, and did not like the appeal; but I thought I was called on, under the circumstances, not to look behind the governor's note, and I gave the order on the arsenal for the arms. I got breakfast and came on board, where, about eleven o'clock, I was glad to hear that the Vigilance Committee had decided not to adopt violent measures; and, with this information, we put to sea.

A few weeks later the general is back again in California; and with that curious mingling of the subjective and the objective that pursues us all the way through these diaries, we find some reflections upon the nature of the soul. Writing at Benicia on December 21, 1851, he says:

Benicia, Sunday, December 21, 1851. Have been to church today. . . . Preachers with a tendency to liberality are much to be pitied. They are in a false position—"bound over" to reach certain traditions, which the rising knowledge of the day has undermined, while this undermining is partly known and partly suspected and feared. . . . I deny that a belief in the immortality of the soul is essential to religion. Whether the soul is immortal or not is a question of fact—that is, of philosophy—and a man may believe it or not and yet be a very sincere, earnest, upright man, a pious and religious man. I deny that Christianity affords us evidence of this immortality beyond what we have independently of it.

The existence of God is an eternal truth, but the notions of Him which men draw from nature are infinitely various, and so of course can not all be true. Hence when men talk of God's goodness, mercy, anger, jealousy, and the like, they are not truly talking of God but only of certain experiences in nature which they generalize or universalize, but which yet do not express the nature of God, any more than to say that He is hard or soft, bitter or sweet. For nature and God are one.

It might have been better art to omit many of these metaphysical reflections, or to assign them a department of the book to themselves, but all the way through they spring to the eye when least expected.

San Francisco did not favorably impress General Hitchcock, and he refers to it often with dislike:

San Francisco, April 18, 1852. My books have arrived—thirty boxes in all—cost of carriage, two hundred dollars. Am waiting to get them. . . . Have driven out to the Presidio, and listened with delight to the surf breaking on the rocks below—relief from the everlasting talk about "property," "water lots," etc. Great God! What an affliction, to hear this eternal chatter about this man and that who has made so much money in such a time! The place is made odious to me by this commonplace talk about property, property, property! Such external matters ought to be disposed of in a short time and laid aside. I would as soon listen to the clatter of a mill. I thought of Faust. Death! That all my usual thoughts should be broken up thus.

Invited to a banquet he complains that he had to listen to tirades against the Chinese and in defense of the Vigilance Committee. Also he finds fault with a Methodist preacher who advocated the introduction of smallpox among the Indians. Such, he says, was the opinion of most white people living in the interior of the country.

In October, General Hitchcock was warned of preparations to seize the Mexican state of Sonora, and that the brig *Arrow* was to be seized for the purpose by the freebooter Walker:

During Monday night Major Andrews, then in charge on the vessel, was privately informed that an attempt to take her out of his hands would be made on Tuesday morning by the men whom Walker had engaged for his expedition, whereupon he bailed her from the wharf and anchored her out in the stream.

On that evening the collector came to my quarters and exhibited real or affected alarm about the state of things. He said he had suffered the greatest anxiety, etc., etc., and ended by advising me to give orders to my guard that, in case of attack, the vessel should be surrendered without opposition. I presume the secret managers of the expedition had created this alarm in the mind of the collector as far as it was real. I had seen him and United States Senator Gwin together, and bad reason to suspect Gwin's fidelity to the government.

Seeing that my acquiescence in the collector's proposal would insure the attack, I peremptorily and with some show of real indignation refused assent.

I then went to the United States district attorney and found that he, too, as I believed, had been corrupted, probably by Senator Gwin. He also urged, with great affected alarm, that I should open the way for the seizure of the vessel by giving them to understand that no opposition would be made on my part. I was even more positive in my refusal to the district attorney than I had been to the collector. He intimated that he had protected me from the effects of public opinion for having seized the vessel, whereupon I struck my fist down, saying "Damn public opinion!" adding that I would under no circumstances surrender the vessel, and that if any body of men undertook to get possession of her it would be at their peril.

I had, in fact, lost all confidence in the officers of the United States, who, I believed, had been let into the secret of the expedition after the arrest of the vessel. 'Tis certain that their conduct was suddenly entirely changed. Nothing was done that night, and the next day I had the vessel libeled for a violation of the law of 1818.

I have been sued for \$30,000 damages, and also required to answer for contempt of the State court, but shall have no great difficulty in justifying myself. Meantime the papers have all been noticing the event. Two of them, evidently, in the interest of the excoedition, are violently abusing me for interfering with it. The *Alta* this morning has a handsome notice defending me.

General Hitchcock left California on April 15, 1854, for New York, and we find him at once participating in the movements of the day. He writes:

New York, May 28. . . . Our government seems disposed to take advantage of the great Eastern war at present occupying both England and France in the Black Sea, to make a quarrel with Spain, really for the purpose of seizing the island of Cuba. I have not the smallest sympathy with the movement. I think that republican principles would be injured by the annexation of Cuba to the United States.

I have been seriously thinking of resigning from the army. . . . I consider the slavery in our country an element guided by passion, rather than by reason, and its existence among us is shaking the whole fabric of our government. Abolitionists would abolish the institutions of slavery as the real evil, whereas the real evil is the want of intelligence

from which slavery itself took its rise. Men in a passion, as Plato says, are already slaves.

General Hitchcock records some of the strong efforts that were made to persuade him to take an important command in the Northern army. General Scott told him that he was to supersede General Grant, operating against Forts Henry and Donelson. He refused, as he believed that Grant was "doing all he can." Then came the interview with Secretary Stanton:

After an hour or so an A. D. C. came with the Secretary's compliments and a carriage. I could not go, and in the evening the Secretary himself came to see me. He was very kind; asked me to allow myself to be taken to his house, etc. He had wished to see me, he said, but would not talk with me, exhausted as he saw I was, but would call in the morning.

In the morning he called, finding me in bed. He told me that he wanted me in the service. I replied that I was not fit for service, and appealed to his own eyes. He remarked, "you must leave that to us," and went on to say that he and President Lincoln wanted the benefit of my experience—that they wanted me here, close by, where they could have the opportunity of consulting me. They did "not wish me in the field, but in Washington"; they "would put no more upon me than I could bear," and a multitude of other assurances of the kind. He even offered to remove the adjutant-general and put me at the head of the staff.

I turned these compliments all aside, with thanks, and said that I must go to New York to consult physicians—that if there was a return of the hemorrhage I wished to be with my friends and should be, at all events, unfit for service.

He left me and returned to the White House, and there wrote me a note in which he suggested that any legislation I might desire could be had, if I would but mention it. I replied that special legislation begot jealousies, and that if my experience was deemed of value it could be had by my simply remaining within call.

I got up and started at eleven a. m. for New York.

At New York I finally determined to say by note to the Secretary that if, with his knowledge of my broken health, I could be useful in the way he had pointed out, he might announce my acceptance of the commission if not now too late, and order me to report to him. That was done and I reached here this morning—March 15 (1862). On reporting to the Secretary, almost without a word of preface he asked me if I would take McClellan's place in command of the Army of the Potomac! I was amazed, and told him at once that I could not. He spoke of the pressure on on the President, and said that he and the President had had the greatest difficulty in standing out against the demand that McClellan be removed.

He then asked me if I would allow him to put me at the head of the Ordnance Department, and remove General R. This surprised me almost as much as the other offer and was entirely unlike anything I had anticipated, and I declined.

Hitchcock was soon at loggerheads with Stanton. As a result he determined to resign and so we find the following entry:

Washington, April 29, '62. Yesterday I handed in the resignation of my commission of major-general of volunteers. Thus:

On Saturday, the twenty-sixth, the Secretary became for the first time a little impatient toward me. I had often seen him in such a mood towards others—towards General Ripley and General Thomas, and once even towards General Meigs, and at one time he spoke very abruptly to General Totten—all members of the Army Board. I had resolved that I would not permit it toward myself.

On Saturday he suddenly seemed to think that he had no one around him to give him opinions on military subjects, and at length he exclaimed: "It is very extraordinary that I can find no military man to give opinions. You give me no opinions," he added. The particular subject he had been speaking of was the position of General Banks. Now I had given him a very definite opinion on that very point two or three days before, and, without giving way to the least excitement, I asked him to look at the map, and pointed out what I thought and what I had said. I then briefly adverted to several opinions which I had given from time to time since I came here.

After the conversation ceased, and the Secretary went to another room, I wrote a letter of resignation, designing to hand it in the next morning. As that was Sunday I deferred it to yesterday morning. He no sooner received it from the adjutant-general, who told him it was because of something he had said on Saturday, than he came to the adjutant-general's room, where I had remained, and we had a scene of it. He declared in the most emphatic manner that he had no intention of wounding my feelings; that he knew he had faults of temper, etc.; that he was oppressed with a sense of his responsibilities, to which he knew he was not equal, etc. The first thing he said, however, was, "You don't wish to ruin me?" "Certainly not," I said. "If you send in that paper," said he, "you will destroy me!"

Among the few interviews between General Hitchcock and President Lincoln was one that turned on General Halleck's handling of the situation in the Shenandoah Valley. Stanton could do nothing, and so he went direct to the President:

Then I went to the President. I found him at his usual seat, surrounded with oapers and many members of Congress in attendance.

I did not sit, but leaned over the table at which the President sat and said, rather abruptly, "I have just seen General Halleck. Is it possible," I continued, "that he can be under the influence of any painful feeling on account of the appointment over him of General Grant?" I added that, although Early was on the Potomac near this city, General Halleck seemed very apathetic.

"That's his way," said Mr. Lincoln; "he is always apathetic."

We had some further talk about it, the President seeming not to see the need of any assistance, when I looked in his eye, leaning forward on the table, and said:

"If Stonewall Jackson were living, and in command of Early's troops, in my opinion, sir, he would be in Washington in three days."

Mr. Lincoln was very much struck with the expression of such an opinion, and said he guessed something ought to be done. "I'll speak to the Secretary of War about it," he said, and I took leave of him.

Here we may leave these diaries, and we are indeed nearly at the end of the book. It is voluminously and clearly written, and in spite of manifest defects it is a welcome addition to the biography of the country.

"Fifty Years in Camp and Field," being the diary of Major-General Ethan Allen Hitchcock, edited by W. A. Croffut, Ph. D. Published by G. P. Putnam's S. New York; \$4.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Autobiography*, by Anna Robeson Burr. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$2.

There can be few students of psychology who have not attempted to analyze the state of mind that produces the autobiography. Hastily and in our wrath we are apt to attribute the autobiography to a pure and unadulterated vanity, inasmuch as it usually proceeds from the man whose life is not worth the record, or only such record as an unsolicited posterity will give to it. There are of course exceptions. The autobiography may be the most convenient way to write a history, although it may be noted that few men who have made history have also made an autobiography. It may proceed from an introspection that is scientific rather than vainglorious. It may be prompted by an overwhelming sense of injustice and a desire for self-justification, but even here we may detect the element of vanity, for true modesty looks upon injustice as a matter for home consumption.

It is evident that a fascinating psychological study could be written on the autobiography, and an examination of the author's work shows that she has done it. The only criticism to be made is that she is unduly lenient and a little over-inclined to take the autobiographer at his or her own value. And can we believe in the sincerity of any reason that is advanced for the offense? Who among the ranks of the malefactors will say with Johnson's candor, "Vanity, sir, pure vanity?"

There is, as the author points out, the autobiography that is not an autobiography, and that simply uses the first person for the purpose of pointing to some one else as the central figure. Such are the Napoleonic group, too numerous to be mentioned. They are historical and not egotistic. But when we come to the efforts at pure self-study what are we to think? It is, as the author says, an uncharted sea and we have hardly even a compass. We can never even be sure of honesty, for we may doubt if the man ever yet lived who could keep even an honest diary without lying awake at night to wonder if it was safe.

Marie Bashkirtsev attempted to write such an autobiography or diary, and doubtless believed that she had done so. But no one else believed it. She says truly that "the record of a woman's life, written down day by day, without any attempt at concealment, as if no one in the world were to read it, yet with the purpose of being read, is always interesting. If this book is not the exact, the absolute, the strict truth, it has no raison d'être." But does any woman believe that Marie Bashkirtsev told the whole truth?

Enough has been said to show how rich a mine the author has worked, but the book itself must be read to show how effectively it has been done. The whole ground is covered, historically, psychologically, philosophically, and with an enviable literary grace. She examines two hundred and sixty capital autobiographies, analyzes them, classifies them, summarizes them. And the only criticism possible is that she is over-lenient, over-inclined to take the autobiographer at his own valuation.

*The Pride of the Graftons*, by Priscilla Craven. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a story of English aristocratic life, and although it introduces us to a great many hateful people, as such stories usually do, we are compensated by something like the moral reformation of the chief character. Githa Grafton is the eldest daughter of one of those highly placed families who live luxuriously on an income of debts. Her mother and daughter have the stupid piety of their caste and her father is a worthless, artistic, and delightful man about town. From the most calculating motives Githa engages herself to Mr. Slade, a wealthy American who is anxious to enter society and who makes his bargain with open eyes. By some strange moral transformation Githa awakes to the evil of marriage without love, and breaks off her engagement with Slade. Then comes the crash. The Graftons are ruined and Githa shows unexpected strength in fronting her reverses and earning her living. The conclusion is visible a long way off. Githa and Slade have fallen actually in love with each other, and the millions of the American with the lubrication of love are laid at the feet of a girl whom at first we despised and whom we now admire.

*The Master of Game*, by Edward, Second Duke of York, edited by Wm. A. and F. Baillie-Grohman, with a foreword by Theodore Roosevelt. Published by Duffield & Co., New York.

This is said to be the oldest hunting book in the English language. It was written between the years 1406 and 1413 by the Duke of Clarence, who was otherwise known as Duke of Aumerle and who appears under that

title in Shakespeare's "Richard II." Only a portion of the work, however, is from the duke's pen, the remainder being a translation by him of Count Gaston de Foix's "Livres de Chasse," a work undertaken by the duke while imprisoned at Pevensey for his attempt to assassinate the king.

It is certainly a curious hook and one well worth the labor of resurrection after its sleep of five centuries. The difficulties of its Chaucerian England are well encountered by a wise rendering and by an appendix which explains the ancient hunting terms, in itself no light task, seeing that Professor Max Muller and Dr. Murray admitted it to be beyond them.

The good hunter, we are told, must go straight to paradise, because idleness is the foundation of all sins, and no man can hunt without energy and zeal. We have chapters on the hare, the hart, the huck, the roe, the wild boar, the wolf, the fox, the badger, the otter, and the marten. Then follows advice on the care of the various kinds of hunting dogs, how the game is to be found and the manner of its pursuit. The twenty-four illustrations are selected from French and English illuminations of fifteenth century hunting scenes and form an unique addition to an unique volume.

*Women in Industry*, by Edith Abbott, Ph. D. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.

This hook is one of real value to the economist who is searching for facts rather than for theories, and who needs an accurate and a painstaking history of the industrial woman rather than emotional demands for "emancipation."

It is a history that the author gives us, and even if we are disconcerted by some of her conclusions that run counter to popular theory it is not easy to controvert facts that are so deftly arranged and so cogently presented. She shows us that the woman in industry is no new phenomenon, however new may be the manner of her participation, while she even goes so far as to say that the increase in female employment during the last few years is only normal and in proportion to the enlarged population. It is not true therefore that women are driving out men. They are doing some work that was formerly done by men, but then on the other hand men are now doing some work that was formerly done by women. The balance is about the same.

Another popular belief is challenged by the statement that woman's remuneration is poor, not because she is woman but because she is inefficient. Her work is low-paid because it is unskilled. Into the causes of inefficiency there is no inquiry. Obviously the lack of apprenticeship, the disturbing expectation of marriage, and many other factors bear their part, but it is well to be assured that there is no sex discrimination and that woman's work is under the great law of supply and demand in the same way as man's.

The historical review includes the colonial period and the period of transition up to the establishment of the factory system. Then we have chapters on the cotton industry, the early mill operatives, the hoot and shoe trade, cigarmaking, the clothing industry, and printing, and finally a consideration of women's wages and the influence of public opinion. There are various appendices and an index.

*The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*, translated from the French of Jean Aicard by Alfred Allinson M. A. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The scene of this rather voluminous story is laid in the French mountains that lie between Hyères and Fréjus, that is to say, in closest proximity to the island of Corsica. For this reason many of the characters are Corsican, and indeed the story is almost as much Corsican as French. Maurin, the hero, is a sort of modern Robin Hood, a brigand in the honorable sense of that term as it is understood in the locality, a hunter, a guide, and a very devil among the women. It is his career that we are invited to study, and it is well worth the time, not only because his adventures are of the most virile kind, but because their recital furnishes a picture of mountain life in Provence and Corsica that is evidently the work of complete knowledge.

*The Sinking Ship*, by Eva Lathbury. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a curious psychological story of the stage, well written but improbable. Vanda Conquest is a popular actress who finds herself approaching the sere and yellow stage, but with a reputation based entirely upon syrupy sentiment. Feeling herself capable of greater things she urges her husband to stage a play by a new writer who has dramatized just such a position in which she finds herself toward the public, using as his chief character a wife who is about to be discarded in favor of a younger rival and who uses her supreme and untied mental powers of fascination to regain her position. The story becomes complicated when Vanda falls in love with the playwright, who in turn is enamored by Vanda's daughter who makes her stage debut in the new play. It is mainly

the character of the daughter that excites our doubt and admiration. There is no good reason why she should fall in love with the playwright, who is a clever little prig; there is still less reason why she should tell him so, and when we find that she professes a mystical Christianity of a peculiarly exalted type, we are more perplexed still. None the less, Sybil is a remarkable creation, and we feel that her character should have been elaborated with greater detail.

*The Seminoles of Florida*, by Minnie Moore-Willson. Published by Moffatt, Yard & Company, New York; \$1.25.

The author reminds us that when the Seminole Indians were removed from Florida a few score of them were reluctant to go. Ten years ago the descendants of these numbered about six hundred, and they have probably dwindled since then. The author has therefore done a work that had to be done soon or left undone, and its perusal shows it to be both interesting and important in spite of a good deal that is scientifically unimportant.

The author evidently admires the Seminole, and she writes with an enthusiasm that would perhaps have been tempered by a more judicial spirit. Our treatment of the Indian has been had enough in all conscience, but when we are told that to the south of the Canadian line the nation has spent millions of money in Indian wars while on the other side, "with the same greedy Anglo-Saxon race, not one dollar has been spent," we feel that there is an exaggeration somewhere. Canada is to be congratulated upon her handling of the Indian problem, but it is incorrect to say that she has never spent a dollar upon Indian wars. She has spent a great many dollars.

We may similarly suspect that a tension has been placed upon the facts in the attempt to connect the Seminoles with the Jewish race. That the Seminoles of today should use the Hebrew word *Jah-vey* to express the idea of God is certainly remarkable, unless we have a chance coincidence of sound; but if this similarity came by way of the Creeks, who in turn were the remnants of the Aztecs, who were at one time related to the Egyptians, we should expect to find other and similar linguistic sign-posts upon the road. The observance by the Seminoles of certain hygienic practices reminiscent of the Mosaic law seems to have no significance, and to be a part of the old-fashioned effort to trace everything salutary throughout the world to the Bible.

The hook is, however, an interesting and commendable record, while the vocabulary of the Seminole language is probably unique.

*Lyrics of Life*, by Florence Earle Coates. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.25.

The author has now given us three volumes of verse that is more than respectable and that sometimes becomes poetry. She has a tendency to mistake the dress for the reality, but that is a failing too frequent to be noted, and perhaps the temptations to preserve a thought that has nothing to recommend it except a certain daintiness of attire is too strong to be resisted. For example, the idea enshrined in "To-Day" is commonplace and almost trivial:

Where hast thou gone, my Day?  
I meant to follow,  
Extracting from thine every hour its sweet:  
But thou, heguling hope with pledges hollow,  
Art flown on winged feet.

Very different, for example, is "Eurydice," to select one from the many that show distinct imagery:

In Hades though I be,  
Where the unnumbered dead abide  
In uneventful, sunless eventide,  
I yet live on—for thou rememberest me!  
And like to far-off waters falling  
I hear thee from the distance, calling—  
Eurydice! Beloved Eurydice!

The little volume contains selections, few of them over a page in length.

*Botany of To-Day*, by G. F. Scott Elliot, M. A., B. Sc., F. R. G. S., etc. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$1.50.

This work is far removed from the ordinary text book of botany in its avoidance of tiresome preliminaries and a still more tiresome terminology. It professes not so much to handle botany as a whole as to give an account of some recent notable discoveries, and before we have read many pages we find ourselves in a new fairyland and with a respect for the plant kingdom that we never had before. The author does not say in so many words that the plant has intelligence, but we are certainly led to this inference by what we are told of its powers of defense, its preferences and antipathies, and its valiant efforts to shape itself to its environment.

But the author by no means confines himself to generalities. In the course of his hunky volume he takes us around the world and introduces us to the less known phenomena of plant life, and the extent to which that life has proved itself malleable by human hands. Burbank's work, for instance, receives appreciative treatment, and we are shown the ex-

tent to which animal and insect life, climate, and a dozen other forces operate upon the plant world and shape its phenomena. Especially interesting is the study of plant behavior after some cataclysm of nature has swept the slate clean and so reproduced locally the condition that once prevailed over the world. Such an opportunity was afforded by the eruption of Krakatoa, and botanists were able to see evolution retrace her steps in order to mend the pattern thus momentarily broken. The author is to be congratulated not only upon his immense research hut upon his success in presenting its results in a way that must be fascinating to every intelligent mind. There are twenty-seven excellent illustrations.

*Terry's Mexico*, by T. Philip Terry. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$2.50.

This volume is prepared precisely along the lines of the Baedeker guides, and it is therefore nearly perfect of its kind. The traveler can depend upon finding the information essential to him, and without the personal equation that is often so irritating in the travel books that aim to be literature and that nearly always miss their mark. It contains 824 pages, but still remains of pocket size, and its contents are well divided among the features of the country, and with the direct and business-like compression to which Baedeker has accustomed us. There are two unusually good maps and twenty-five plans, and the volume as a whole is a *vade mecum* of exceptional merit.

*Literary By-Paths in Old England*, by Henry C. Shelley. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$1.50.

This is a new and popular edition of a work published three years ago and received with approbation. The author explains that he has attempted nothing in the way of literary criticism, seeking rather the pleasant places in the lives of the selected authors and helping us to understand how they lived. His pleasant gossip about Spenser, Sidney, Penn, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Keats, Carlyle, and Hood is certainly acceptable and we need not complain that it is superficial because it is the superficial that is interesting. Especially commendable are the profuse illustrations of which there are over a hundred, all of them well selected and relevant.

*Stories from the Operas*, by Gladys Davidson. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

The author has already produced two volumes in this series with such general appreciation that she now gives us a third. The twelve operas that she selects for her present purpose are "The Lily of Killarney," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Lucrezia Borgia," "The Daughter of the Regiment," "The Masked Ball," "Othello," "Ernani," "The Barber of Seville," "Lurline," "I Puritani," "Romeo and Juliet," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In each case the story is told with accuracy and skill, while a useful feature of the volume is the biography of each composer that occupies a few well condensed pages at the end of the book.

*The Market for Sauls*, by Elizabeth Goodnow. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.25.

This is a contribution to the discussion of what is called the "social evil," and it seems to be better balanced than is usually the case with lady writers who approach this most difficult of all subjects. The author indeed tells us little of herself or of her views. She is evidently actuated by an intelligent sympathy, and she uses it to elicit from the girls themselves such parts of their stories as are pertinent. We have, therefore, a number of autobiographical fragments that seem to be sincere and that are unquestionably valuable to the social student.

*Their Hearts' Desire*, by Frances Foster Perry. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

This is a pathetic story of a widower, his little son, and a girl. The boy writes a letter to Santa Claus and intrusts it for delivery to his father, who opens it and finds in it a request that all previous demands be canceled and that a mother be sent to him instead. It need hardly be said that Santa Claus never had an easier commission under the circumstances.

The book is handsomely bound in colors and with full original decorations.

*How I Know That the Dead Return*, by William T. Stead. Published by the Ball Publishing Company, Boston; 75 cents.

Mr. Stead does not know that the dead return. Doubtless he believes it as do a great many others who have no intellectual proofs nor expect them. Mr. Stead gives a record of his own experiences, many of them startling enough, but a more cautious mind would hesitate before speaking of knowledge as a result of phenomena that are capable of many and widely differing explanations.



LITERARY NOTES.

City Politics.

Municipal Government, by Frank J. Goodnow, LL. D. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$3.

The author is justified in describing this fine work as a comprehensive treatment of the entire field of municipal government. With so wide a scope it becomes peculiarly valuable at a time when the system of city control in America has been tried in the balances and found wanting and when doctrinaires upon every hand are securing an attention to which neither their experience nor their political wisdom entitles them.

Dr. Goodnow handles his subject historically and comparatively. He shows us how the present American systems have been developed, and he places them by the side of the other and older systems that have been successfully evolved in Europe. He considers the city from its every point of view and in all its departments, and while American conditions and the American temperament demand an originality of city mechanism there are at least sufficient points of resemblance with Europe to justify the elaborate care that the author gives to the work of comparison.

His conclusions are necessarily extensive without being in any way radical. Cities, he tells us, are incapable of self-government and have always been so. For this reason the State exercises a special authority over them in the regulation of their charters and otherwise, and therefore a measure of responsibility for civic misgovernment must rest upon the State and must be accepted to an increasing extent. Cities are undemocratic and with a constant tendency toward class discriminations, and this must be considered in the allotment of powers. Moreover, the State must supervise the use that the city makes of its powers. The State must stand in loco parentis to the city.

The number of elective officers should be small, otherwise a "boss ridden city and an inefficient administration" must result. Moreover, there must be one supreme authority in the city, and no official should feel himself to be independent within the limits of the charter. The attention of the electorate should be focused upon some one man of character and responsibility. Few elective officers and a concentration of authority should be the ideal.

While unpaid administrative services are probably impossible at present, such a prospect should be kept in view and here the practice of European countries is not without importance. Prussia, for example, relies upon the unpaid service of her citizens, "and in few countries is the work of city government conducted so fully in the interest of the people of the city as a whole."

The author is careful to point out that no change in the machinery of municipal government can be radically effective unless it springs from an improvement in the economic and social conditions of the people. Political and social reforms act and react upon one another, but the moral tone of the city must be raised by a collective recognition of urban responsibilities.

New Publications.

"From the Cup of Silence" is a little volume of verse by Helen Huntington. It is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons; New York.

"The Need of Change," by Julian Street, is an amusing little sketch based upon a story that appeared originally in *Everybody's Magazine*. It is published by the John Lane Company, New York. Price, 50 cents.

"The Enchanted Forest and Other Stories," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, is a collection of fairy stories, all of them original and well adapted to young children. The illustrations are by E. Boyd Smith, and the publishers are E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price \$1.50.

"Legends of the City of Mexico," by Thomas A. Janvier, should prove a treasure house for the romantic fictionist. The author assures us that he found them and did not make them, and that they are "genuine folklore stories." Each one has grown from some obscure, curious, or tragical circumstance, and is now presented with considerable literary skill. The book is illustrated with six pictures by Walter Appleton Clark and with photographs. Harper & Brothers, New York, are the publishers, and the price is \$1.30.

Sherman French & Co., Boston, have published "A Workingman's View of the Bible," by D. F. Donaldson. There is no reason why workingmen should have a different view to any one else, but in this case we have an unusually thoughtful analysis of the Scriptures based on the view that the human soul is the eternal and eternal fact in nature. Mr. Donaldson handles his subject with rare mystical insight, and his book may be earnestly recommended to the ministry and to students. The price is \$1.20.

Henry A. Shute, author of "Farming It," professes to have told the plain and unvarnished truth about country life and the vic-

cissitudes awaiting those misguided people who suppose that a little ranch in the country implies independence and self-respect. He does not wish to discourage one, but he believes that the simple facts as encountered in his own experience with pigs, cattle, poultry, and the soil will be of benefit to the agriculturally ambitious. Let it suffice to say that he tells his story with infinite humor and with no visible departures from veracity. The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York, and the price is \$1.20.

"Changing Conceptions of Education," by Ellwood P. Cubberley, professor of education in the Stanford University is a tranquil review of the educational problem based on the new conception of educational responsibilities. The supreme duty of the school, according to Professor Cubberley, is to awaken a social consciousness as opposed to class consciousness. We should like to see the author strike out from the shoulder a little more forcibly and in proportion to the thickness of our intellectual skins, but his generalizations are radical enough if there were only some way to project them through the armor of our self-complacency. The book is published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, 35 cents.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The literary temperament is given as the main cause for a divorce suit that has been brought against Eugene Field, Jr. In this case the literary temperament seems to have been shown by a habit of sitting up all night to read popular fiction.

We are told that the "hair growing white in a single night" is a popular delusion. That it can do so in five years, however, is conclusively shown by two photographs in "The Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley." One shows the author in 1885 with coal black hair, and the second in 1890 with pure white hair. The intervening five years were spent largely in Africa.

Schiller's one hundred and fiftieth birthday has just been observed in Berlin with a very elaborate programme of addresses and dramatic performances by the most distinguished of German and foreign actors, authors and critics who have had to do with Schiller and his works.

Mr. Sten Drewson, a Danish dramatic critic, has come to this country in order to make a professional study of the Texas cowboy. Mr. Drewson was the first man in Copenhagen to welcome Dr. Cook, in whom he then believed, but not now. It is to be feared that he is a little late for the Texas cowboy.

The article on "The Progressive Pacific Coast" in the February *Scribner's Magazine* is by Henry T. Finck, for nearly thirty years the musical critic of the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Finck has known the Pacific Coast from his earliest youth, and about twenty years ago he wrote a standard volume about it, "The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour."

Louis Edward Rod, the distinguished French novelist and critic, died January 29. He was in his fifty-third year, and had been prominent in literary work since 1884, when he became chief editor of *La Revue Contemporaine*. Of his books—a score or more—only three or four had been published here in translation. His ability was widely recognized in Europe, for his writings were all of excellent quality and unimpeachable in character.

Rhoda Broughton is advertising in the columns of a London paper for the name of an anonymous admirer, whom she wishes to thank personally for sending her "a very handsome gift." It may be remembered that when Miss Broughton published her "Cometh Up as a Flower," among the congratulations that she received was one from Admiral Sir Clements Markham, who said that it was one of the few books that he had taken with him on his famous sledge journey toward the Pole, and that he was so much impressed that he had given to a newly discovered hill the name of Mount Rhoda.

The current installment of the Lafcadio Hearn correspondence in the *Atlantic Monthly* contains some surprising generalizations upon the Japanese and from the man who, of all

others, is supposed to be their chief exponent and apologist. The letter in question concludes in the following surprising way:

The finale of my long correspondence with you on Japanese character is frankly this. . . . I hate and detest the Japanese.

I refused even to attend a banquet given by a European merchant the other day because there were Japanese present. I wish to make no more Japanese acquaintances. I shall never again be interested in any Japanese of the educated generation. I shall never even receive any of my former pupils. I simply abominate the Japanese.

There's a nice confession for the author of "Glimpses of Unfamiliar Japan" to make. But remember—the book was finished a long time ago; and the illusion had not worn off. I should not like now to trust myself to say what I think of the Japanese in their relation to us. I fear the missionaries are right who declare them without honor, without gratitude, and without brains.

D—n the Japanese!

Excepting, of course, the women of Japan, who are—well, who are not Japanese. They remain angels.

CURRENT VERSE.

Black Torches.

(In Remembrance of a Comedienne.)

The 'cellest keys his strings,  
A vagrant scale is run.  
Tap, tap; the baton swings—  
The play's begun.

Out where the night winds sweep  
The straggling mourners thread;  
Only a few to weep—  
That columbine is dead.

Stilled are the dancing feet,  
Hushed is the merry song;  
Only the wind and sleet  
Know she has passed along.

Give her a moment's pause,  
Thank her with just a sigh—  
You, with your loud applause:  
You who must come to die.

The wood-wind pipes its close,  
The drums and the viols blend;  
Only one dancer knows  
The play's at end. —Chicago Tribune.

Love Resurgent.

"My love no longer loves me—let me die!  
The glory is gone out upon the hills,  
And the gray downfall of its ashes fills,  
The old bright places of the earth and sky.  
Why should I wander up and down and cry  
To every ghost of joy whose presence thrills  
The heart of sorrow till his cup o'er-spills?  
I will lie down upon my face and die."

One bent above him with resplendent wing:  
" 'Twas not her love for thee set earth aglow;  
'Twas thine own love for her—that still is  
thine."

Joy sent him like an arrow from the string:  
"Show me the rough ways where her feet must  
go—  
I never loved before, O Love divine!"  
—From "Dorian Days," by Wendell Phillips  
Stafford.

Review.

Dimly the spent days range themselves in rows;  
Backward we look upon the serried files;  
And what strong heart would fain recall the  
blows,  
Fate-struck—the weariness, the tears, the smiles?

We did not live as we had planned to do;  
We did not walk the path our eyes desired;  
What deemed we sweet turned out but bitter rue;  
Our firstling joys came fair, but quickly died.

Still the mosaic life so deftly wrought  
Within the balls of memory is hung,  
As wonderful as if the things we sought  
Had all been found, and all our songs been  
sung.  
—Richard Wightman, in *Hampton's Magazine*.

Peace.

O my comrades, why such eagerness and hast-  
ing,  
Such gulping down of life and never tasting?  
I am going—you may tarry here in town.  
The trees do not hurry in their growing,  
Nor even the little flowers to their blowing,  
Nor the red leaf to its fall among the brown.  
You will not hide yourselves where I shall hide  
me,  
Where fern and laurel linger green beside me  
And soothe the hectic year with dreams of  
spring;  
You will not know the wild primeval feeling  
When solitude and stillness, softly stealing,  
Untie the cords that bind the spirit's wing;  
You will not hear life's undersong the ocean  
Singeth around the keen ship's quiet motion  
And the cedars and the hidden rivers sing.  
—Charles W. Russell, in *Everybody's Magazine*.



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## CHESTERTONIANA.

Some Samples of Mr. Chesterton's Humor in the Short Essay.

The latest volume from the pen of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, the most brilliant essayist of the day, is entitled "Tremendous Trifles." It consists of about forty short sketches upon topics of the day, travels, fugitive reflections, men, and events, all of them in the vein of humorous and pungent gossip that Mr. Chesterton has made so peculiarly his own. The following extracts, selected almost at random, will show that the author was at his best in "Tremendous Trifles." The volume is published by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York.

Mr. Kipling's school advises us to go to Central Africa in order to find a man without a frock coat. The school to which I belong suggests that we should stare steadily at the man until we see the man inside the frock coat. If we stare at him long enough he may even be moved to take off his coat to us; and that is a far greater compliment than his taking off his hat. In other words, we may, by fixing our attention almost fiercely on the facts actually before us, force them to turn into adventures; force them to give up their meaning and fulfill their mysterious purpose.

Chastity does not mean abstention from sexual wrong; it means something flaming, like Joan of Arc.

If, for instance, the Socialists were numerous or courageous enough to capture and smash up the Bank of England, you might argue for ever about the inutility of the act, and how it really did not touch the root of the economic problem in the correct manner. But mankind would never forget it. It would change the world.

This people has a natural faculty for feeling itself on the eve of something—the Bartholomew, or the Revolution, or the Commune, or the Day of Judgment. It is this sense of crisis that makes France eternally young. It is perpetually pulling down and building up, as it pulled down the prison and put up the column in the Place de La Bastille. France has always been at the point of dissolution. She has found the only method of immortality. She dies daily.

Cleanliness is not next to godliness nowadays, for cleanliness is made an essential and godliness is regarded as an offense. A playwright can attack the institution of marriage so long as he does not misrepresent the manners of society, and I have met Ibsenite pessimists who thought it wrong to take beer but right to take prussic acid.

The caution is this: if you do lie in bed, be sure you do it without any reason or justification at all. I do not speak, of course, of the seriously sick. But if a healthy man lies in bed, let him do it without a rag of excuse; then he will get up a healthy man. If he does it for some secondary hygienic reason, if he has some scientific explanation, he may get up a hypochondriac.

And the horrible thing about all legal officials, even the best, about all judges, magistrates, barristers, detectives, and policemen, is not that they are wicked (some of them are good), not that they are stupid (several of them are quite intelligent), it is simply that they have got used to it.

But the view that fairy tales can not really have happened, though crazy, is common. The man I speak of disbelieved in fairy tales in an even more amazing and perverted sense. He actually thought that fairy tales ought not to be told to children. That is (like a belief in slavery or annexation) one of those intellectual errors which lie very near to ordinary mortal sins.

I listened to what he said about the society politely enough, I hope; but when he incidentally mentioned that he did not believe in fairy tales, I broke out beyond control. "Man," I said, "who are you that you should not believe in fairy tales? It is much easier to believe in Blue Beard than to believe in you. A Blue Beard is a misfortune; but there are green ties which are sins. It is far easier to believe in a million fairy tales than to believe in one man who does not like fairy tales."

Some people objected to spiritualism, table rapping, and such things, because they were undignified, because the ghosts cracked jokes or waltzed with dinner-tables. I do not share this objection in the least. I wish the spirits were more farcical than they are. That they should make more jokes and better ones, would be my suggestion.

If a man can not love his barber whom he has seen, how shall he love the Japanese whom he has not seen?

The jewels of God, the poor, are still

treated as mere stones of the street; but as stones that may sometimes fly. If it please God, you and I may see some of the stones flying again before we see death.

There is nothing particularly nasty about being a relic of barbarism. Dancing is a relic of barbarism. Man is a relic of barbarism. Civilization is a relic of barbarism.

The only way of catching a train I have ever discovered is to be late for the one before.

If you have the good fortune really to talk with a statesman, you will be constantly startled with his saying quite intelligent things. It makes one nervous at first.

A friend of mine who was visiting a poor woman in bereavement, and casting about for some phrase of consolation that should not be either insolent or weak, said at last, "I think one can live through these great sorrows and even be the better. What wears one is the little worries." "That's quite right, mum," answered the old woman, with emphasis, "and I ought to know, seeing I've had ten of 'em."

You can never have a revolution in order to establish a democracy. You must have a democracy in order to have a revolution.

If you keep bogies and goblins away from children they would make them up for themselves. One small child in the dark can invent more hells than Swedenborg. One small child can imagine monsters too big and black to get into any picture, and give them names too unearthly and cacophonous to have occurred in the cries of any lunatic.

It is enough for the great martyrs and criminals of the French Revolution that they have surprised for all time the secret weakness of the strong. They have awakened and set leaping and quivering in his cry forever the coward in the hearts of kings.

## ELEANOR ROBSON'S FIRST CHANCE.

Her Story of a Farm-Wagon Ride in San Francisco.

With circumstantial detail the Eastern papers have reassured the engagement and approaching marriage of Eleanor Robson, the actress, and August Belmont, the noted financier. When the great event takes place Miss Robson will be, it is fair to say, removed from all temptation to encourage imaginative press agents. In the meantime the following interview, printed in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, has reminiscent value, in spite of its romantic introduction of a rural feature, to existence in San Francisco:

The story of how Eleanor Robson scored her first success makes interesting reading. In her drawing-room at the Adelphi Theatre last week the star of "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" told the story of how she had her first chance in an emergency. It was on Christmas Day ten years ago.

"The Frawley Stock Company, of which I was then a most humble member, was presenting 'Men and Women' in San Francisco," said Miss Robson, "and my part was so tiny that it could scarcely be detected with the naked eye. In fact, after the first act I was in evidence in heresay only, as the other characters mentioned the name of the part I was playing. We had a matinee, but I had completed my labors, and removed all vestiges of make-up by three o'clock, and had generally decided that my Christmas was to be an unprofitable one, when a note reached me from an old family friend inviting my mother and myself to dine with them that evening.

"I spoke to Mr. Frawley about it, and, in the light of subsequent events, his reply is stamped indelibly on my brain. 'Certainly you may go, Miss Robson,' he said, 'although I do not believe in it. Something might happen that would make your presence here most important, although I can see no reason why you can't be back in plenty of time.'

"Well, a carriage was called for me and I went. The dinner was splendid, the host the soul of hospitality, and the guests included a number of the most delightful people in San Francisco. We had just reached the stage of the feast where we begin to linger longer between the courses, when a messenger entered and delivered to me this message:

"Come to the theatre immediately. Miss Wallis is ill, and you must play her part tonight. DANIEL FRAWLEY."

"It was fully eight miles from the theatre, and, to my excited imagination, the journey seemed ten times that distance.

"In less than five minutes I was in my coupe and dashing toward the city. I had watched Miss Wallis in the part, and was fairly familiar with the lines.

"I began going over the situation in my mind, when—crash! The horse stumbled, the coupe veered to one side and the front wheel, colliding with some object, was wrenched loose and went rolling into the gutter. I barely

saved myself from tumbling out. There we were, a mile from the inn, seven miles from the theatre, on a dark road, and every minute so precious.

"I confess that I burst into tears. The driver—a kindly Irishman—mumbled a few words meant to be comforting, but I'm afraid I didn't even thank him. The situation seemed hopeless, and there I stood in the middle of the road with the tears streaming down my face.

"A noise behind me attracted my attention. Rumbling slowly along came an old wagon, drawn by a single horse. Astride the plank which passed for a seat sat a grizzled old farmer. It didn't take me long to strike a bargain with him for my transportation to the city.

"For additional speed I offered him five dollars. From the look he gave me I felt sure he was skeptical about receiving the reward, but he did the best he could to earn it, considering the limitation of his unhappy nag.

"The audience was already entering the theatre as we turned the corner, passed the front entrance, and pulled up at the stage door. Mr. Frawley was pacing back and forth outside, and when he saw me he fairly dragged me from the astonished farmer's side and rushed me into the theatre, while the simple rustic exclaimed, 'Great Caesar!'

"I went through the performance that night, encouraged by Mr. Frawley, and urged on by other members of the company, and at its conclusion, just as I was preparing to collapse, Mr. Frawley came to me and said that I made a real hit. Miss Wallis did not return to the company. I was given the line of parts she had been playing, and altogether it was a most important step.

"But somewhere in the Far West is a grizzled farmer, who, whenever he thinks of me, probably remarks 'Great Caesar!'

They are telling a story in Paris of an experience of Caruso at the New York post-office that Postmaster Morgan possibly may not have heard (says the *Dramatic Mirror*). As the story goes, the tenor went to the post-office, accompanied by a friend, to cash a large money order sent to him from Europe. The official refused to hand over the packet to him. Caruso vainly exhibited envelopes, checks, and photographs; the postal employee would not be convinced. "Come again tomorrow," he said coolly. "But I am leaving this country tonight," exclaimed Caruso. "I must have my money now!" The postal official suddenly appeared to have been struck by a bright idea. "You claim to be Caruso, do you? Well, then, you can easily prove it; sing us something!" Taken aback at the request, Signor Caruso hesitated. But the postal official was insistent, and had invited his colleagues to act as judges. So the famous singer gave in his most enchanting tones the romance from the third act of "La Tosca." "Bravo! bravissimo!" exclaimed the officials at the concluding notes. "And now," added the letter clerk, "here is your packet. We knew who you were all the time; only, as you charge the poor public such impossible prices for hearing you, we thought we would do so free of charge. Kindly sign the receipt book, and accept our sincere thanks."

"Elektra," the much-heralded tragic opera by Richard Strauss, had its first American production at Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House in New York, February 1. Seats sold at fancy prices and orchestra chair holders paid 10 cents a minute for the 100 minutes of Strauss's latest work, which critics say outdoes "Salome" in its morbid imagery. The story of "Elektra" tells how the queen, Clytemnestra, has murdered her husband, King Agamemnon, with the help of her lover, Ægisthus. Her daughter, Elektra, insane with the idea of avenging her father, persuades her brother, Orestes, to slay their mother and her lover. All the murderous mania, the ravings of the obsessed Elektra, finds its greatest expression in the orchestra, some of the effects being produced by the development of new musical instruments. Strauss sought to produce the sounds of creaky hinges, squeaking and grunting of animals, and other unusual sounds. Mme. Mazarin sang Elektra, while the Clytemnestra was Mme. Gerville-Reache, and Ægisthus was M. Duffault. One hundred and twelve pieces composed the orchestra.

It is announced that this is the last season that Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will be seen as combined stars. Next season Miss Marlowe's arrangements include her appearance in England and Australia in Shakespearean plays. Mr. Sothern's plans are at present withheld, except that he is to remain in New York for an entire season.

## Her Rights.

"You've got to listen to me, John," she said, "whether you want to hear me or not!" She was right (says the *Chicago Tribune*) John couldn't escape.

He was standing by the window, shaving himself, having just begun the operation.

"What is it, Maria?" he asked.

"I'm getting tired of playing second fiddle in this house," she exclaimed.

"Get a graphophone."

"And I'm not going to do it any longer either! I'm going to assert my rightful prerogative and have something to say here after in the business affairs of this house hold. Who made you the absolute dictator of the family? The Apostle Paul? I think not, John Dorkins. When Paul appointed the husband as the boss of the home he was writing to the Corinthians. I never thought much of those Corinthian women, anyway. They were poor coots. Do you think he'd dare to tell the women nowadays to keep silence in the churches and to learn wisdom from their husbands at home? Not much. He'd be on their side. The time has come. I tell you, when women are going to declare themselves. They intend to have their say whenever there is anything to be done. What right has the man of the house, just because he has a bass voice and wears the trousers, to set himself up as the great mogul, or a czar, or a sultan? You call me your 'bette half' in a joking way, but it's no joke. I'm the submerged half, and you know it. I can't even rise to a point of order. It's contrary to the old parliamentary rules established by St. Paul and adopted by all husbands. There's going to be another set of rules adopted, let me tell you! You are not going to have things all your own way hereafter! Just as sure as you live, John Dorkins—"

"Maria," interposed Mr. Dorkins, proceeding to lather the other side of his face, "you talk like an insurgent congressman."

Among the illustrious men who passed through life in single blessedness may be mentioned Sir Isaac Newton, Thomas Hobbes, author of "The Leviathan"; Adam Smith, the father of political economy; Chamfort, the greatest of French talkers; Gassendi, Galileo, Descartes, Spinoza, Lock, Kant, Bishop Butler (the author of "Analogy"), Bayle, Leibnitz, Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Buckle, Pitt, Charles Fox, Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, Sir Joshua Reynolds, the artist, Turner, Handel, Beethoven, Schopenhauer, Rossini, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer.

A New York church singer, Mrs. Emma Libaire, has been awarded \$11,500 in St. Paul damages for the loss of her voice in a automobile accident. The *Springfield Republican* remarks that automobilism is likely to become popular with singers.

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THE WORK OF MANTELL.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Mantell during his present engagement has played a sufficient number of rôles to have demonstrated to his San Francisco admirers that his acting excels more particularly in the quality of intellectuality and less in that of romanticism. His Lear lacks only the inspiration of actual, world-acknowledged genius to be worthy of the laurel crown. His Richelieu, as with his Lear, his Louis XI, his Shylock, and, in fact, all his impersonations of old men, is a wonderfully complete portrait of picturesque old age. And in his representations of old men, the details of his portraits are adhered to with such marvelous fidelity that it seems almost impossible that the sunken and faded eyes, the veined trembling hands, the hollowed cheek and withered throat should all be the result of grease paint, no matter how artistically applied, and while his old men stoop, and falter in their gait, each still expresses in his bowed form the prevailing characteristic of his nature. Lear's kingly pride does not desert him even in the howling storm; his Richelieu is a finely tempered blending of intellectuality and aristocracy; and his Louis XI is always dominated by furtive evil suspicion.

In his Romeo one sees more of the externals of the real man. Mantell's Romeo wears a wig of Italian dark hair, curling, on brow and temples. But, while the voice is the voice of Romeo the face is the face of Mantell. And the face of Mantell is that of a man who is a combination of student and player, and Romeo was no thinker, or, at least, an unconscious one. He lived in his emotions, and with romantic ardor, burned to offer up every precious gift of his youth as an offering to the fiery feeling that for the time dominated. Romeo was a Latin of the Latins; in love, at least. He was not so quick with his sword as Tybalt and Mercutio, for he was gentle at heart—Mantell remembers that, showing him as somewhat deprecatory and dismayed at the rough witticisms of his friends, when they flout and travesty the old nurse to her very face. I have seen the Romeo of Shakespeare but once, and that was a Latin indeed. It was the younger Salvini, (Alessandro), before they had begun to prophesy that his father's mantle would fall on his shoulders. He was all fire, all poetry, all abandon—"all for love and the world well lost" was the motto of his Romeo. And he gave to the portrait a youthful beauty of face, and figure, and bearing that made it seem the most real, most thoroughly alive Romeo that ever sent his burning sighs straight to the responsive hearts of youth.

I do not believe that we altogether realize that all of us in youth, at least, and past youth, no doubt, when the feelings are still fresh, unconsciously dramatize ourselves into a performance. A lover, to be successful must make the ugliest, most uncharming matinee girl feel her soul to be within the beautiful body of his stage love. He must compel her to sigh with her, suffer with her, joy with her, and love with her—for the time being. When the elder Salvini was here, and revealed to our startled understanding his conception of Othello, he was in outward representation absolutely devoid of artistic beauty. He was stout; he almost had a paunch.

He dressed weirdly. He was a most unchristian object, as the hero of a young girl's dreams. And yet his mighty love, his monumental jealousy! Who could fail to respond, to sympathize? When he entered the chamber of Desdemona he wore a nightgown that night have overtaken the ardor of a Siwash ride, but in half a second he made us forget it. We thought only of him, of his mighty love, his colossal anguish, and, with Desdemona, we loved him while he killed.

But Mantell's Othello and Romeo both lacked the warm, Latin coloring. They were calm, a little cool, thoughtful, and deliberate, almost colorless.

So those who wish to see Mantell at his best will do well to seek out the portraits of older characters in his gallery of fine portraits. Let, if one has an ancient fondness for the old love tragedy, one is sure in "Romeo and Juliet" of seeing a series of beautiful pictures. It is this I think of the Romeo and Juliet of Mantell and Miss Russell. They are pictures in which every detail has been worked out with loving care. Even the torch

boy has been trained to speak his lines with feeling.

But after all they are only pictures. Marie Booth Russell offers an instance of an actress who has beauty and a splendid stage presence, and who almost atones for the lack of inspiration by the completeness of her training. It is apparent that she has had the very best of voice culture, physical culture, grace culture, and stage elocution. She is tall, well-formed, well-featured, large-eyed, beautifully costumed. But she is too measured, too studied to carry one away. She has the grace of attitude and gesture appropriate to poetry and tragedy, but one is conscious of the Delsartean curve to her wrist in the lovely gesture of farewell which she waves to Romeo.

Florence Roberts is different. There is about her acting unless her play is too utterly banal, always something honest and sincere. So it is in "The Transformation," a play which is unreal, staid, and wildly impossibly sentimentally, Frenchly romantic. It is adapted from some old Latin drama, and reminds me of a gloomy piece played at the old California many years ago, in which a similar sentimentalist hired a soulless lady with a soulful countenance bearing a strong resemblance to that of his dead sweetheart to allow him to gaze at her for one hour in twenty-four daily.

Of course such a situation naturally breeds romance and the extreme romanticists of the very soft-hearted school take kindly to the idea of Philippe Whittlesey, or White Servigny—the two personalities are deliciously blended, to the eyes of young romance—being so tenderly faithful, and, finally, so pardonably praiseworthy faithless to his dead love. White Whittlesey always fits into such rôles as instinctively as though he were living in the 'sixties.

As for Florence Roberts, she breathes the breath of life into Colinette even while the seamstress exhales her dying sigh.

Rupert Hughes, in adapting the play has taken hold of the characters both of Colinette and Erika, and modernized them to such purpose that Florence Roberts is able to shed a gentle, tender pathos in the recital of Colinette's dream of the severing river in the death bed scene in the first act, and a sort of whole-hearted reality to the character of Erika, the dancer. Except for these two improvements, and not a wholly, successful attempt to make the rôle of Francois rich comedy the play remains up aloft on tall, romantic, stilts. Perhaps the scene of revelry at the opera-house ought to be excepted; it is rather suggestive of the supper scene in "The Conquerors," and very unsuggestive of the revelry in "Camille" as played by French players in first class productions. However, the author's purpose to show the depths from which Erika, enlightened by love, falters upwards and, though the painted girls at the supper are frightfully loud-voiced and common, and although there is a plentiful lack of wit in the sallies at the supper-table, still, the sense of contrast is perhaps all the more strongly suggested.

Miss Roberts's opportunity in emotional acting comes in the scenes in which Erika upbraids the constant mourner for his insensibility to her love. The lines here, and those expressive of her cynicism bred of a reckless life—at an earlier stage in the play are very good. In fact there are a number of quotable sayings in the scenes in which the adapter has settled down to his hardest work.

"You used always to be laughing, and you are so serious nowadays," mourns one of Erika's admirers. "Yes," she replies, "I was always laughing but I never smiled." Her answer recalls the striking symbolism of Poe's line:

While, like a rapid, ghastly river,  
Through the pale door  
A hideous throng rush out forever,  
And laugh—but smile no more.

Erika becomes Zaza-like in her desperate reproaches and recriminations, and the emotional star, equipped with all the resources of her experience in this special line of acting, carries her audiences triumphantly with her.

A notable meritorious feature of her work lies in her differentiation of the characters of the two women. With Colinette we feel a sense of physical oppression in seeing the suffering of the gentle little ouvrière, who harassed by over-work, never knew the sensation of being allowed to sleep late enough.

In Erika we feel the abounding vitality of a strong nature that must dominate and prevail in whatever sphere Providence cast it, or in whatever emotion ruled it.

I have always firmly believed in sad endings when they seemed logical and inevitable. In "The Transformation," the author knew what he was about when, through the effects of a bullet in the duel, he blinded Philippe's eyes, so that he no longer could see Erika's physical beauty, and learned to love her for her soul. But I think that all the young girls, the middle-aged girls, and the old girls, alike felt a sense of rebellion when Philippe's sight was not restored. In "Jane Eyre" for instance, Charlotte Brontë wished her plain heroine's plainness to be forever non-existent to her aristocratic lover. But Erika was

beautiful, and that beauty was never to be seen more by the man she loved. A quite unnecessary ending, I feel convinced.

Mme. Schumann-Heink's charm as a concert-singer will always prevail. She is of a bounteous nature, and, as is generally the case with the extremely generous gives too freely, but wins many hearts in so doing. The programme of her Sunday's concert was too taxing for even her abounding vigor and wonderful voice, although no fatigue showed in it in spite of some evidences of a slight cold, until a break, occurring in the last aria, admonished her listeners that the singer had been too prodigal with her rare gift.

Besides singing several Italian arias, Mme. Schumann-Heink gave the long, heavy aria from the Waltraute scene in Gotterdammerung. She also sang the usual proportion of lieder which her compatriots could scarcely have dispensed with, and a couple of lovely little lullabies with exquisite tenderness and sentiment.

The glorious "Die Allnacht" was gloriously rendered, and as a contrast, when she gave the drinking song from "Lucrezia Borgia" the audience was nearly carried off its feet, so thoroughly did it enter into the buoyancy of her mood.

A group of fine English songs completed her conquest over an audience which was still further subjugated by the charms of her cordial manner. She forgets no part of her audience, including the highest circles in her hearty, wholesome, all-embracing friendliness. And when she found that the downward brim of her hat obscured her view of her hearers, she utterly ignored the sacred claims of millinery and bent it recklessly upward, so that her glance could include every part of the auditorium. In spite of the one spot on the sun, Sunday's concert which was hugely attended was a great success. The programme was a particularly well-chosen one, in that it displayed the great versatility of the world-famous contralto, who has shone both in grand and in comic opera, and the indications are that in spite of the many current theatrical attractions each of Mme. Schumann-Heink's concerts will be attended by thousands.

Lambardi Grand Opera.

Grand opera—real grand opera—is a rarity outside of New York or Chicago, but if the promises that have been made in regard to the Lambardi Grand Opera Company are fulfilled, this city has in store for it a most delightful season of opera by a company that has no equal outside of New York.

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company has toured the United States for many years, visiting this city often in its travels, but Impresario Mario Lambardi promises that this year he will bring the most complete company that he has ever brought here. The Latin constellation travels by special train of fourteen coaches, carrying all scenery, electrical effects, and equipment necessary for the proper presentation of opera that will suit the taste of the most exacting of local music lovers.

Included in the company of one hundred and forty-seven persons is an orchestra of fifty, a chorus of sixty, both far superior to any orchestra or chorus that has ever visited San Francisco with this or any other company in recent years.

Thirty-seven principals will interpret the master works of the world's most famous composers. Mme. Ester Adaberto, dramatic soprano of the Metropolitan Grand Opera Company last season, will head the list of stars, while following close behind will be favorites of London, Paris, Moscow, and other European centres of music who will vie with each other for a place in the hearts of lovers of grand opera—real grand opera.

The engagement opens at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, February 27, and will continue up to and including Sunday night, March 6. There will be three matinees during the engagement. The complete repertory is as follows: Sunday night, February 27, "Madam Butterfly"; Monday, "Giocanda"; Tuesday, "Iris"; Wednesday matinee, "Lucia di Lammermoor"; Wednesday night, "Aida"; Thursday, "Madam Butterfly"; Friday, "Faust"; Saturday matinee, "Iris"; Saturday night, "Il Trovatore"; Sunday matinee, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"; Sunday night, "La Bohème."

The big musical event of the end of the season will be the festival concerts by the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, assisted by four eminent vocal soloists and a great chorus.

George Damerl, who was the Prince of last season's "Merry Widow" cast, comes with the Lehar opera to the Columbia Theatre next month. Mabel Wilber will again be the Sonia of the production.

Among the feminine stars to play engagements at the Columbia Theatre in the near future are Hattie Williams, Margaret Anglin, Maude Adams, and Ethel Barrymore.

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Coming—MYRTLE ELYNN, Pianiste.

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Racing Tuesday, Feb. 22, Washington's Birthday

Six races on each of these days, rain or shine. First race at 1:40 p. m.

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No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.

THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President

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## VANITY FAIR.

The luckless New Theatre in New York continues to receive full measure of criticism, not only from the dramatic but from the social point of view. Such is the usual fate of those who loudly announce their attainment of an ideal. Claiming to be better than other people, it is easy enough to show that they are not nearly so good.

And so we are told from many quarters that the New Theatre is the home of the snob, and that it is indeed designed for his special delectation. Even the wayfaring man can understand that no theatre has been devised that is equally advantageous in all its parts for seeing and hearing. The difference in prices is intended to compensate for these inequalities, and it should be intended to do nothing else. Confined to its legitimate sphere the graded schedule of rates is necessary and laudable, but when it departs from its legitimate sphere and is carefully designed to accentuate a social inferiority it becomes contemptible and detestable. This is what the critics say has been done with the New Theatre. The gallery is reached only by a narrow, dark back stairway, not because such a stairway is needed by the architecture of the place, but because it is desired carefully to keep out of sight and hearing those who do not happen to have very much money. And this is the theatre loudly advertised as the ideal for all theatres.

Are there then no elevators? We seem to have heard a lot about them in the preliminary announcements. Certainly there are elevators, but they are reserved for the use of those who have the least to elevate. Patrons of the gallery must not enter them, although these are just the ones who need them most. Imagine an office building of ten stories with an elevator whose use is forbidden to the ninth and tenth story tenants and for no other reason than to emphasize the fact that they pay lower rents. There you have the situation in the "ideal theatre." At the Grand Opera House in Paris every one uses the great central staircase. There is no separation of the sheep and the goats until it becomes geographically necessary. But then, of course, the French are a democratic people.

The only way to overcome this sort of snobbishness—and it is to be found everywhere—is to create a formal aristocracy. Why should not the government bestow a decoration upon all citizens who can prove that their income is over a certain amount? A little piece of ribbon would be quite enough, something that could be tied into the buttonhole after the style of the French Legion of Honor. Those who wore such a distinguishing badge would then be satisfied with a visible indication of their rank, and they would no longer feel compelled to prove their moral superiority by insolence or by a demand to be enclosed in water-tight compartments. Indeed, they would themselves resent such exclusive accommodation as is furnished for their benefit at the New Theatre, for what would be the use of a decoration if only the decorated were there to see it? It would be one of the delights of life to mingle upon all possible occasions with those who were less fortunate and to stalk among them with the air of conscious rectitude and of rewarded merit. Nothing could so effectually lead to a mingling of the classes, or he so welcome an alternative to the exclusiveness that is now the only available mark of social excellence. There could, of course, be a variety of colors in these decorative ribbons, so as to show the various grades of income and, in fact, the plan is capable of much elaboration and is well worthy of attention. There would then be no hack stairs for poor people at the New Theatre, because the very essence of joy would be to display one's decorations to others who had no decorations or who had lesser ones.

There seems to be a good deal of nonsense about the unemployed woman. If she exists at all to any great extent it is because she is unemployable. Women, we are told, go out into the cold and cruel world because they can find no domestic occupation, and yet here is a bold, bad man who writes to a New York journal to complain that he wants a woman and can not get one who will perform the simplest domestic duties of his home.

He has no incumbences, neither a wife to render the lot of her sister woman unendurable, nor children to be a weariness and vexation of spirit. He is one of a family of four adults, and he wants a housekeeper to whom he offers a good home, kind treatment, ample free time, no interference, and twenty-five dollars a month. It seems to be something of a sinecure but his home is still without the feminine touch that he covets.

He gets plenty of answers to his advertisements. Indeed, he has had over seven hundred, but the large majority are impossible. Leaving out of account those who are "obviously undesirable"—and what a wealth of suggestion there is in these two innocent words—there are the women who have from two to four young children that they "must have with them"; there are venerable females

of from sixty to eighty years of age, and there are women who have husbands and who want "joint employment." Now the advertiser does not want children in the house, and it he should feel the need of them he can doubtless get them in the conventional way. He does not want aged women and he has no use for a husband. Evidently none of these applicants will do.

Many of the applicants who seemed to be the least undesirable were tried during the ten months that the search continued. One of them had run away from her husband who sought her sorrowing—and found her. He came with a lawyer who said unpleasant things upon the subject of divorce and correspondents and looked with the cold eye of suspicion upon the employer. Two others stayed out all night upon business of their own, which was no doubt strictly honorable, although nocturnal. Another had a defective appreciation of time, and could not be persuaded that half an hour or so made any difference at breakfast and dinner. Her successor was an incorrigible liar—although a woman—and as she was also a thief she was gathered in by the police. Then came three who were utterly incompetent, and three more folded their tents like the Arahs and silently fled away.

Naturally enough, the correspondent asks where and who are these women of whom we hear so much and who are driven to the factory, the street, and the store because no domestic employment is available. Like Betsy Prig, he "don't believe there ain't no such a person."

The Lords have surely had a strenuous time during the last election in England. It may be that the Englishman dearly loves a lord, and if so he may now add understanding to his affection.

Among the many rays of light that unkindly critics have thrown upon the aristocracy must be remembered a book by S. Baring Gould, who helps us to know who the Lords really are, how they came to be Lords, how long they have been Lords, and what they and their ancestors did to become Lords. The last department needs, of course, some careful handling, as there are some things that must not be talked about too plainly so long as the police are so sensitive about improper literature.

There is no need to go into the question of Mr. Baring Gould's book. Most of it has been said before, and it is fairly well known that if there is actually such a thing as blue blood it is not to the House of Lords that we need go to find it. However ancient a name may be its antiquity by no means implies direct descent on the part of its present holder. Most of the great families have become extinct within comparatively recent times, and after a certain time they have been revived by the simple plan of hestowing the name upon some Tom, Dick, or Harry who happened to have won the royal favor.

The most pointed of the radical attacks has been directed against the nonentities who enjoy not only titles but large pensions because their ancestors performed national services. Mr. W. S. Gilbert is the only one who could adequately explain why the present Lord Nelson should possess either title or fortune, because he is an indirect descendant of the Lord Nelson who fought the battle of Trafalgar. It is a problem that calls for a comic opera and for nothing else. And so we find the situation explained with delicacy and reticence upon a gigantic poster issued by the radicals. It reads as follows:

Horatio Nelson,  
The victor of Trafalgar,  
Had a Brother  
Who had a Nephew.  
Who had a Son  
Who is the present Lord Nelson,  
Who has received £5000 a year for sixty-seven years, which with a moderate interest amounts to £350,000. For what? Because  
He had a Father  
Who had an Uncle,  
Who had a Brother  
Named Horatio Nelson.

All this must be gratifying to the present Lord Nelson, but it helps to show the absurdities involved in an hereditary principle.

No had dancers are to be tolerated at the German court balls. Social aspirants had best look to their steps before seeking the honor of an invitation, for neither rank nor wealth will save them from the humiliation of expulsion if they should show themselves as lacking in grace or ability.

To enforce the new rule the emperor has appointed two young army officers whose dancing is unexcelled. It is the duty of these favored ones to be present at all court balls and to require the withdrawal of any luckless wights whose performance is below the standard. Moreover, they must decide as to whether the floor is too crowded, and in such an event there must be a weeding-out process until comfort is restored. The two officers appointed are Lieutenant Count Vedigo von Wedel and Baron Gishert von Knyphausen, and they will be replaced at intervals by other officers who show themselves to be proficient.

The emperor regards dancing as a military accomplishment, and the officers who show

themselves to be backward in this respect are viewed with disfavor. And quite right, too. The soldier who is not called upon to fight and who can not dance is about as useless a piece of furniture as can well be imagined.

The silk hat is not vanishing rapidly enough to suit the views of certain members of the municipal council of Courteuil, in France, who some time back proposed that a regulation for its abolition should be instituted. The grounds set forth for this measure were that the silk hat constitutes a humiliation for those who can not afford it; that it is worn only by the aristocrats who live by the sweat of the poor; that it is unæsthetic and not a necessary part of man's attire; and that its disappearance would contribute to the establishment of equality among the citizens of the republic. It was suggested that any one wearing the objectionable headgear should be fined five francs for each offense. The silk hat, however, found many supporters on the council, and the measure was thrown out.

A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* says that the quick lunch has been tried in London and it is a failure. But many of us, he says, lunch quickly, and he tells us how he himself went into the oyster shop for his half dozen, and felt his elbow pinched. Turning, he saw the friend who knew. "Three natives," he said, "and a glass of chahlis." "Is that all you have for lunch?" was the immediate question.

"That's only the beginning," he explained, and as they stood elbow to elbow at an oyster bar he expounded his method of the itinerary lunch.

It takes him two hours at midday. He begins with three oysters at the bar. Then he walks for half an hour with an objective of the place where kidneys on toast are at their best. Having disposed of these he walks for another half an hour and finds the place where stewed cheese can be relied on. By that time it is three o'clock, and he walks home and begins work again, having had his exercise and his lunch and his digestive interval. Also he has seen a hit of London, which is useful to a delineator of life. The itinerary lunch may be recommended to a man of inquiring mind and sedentary habit.

The Egyptian helle of 5000 B. C. was no less extravagant in the matter of toilet requisites than the beauty of today. She required, among other things, a long stone palette, with a hollow in the centre, in which to mix her green eye paint. This palette also held a small, delicate sea shell, wherein she mixed the paint with the necessary grease for stiffening her eyelashes; ivory hairpins, which rivaled in length the hatpin of the present day, and quaint ivory combs.

It is stated as an article of belief by a recent humanitarian that all birds except parrots go to heaven.

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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

Andrew Carnegie was on board a ferryboat at Norfolk on the day the President visited that port. Something went wrong with the compass. The captain appealed to the mate. The mate examined the compass, and said: "I guess it must be attracted by that steel magnet over there."

Mr. Kajones, who happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee. "Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, is it? Or is it a limited partnership?" "Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly: "George is my holding company—that's all."

Recently a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background, she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners: "This is Whistler's Mother."

Dr. David Starr Jordan, discussing at a dinner in Washington certain rulings of the International Fisheries Commission, said: "The fish there get no chance. They have as hard a time of it as the whites in the interior of China. A Chinese druggist said to his clerk: 'Didn't I see a foreign devil come out of here as I came down the street?' 'Yes, sir,' the clerk answered. 'He wanted a permanent cure for headache and I sold him a bottle of rat poison.'"

A certain local candidate was addressing a small bunch of farmers at a district school house in the western part of Columbia County a week or so ago. While he was in the midst of telling them how had he wanted the office, a tall, hungry-looking fellow rose up in the back of the house and said: "If you git elected I'll move." "All you'll have to do," returned the quick-witted candidate, "is to throw a gourdful of water on the fire and call your dog."

A friend met a cheerful Irish citizen who had plainly suffered some hard knocks. "Well, Pat, how are you getting along now?" he inquired. "Oh, Oi'm hard up yet, but Oi have a fine joh in Honolulu, and fare paid. Oi sail tomorrow." "Sure man, you'll never be able to work there. The temperature is 100 in the shade." Pat had endured too much cheerfulness to be discouraged. "Well," he replied hopefully, "Oi'll not be wurrkin' in th' shade all th' toime."

The ledger's pet aversion was cats, and he cherished a special grudge against a feline which sometimes shared his meals without his consent. Just as he was preparing for bed he caught sight of a suspicious hump under his counterpane. "The brute!" he muttered, and his eyes glared murder as he reached for one of the ten-pound dumbbells with which he was wont to toy each morning. Stealthily he approached the bed. Then, thud! And one of the items on his next week's bill was: "To ne hot-water hottle, \$1.25."

One of the new women visited a Boston fortune teller. "Lady," said the fortune teller, huffling the cards, "the fate decrees that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm." "Will he be young?" "Yes; young and rich." The visitor in her excitement latched the seer's arm. "But how," she cried eagerly, "how am I to get rid of my present husband?"

Last summer Louise Closser Hale, author and actress, and Dorothy Donnelly a sister professional went to Europe. On the way across the Atlantic, Mrs. Hale inspired the admiration of a handsome boat flirt, whose attentions she evaded until one sunny morning encountered her in enraptured contemplation of the summer sea as she leaned over the rail. He approached, and in propitiatory tones inquired, "What, may I ask, makes you so happy today?" And Miss Donnelly from her deck chair saw Mrs. Hale look up at him with a beatific smile and say, "Because I don't love you!"

It was a picnic party of genuine city-dwellers out for "a day with nature," that finally went into camp on the banks of a pretty stream and spread their lunch. They were settling themselves when one of the girls, with a little scream pointed to a small, green thing that had climbed from the water and was regarding them solemnly. "Oh, what is it? Will it bite?" was demanded in a minnie chorus, as skirts were hastily gathered up. One of the young men approached the strange animal and cautiously poked at it with his cane. "Oh, I say, you know!" he ex-

claimed, his face lighting up. "You know, I really and truly believe that this is one of those things they get frogs' legs from, hy love, I do!"

The Rev. Stanford Culver Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, is relating a street-car incident which concerns a conductor, an Irishman, and an Italian. Each had given a dime to the fare-taker, but had received no change. "I wanta da nick," complained the Neapolitan. "You've got your nick. No more nicks for you. See?" And the conductor moved to the rear platform. The Italian sat meekly in silence, but the Irishman employed different tactics. He went to the doorway. "Gimme five cints change," said he to the conductor. "You've got all the change you're going to get," was the retort. "See here," exclaimed the Irishman, "you may play that chune on a hand organ, but you can't do it on a harp. Gimme five cints." And he got it.

Richard Harding Davis recently ridiculed the pretensions of certain snobbish American families to be descended from Charlemagne, William the Conqueror, Richard Coeur de Lion, and so forth. "You see," said Mr. Davis, "proofs of such descent are very easily obtained. A herald, suitably remunerated, will trace a man back to the pre-Adamic kings, just leaving a slight gap to indicate, you know, the flood. Once a millionaire trust president went to a herald for a coat of arms. He knew none of his ancestors, nor had he any means of tracing them. 'Oh, we'll arrive at something yet,' the undiscouraged herald said. 'Tell me, now, if you have ever performed any signal or heroic feat on your own account?' 'Well,' said the millionaire, 'I was once in jail and I escaped by sawing the bars of a fourth-story window.' 'And how did you get down from that great height?' the herald asked. 'Well, there was a lofty statue of George Washington in front of the window and I tied a rope to that and slid down.' 'Good!' cried the herald. 'Lineally descended from George Washington! We'll give you Washington's arms, of course.'"

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

Alphabetical.

A capital golfer was G.  
He drove from a capital T.  
And the words be let fall  
When addressing the ball,  
All began with a capital D!

—Life.

**The New College Game.**

When other arms and other legs  
The game of football play;  
And fair co-eds and wispy segs  
Commingle in the fray,  
There may perchance in bleachers rise  
The voice of some old frat,  
To say with sorrow and surprise,  
"And so, it's come to that!"

—Chicago Tribune.

**The One Deficiency.**

Matilda's joined a cooking class.  
At morning I awake  
To find a fringe of herbs and grass  
Around my bit of steak.  
At dinner decorations strange  
Are floating in the soup,  
And there are forks and spoons that range  
Just like a warrior troop.

And there are ruffles on the chop,  
And lemons everywhere;  
I know not where the craze will stop.  
In fact, I should not care,  
If all the viands thus arrayed  
With daintiness complete  
Could some time and somehow be made  
More possible to eat.

—St. Louis Republic.

**In Escrow,**

"I inherited my father's brains,  
Otherwise I am completely bust,"  
But he turned quite red when the lady said:  
"Who's holding your inheritance in trust?"

—Town Topics.

**Rally 'round the Flag.**

Hurrah! hurrah! We bring the jubilee!  
Hurrah! hurrah! No dollar meat for me!  
We will dine on vegetables from Denver to the sea,  
While we are hursting the beef trust!

—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, at a luncheon in New York, said with good-humored mockery of the suffragettes: "If they keep on their outlook, really, will become as naively selfish as Mrs. Dash's. Mr. Dash, as his young wife posed before the mirror in a décolleté gown from the dearest shop in the Rue de la Paix—Mr. Dash, regarding the pretty little lady indulgently, said with a sigh: 'You do look nice in that frock, dear, but it cost me a heap of money.' She flung her white arms around his neck. 'You dear old boy,' she cried, 'what do I care for money when it's a question of pleasing you.'"

—Chicago Daily News.

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## PERSONAL.

### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

"The quiet of Lent," that familiar quotation so frequently heard before the forty days begin, often proves only relative. Although Lent was looked forward to by the society weary, the enthusiastic have been regretting the brevity of the winter season, and planning informal affairs that may be a contrast in numbers and brilliancy, but perhaps greater in real enjoyment. And so this week, though noticeably different from last with its balls, dinner dances, carnival spirit, and the general whirl of gaiety, has been full in its way of social attractions. The event of the week was the arrival of the Pacific fleet, and the dance given in their honor by the officers of the Army and Navy Club, in their California Street club house, on Tuesday evening, February 15. The little coteries of friends gathered together at the tea tables of the different hotels has been one of the pleasant late afternoon diversions, with just enough bint of bustle and interest, in the people about, to stimulate the imagination. With luncheons and dinners, polo at Burlingame, plans for house parties out of town, and trips to Southern California, Hawaii, or abroad, the date-book of society can scarce turn a blank page.

Among the teas given at the different hotels in an informal way was one given at the Palace by Mrs. Charles Holbrook in honor of Mrs. Orton.

Mrs. Ella Hotelling was hostess at a small tea at the St. Francis. Other hostesses of small teas at the different hotels have been Mrs. Wendell Hammon, Miss Isabel Frazer, Mrs. Stanley Fay, and Mrs. Gordon Blanding.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally was host at a dinner and theatre party Friday evening, February 17, given in honor of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham. Among Mr. Mullally's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Martha Calhoun, Mr. Arthur Cheesbrough, Mr. Richard Hotelling, and Mr. Robert Gayley.

Mrs. Thomas H. Barry and her daughter, Miss Ellen Barry, held the second of the series of "at homes" for the month of February on Friday afternoon, the eleventh.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner Monday evening, February 14, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin.

Mr. Ivan S. Pillsbury was host at a luncheon on Sunday, February 6, in honor of General Charles Taylor of Boston. Those invited to meet General Taylor were Judge Hunt, Judge Henshaw, Judge Van Fleet, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. Frederick Van Sicklen, and Mr. W. Mayo Newhall.

Mr. Isaac Upham, who sails for the Orient on February 15, was the complimented guest at a dinner given at the Sequoia Club last Saturday evening.

General and Mrs. Thomas H. Barry entertained at a dinner Thursday evening, February 10, at Fort

Mason, in honor of Miss Phelan. Their guests were Colonel and Mrs. Findley, Major and Mrs. Day, Miss Phelan and Mr. James D. Phelan, and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Wallack.

Among the weekend hostesses were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hooker, and Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard. Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson was hostess at a luncheon given at the Francesca Club in honor of Mrs. Harold Sewall, on Tuesday, February 8. Another luncheon at the Francesca Club in honor of Mrs. Sewall was given by Mrs. George Lent. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering gave an evening bridge party, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Warren Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beaver, and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chipman gave a luncheon at the Richeieu on Monday, after luncheon the guests playing bridge. Among those invited were Mrs. Laurence Draper, Mrs. Stanley Stillman, Mrs. Alfred Spaulding, Mrs. Wyatt Allen, Mrs. Leonard Cheney, Mrs. Danforth Boardman, Mrs. Willard Weyman, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Charles H. Harley, and Miss May Colburn.

Mr. and Mrs. Francis J. Carolan gave a dinner in their country home to Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Mrs. Fritz Van Sicklen gave a Valentine tea on Monday, February 14, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Green of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller had a dinner at the Cliff House, Saturday evening.

On Thursday afternoon, February 10, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin gave a tea in honor of Mrs. Norman Livermore.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight's dinner on Tuesday evening, February 15, preceded an evening at the concert given by the St. Francis Musical Art Society. Among other dinners of the week were those given by Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, and Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury.

The Misses Collier gave a bridge party Saturday afternoon in honor of Miss Lalla Wenzelherger and Miss von Schroeder.

Miss Ellen Barry gave a bridge party at the Town and Country Club, Tuesday, February 15. Another bridge party was that of the Misses Callahan given in honor of the Misses Sutherland.

A dinner on board the *Pensacola* on Monday, the tenth, was given by Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. A. A. Pratt for Admiral and Mrs. John B. Milton. The guests included Admiral and Mrs. Milton, Captain and Mrs. Bradman, Surgeon and Mrs. McCullough, Lieutenant and Mrs. Kurtz, Paymaster and Mrs. Walter Greer, Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur Owens, and Chaplain and Mrs. E. W. Scott.

Mrs. James Carolan gave a bridge party on Monday afternoon for the coterie of card-playing matrons, who meet each week in the home of some one of the members.

Among the hostesses at the valentine teas on February 14 were Mrs. Stephen Sill of Berkeley, who entertained her friends at the St. Francis, and Mrs. Nathaniel Phister, who entertained in honor of Miss Ellen Barry and Miss von Schroeder, at the Presidio.

Mrs. Fred Pierson gave a luncheon at the Fillcrest, Monday, February 14, in honor of Miss Lalla Wenzelherger.

Miss Ruth and Miss Dorothy Boericke gave a luncheon to Miss Agnes Tillman on Tuesday, the fifteenth.

On February 11 Mr. Ralston White entertained Mrs. William Boericke, Misses Ruth and Dorothy Boericke, and Mr. William Falley at dinner at the Tavern of Tamalpais.

Mr. H. C. Callahan and Miss Lillie Callahan entertained at their residence, 2006 Washington Street a party of eighty at bridge, Tuesday evening, in honor of their guests, the Misses Sutherland, who are visiting this city on their way to Australia.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Wright, who have been in Europe for the past three years, are expected in San Francisco early in March.

Mr. Louis Sloss is planning a trip to Europe and expects to leave here, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dimond, the first week in March.

Miss Eugenia Peyton expects to sail for Europe in June, and will spend two years traveling.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mrs. Isobel Strong have been spending a few days in San Francisco. Mrs. Strong is planning a visit to her son, Mr. Austin Strong, in New York.

Mrs. Fred Knight and her daughter, Miss Thelma Parker, left for Honolulu last week. They expect to be away several months and will spend most of the time on the Parker ranch on the island of Hawaii.

Mrs. Frank Baldwin sailed last week for Honolulu.

Mrs. William Matson, with her daughter, Miss Lurline Matson, sailed for Honolulu on the *Wihelmina*, the new ship of the Matson line, on her first trip to the islands. Miss Susie McNab, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Oland, and Mr. Henry St. Goar also sailed on the *Wihelmina*.

Miss Vera de Sabla, after a trip to Victoria, where she is going to visit Miss Dunsmuir, is going to sail for Europe with her parents. They expect to spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. William Miller Graham is in San Francisco for a visit and is stopping at the Fairmont. Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have arrived in New York from a trip in Europe, and will shortly arrive in San Francisco.

Colonel Sam Parker has returned from a trip to Washington, and has been staying at the Stewart Hotel. He is going to Paso Robles for a few weeks, and expects to sail for his home in Honolulu in April.

Miss Natalie Hunt and Miss Marion Marvin have returned from a visit to the south, where they were visiting Mrs. J. B. Wilshire in Santa Barbara.

Among those planning to spend the Lenten season out of town and expecting to go to the Potter

in Santa Barbara are Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, the Misses Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Mr. J. D. Peters, Miss Anne Peters, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Barron, the Misses Barron, Mr. Ward Barron, and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla.

Mr. Frank Brown has returned from a trip to the Eastern States, and is again occupying his apartments at the Hotel St. Francis.

Baroness von Schroeder is in town for a short visit. The Misses von Schroeder are at their home in San Luis Obispo, and are expected here in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin have arrived from the East, with their little son, and are the guests of Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Flora McKee of Sacramento is visiting Colonel and Mrs. George Pippy at their residence in San Mateo.

Mr. C. T. Crocker, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mr. Harry Simpkins, and Mr. Duane Hopkins left here on Saturday, February 12, for a trip through Mexico. They expect to be away about three weeks.

Miss Eleanor Sears of Boston has arrived from the East, and during her stay will be the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan at their Burlingame home.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe and her daughter, Miss Marguerite Doe, expect to spend the summer in Santa Barbara, where they have rented the home of Mrs. Harriet Miller.

Commander and Mrs. Victor H. Blue, who have been staying in San Francisco for about a month, expect to go to Mare Island on the fifteenth. Commander Blue is awaiting the arrival of the *Yorktown*, of which ship he is to take command. As the *Yorktown* is to remain at Mare Island for repairs, Commander and Mrs. Blue expect to be at Mare Island for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Preston have taken a house on Divisadero Street.

Mrs. Dean and Miss Marie Rose Dean expect to spend the greater part of the Lenten season in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell have returned from an Eastern trip, and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Eddy will soon leave California and start for Paris, their future home.

Miss Phelan and Mr. James D. Phelan left this week for the Mediterranean trip.

Mrs. Harriet P. Miller and her son are going to Europe in March.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and her daughters expect to go to New York for a visit in the near future.

Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Miss Helen Dean are in New York, at the Waldorf-Astoria, with no date set as yet for their home coming.

Mrs. George Sperry and Miss Enid Gregg are also in New York.

Mrs. John McMullen and her granddaughters, Miss Eliza McMullen and Miss Anna Weller, are going to Santa Barbara in March.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon are expected here from Europe about the beginning of April, and will spend the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and her daughter, Mrs. Leahy, have returned from the East and are in Mrs. Harrington's house on California Street. Captain Leahy arrived here with the fleet.

Mrs. Charles A. Noble of Berkeley, accompanied by her little son, has taken apartments at Del Monte for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Beaver and their daughter, Miss Marian Beaver, went down to Del Monte for the week-end from San Francisco.

Among the San Francisco registrations at Hotel del Coronado, are Mrs. B. H. Pratt, Mr. F. A. Long, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gilbert, Mr. Sumner Hardy, Mr. M. E. McLoughlin, Mrs. W. J. Hotchkiss, Miss Hazel Hotchkiss, Mr. Charles E. Wilson, Mr. C. F. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Baldwin, Mr. John W. McCarthy Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Royal D. Hawley, Mr. Leo Alexander.

Among the guests who spent the week-end at the Tavern of Tamalpais were Mr. and Mrs. O. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. James K. Lynch, Mr. Ralph B. Sinclair, Mrs. S. Alice Morgan and daughters, Miss L. May Baker, Mr. A. J. Brandenstein, Mr. Robert Capell and family, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Murphy, Miss L. E. Callahan, and the Misses Sutherland.

The following are among the numerous San Francisco registrations at Hotel del Monte: Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Lynch, Miss E. C. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Horace King, Miss A. E. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Schaffer, Miss Bertha Schaffer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Eddy, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Pease, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mr. W. J. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Beaver, Miss Marian Beaver, Mr. W. Henry Reese, Mrs. J. M. Gleason, Mrs. Emma D. Rice, Miss Gertrude Brooks, Mrs. C. V. Misserole, Miss S. L. Misserole, Mrs. J. V. Misserole, Mr. J. Myron Leavitt, Mr. Horace G. Platt.

The California Society of the Sons of the American Revolution will give a dinner on the evening of George Washington's birthday (February 22), at the St. Francis, in commemoration of the one hundred and seventy-eighth anniversary of George Washington's birthday. The various chapters of the Daughters of the Revolution are to join with them. Governor Gillett will deliver the address.

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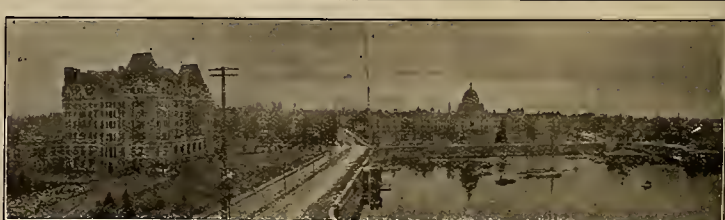
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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Florence Roberts has been creating something of a furor at the Novelty Theatre with her work in Rupert Hughes's drama, "The Transformation." Miss Roberts has returned matured in her art, and holding place among the foremost actresses of the American stage. In "The Transformation" she has been packing the houses during its two weeks run.

The play will be withdrawn with Sunday night's performance, and on next Monday evening, February 21, Miss Roberts will be seen in "Gloria," a new and successful comedy by James Bernard Fagan. The versatility of the star is well known, and her work in comedy rôles is equally as fine as in emotional ones. "Gloria" is a comedy of the romantic type, with the scenes laid in Italy, in the sixteenth century. Miss Roberts appears as Gloria Capponi, who, being both beautiful and rich, is sought after by many admirers. She is, however, to be fettered by love. Three wooers are particularly persistent: Sir Phillip Lilley, an Englishman; Captain Banzone, a burly captain of the guard; and a oppish bard. The action of the comedy centres around Gloria's efforts to get rid of her assorted suitors by making them ridiculous. All sorts of ingenious and deliciously humorous incidents develop in the plot of the piece.

"Gloria" ought to prove a delightful vehicle for Miss Roberts, and her many admirers will have the opportunity of seeing her in a rôle totally unlike any she has appeared in in the West. The Messrs. Shubert have given to the play a most lavish production in every detail. The capable supporting company, including White Whittlesey and Maude Ranger, will be excellently cast.

The last performances of Owen Wister's "The Virginian" will be given at the Savoy theatre, Saturday afternoon and evening, and the Sunday matinee, "The Right of Way," with the original Klaw & Erlanger production, will begin an engagement limited to one week, with a special matinee Tuesday (Washington's birthday).

So many dramatized novels have fallen by the wayside in recent years that the success of "The Right of Way" is gratifying, the more so because Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, on which Eugene W. Preshey made the play, is an uncommonly fine one. The best points in this story, of the redemption of a wasted life by an act of self-renunciation, with the ro standing in the predicament of love and pinness on one side and honor and responsibility on the other, have been well brought out by Mr. Preshey. P. Aug. Anderson, one of the best of so-called "character actors," plays a Portuguese notably well. In both dialect and make-up he is an ideal riverman. As for e Charley Steele of Hallett Thompson, it is the best of this San Francisco favorite's stage portraits. He makes Steele's regeneration and ultimate return to a consciousness of his past life, as well as his heroic self-sacrifice, really impressive. The company, which includes Arleen Hackett, is an unusually good one, and the pictorial side of the production is beautiful. The scenes being Steel's den, the te Dorian, the hut on the mountain, and the ry picturesque Valley of Cooling Springs. e usual matinees, in addition to the one on Washington's birthday, will be given on Thursday and Saturday.

The new musical fun-maker, "McIntyre and ath in Hayti," which has become known as w & Erlanger's laughing trust, will be n at the Van Ness Theatre beginning Monday night for two weeks with a special matinee Washington's birthday and regular matinees Saturday only. The story concerns two icking negroes, who, by force of circum- nces become involved in a financier's plot control the markets of Hayti and the result- rocket-like revolution, and is one that lends ff well to the comic personalities of Mc- yre and Heath, and around their vivid pic- es of the easy, credulous nature of one of e darkies, and the contrasting swaggering lster of the other, John J. McNally has in- woven the action of a dual love story and randed theatrical company caught in the s of a revolution with cheering results.

Basically, the piece is praised for the many rbers are said to have the appeal of a rthm which is highly effective in the voices e sprightly chorus. The company is unusu- e large, and includes many stage enter- ers of importance, among them being Ju- Rose, fresh from his European vaude- e triumphs; Marion Stanley, formerly na donna with the Rogers Brothers; Jane Fby, as an inimitable "yaller gal"; Carrie Folds, remembered for her dancing; Al- l Fisher, Otto Johnson, Fletcher Norton, a H. Pratt, and Flora Croshie.

onight and tomorrow night will be the well performances of Blanche Walsh in e highly successful drama, "The Test."

be third and last week of the Mantell seat- at the Columbia Theatre will be inaugu- ed on Monday night, February 21, and the uring six nights and two matinees will e series of magnificent productions. Man- in the rôle of Shylock, and Marie Booth

Russell as Portia, will make their appearance in "The Merchant of Venice" on Monday night. On Tuesday night "Romeo and Juliet" will be played for the last time. Mantell's superb interpretation of Richelieu in the romantic drama of the same name will be the offering at the matinee on Wednesday. On Wednesday night "Macbeth" will be staged for the last time, and the actor's famous triumph, "King Lear," will crowd the house on Thursday. The bill for Friday night is to be "As You Like It," and at the matinee on Saturday "Lear" will be seen for the last time. "Louis XI" is announced as the farewell bill on Saturday night.

The Orpheum programme for next week will possess two headliners, Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge," and Fred Lindsay, the Australian Bushman and stock-whip expert. Mr. Kelly, in the opinion of many, is the most entertaining monologist on the vaudeville stage; certainly he is the most original. His success in London entirely eclipsed that of any other American comedian, and he refused an offer of two consecutive years' engagement there in order to return to his native land and play the Orpheum Circuit, after which he departs for the Antipodes. His performance is a review of a day's doings in a courthouse in the South, presided over by a characteristic Virginia judge. When Fred Lindsay came to this country last year under Martin Beck's direction he was quite unknown, except in certain circles of sporting men and big game hunters. He had not appeared more than half a dozen times, however, before the vaudeville world realized that the man from Australia was a startling novelty. He astonished the audiences with the marvelous feats he performed with the thirty-foot whip, with two-foot stock, such as is used by Australian Bushmen. This whip, cracked at full length, reaches nearly across the stage. Cracking it with the noise of a rapid-fire Winchester, this powerful athlete controls the lash at his will, cutting a candle in two within an inch of a mark, and otherwise demonstrating it to be the deadliest kind of a weapon possible. He also shows how harmless it is in the hands of an expert by tying the strand around a woman's neck or arm without harming her. Charles W. Bowser, Edith Hinkle, and their company will appear in a modern one-act play called "Superstition," which the Eastern theatrical critics consider one of the best sketches ever produced in vaudeville. It is a story of political intrigue, in which satire, repartee, and intense incidents are liberally availed of. Reed Brothers, unique gymnasts, who excel in feats of strength, which they manage to intersperse with touches of comedy, will be included in the coming attractions.

Next week will be the last of Thorne and Carleton, who will appear in a new skit called "American Justice." It will also conclude the engagement of La Veen-Cross and Company, Emma Francis and her Arabian boys, and Bert Leslie in his slang classic, "Hogan in Society."

Never before has a grand opera organization arranged so great a repertory for this city as has the Lamhardi Grand Opera Company for the evening and three matinee performances of its forthcoming engagement at the Columbia Theatre. The company, larger than ever before, and numbering one hundred and forty-seven people, will make its appearance, commencing Sunday night, February 27, in "Madam Butterfly," which is to be repeated on Thursday night. The bill for Monday night is "Giacinta," and on Tuesday evening, March 1, San Francisco will hear for the first time Mascagni's beautiful Japanese opera, "Iris." "Lucia" will be sung at the matinee on Wednesday, and on Wednesday night a great cast will be heard in a spectacular production of "Aida." "Faust" is announced for Friday night, and "Iris" will be repeated at the matinee on Saturday. On the evening of that day "Il Trovatore" will be sung. The Sunday matinee will be devoted to the double bill of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci." "La Bohème" will be heard on Sunday night.

"The Spoilers," a dramatization of Rex Beach's famous story of Alaskan life, will follow "The Right of Way" at the Savoy Theatre.

It is claimed that the strongest dramatic cast that has ever supported a star has been engaged to surround Robert Edeson in his new play, "A Man's a Man," which soon comes to the Van Ness Theatre.

Charles Frohman has arranged to send Otis Skinner direct from New York City to San Francisco with his latest success, "Your Humble Servant," the Booth Tarkington-Harry Leon Wilson play now running at the Garrick Theatre in the metropolis.

Edward German, the English composer who has furnished the score for Sir William Gilbert's latest comic opera, has had musical surroundings from his boyhood. His father was a church organist, and the boy early acquired a reputation as an amateur musician, and later appeared as a violinist.

Schumann-Heink's Farewell Concert.

Mme. Schumann-Heink will give her farewell concert Sunday afternoon, February 20, at Dreamland Rink. On this occasion the great artist will again give a colossal programme, such as no other singer attempts. Four operatic arias will be included in the opening group. These are from "Mitrane," by the old Italian master, Rossi; "Sapho," by Gounod; "Mignon," Ambroise Thomas; and, by request, a repetition of "Samson and Delilah." A group of interesting songs to follow will consist of "Ich Liebe Dich" and "Neue Liebe, Neues Leben," by Beethoven, and three Schubert gems, including "The Young Nun" and "Wohin." The remainder of the offering will consist of a dozen works of importance, and among them will be six Hungarian gypsy songs by Brahms.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s until Saturday evening, and on Sunday the box-office will open at Dreamland Rink at 9:30. There will be room for a thousand people in the big balcony, at one dollar a seat.

The Manager and Shakespeare.

The English weekly called *Tit-Bits* prints a skit purporting to represent a scene in the office of a theatrical manager and a visit from Shakespeare, were he now living. The scene opens with the manager seated at his desk, and Shakespeare, a nervous young man, standing at the door in an apologetic attitude, with his hat in his hand.

MANAGER [opening and reading letters and speaking without turning around]—Well, my boy, what is it? I've only a minute to spare.

SHAKESPEARE [nervously twisting his hat the while]—Er—er, 'bout that play of mine, Left it with you 'bout a week ago. Said you'd glance it over, you know—er—

MANAGER—Yes; very pretty thing; nothing much in it, though; undramatic, hardly the thing to suit us.

SHAKESPEARE [after a pause, speaking with a slight tremor in his voice and smoothing his hat abstractedly, but with great care]—I—I rather thought it would have suited you. I thought it—it—you know—strong, you know, in the play scene and at the grave; and Hamlet, I thought, would have been a good part for you. Just suited your style. A good opportunity for pathos—

MANAGER—Oh, no; nothing in the part at all; and the speeches are too long altogether and rambling. We want smartness, you know, my boy, in a play, everything brisk and quick. All those long winded soliloquies, they'd kill any play.

SHAKESPEARE—I meant them as typical of the character. You see, he's a very thoughtful, moody man, and all that, and—and—they seemed to me to be—to be what a dreamy, deep thinking, suffering man would say to himself when his brain was racked—

MANAGER [interrupting]—Yes; well, I read it carefully through and I didn't like it. The ghost business isn't had. If you take my advice—I'm an older man than you—you'd cut out all those long speeches and work in a detective. Something might be done with it then, perhaps, in the provinces.

SHAKESPEARE [eagerly]—Would you take it then?

MANAGER—No. I couldn't. I merely threw out the idea to you, as I know something about those things.

SHAKESPEARE—Then it's no good, of course, my leaving it with you any longer. [Taking it from the table and looking sadly at it.]

MANAGER—None, whatever, my boy.

SHAKESPEARE—Well, thank you very much for having read it, sir. Good-morning. Manager, absorbed in his letters, makes no response and Mr. Shakespeare, taking up his hat and trying to fix his manuscript under his coat so that it won't be seen, goes out, closing the door softly behind him.

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- ☞ We are trying all the time to make it smaller.
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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Stella—Two is company and three is—  
Bella—Divorce.—The Sun.

She—Isadora Duncan dances with her whole  
soul. He—Yes, that's about all.—Hiscocks  
Sphinx.

She—History repeats itself, you know.  
He—Not always. You never heard of a man  
eloping more than once, did you?—Yonkers  
Statesman.

Madge—How do you know she thinks she's  
pretty? Marjorie—She is always suggesting  
to the girls that they have their pictures taken  
in a group.—Puck.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah; I've  
been elected. Sarah (with delight)—Honest-  
ly? Politician—What difference does that  
make?—St. Louis Times.

"They are going to lock Jones up for the  
good of the community." "What's he done?"  
"He's talking of setting Browning's poems to  
Richard Strauss's music."—Cleveland Leader.

"Why," asked a Missouri newspaper, "does  
our State stand at the head in raising mules?"  
"Because," said an Iowa paper, "that is the  
only safe place to stand."—Jack O'Lantern.

The Father—Did mamma punish you today,  
Tommy? The Boy—Yes, sir. What did she do  
do?" "Made me stay in the house while she  
was taking her singing lesson!"—Yonkers  
Statesman.

"I believe I'll write a magazine article  
about Tibet." "Why, you've never been to  
Tibet!" "So much the better. I'm not preju-  
diced either for or against Tibet."—Birming-  
ham Age-Herald.

Motorist—As it is my fault that you were  
upset, I will make good your damage at once.  
How much do you want? Victim—How much  
does the gracious gentleman usually pay?—  
Fliegende Blätter.

"What happened in your flat last night?  
Have a prize-fight?" "Certainly not!" "But  
I heard subdued yells. What was pulled off?"  
"A porous plaster, if you must know."—  
Washington Herald.

"But why do you put your friend's things  
in the dining room?" "Oh, he is so used  
to restaurants that he won't enjoy his dinner  
unless he can watch his hat and coat."—  
Louisville Courier-Journal.

Postoffice Clerk—You've put two penny  
stamps on your letter. The postage is only  
one penny. Old Irishman—Sure, niver mind,  
My son's in the postoffice, so it'll all help  
towards his wages.—Tit-Bits.

Hubby—I'm really quite proud of you.  
You've actually saved some money out of  
your allowance. Wife—Yes. It was so  
simple! I wish I had thought before to have  
things charged.—Chicago Daily News.

Grocer—Well, Mr. Dorkins, how are you  
feeling over this idea of boycotting all meat  
products? Customer—Perfectly reckless.  
Briggs; perfectly reckless. Give me four  
pounds of dried codfish.—Chicago Tribune.

Landlady (to lodger)—Are you in the bath,  
sir? Voice (between the splashes)—Yes.  
What do you want? Landlady—I forgot to  
tell you I had it fresh painted inside last  
night, sir, and it won't be dry for two or  
three days.—Punch.

"Well, here I am," announced the fashion-  
able physician in his breezy way. "And now  
what do you think is the matter with you?"  
"Doctor, I hardly know," murmured the  
fashionable patient. "What is new?"—  
Louisville Courier-Journal.

Seymour—Why did you leave Flannigan's  
boarding house? Ashley—There was too  
much sleight-of-hand work going on. Sey-  
mour—Sleight-of-hand work? Ashley—Yes;  
Mrs. Flannigan got the coffee and the tea  
from the same pot.—Chicago News.

Young Wife—Yes, dearest. I'm going to  
favor you at dinner to-night with a new cake  
that I invented all by myself. Young Hus-  
band (gloomily)—Say, I guess this will be a  
good night for me to bring Jim Taggart home  
to dinner. I don't like Jim.—Cleveland Plain  
Dealer.

The Lady with the Feather: "No, I said,  
this is too much. I've allowed you to buy  
me flowers and chocolates and to take me to  
theaters and dinners; I've even granted you  
the liberty of hiring a motor for me—and this,  
I said, is all the thanks I get—you try to kiss  
me."—The Sketch.

Clara Klinger—Wouldn't it be just too  
lovely, Harold, if we could take our wedding  
trip in an automobile? Harold Sparkler—We  
can, dearest. Clara Klinger (doubtingly)—  
But, sweetheart, can we afford it? Harold  
Sparkler—Yes, Clara; we can afford it if we  
go in a very modest way. Clara Klinger—  
What do you mean by that, dear? Harold  
Sparkler—I mean if we go half way round  
the block in a taxicab, Clara.—Chicago Daily  
News.



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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The August Primary.

Although the primary is not to be held until August the field is already full of candidates, and this is by no means a wholesome change from the time when a period of sixty days was considered full long enough for a State campaign and four months for a national. With the election still six months away, at least one of the candidates has been before us for several weeks, and the various slates are filling up day by day. If this kind of undesirable prematurity should spread to municipal contests, as seems likely enough under the present primary, we shall find that we are never free from election turmoils, while the expense to candidates will be a formidable one.

For the governorship there are now several avowedly Republican candidates in view, with at least one Democrat and doubtless others on the way. In a State so strongly Republican as California there ought to be no doubt of the result, but the recent history of Oregon one shows that the battle is not always to the strong. Oregon also is overwhelmingly Republican, but never-

theless the governorship and two senatorships have gone not to the strong party but to the weak one, and the State today is represented by two Democrats, or a Populist and a Democrat. Where there are many candidates the choice is likely to fall upon one of them on a plurality vote, and then it may be that the candidate of the minority finds himself opposed to the majority. This sort of thing may happen here, as it has happened three times in Oregon, and so we may find a weak Republican pitted against a strong Democrat. California is so distinctly Republican that it belongs to the fitness of things that its higher political life should find a corresponding expression, but if this result is to be attained it is necessary to look warily at the pitfalls in the new law.

### The Ohio Elections.

It is hardly too much to say that the political eye of the country is turned upon the Ohio elections in the search for some indication of a prevailing national tendency. In spite of occasional deviations in which local issues have played their part Ohio has been distinguished for its loyalty to Republican fortunes, and it would indeed be significant if the record of a nearly unwavering loyalty is now to be broken.

Although Ohio has been so steadily Republican, it would be a mistake to attribute this fact to a consistent and whole-hearted approval of Republican policies. Republicanism in Ohio has been something of a tradition rather than a progressive intellectual force. It dates from the time when the Republican party represented the anti-slavery idea, and the fact that it has lingered so far triumphantly testifies rather to the enduring strength of a sentiment than to a persisting sympathy with the later political developments of the party. There seems now some good reasons to believe that recent events have weakened the sentiment of Republican loyalty and that a strongly critical tendency is asserting itself in its place. In other words, Ohio has been Republican in spite of the later party policies, and not because of them.

The tariff must be counted among the factors that have led to this end. A policy of high protection has never commended itself strongly to the Ohio mind, although it has tacitly accepted it as a part of the programme attached to its favorite party. High protection has never been a religion in Ohio as it has elsewhere, and for this reason the general expectation of reduced schedules was entertained with particular strength and the disappointment was correspondingly severe. Mr. Taft weakened himself perceptibly when he accepted the Aldrich tariff as a fulfillment of the party pledges. He weakened himself still more with each renewed defense of the tariff.

Then again the ship subsidy bill has been distinctly "bad politics" from the Ohio point of view. Looking askance upon high protection, resenting deeply the failure to lop off its worst features, the ship subsidy bill seemed to be a deliberate aggravation of the grievance and the creation of a new area of protection. The sea-board ship industry is far removed from the direct scope of State interests and nothing but the most positive demonstration of its value would suffice to overcome the general repugnance to the measure. There has been no such demonstration either in Ohio or elsewhere and it seems likely that the bill will be dropped.

The electoral importance of Ohio dates from that same period immediately following the war that first attached the State so firmly to the Republican party. Ohio became typical of the interior States that set themselves strenuously to the work of reconstruction and that therefore placed domestic development in the front rank of political duties. Her position and her natural importance gave her a certain representative character, a certain leadership in the forces that sought above all things to rebuild and to develop the national resources, and for these and kindred reasons it became

a sort of political fashion to adjust the platforms and policies to the known preferences of Ohio. To be an Ohio man was in itself no mean credential for political preferment, and sometimes it may have been allowed to compensate for a lack of real capacity. Both parties believed that an important factor in success was the choice of an Ohio nominee. For this reason an emphasis was always laid upon the fact that Grant was an Ohio man, although his official connection was with Illinois. Sherman owed some of his popularity to the same accident of birth, and that McKinley owed something to the same cause can hardly be questioned, while we have an Ohio President at the present time.

The forthcoming elections are therefore of special moment, inasmuch as they will be accepted as an indication of a national tendency. The mind of the country has been dominated by the interior States and by Ohio as the most typical among them. The Republican papers of the State show what may be called the insurgent spirit in a marked degree, and it would be futile to deny that it has been aggravated by recent events and by certain undiplomatic utterances of the President, whose innate honesty will not allow of the temporizing wiles that would come easily to a lesser man. It would be foolish to say that Ohio is lost to the Republican party, but it would be equally foolish to deny that the party leaders in the State are looking to the future with apprehension.

### The League Decides.

After a period of breathless uncertainty it is pleasant to be able to record that the Lincoln-Roosevelt Leaguers have at last found a candidate for the governorship. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hiram Johnson will wear his honors diffidently. No one can be better aware that the choice of the reformers has finally centred upon him not so much in recognition of his merits as because every other suggested candidate either refused to stand or was unacceptable to some of the factions and cabals into which the league is divided. In spite of the closed doors and the pledges of secrecy some echoes of domestic strife have reached the startled ears of the community that expected to hear only of lofty ideals and fraternal coöperation. In point of fact the conference chamber of the league seems to have been something of a bear garden.

The momentous choice was made last Saturday after a meeting from which the majority of prominent members absented themselves—no doubt for good and sufficient reasons of their own. But Dr. Pardee is a quorum anywhere, and the ex-governor was present in full force in a "managerial capacity." Discord seems to have been the order of the day until the last moment. One of the college professors made a last despairing stand for Mr. Heney, but he was ultimately suppressed, and then after a lengthy reading of the names of the gentlemen who refused to stand, and of the other gentlemen whom Dr. Pardee does not like, and of the still other gentlemen whom Dr. Rowell does not like, it was found that only Mr. Johnson was left, and so Mr. Johnson was chosen. This summary of the proceedings is necessarily incomplete, but the news agencies have not yet perfected their machinery for reporting political conventions that are held behind closed doors and in pledged secrecy.

The league is of course the best judge of its own affairs, but it would seem that some more hopeful selection than this might have been made and one more likely to commend itself to the community. Mr. Johnson is known as an eminently respectable lawyer, but a reputation that rests exclusively upon a certain skill in prosecuting and defending criminals seems hardly a sufficient qualification for the highest administrative position in the State. It will be remembered that Mr. Johnson's latest achievement was the arrangement by which J. Dalzell Brown, who swindled twelve thousand depositors, was enabled practically to escape the penitentiary.



of his offense. But in the affairs of practical government Mr. Johnson is as entirely a novice as any man in our midst. He has never held an executive post, never mingled in public affairs in any way except in a professional capacity, or shown any fitness for duties that to no ordinary degree demand experience, tact, firmness, and a knowledge of public policies. He is, of course, a good platform speaker, as a successful criminal lawyer must be, and he is apparently able to express the usual platitudes about good government and democratic principles. But these qualifications seem astonishingly slim for a governor of California.

No doubt the league did the best it could under the exceptional difficulties of domestic strife. There was some reasonable expectation that its choice might fall upon Dr. Pardee himself, seeing that the league was founded to exploit that worthy specialist's grievances. But failing Dr. Pardee, who may have preferred to sit in a "managerial capacity"—that is to say as a boss—what about Mr. Chester Rowell? Can it be that both of these gentlemen were willing to step into the breach until it was found that Dr. Pardee did not like Mr. Rowell and that Mr. Rowell did not like Dr. Pardee? And why did Mr. Heney keep himself so modestly in the background and resist the invitations of the college professors to save the country? Reticence is not one of the virtues that we usually associate with Mr. Heney, while his opportunities for self-expression as governor would have been many and varied. He would at least have had as good a chance of success as his faithful understudy Mr. Johnson. There is evidently more in the situation than meets the eye, and it may be that some of the personal rancors have been hidden behind the closed doors. We may at least be thankful for the public announcement of Mr. Johnson's candidacy. Otherwise it might never have been heard of.

#### Anarchy in Philadelphia.

The car strike in Philadelphia is pursuing the course already marked out by many years of shameful precedent. Day after day we read of fierce fighting in the streets, dynamite bombs that spread death and destruction, the defiance of the police, and the intervention of soldiery. Philadelphia, one of the chief centres of Western civilization, has entered almost without warning upon a carnival of bloody rioting, law and order and decency are contemptuously thrown to one side, and a large section of her people revel in the unrestrained passions of wild beasts. It is an edifying spectacle for the world, a convincing argument for democratic systems.

The *Argonaut* does not know whether employers or employed have the rights of this quarrel, nor indeed does it greatly matter, for these hideous scenes of mob rule overshadow everything else. Let there be no mistake about their cause. It is not a question of wages, hours of labor, or conditions. The savages who are filling the streets of Philadelphia with murder and ruin are actuated by nothing but a determination that the work that they refuse to do shall be done by no one else and that they shall dictate not only their own actions, but the actions of all others. In support of this insufferable tyranny they will burn, mangle, and assassinate, inflicting tortures upon the innocent and disgrace upon the community. At the moment of writing the authorities seem to be powerless. The police are put to flight and the militia are laughed at. No doubt we shall find presently that the men who were in duty bound to suppress the first symptoms of disorder with a hand of iron were waiting timorously to ascertain what effect their action might have upon their political fortunes. However that may be, the fact remains that these shameful scenes have been allowed to continue day after day and that a bloodthirsty mob has been allowed to do practically what it will in one of the first cities in the United States.

The faster we go, the sooner we shall get there, and the day can not now be far off when such authority as still exists in the United States shall assert itself in defense of the most elementary liberty known to humanity—the right to make a labor contract and to fulfill it without fear of mutilation or murder at the dictates of a mob.

It is not legislation that we need, but administrative responsibility. There is force enough in Philadelphia, force legally organized, to suppress the first symptoms of rioting or of disorderly assembly, but the force was not used or there could have been no disturbance. In other words, some one who had taken an oath to uphold the law was too cowardly to keep his

oath and was willing to give over the city to mob law rather than to say the timely word and do the timely thing that would have saved the situation. Rioting, always foolish, becomes criminal in a democracy, and the official who allows himself to be cowed, or persuaded, is the chief criminal of all. The main duty that we have to learn in such emergencies is to clear the rioters off the street by fire and steel and then to see to it that neither by physical force nor otherwise is any man intimidated in his lawful pursuit of work and wages.

#### Free Gifts of Coal.

The evidence given before the Senate Committee on Territories as to the value of the Alaska coal fields is, as one of the reports says, enough to make the head swim. The manager of one of the interested concerns stated that the relatively small holding of his company is estimated to contain 50,000,000 tons of coal and that this could be sold at a profit of \$25,000,000. The same witness testified that the probable output of the entire Behring River coal district is 500,000,000 tons of a gross value of \$900,000,000.

But the cream of this evidence from the public point of view is to be found in the further uncontradicted fact that the syndicate that now owns a property that by its own valuation is expected to produce a profit of \$25,000,000 paid for it at the rate of only \$500,000, or to be strictly accurate \$250,000 for half of it. It is this fact that is calculated to make the head swim rather than the actual wealth of a territory known to be fabulously rich, that is a part of the United States, and therefore at the ultimate disposition of the people of the United States. That a public domain worth \$25,000,000 and possibly much more has been sold for a small fraction of what it is worth is bad business from whatever angle we look at it, and by no means a matter for equanimity.

The transaction, and many other transactions of the kind, may be perfectly legal, and there will be no general disposition to believe otherwise in the absence of proof. But that does not touch the main contention that this incalculable natural wealth is, or was, the property of the nation and that sales made in the name of the nation should be carried out with the same business instinct as is employed by the humblest merchant. If the law allows of such flagrant inequalities between values and prices then the law must be altered to conform with good sense and elementary commercial rules. Treasures belonging to the nation must not be lightly bargained away for an old song, and there can not be much doubt that a revelation of what is being done under the law will lead to some speedy change by which an adequate price will be exacted for these mineral lands.

Here in San Francisco we feel a little pardonable covetousness at the sight of these vast coal deposits existing upon United States territory while we ourselves are compelled to import coal from foreign countries at exorbitant prices. If these Alaskan coal fields were disposed of in a proper manner there is no reason why we should not have coal in our local markets for \$7 or \$8 a ton, and it is nothing short of exasperating to be deprived of the coal in the first place and in the second place to find that we have been giving it away for the enrichment of a few private individuals.

#### Let the Women Choose.

Senator Brackett of the New York legislature is so anxious to ascertain the sentiment of women toward the franchise that he has introduced a bill providing for a special election in order that the vexed question may be laid at rest. He proposes that every woman over twenty-one years of age shall be invited to vote a simple yes or no at this election, the result to be taken as indicative of feminine aspirations to the political field.

Senator Brackett should think again and revise his bill. The woman who does not believe that her sex should vote is hardly likely to cast a vote in order to say so. The question is not to be decided by comparing the favorable votes with the unfavorable votes, but rather by comparing the favorable ballots with the total number of women in the community. It is fairly certain that every suffragette would vote early and often for her convictions, while it is by no means certain that those who are opposed would be similarly energetic, and it is quite certain that the indifferent and the contemptuous would abstain altogether. The question of the suffrage is not to be determined by the active partisans upon either side, but rather by the

demands of the majority of women. If such a poll were to be held in San Francisco, for example, it is fairly certain that a considerable number of favorable votes would be cast and probably a smaller number of unfavorable ones. But the favorable and the unfavorable added together would represent a very small proportion of the total number of women in San Francisco. It is the wish of the total number that we want to ascertain, not only of the partisans, and it would therefore be necessary to count every indifferent or apathetic woman, every woman who failed to vote, as being on the negative side and still to be convinced.

There is no active opposition to woman suffrage in America, but there is a great deal of apathy about it. It is not the men who need to be convinced, but the women. The spirit of the American people favors the enfranchisement of every section of the community that asks for political rights, and it would be strictly correct to say that such a demand has never been refused. It only remains for the women of the nation to assert their claim, but it must be a claim emanating from the sex as a whole, and not from a small and vociferous minority, and so far it seems to be only the small and vociferous minority that is in evidence.

#### The Value of an Eye-Witness.

The experiment tried by Professor McKeever of the Kansas State Agricultural College as to the reliability of the average witness is but the repetition of other tests upon a more extended scale and directed toward the same end. The results also were similar, and they help to satisfy us that the evidence of the ordinary eye-witness has a very slight value and that there are few among us who can describe accurately even the simple events that transpire in full sight.

Professor McKeever went to some trouble in his experiment, which was arranged in imitation of an actual crime. He drilled three of his students to perform a "hold-up," and the little drama was enacted upon a stage in front of the class. A subsequent examination of the audience disclosed the fact that it was at six and sevens as to what had actually happened. The students were unable to agree as to which of the "robbers" had carried a revolver or worn a raincoat, and all the other facts were similarly obscure. Any one of the witnesses could have given an account of what he believed he had seen, and no doubt by itself it would have passed as good evidence, but unfortunately the student who sat next to him believed himself to have seen something quite different.

Professor Munsterberg recently carried out a whole series of experiments directed toward the same end and the results were even more remarkable. He used for the purpose a large class of students whose power of correct observation ought to be above rather than below the average. He tested them in a great many ways, requiring them to estimate the number of colored spots upon a sheet of white paper, the number of persons in a room, and the length of a pendulum stroke. The results showed not only an extraordinary incapacity to observe correctly, but a still more extraordinary difference in the kind of incapacity, inasmuch as the estimate of one student would be ludicrously too high, while that of the man next to him would be ludicrously too low.

It is evident that we must revise our opinion as to the value of eye-witness evidence. Its value seems to be very slight, even with the best of intentions, and we may yet find it necessary to subject our legal witnesses to some kind of test before allowing them to testify as to what they have seen. They may be incapable of seeing anything with accuracy.

#### The Report of the Grand Jury.

It may be that no one takes much notice of the general recommendations of a grand jury. Indeed, it is proved by the apathy that has attended the report of the body that was dissolved a few days ago, after year's service. And yet there are some features of that report that would cause a gasp of incredulity in Germany or any of the other European countries whose democratic evolution we profess to hold in contempt. For example, we are told that three prisoners have been in the county jail for nearly four years without a proper legal commitment. Presumably they might stay there forever until some one found it to his advantage to look into the matter. The grand jury very properly says that if such an outrage upon American citizens were committed under Mexican jurisdiction there would be public meetings to denounce the bar-



barity of a sister republic. Indeed, we have lately seen the State Department agitating itself over the fate of an American citizen in Mexico because the criminal procedure in his case seemed to be unduly tardy. And within a few hundred miles of Mexico we are doing something to three of our own citizens that is like nothing so much as the procedure of the Russian police toward a suspected revolutionist.

Another interesting feature of the report is to be found in the strictures that it passes upon the methods of our police courts. That the delays and continuances are the cause of endless complaints and of substantial injustice is an old story and a commonplace one, but that such a procedure is deliberately designed for evil ends is another matter and one that ought to be examined. While the report makes no such direct charge the inference is unmistakable that "the judges knowingly lend themselves to such tactics, the object being to wear out witnesses and to finally dispose of the case by a dismissal of the complaint." The matter of criminal reform is now in the air, and the police courts ought not to escape a criticism, and a drastic one, upon evils that are more serious than any that have been urged against the higher tribunals. There is no need to mince words upon matters that have become a crying scandal, and it is indeed time to speak sternly when such iniquities as these become the subject of official report. It is a matter of common belief that these charges are true, and current rumor even goes so far as to say that there are some police judges who begin their political campaign by circularizing the criminals who have the best of reasons for feeling themselves to be under obligations to the bench. The bail-bond system to which the report specially refers is a part of the same discreditable business of touting for the political favor of criminals. "This business," says the report, "seems to be particularly favored by the actions of some of the judges, who treat well-known criminals and chronic offenders with the utmost leniency."

The day can not be far off when public opinion will hold its nose and approach near enough to this festering mass to understand what it all means. And it can not be too soon.

#### A Labor Report and Some Reflections.

The report upon strikes and lockouts that has just been submitted to the governor of California by Mr. Harris Weinstock in his capacity of special labor commissioner is a distinct contribution to the literature of a thorny subject. Mr. Weinstock has spent some fifteen months in a tour of Italy, Russia, Austria, Germany, Belgium, France, England, Australia, and New Zealand. His journey seems to have been somewhat of the nature of a continuous interrogation mark so far as labor affairs are concerned, and while it is obviously impossible in so short a compass and in so short a time to make anything like an exhaustive study of the industrial conditions of civilization, Mr. Weinstock has at least given us a satisfactory résumé of such facts in the general situation as have a bearing upon our own peculiar problem. He does at least show us that in its broader aspects the problem is an universal one; that there is hardly a country in the world exempt from something perilously akin to civil war; that a long series of remedies from crude repression to compulsory and benevolent arbitration have been tried and found wanting, and that the tension is increasing until it can not now be far from the breaking point. It is at least something gained to know where we are, and while Mr. Weinstock's report is not likely to lead to immediate legislation—and we should do well to walk warily when we come to legislation—we can be none the worse for knowing the facts as they exist elsewhere with the experiences painfully acquired in other places.

There is no need of any detailed consideration of the information gleaned by Mr. Weinstock from the various countries of Europe. There is a depressing monotony about them, an unpleasant resemblance in their general features of apprehension, discontent, violence, and repression. In Italy we read of 2500 strikes in one year, or nearly three times the number in the previous year, some of them of such gravity as to require the aid of soldiers and to entail loss of life. Russia, of course, is outside the pale of civilization, inasmuch as assemblies and combinations of all kinds are practically forbidden. Austria has her tale of woe in a constantly extending strike movement for which no remedy is in sight. Much the same report comes

from Germany, but on the one hand the situation there is modified by the paternalism of the government, while upon the other it is aggravated by the enrollment of labor unionists in the ranks of socialism. In Belgium, "the greatest industrial country in the world," there is a labor union membership of 300,000 with a situation that is always acute and that might easily become revolutionary. In France the labor unions have but recently been recognized by the law and have since been treated with an illogical policy of petting and repression. Here, too, there is an entanglement between labor unionism and socialism, while the number of strikes has alarmingly increased. In England labor unionism is increasing the number of its members, some 2,500,000 being unionized, but relations between employers and employed are cordial and the spirit of conciliation is effectively at work. As a result the number of strikes is waning and England seems to be the only country in civilization where such is the case.

It is to Australia that Mr. Weinstock gives his chief attention, and properly so, for if there is any country upon earth where the labor union problem approaches solution it is here. The system, or systems—for they vary under the different Australasian governments—have already been sketched in the *Argonaut* and need not be repeated now, but it may be said that they are based upon a plan of arbitration that compels the disputants to submit their differences to a tribunal of their own selection and, in the event of failure, to a specially constituted court. The triumphant success of this plan is shown by the fact that only 220 strikes have occurred during the last fifteen years in the three principal industrial governments of Australasia, or an average for the three governments of less than fifteen strikes a year, and even these fifteen were mainly due to inexperience in the application of the law. The special commissioner is justified in saying that this showing is "the most remarkable in modern industrial history."

With such an experience to build upon the tyro in economics might feel justified in declaring that the end of the road is in sight and that we have nothing more to do than to create our arbitration boards and empower our courts. Mr. Weinstock is to be congratulated upon his avoidance of a form of error common enough to the reformer in a hurry who does not himself repent at leisure but who gives his community an ample cause for doing so. Before deciding that what is good for Australia is good also for us it is well to assure ourselves that the conditions are the same; that the temperament of the people is the same, and that the same machinery is available. Australia and America, including of course Canada, have been powerful temptations to the emigrant from Europe, but inasmuch as America is relatively close at hand and can be cheaply and easily reached it is the financially poorer class of emigrant that has come to these shores, while the better off emigrant has often chosen Australia. The peoples of eastern Europe, for example, are governed solely by the fare in their choice of a home, while we may suppose that the man who decides to spend two or three times more is guided by some intelligent preference. The high fare has been a safeguard for Australia. It has kept out the masses of eastern and southern Europeans from which the violent elements are usually drawn. Australia has therefore been more fortunate in the political experience and individual character of her immigrants, and here at once we have a difficulty that is peculiarly our own.

The American judicial system is a fatal bar to the establishment of such courts as have been found effective in Australia. The Australian judge is appointed, not elected, for life. He is chosen not because of his politics, but because of his legal eminence, and so long as he behave himself he need stand in fear or favor of no one. As Mr. Weinstock says, the Australian judges "are not placed in a position where to retain office they must favor friends or punish enemies." He then goes on to the striking statement that he "never heard the slightest whisper, even on the part of the severest critics, that reflected on the honesty or the good intentions of the court." Both parties in a labor cause have absolute confidence in the impartiality of the tribunal. It is for this reason, among others, that the Australian system must be rejected in America—so long at least as we have an elected judiciary. As the report says, "Under the law our courts are elective, and being elective, this must tend largely to destroy the

absolute confidence in the court so essential in the adjustment of labor disputes."

The one recommendation that Mr. Weinstock feels himself at liberty to make is an enforced publicity of the facts with a view to the enlightenment of public opinion. Without the aid of public opinion no strike has ever been successful or ever can, and a public inquiry into a labor dispute would put the public in possession of facts upon which to base its attitude. Whether it would be possible so to frame a law as to meet this end is necessarily a matter of conjecture, for it would have to be a law beyond the manipulations of interested chicane and impenetrable to the neutralizing subtleties of the legal mind. Naturally distrustful of legislation upon such a matter as this, the *Argonaut* hopes much from the assuagements of time and also from the unflinching determination of authorities everywhere that no man in America shall be prevented from selling his lawful labor in any market where it can find a purchaser. An effective guaranty of elementary human rights would already have done much to lessen the intensity of economic strife. It can still do much if we have but the courage to build up from a solid basis of such rights instead of seeking to raise a superstructure of legislation upon a denial of freedom to labor and to live.

#### Editorial Notes.

Ex-United States Senator Charles N. Felton and Dr. I. W. Thorne are interesting themselves in the fate of the little ship *Gjoa*, in which Captain Amundsen traversed the Northwest Passage. It will be remembered that the *Gjoa* was presented by the Norwegian government to the city of San Francisco, which professed to be much complimented by the gift and proceeded forthwith to leave it to the mercies of relic hunters and tramps. Senator Felton found people stealing the rigging, and the Norwegian consul has found it necessary to place a watchman on board to protect the little vessel from the depredations of these savages. In point of fact, the *Gjoa* will soon fall to pieces unless Senator Felton's activity on its behalf shall enlist the support necessary to save it. Senator Felton has offered to head a subscription list for this purpose, and it will be a discredit to the city and an affront to the Norwegian government if his plan remains unsupported. The *Gjoa* is by far the most interesting of the public memorials in the park. The discovery of the Northwest Passage has been the dream of explorers for generations, and the ship in which the feat was done is an unique relic that deserves a better fate than to be allowed to rot.

Mr. Pinchot's zeal for the forest service seems to have led him into a serious irregularity and one that has cost the government a considerable sum of money. It may be necessary that forest rangers shall be well versed in their profession, but it is precisely this requisite of competency that the civil service rules are supposed to supply. Secretary Wilson, writing to the controller, calls attention to the fact that some two hundred rangers are receiving a forestry education at various universities and that the government is not only paying their expenses, but also their salaries, during their absence from duty at a cost of from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a month. Naturally enough, the Secretary entertains grave doubts as to the legality of such a procedure, which has been peremptorily stopped. It may be true that Mr. Pinchot's plan conduces to efficiency, but the government departments are supposed to hire men who are already efficient, and not to pay salaries to inefficient men as well as defraying the expense of making them efficient.

With all due respect for the benevolent intentions of the government in persuading the Indians to wash their faces, comb their hair, and learn trigonometry, it is becoming increasingly evident that the country has no use for the educated aborigine. A few days ago an Indian named John Spedis, who has been at school for years and was supposed to be finally civilized, rejoined his tribe at Tacoma and the occasion was celebrated by a big ghost dance in which Spedis enthusiastically joined. The report says that most of the educated Indians from the eastern Washington tribes have similarly reverted to barbarism. Even if it were possible to build a bridge of spelling-books and arithmetics over the chasm that separates civilization from savagery it would still remain an incontestable fact that there is no room in modern life for the educated Indian.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

Champ Clark, the Democratic leader, allowed himself to be badly outmaneuvered in the matter of the investigation into the high prices of living. The story goes that Cannon and Payne discussed the situation and decided that "something must be done," not of course to lower the offending prices nor even to find out their cause, but rather to satisfy a public agitation that was coming unpleasantly close to the tariff. Cannon suggested that it would be a good thing publicly to invite Champ Clark to participate, and it was done with the anticipated result that the Democratic leader smiled the gratified smile of one to whom a deserved recognition had at length come. In point of fact he became enthusiastic over the inquiry and no doubt saw himself in his mind's eye as traveling down the broad road of posterity with something like a halo around his otherwise unimpressive phrenological department. But now Mr. Clark's colleagues are saying uncomplimentary things about him to the effect that at the very moment when he thought himself to be grasping opportunity by the forelock he was actually allowing it to sail past him unnoticed. What he should have done was to say that all investigation was irrelevant and incompetent so long as foodstuffs occupied their present place upon the tariff, and that the remedy for high prices was to clear the schedules of all foodstuffs for a year and then note how the need for an inquiry would vanish in thin air. But Champ Clark missed the chance that knocked upon his door and he missed it, say his candid friends, through his vanity.

Nothing is so destructive to a theory as a fact, and it is for that reason that facts are so often unscientific and to be frowned upon. From an exalted quarter we are told that there is no mystery at all about high prices and that the depreciation of gold fully accounts for all our domestic troubles. Gold is not worth so much as it used to be, and although the wage sheet remains in *statu quo* we must pay out more of it than we used to do. It is all as simple as falling off a log.

But here comes an irritating fact. We may presume that gold is depreciated in Canada just as much as it is here, and consequently Canadian prices should be as high as our own. But they are not. They are much lower, and of this the most striking illustration comes from Detroit. Now Detroit is about half a mile from Windsor, which is in Canada, and we may therefore assume that the general conditions are identical. And yet it costs about 25 per cent less to live in Windsor than it does in Detroit.

The object lesson is an admirable one, and from it we can learn more political economy in an hour than we can learn from the text-books in a month. The first thing to do is to cross the river to Windsor and buy, let us say, a suit of clothes. That is the end of the first lesson and it is a pleasant one because the suit will be both cheap and good. The second lesson will be found on the way home in the shape of the customs officer, who will examine your receipted bill and demand from you as duty a little more than the amount that you paid for the suit. That is to say, your fifteen-dollar suit will be changed in the twinkling of an eye into a thirty-dollar suit, and there you are. You will then understand why the President said that the duty on woollens ought to be lowered, and while you will be the poorer by \$15 you will have learned a lesson in political economy that will be worth much more than that, and that will be prized when the first spasm of helpless rage has passed away.

The disposition to blame the railroads for high prices will not hold water. The railroads have nothing to do with it, no more than the equator. They are themselves the chief sufferers inasmuch as they must pay more for everything that they use, while their transportation rates have been steadily beaten downwards. The statistics of the Interstate Commerce Commission show that in 1897 it cost less than four-fifths of a cent to ship a ton of freight one mile; in 1908 the rate was three-quarters of a cent. If freight rates had increased to the same extent as the price of commodities, the gross receipts for the year ending June 30, 1908, would have been \$243,536,407 greater than they actually were.

Railroads buy nearly everything on the market and almost without exception they have to pay higher rates. They are themselves among the chief victims of advanced prices, from which they reap no corresponding benefits.

The bribery investigation undertaken by the New York legislature promises to be fruitful in sensations. The first witness was Hiram G. Moe, who declared upon oath that in 1901 he paid \$6000 in cold cash to members of the legislature to prevent the passage of certain bills. Of this sum \$1000 was given by him personally to Jotham P. Allds, Republican leader of the senate and then a member of the assembly. To another member of the assembly rules committee he paid \$4000, and to still another \$1000. The names of both the recipients were withheld. When Mr. Moe gave the \$1000 to Senator Allds the accused senator took it and said, "It's all right; it feels good." Mr. Moe identified Senator Allds, who was in court, as the man to whom he gave the money, and the report says that Senator Allds glared at him "half in wonder and half in awe."

James W. Osborne, counsel for what may be called the prosecution, stated with precision the ethical point involved. "One question that I am going to ask this body," said Mr. Osborne, "is, if a man on a black horse walks up to you and puts a pistol at your head and says, 'Stand and deliver,' and you deliver, are you an accomplice? That is what the committee on internal affairs said to the bridge interests—'Stand and deliver.'"

Mayor Gaynor of New York has submitted to the tax department a suggestion that the present plan of levying taxes

on personal property in New York City be abolished, and that a single-tax system be adopted whereby practically all the city's revenues would be derived from assessments on real estate. His proposal is described as a slight modification of the Henry George theory. It would take from the tax book all assessments now levied on personal property and corporations and concentrate them upon the land.

Reports from Washington show that some attention has been aroused by the vote of Republican and independent editors west of the Alleghenies that has been collected by the *Chicago Daily Tribune*. Over four thousand editors were invited to express their opinions upon two questions: "Is Cannon your choice for the next Speaker?" and "Do you indorse the Aldrich-Cannon tariff?" To the first question it was found that 577 editors were for Cannon and 3194 against him. To the second question 839 editors declared themselves in favor of the tariff law and 3463 against it. In every State that was thus canvassed the majorities against Cannon and against the tariff were emphatic. There is no exception. The California editors voted 25 for Cannon and 137 against him; and 32 for the tariff and 155 against. In all cases where the editor was found to be a Democrat his vote was excluded, as it was desired to secure only the opinions of the Republicans and independents. It is to be noted that the sentiment against Cannon, while strong everywhere, is most pronounced in the lake group of States, where the vote is more than five to one against him. Even the Speaker's own State is against him. He is not the choice of the majority of Republican editors in a single congressional district of Illinois, not even in his own district. The vote in the State of Illinois is 57 for him and 199 against for the Republicans, while only one of the thirty-four independent editors is in favor of him.

The question of the integrity of Holland and the chances of the little kingdom in the event of an European war have been often discussed during the successive crises that have passed over the old world. Now we have something like an authoritative statement from no less a person than Baron Van Heckeren of the States General, who stated in the course of debate that an intimation had been received from a "neighboring sovereign" to the effect that in the event of war with England he would be obliged to occupy Dutch territory unless the Dutch themselves would put the country into a state of defense adequate to resist English aggression. The foreign minister, Van Swinderen, who was asked to confirm or to deny this statement, refused to do either unless his questioner would name the "neighboring sovereign" and define what he meant by an "intimation." As neither the name nor the definition were forthcoming the matter was allowed to drop, but the incident is said to have aroused a good deal of attention in diplomatic circles.

Among other foreign affairs of note may be counted the abolition of forced labor, or rather of slavery, in the Congo, the determination of the King of Greece to convoke the National Assembly in order to deal with the Cretan situation, and the semi-official statement in the same connection that "the Turkish government are not disposed to submit to any more humiliations." Of some importance also is the fact that the German Socialists have just won their fourth seat since the introduction of the budget last year.

Mr. J. N. Maskelyne believes he is correct in stating that he was the first London entertainer to give performances twice daily. Frequently he was able to advertise: "The only entertainment in London this afternoon." The late Sir Henry Irving, who, by the way, few people are probably aware, was something of a conjurer himself, was at the time very much interested in jugglery, and frequently went to see Mr. Maskelyne at the Egyptian Hall. "You seem to get very good audiences," he said at the end of one afternoon's performance. "Yes," Mr. Maskelyne replied, "on the whole I think we do decidedly better in the afternoon than in the evening." Whether or not these casual words gave birth to the idea, Mr. Maskelyne can not say, but shortly afterward Henry Irving started giving regular matinées himself.

While Australia is the fifth of the great continents of the earth, with single States larger than historic kingdoms and empires, the *London Standard* notes that it has fewer inhabitants than those for whom the police force of London is responsible. In population it is no greater than Belgium, a tiny shred of flat country that would be lost in the back lands of Queensland or South Australia; in fact, Australia has only a small fringe of population sparsely strewn along the seacoast, too few in number even to hold that rim except in dots and patches; while the natural increase of population is below that of most other nations.

The Italian savant, Mgr. Cerebotani, Papal Nuncio at Munich, is the inventor of an instrument like a large watch which enables a person to receive messages transmitted from "wireless" stations. The apparatus is merely a pocket receiver, and the only accessories are a bobbin of wire and a metallic encased cane. A person thus equipped can at a given moment receive communications from a station within a radius of twenty to thirty miles.

Although Mr. Henry Hill at the London Institution a short time ago would not allow ants any higher quality than that of "instinct," Lord Avebury sees no reason to alter the conclusions at which he arrived thirty years ago, after many careful experiments. He still believes that these insects have "the gift of reason."

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Song of Marion's Men.

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress tree:  
We know the forest round us  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass;  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barh  
Across the moonlight plain;  
'Tis life to feel the night wind  
That lulls his tossing mane;  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs.  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers.  
And lovely ladies greet our hand  
With kindest welcoming.  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more.  
Till we have driven the Briton  
Forever from our shore.

—William Cullen Bryant.

## An Angel in the House.

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,  
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,  
An angel came to us, and we could hear  
To see him issue from the silent air  
At evening in our room, and bend on ours  
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers  
News of dear friends, and children who have never  
Been dead indeed—as we shall know forever.  
Alas! we think not what we daily see  
About our hearths—angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air;  
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings  
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

—Leigh Hunt.

## The Builder.

When I was a King and a Mason,—a Mason proven and skilled,  
I cleared me ground for a palace such as a King should build.  
I decreed and dug down to my levels; presently, under the silt,  
I came on the wreck of a palace, such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion—there was no wit in the plan,  
Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings ran—  
Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carved on every stone:  
"After me cometh a builder. Tell him, I too have known."

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-planned  
ground-works grew,  
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and reset them  
anew.  
Lime I milled of the marbles: burned it, slacked it and spread,  
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the humble dead.  
Yet I despised not, nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched them  
apart,  
I read in the razed foundations the heart of that builder's  
heart,  
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand  
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of the  
thing he had planned.

When I was a King and a Mason—in the open noon of my  
pride,  
They sent me a Word from the Darkness,—They whispered  
and put me aside.  
They said—"The end is forbidden"; They said—"Thy use is  
fulfilled,  
And thy palace shall stand as that other's—the spoil of a  
King who shall build."

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves,  
and my shears.  
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless  
years.

Only I cut on the timber, only I carved on the stone:  
"After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known."  
—Rudyard Kipling.

The first important discovery of natural gas in Europe is reported from Kis-Sarmas, in the district of Klausenburg, in Hungary. Its presence first became known two years ago, when shepherd boys used to light the vapors rising from the marshes. Upon a geologist's report the ministry of finance directed borings to be made, when large quantities of gas were discovered at a depth of sixty feet. The borings were continued to a depth of 600 feet, when the gas was found in such volume that big stones were thrown into the air by it. At the present time the gas is flowing out of a pipe twenty feet above the ground with a noise that can be heard six miles away. Experts estimate the flow at seventy cubic feet a second.

One of the big Brazilian railroads has just perfected a plan by which it will send four of its mechanics to the United States every six months and put them at work in some of our big railroad shops so that they may become familiar with American methods.

The widow's mourning can date back to the days of ancient Egypt.



## DANCERS AND THEIR DANCING.

Miss Jeannette Gilder Describes Some Phases of the Latest Sensation in New York.

If there is anything in the way of a dance that New York has not seen since the opening of the season last fall I should like to know what it is. Indeed, I should like to see what it is, as it would have to be something very novel not to have been already danced before the footlights.

To go away back, it was Loie Fuller who started the dancing ball a-rolling. Of course we had the Spanish dancers, Carmencita, Otero, and others, but their dance, while it was beautiful, was not novel. Loie Fuller with her skirt-and-fire dances gave us something entirely out of the ordinary. Then she disappeared and Isadora Duncan pirouetted up into the horizon. Miss Duncan introduced a new line of dances, what one might call the hop-skip-and-jump dance, but that is not what she calls it. Greek dancing is her name for her art, and if we could have had pictures of Miss Duncan, not in motion, they would have suggested the ornamentation on a Greek vase. Instead of dancing to dance music, Miss Duncan danced to music that had never been danced to before—Mendelssohn and Chopin and other of the great composers, coming down to Grieg in modern times. As a dancer Miss Duncan was a great success. She packed the enormous auditorium of the Metropolitan Opera House to see her and her pupils, and yet she is not a graceful dancer, nor is she particularly shapely, and she has very ugly feet, which fact I would not mention if she was not a barefooted dancer, with her feet always very much in evidence. It seems to me that one should have the feet of Trilby to dance without shoes or stockings, but her ladies who elect to dance with their feet bare do not seem to stop to consider what their feet look like.

While Miss Duncan's dancing drew large audiences, she left America with a grievance. She had hoped to establish a school of Greek dancing in this country, and so that end looked to our multi-millionaires to see her through, but for some reason or other they were not interested; they preferred other means of spending their money, and Miss Duncan shook the dust of her native country from her bare feet and sailed away.

We have, however, been consoled, for scarcely had Miss Duncan gone when Miss Maud Allan came. Miss Allan is also an American, and she has achieved a widespread reputation, not only for her barefoot dancing, but for the small amount of clothing that she wears in doing her Salomé dance. It was with this dance that she became famous, and it was this dance that caused the city of Manchester, England, to forbid her performance. I dare say this attitude of Manchester was genuine, though it may have been worked up as the driving out of "The Girl from Rector's" by the London authorities was worked up to advertise the play's entrance into New York. It is the art of concealing the advertisement and yet getting it that makes it valuable.

You would think that dancers who have nothing but their dancing and the music that accompanies it to attract would only be able to fill a small hall. On the contrary they seem to be able to fill the largest in the city. Miss Maud Allan made her first appearance at Carnegie Hall, with its tier upon tier of galleries, and packed the house. At her first performance she did not give the Salomé dance; she preferred not to put her best foot foremost but to pique curiosity for another day. Miss Allan has the advantage of Miss Duncan in being younger, prettier, and more graceful, but she does exactly the same kind of a hop-skip-and-jump. It is not the dancing of Taglioni, Fanny Elssler, or the famous toe dancers of the past, but is a sort of prancing around the stage in diaphanous raperies, scattering flowers or waving arms aloft. It is pretty, but it is a good deal of one kind of dancing for a whole evening.

At her second performance Miss Allan gave her much advertised Salomé dance, and to the disappointment, I fear, of her audience, she was quite properly clothed—for a barefoot dancer. There were suggestions here and there of white flesh and sturdy young men, but it was only a suggestion. The dance was interesting and the audience enjoyed it, but I can not say that it was better than other Salomé dances that I have seen in New York for the past two or three years, for there has not been an opera season or a vaudeville season without a Salomé dance. Perhaps the reason that Miss Allan was not more unclothed in this dance was because the leader of her orchestra is the modest Altschuler.

Earlier in the season we had Miss Ruth St. Denis doing her dancing specialties, which were also barefoot. Miss St. Denis gives us more of a performance than any of the other barefoot dancers. She has scenes that are accompanied by a troupe of Hindoos who eat on tom-toms and make strange noises which, I suppose, are called music in India. Miss St. Denis gives five dances. The first of these is called "The Erdü," and represents the spirit of incense. Then comes "The Street," in which she is dressed as a snake charmer, and in which she makes cobras of her hands and arms. On her fingers, the first and the little finger, she wears large rings set with black stones; these are the eyes of the cobra; her arms and body are covered with brown-colored tights. It is hard to believe that her arms are not veritable snakes; the way she writhes

and twists them is little short of marvelous. Perhaps the most poetic of Miss St. Denis's dances is "The Forest." She stands a lone figure in the heart of the forest, while off stage you hear the weird but not un-beautiful music of the Hindoos. The dance, however, with which Miss St. Denis has made her special fame is called "The Temple," or the dance of the five senses. When the curtain goes up you see the interior of a temple in India, and at the back there is a shrine which, when its doors open, reveals an idol squatted in the niche. It takes you some time to realize that this is not a stone image but palpitating flesh and blood. Soon the idol steps down from its shrine, and we have the religious dancer who poses and whirls about as we have been taught to believe religious dancers do. To my mind, Miss St. Denis is much the most interesting of the barefoot dancers and much the least tiresome, for she gives variety and does not depend upon herself alone for her effects. She has scenery and she has Hindoos and reed instruments and tom-toms. Like Miss Duncan and Miss Maud Allan, Miss Ruth St. Denis is an American and hails from a New Jersey farm. I have never been to India, but I have always felt that I had a pretty good idea of how snake-charmers and other natives comport themselves, and it seems to me that Miss St. Denis gives a very realistic picture of these Oriental scenes, and I was surprised to learn that she has gained all her knowledge from books and from Hindoos whom she has met and studied with in England.

If you want to see Miss Duncan, Miss Allan, and Miss St. Denis all at one sitting, you can go to one of the vaudeville houses, in whichever one she happens to be at the time, and see Miss Gertrude Hoffman in her imitation of all three of these dancers. Miss Hoffman was one of the first to do these Salomé dances in New York, and she has also danced to Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" and some of Grieg's music. Now she is giving imitations of other dancers, and as she is one of the best of these, one misses little if he only sees her.

Quite another kind of dancing is the Apache dance, which can be seen at many of the vaudeville houses in its various forms. One of the most interesting of these is called "Ma Gosse," which is the French for "My Kid." Crowds have been to see this performance, and crowds will continue to go and see it. It is not a very proper dance, that of the man and his kid. It is wild and furious and ungraceful, and has nothing to recommend it but its wildness and fury. It is accompanied by a little play in one act; scene, a wine cellar in Paris with a party of Apaches sitting at a long table eating and drinking. In one corner of this cellar there is a touring Englishman with his wife and daughter, who are seeing the sights of Paris. The principals are a man and woman; the man is a Frenchman; what the woman is I don't know, but she speaks adulterated New York. She is not pretty, at least if she is she disguises the fact by her make-up, not particularly well built, not graceful, but she is athletic and agile. The man makes love to her in broken English and sings a song to her in unbroken French. Then to show how they love one another they dance. No Salomé dance that I have ever seen is as suggestive as this Apache dance. The girl clings to the man like the vine to the oak. He flings her across the stage, she lands in the visiting Englishman's lap, then she crouches down on the floor and crawls over to her man and climbs up him till she gets her arms around his neck, and then they waltz to slow music. Another man appears upon the scene and claims the girl as his "Gosse." The Frenchman says that she is his now, whereupon the first claimant draws a knife and, apparently, stabs the Frenchman, who falls dead upon the floor, the girl shrieking over his body. In the excitement the Englishman and his family escape. Then the Apaches pull off their wigs and togs and count the money they have made out of the credulous foreigners, confessing to the audience that it was all a put-up job to show English people what a wicked place Paris is.

We are soon to have an entirely new dancing sensation. The management of the Metropolitan Opera House has secured Anna Pavlova and Michel Nordkin, who have set all Paris mad by their Russian dances. Mr. Otto Kahn and Mr. Clarence Mackay saw these dances in Paris and by their enthusiastic representation induced the management of the Metropolitan to engage them. It is believed that they will dance the opera season from a losing to a paying proposition. They have sailed from the other side and expectation is on tiptoe.

JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

NEW YORK, February 16, 1910.

The strange custom of salting new-born babies is still practiced in certain regions of Europe and Asia. The method varies with the differing nationalities of the peoples employing it. The Armenians of Russia cover the entire skin of the infant with very fine salt. This is left on the baby for three hours or more, when it is washed off with warm water. A mountain tribe of Asia Minor are even more peculiar in this regard than the Armenians, for they are alleged to keep their new-born babies covered with salt for a period of twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks also sprinkle their babies with salt; and even in certain portions of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth. The mothers imagine that this practice brings health and strength to their offspring, and serves as well to keep away evil spirits.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Once a newspaper man, always a newspaper man. Robert Wynne, formerly United States consul-general at London, is resuming journalistic work in that city. He was once postmaster-general of the United States, which is a high honor, and also president of the Grid-iron Club, which is a higher one and much more entertaining.

Georg Schumann, whose oratorio "Ruth" was recently presented in America for the first time, was born at Koenigstein, on the Elba, in 1866. He has held several important positions in Germany and has acquired much fame as a director of choral and orchestral organizations, but it is as a composer of music in its larger forms that he is best known.

Royal E. Cabell, recently appointed United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is a member of one of the oldest families of Virginia. During the last administration Mr. Cabell was postmaster at Richmond, and the executive ability displayed by him brought him very much before the official eyes in Washington. He is in his thirty-fifth year, and while an enthusiastic Southerner, he is a staunch Republican.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, one of the most intellectual and gifted women of the time, who has been appointed by the king to be a member of the first senate of the Queen's University, Ireland, for many years has identified herself very closely with matters affecting women in Ireland as also in England, and no one has done more to awaken a keen practical interest in Irish industries or achieved more satisfactory results.

Professor Eli Metchnikoff, who is at the head of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, is one of the most interesting characters in modern science. He is a specialist on microbes and has been said to be "microbe mad." Everything he touches and eats is sterilized. In his house there is not a single corner to catch dust, all the rooms having been built on curved lines. In every possible way this interesting Russian carries on an anti-germ crusade.

Dr. Charles F. Stokes, the new surgeon-general of the navy, has requested his subordinates to refrain from addressing him as "admiral." He declares that, although surgeon-general with the relative rank of rear-admiral he is not in reality an admiral but a doctor, and prefers to be simply called Dr. Stokes. This is the first time in many years that a staff officer has refrained from taking advantage of the relative rank to which his position entitles him.

The new head of the Grand Army of the Republic, Samuel R. Van Sant, is well worthy of the place for which he has been selected. A mere boy when the war broke out, he enlisted at once and served with distinction. After the war he resumed his studies, attending Knox College, and upon the completion of his studies engaged in the steamboat business in Minnesota. His experience in public life has been varied, and his political career reached its climax when he was elected governor of Minnesota by the Republicans, an office he administered from 1901 to 1905.

The appointment of Aristide Briand as premier of France perhaps marks the beginning of a new economic era for that country. Briand—scholar, orator, and socialist—began life as a lawyer and was early elected by the Socialist party to the Chamber of Deputies. He was a member of the committee which drew the church and state separation bill and consistently stood for an equitable and impartial law. He became minister of public instruction and worship in 1906, and in 1907 he assumed the duties of minister of justice. While his socialistic tendencies caused more or less apprehension at first, it is understood that he will be governed largely by the policies of his predecessor.

Octave Chanute, president of the newly organized Aero Club of Illinois, has for years been a close student of the art of mechanical flying. To him the Wright brothers, according to their published statements, owe much of their success in aviation. Mr. Chanute was born in Paris, in 1832, and came to the United States in 1838. In 1849 he began his career as a civil engineer, engaging in railway work, and in 1863 became chief engineer of the Chicago and Alton railroad. For many years he has been in business in Chicago, has served as president of the Western Society of Engineers, and is a member of many other scientific societies.

Judge William H. West, the "blind man eloquent" of Ohio, recently celebrated the eighty-sixth anniversary of his birth. Judge West was one of the organizers of the Republican party and was editor of the first Republican paper in Logan County, Ohio. In 1877 he was the Republican nominee for governor of Ohio, but was defeated by the opposition of Rutherford B. Hayes. He was tendered a consular position at Rio Janeiro by President Grant, but refused. While serving upon the supreme bench of Ohio his sight began to fail, and soon after his resignation he became totally blind. In spite of his blindness, however, Judge West is still active, preparing law briefs, writing reminiscences, and caring for his personal business. As a political speaker he is well known through the Middle States and has figured in nearly every campaign of the last quarter of a century.



## JOSEFA.

By Emma Arwine.

Josefa Rivas, the handsome, young Mexican señorita, sat in the yard under the shade of the large cottonwood tree. Her mind, apparently, was intently fixed on teaching her little sister how to embroider the elaborate pattern of fancy Spanish work, but the luminous, dark eyes would often glance up as though some one was momentarily expected to appear around the bluff that a short distance above obscured the road.

Señor Rivas, the padre, who was sitting with his chair tipped back in the short shadow of the adobe wall, finished his cigarette and entered the kitchen where his wife, a cheerful, withered little Mexican woman, who might once have been pretty, was slapping out her tortillas for the noonday meal.

Rufus Hill, the handsome young miner, had been stopping at the gate too often to suit the careful father. He feared that Josefa, the beloved daughter, was growing too fond of him. For he was a stranger.

"I wish Josefa would send the young American on his way," said he, in Spanish.

"Si, si," answered his wife slowly.

An displeased frown contracted the father's brow as he saw the young man come down the road and pause for a chat at the gate, and Josefa, dropping her work, join him. The señora looked at her husband as she took a tortilla from the coals. She well knew the cause of that frown, for they had often discussed the young American; and the old señor once had a sister as lovely as the loveliest, with her midnight eyes and lustrous waving tresses; as much the light of the home as was now their own darling Josefa.

He recalled again how the young American stranger had by chance come their way; how, by flattering word and artful mien, he had won her youthful heart—had won it but to betray and leave her to get over her heartbreak as best she could. The grass of many summers had grown green and withered on the little grave lying far away, but it was fresh in the heart of the brother as though the tragedy were enacted yesterday. It had made him bitter and resentful toward all of the lighter nationality.

The pleasant chat at the gate was momentarily interrupted as Juan Guerrero rode leisurely by on horseback. He had been riding over the hills inspecting his numerous herds. He bowed and lifted his sombrero to the young lady and waved his hand to her companion as he passed; and nothing in his face betrayed that the sight displeased him, although he had often cast his admiring glance the young señorita's way.

The next afternoon, Juan Guerrero rode up to the Rivas cottage. He appeared at his best in a new, well-fitting suit of clothes. He was a man of medium height, with complexion hardly darker than many of the pure Latin extraction. His jaw was firm. His eyebrows were heavy. His eyes were black and daring, and could gleam, when stirred, with the smoldering fire of hate. He had come to California from Mexico five years before, where he had been fairly successful in the mining business, and had engaged in stock raising.

Señor Rivas was sitting on the rustic seat under the cottonwood tree in the yard, for the day was warm. He welcomed his guest to a seat by his side.

"I hear you often have a caller," said Juan Guerrero presently. "The young fellow who is mining in the hills, I mean," he explained, as the elder man looked hesitatingly at him.

A shadow fell across the old man's kindly face. "He comes sometimes," said he.

"His mining claim is not worth a fig. I wonder he does not abandon it," said Guerrero.

"He told me he hoped to find a ledge near," said Señor Rivas reflectively.

"Pshaw! He must know better than that! Why, señor, he bought that claim from the other fellow for almost a song," reasoned Juan Guerrero.

Jose Rivas sat up straight and looked away over the mountains. He was a tall man, with thoughtful black eyes and complexion fair enough to class him as being of any nationality. The neighbors spoke of his having "good blood" in his veins. Over his face a pallor swept, as though from some thought of pain.

"Señor," said Guerrero, "I warn you. Beware of this man. Do you not remember the tragedy down in Mexico?"

Jose Rivas looked up quickly, and for a moment the light of anger shone in his eyes. No one had ever spoken thus to him before. But the other man was looking away and his face was pale and agitated, as if from words that must be spoken.

"Yes," said the old man, "I remember."

"Pardon me for speaking these words," said Juan Guerrero, in low, impressive voice. "I speak them as a friend. Your daughter is young; we must save her from this designing scoundrel. There is another girl in the East. An old acquaintance of his down in the valley told me. Some day he will return to claim her. Señor, it may then be too late."

The father's heart was crushed with sorrow almost as great as if already those dark, foreboding words were realized. "My poor daughter believes in him. Is there no way to save her?" he asked brokenly.

Juan Guerrero looked at him. His time had come to speak. "Yes; there is a way; that is why I came here today. Don Jose, I love your daughter. Will you and the señora allow me to win her?"

Old Jose Rivas experienced a feeling of surprise. It had not occurred to him that this man was actuated with other motive than neighborly interest. It was not the thought of Juan Guerrero's worldly prosperity—his herds on the hills and his broad acres in the valley—but his own great love for his daughter, his desire to shield her from evil, that made him gratefully reply: "Yes, Don Juan, you may try to win her. The señora and I will do all we can for you."

Jose Rivas entered the house after his caller had departed. "Juan Guerrero has asked the privilege of courting our daughter," said he.

His wife looked up from her sewing in surprise. "Don Juan Guerrero is old enough for her father! Why, he must be fifty! I fear Josefa's heart is given to another!" she exclaimed, in a flutter of excitement.

"She must forget the other one; he is only trifling with her love," said the father sadly. The señora looked pained, for she herself had been almost won by the handsome face of the stranger. "Juan Guerrero's intentions are honorable. He offers our daughter his love and his wealth. We must use our influence for him," resumed the old man.

"Yes, he has wealth. He has stock on the hills, and a fine ranch in the valley," replied the mother, her face growing animated at the thought of the luxury that might be her daughter's.

Soon Juan Guerrero became a frequent caller at Casa de Rivas. Jose Rivas and his wife extended him a cordial welcome. With Josefa, however, he did not get on so well.

"May I sit beside you, señorita?" he asked one evening, crossing from the fireside where he had been conversing with the señor and señora to the other side of the room, where Josefa sat petulantly, with almost a pout on her red lips, her languid, dark eyes downcast toward her hands idly folded in her lap.

Silently Josefa withdrew to one end of the seat, allowing her unwelcome suitor a place by her side.

"Thank you," said he smilingly, covering the young lady's handsome face with his amorous gaze. Then drawing nearer, he said in a low voice, "My dear Josefa, if I might hope to have the pleasure of always being near you. Will you not consider this matter? I will give you a beautiful home down in the valley."

"No, señor; at present I must be content to remain where I am," answered the girl in tones a little cold. "Perhaps sometimes I may have a home down in the valley or city, if the mine turns out well," she added, lowering her voice.

"These are dreams, Josefa—only dreams, from which you must sometime awaken. We will not talk of them; there are more pleasant things that I wish to say."

The color deepened in Josefa's red cheeks, and for a moment her black eyes flashed their antipathy.

"Does the señor wish me to sing and play for him?" she asked, springing up for her guitar.

An angry flush covered Juan Guerrero's face. Angriely he watched the girl seat herself in a chair near-by, and with skillful fingers pick the strings of her guitar as she sang some Spanish songs.

"This is my favorite," said she, and sang an English love-song she had learned from her more beloved suitor.

"I will go now," said Juan Guerrero, rising when she had finished.

"Are you going so early?" protested the señora, glancing up at the clock.

"I fear I have tired the señor with my music!" exclaimed Josefa with a smile.

Coldly Juan Guerrero shook hands with Josefa and her mother and bowed his good-night. Señor Rivas accompanied him for his horse. The two men walked toward the stable in constrained silence.

"I hope you will call again," said the old man a little anxiously, as their guest was about to mount to the saddle.

"Why should I? My attentions do not appear welcome to your daughter," he replied in measured tones.

The elder man looked pained and disconcerted. "Perhaps, señor, you do not understand my daughter. We have forbidden her to see the young miner. In time, I hope she will consider this matter," he explained hurriedly. Juan Guerrero turned toward him, and there was a touch of derision in his voice.

"You have forbidden her to see the young miner, have you? Only yesterday I came upon them riding home on horseback from the mission."

Jose Rivas looked grieved and thoughtful. "It shall not happen again. My daughter must part with this man."

Juan Guerrero came a step nearer. His was not the nature to be easily thwarted in a purpose. The two men talked together in low tones for some time, then bade each other good-night.

Jose Rivas entered the house again with a feeling of relief not unmingled with a twinge of conscience—a twinge of conscience lest the course he was about to pursue was not altogether right. Yet he loved his daughter. It was his deep, unselfish love for her that spurred him on.

As the days passed by, a close watch was kept on Josefa. She no longer went on horseback to the little mission church, and there were no more talks with her lover at the gate. There was only a glance through the window, and an occasional exchange of notes through the medium of little Carlota, who, by dint of persuasion and for a small reward, had been won over by her elder sister; and Rufus Hill passed the house

going to his work the same as before. Had the good padre and madre been near enough to catch the defiant flash of the bright blue eye, and the resolute look of the strong young face, they would have trembled and feared for the satisfactory culmination of the carefully laid plan.

"Don Juan Guerrero is coming; he wishes to speak to you again," said Señora Rivas with a little apprehension in her voice, as she finished sweeping the floor and replaced the large lynx-skin rug near the door.

"I don't wish him to speak to me. I hate Juan Guerrero," replied the daughter vehemently.

"You must not speak so, my child. Juan Guerrero is your friend. He wishes to save you from the wicked, designing American, who only seeks your ruin. He is rich, too, very rich," said the mother.

"I don't want his money! I won't have it! The things that he tells on Rufus Hill are not true!" cried Josefa passionately.

"Ay, ay, my daughter, you are young yet. You believe those flattering words; but Rufus Hill is only trying to deceive you. Juan Guerrero is making preparations to build a new house on his ranch in the valley. He will give you a nice diamond ring. He will take you for a wedding trip to the city. You will have nice clothes, and your carriage with fine horses, and everything *muy grande*," and the mother gesticulated with her hands to emphasize her words.

Josefa ran out in the yard for a cry on her favorite seat under the cottonwood tree, and the mother busied herself with her household duties.

The next morning daylight was peeping through the window-shutter, when Señora Rivas awoke and arose for the day. Crossing the threshold of the little sitting-room, she walked over and gave a rap on her daughter's chamber door. Then going on into the kitchen she kindled the fire for breakfast.

The fire was roaring, the coffee in the pot, the frying pan on for the pililies—still the daughter did not appear.

Señora Rivas went to the door and rapped again, calling, "Josefa, *levantate!*" No answer. She rapped more loudly, but all was silent within.

"Josefa! Josefa! Carlota! Carlota!" she called.

Carlota sat up in bed, and rubbing sleepy eyes looked around her. "Josefa is already up," said she.

The mother pounded frantically on the door until it creaked and groaned.

"Abrir la puerta! pronto! pronto!" she called wildly, while Señor Rivas, who had arisen, rushed into the room.

The wildest consternation prevailed in the Rivas household when the door was opened. The mother, with distracted words of the river, suicide, and elopement, hurried to see if any of her daughter's wardrobe was missing, and the father hastened to the stable for his caballo.

There were footprints leading through the gate. Farther down were the fresh marks of a horse's hoofs—yes, there had been two. Jose Rivas followed them down the mountain into the valley.

Juan Guerrero was sitting in the doorway smoking his after-breakfast cigarette when Señor Rivas dashed up with the startling news. He sprang up with an oath, and called to the Mexican boy to quickly bring his horse. He disappeared in the house and returned armed with a rifle, his cartridge belt clasped around his waist.

The two men rode on hastily down the valley. As they neared the mission lying at the edge of the scattered village, old Father Contreras, the priest, was taking a stroll in the grove outside the mission gates.

"My daughter, Josefa, left home last night and I can not find her."

"A scoundrel named Hill has eloped with Señor Rivas's daughter," said they, both speaking at once.

Father Contreras surveyed them both with benign and tranquil gaze.

"Calm yourselves, my men, there is no need of such strong excitement." Then, turning to the elder of the two, he said, "Your daughter and this young man are married."

"What's that you say?" cried Juan Guerrero, his face growing black with rage.

"Married! Where? When?" asked Jose Rivas in bewilderment.

"They came to me this morning and I performed the ceremony," said the priest. "May I ask why you so bitterly oppose their marriage?"

"Because I was led to believe this young man's intentions were not honorable. I was told there was another woman in the case," said old Jose Rivas with some confusion.

"There is another woman in the case," said Father Contreras in tones of meaning. Then looking at Juan Guerrero, he asked with impressive voice: "Sir, why do you not return to the mother of your child—the woman in Mexico?"

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1910.

That British Columbia faces a serious menace in the quiet but widespread taking up of freeholds in parts of that province by Japanese agriculturists to the extent that drastic preventive action on the part of the government has become necessary is the statement made to the British Columbia legislature by W. H. Hayward, member for Cowichan, who introduced a resolution calling upon the Canadian Parliament to pass direct legislation prohibiting the acquiring or holding of lands in Canada by Japanese or Chinese.



## GAMBLERS AND THE GAME.

Mr. Ralph Nevill Writes Interestingly Upon the Goddess of Fortune and Those Who Seek Her Smiles.

Dealing with the rather sordid subject of gambling, Ralph Nevill has written a decidedly interesting book and one of some value to sociologists.

From time immemorial gambling has been a phase of human life that no legislation could control. When driven, by strict enforcement of law, from the surface of the body politic it has existed sub-cutaneously, like some hidden canker. No matter what severe penalties be embodied in preventive statutes, no matter what the zeal disclosed by public servants in the exercise of their duty, the craving for excitement which is innate in humanity demands satisfaction and thus the evil, proscribed though it might be, has still survived.

Those devotees who confine their attention to the simpler forms of hazard, such as are to be found at the card-table or on the race-course, are not infrequently looked down on by others, who, though not admitting it, are themselves under the sway of equally insidious, if more respectable, forms of tempting fortune. Whether it be in wheat or pigs, race horses or cards, gambling exercises an irresistible fascination over certain natures. Whether the desire to acquire something for nothing is the controlling influence it is hard to say. The vast majority of gamblers undoubtedly lose. But as long as they are able to acquire the means for speculative enterprise they inevitably return to bow before the Goddess of Fortune with the ever recurrent hope that in the end she will smile upon them and thus repay their ardent court.

"Once a gambler, always a gambler," might be designated as an axiom, the truth of which is proved in spite of its few exceptions. And the years have equally demonstrated the fact that gambling has had a strong hold upon many splendid characters around whom history centres. Napoleon gambled, but did so in an amateurish way and was not particularly obsessed. The Duke of Wellington, while a member of Crockford's, a famous gambling club, was not particularly fond of play, the author says, and then relates the following anecdote of Blücher:

Another great soldier, on the other hand, repeatedly lost large sums at play. This was Blücher, who was inordinately fond of gambling. Much to his disgust this passion was inherited by his son, who had often to be rebuked by his father for his visits to the gaming-table, and was given many a wholesome lecture upon his youth and inexperience, and the consequent certainty of loss by coming in contact with older and more practiced gamblers. One morning, however, young Blücher presented himself before his father, and exclaimed with an air of joy: "Sir! You said I knew nothing of play, but here is proof that you have under-valued my talents," pulling out at the same time a bag of roubles which he had won the preceding night. "And I said the truth," was the reply: "sit down here and I'll convince you." The dice were called for, and in a few minutes old Blücher won all his son's money; whereupon, after pocketing the cash, he rose from the table observing: "Now you see that I was right when I told you that you would never win."

One of the most famous of the old-time gambling places, the Palais Royal, which during the Revolution was known as the Palais Egalité, was built by Richelieu and by him bequeathed to Louis XIII, and in time given by the Roi Soleil to his brother, thus becoming the property of the Orleans family. Crippled by his debts, Philippe Egalité first conceived the idea of putting the noble building to an ignoble use and obtained a large sum by letting out suitable parts as shops, gaming houses, and restaurants, some of them of a very questionable character. Mr. Nevill draws a picture of this famous gambling club, showing the life that made it remarkable:

The Palais Royal in its palmy days was the centre of luxury—an emporium of every alluring delight. While its brilliantly lit piazzas were viewed with real or pretended horror by the austere, it was a very Mecca to the pleasure-seekers of the world. In England the place was often called "the Devil's Drawing-Room," it being said that here a debauchee could run the whole course of his career with the greatest facility and ease.

On the first floor were cafés where his spirits could be raised to any requisite pitch; on the second, gaming rooms where he could lose his money, and salons devoted to facile love—both, not unusually, antechambers to the pawnbrokers who resided above; whilst, if at the end of his tether and determined to end his troubles, he could repair to some of the shops on the ground floor, where daggers and pistols were very conveniently sold at reduced prices—every facility being thus provided for enjoying all the pleasures of life under one roof.

Besides the licensed gaming-tables there were also many forms of unlicensed dissipation in divers subterranean chambers. A number of billiard rooms, each containing two or three tables, provided further opportunities for passing the time. Women were everywhere, and from about midday till three o'clock in the morning the galleries of the Palais Royal were thronged by crowds of gayly attired nymphs ready to lend their aid in charming the dream of life. In the days of the Terror they absolutely dominated the whole place. It was an epoch when many knew that the guillotine was being made ready to receive them, and for this reason were seized with a veritable frenzy to snatch as much enjoyment as possible.

The close connection which at that time existed between illicit passion and death was well typified in the personality of one of the most popular sirens, Mlle. Dubois, known as "la fille Chevalier," who was a reigning favorite of the gardens. The girl in question possessed no great beauty, her chief attraction being that her father was the executioner of Dijon, who had sent numbers of people into the other world.

The gaming rooms were on the southern side of the Palais Royal. To enter them you ascended a staircase and opened the door of an ante-chamber, where several hundred hats, sticks, and great-coats, carefully ticketed, were arranged, under the charge of two or three old men, who received either one or two sous from every owner for the safe delivery of his precious deposit. No dogs were admitted into

these sacred apartments, nor anything which was likely to disturb the deep attention and holy quiet which pervaded them. From this antechamber opened a folding-door, which led to a large, well-lighted room, in the centre of which was a table surrounded, at a moderate estimate, by two hundred and fifty or three hundred persons anxiously inspecting a game. The salons in the various establishments opened one into another, and in some there were as many as six rooms which contained tables.

So comprehensive is this work, such a picture of the phase of life that it is intended to portray does it present, that it is difficult, almost impossible, to cull the striking features of the frenzied gambling indulged in by the young bucks of the day. They lost no opportunity to wager. Wherever there was chance for a difference of opinion there was an opportunity for the laying of a wager when men of different temperaments met. The freak political wagers of our own times were equalled in eccentricity by those of the gay youths of the time of which Mr. Nevill writes. He tells of a well-known German author of the times who actually rode a horse from Edinburgh to London sitting backwards:

In 1735 Count de Buckeburg, a well-known German author, on a visit to England, laid a considerable wager that he would ride a horse from London to Edinburgh backwards, that is, with the horse's head turned towards Edinburgh and the count's face towards London; and in this manner he actually rode the journey in less than four days.

What more eccentric wager could be laid than that arising from the relative speed of turkeys and geese, yet Mr. Nevill, citing an instance of this sort, charges it to one of his ancestors:

The eccentric wager made by George, Lord Orford, an ancestor of the present writer, is well known. The latter, in 1740, met another nobleman a large sum that a drove of geese would beat an equal number of turkeys in a race from Norwich to London. The event proved the justness of his lordship's expectations, for the geese kept on the road with a steady pace, but the turkeys, as every evening approached, flew to roost in the trees adjoining the road, from which the drivers found it very difficult to dislodge them. In consequence of this the geese arrived at their destination two days before the turkeys.

Another eccentric performance upon which much money was wagered involved the use of a mile long cord. Mr. Nevill says:

A young man of the name of Drayton undertook for a considerable sum to pull in a pound weight at the distance of a mile, that is, the weight had to be attached to a string a mile in length and Drayton to stand still and pull it to himself. The time allowed for this singular performance was two hours and a half. The odds were against him, but he won his wager.

And to show that the clergy, even, had succumbed to the general mania for odd wagers the proposition of a young clergyman as related by the author is ample proof:

A young divine, in the vicinity of Edinburgh, declared himself ready to undertake for a wager of a hundred guineas to read six chapters from the Bible every hour for six weeks. The betting was ten to one against him.

But history fails to record the outcome of the undertaking, which, according to the betting, must have seemed very difficult indeed.

Dwelling upon Monte Carlo, Mr. Nevill presents figures that are almost staggering and shows upon what a thoroughly systematic business basis the place is run. Created by the genius of M. Blanc in the early 'sixties by arrangement with the ruling family of Monaco, the Grimaldis, it exists today, an undeniable monument to his capacity for organization. After relating the early history of the place, the author gives us a glimpse of the profits, which are truly enormous:

Of late years the annual profits of the Casino at Monte Carlo have worked out at about a million, £4000 a day, it is said, flowing into the coffers of the bank during the season. The disbursements, however, are heavy, amounting literally to hundreds of thousands of pounds. Amongst these must be reckoned £9000 for clergy and schools, £6000 for charity, and £20,000 for police. The arrangement, which was some years ago renewed by the reigning prince, naturally absorbs a very large sum of money; but, when everything has been paid out, the annual profits do not fall far short of £500,000, the shareholders, even in bad years, receiving something like 30 per cent.

The Casino employs about two thousand officials and employees; the general management being carried on by a directeur-général, who receives 100,000 francs a year, and three directeurs. Three sous-directeurs, under whom are the chefs de table and the croupiers, have to superintend the gaming rooms, in which eighteen inspectors walk about the rooms quietly and continually, keeping watchful eyes on employees and players. These inspectors are known only to the initiated, and have the appearance of being ordinary on-lookers, fond of watching the play. Amongst other duties, these men keep an eye upon the people staking, in order to detect any habitual snatchers of other people's money, and also to report on any one who may apply for the *viatique*.

The *viatique*, or sum of money doled out to unsuccessful gamblers by the Casino, consists of a price of a second-class ticket to the applicant's home, together with some small additional funds to enable him to proceed on his journey.

The dole in question was in the earlier days of Monte Carlo generally granted without much demur, but at the present time a successful applicant has to comply with some very unpleasant formalities.

To obtain the *viatique* the presumably penniless gambler must present himself at a special office, just off a corner of the central gaming room, and there he must take an oath that he has lost over £300. Inquiries are then made as to whether the applicant has really lost a large sum at play, which is easily discovered by the evidence of the inspectors and officials presiding at the tables. If these inquiries corroborate the story told, he is handed the money, for which he signs a receipt; and until the advance is repaid the recipient is not allowed to pass the doors which separate the atrium from the gaming rooms. As a matter of fact, I believe those who have received the *viatique* are now photographed so as to be identified by the door-keepers.

In Mr. Nevill's work there is much material for those who deem it possible to legislate humanity into

Puritanical ways. With the evil of gambling now existing under cover, now breaking forth into an hysterical speculative flame, reaching forth its tentacles and touching every nerve and fibre of society, manifesting itself in a thousand different forms, knowing not creed nor color nor condition of servitude, it can undoubtedly be regarded as a subject equally interesting to the law-maker as to him whose duty it is to enforce the laws already spread upon the statute books. In concluding his historical work, for such it is, although somewhat circumscribed in scope, Mr. Nevill draws the conclusion that gambling can never be entirely suppressed. Undoubtedly there is much food for thought in the last few paragraphs of the book, wherein the author writes:

Those who in the pages of this book have wandered through the gaming houses of Europe, and have briefly surveyed the careers of most of the chief gamblers of the past, will, it is hoped, do the writer the justice to admit that he has in no wise sought to minimize the grave evils which are the almost inevitable result of worshipping the Goddess of Chance.

Nothing, indeed, is more striking than the almost universal ruin which has ever overtaken the vast majority of gamblers, except the complete failure which has invariably attended all attempts to stamp out this vice by means of coercive measures.

The futile and ineffectual results, which, during the last two hundred years, have invariably followed all drastic repression are clearly demonstrated by hard facts; at the present time speculation, gambling, and betting all flourish as they never flourished before.

In open combat the strong arm of the law is resistless; but there is no possibility of its ultimate triumph or power of eradicating the desire of gaming from the human mind; and more especially in a country where speculation on the stock exchange is regarded with the greatest tolerance by those who denounce the race-course and the card-table.

The anathemas of well-meaning and unworried ecclesiastics, the plaints of zealous philanthropists, the strident declamations of social reformers, who call for legislative measures of drastic restriction, can only cause the philosophic student of human nature to deplore that so much well-meaning effort should be devoted to such a futile end.

In sober fact the gambling mania is one for which no specific remedy exists—it is possessed by those who are well aware of its dangers and realize that in the ordinary course of events it must prove ultimately destructive. Repress it in one direction and it reappears—more often than not worse than ever—in another.

It is impossible to drag human nature into virtue. The leopard can not change its spots, or the Ethiopian his skin. Man with his craving for strong emotions will assuredly find means of gratifying them, and it is mere hypocritical rubbish to assume that in the future milk and water is to be the elixir of life.

The well-meaning altruist, who looks with contempt on the frivolous occupations which appear to amuse a great part of mankind, should remember that they, on the other hand, are equally at a loss to account for the pleasure which he derives from the more elevated pursuits in which their lower mental capacities forbid them to indulge.

As a matter of fact the strongest motive with all mankind, after the more sordid necessities are provided for, is excitement. For this reason gambling will continue—even should all card-playing be declared illegal and all race-courses plowed up.

Repugnant as the idea may be to the Anglo-Saxon mind, regulation, not repression, is without doubt the best possible method of mitigating the evils of speculation; and, moreover, such a system possesses the undeniable advantage of diverting no inconsiderable portion of the money so often recklessly risked into the channels of undoubted public benefit.

The time is not yet when English public opinion is prepared to face facts as they are; but though it may be at some far distant day, that time must come, when a wise and more enlightened legislature, profiting by the experience of the past, will at last realize that the vice of gambling can not be extirpated by violent means. Reluctantly, but certainly, it will endeavor to palliate the worse features of gambling by taking care that those who indulge in it shall do so under the fairest conditions, whilst at the same time paying a toll to be applied for the good of the community at large.

Such is the inevitable and only solution of a social problem which from any other direction it is absolutely hopeless to approach.

"Light Come, Light Go," by Ralph Nevill. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$4.50.

A friendly suit is about to be brought in the courts to determine whether an aviator may fly over another man's property. It is proposed that Curtiss, a Wright brother, or some other bird-man, shall fly over the house of a member of the Aero Club of America, so that the member can bring suit against the aeronaut for trespass. The whole matter has a serious as well as a ludicrous side. The common law has a maxim that he who owns the earth owns up to the skies and down to the lower regions. Of course this maxim was invented before airships were dreamed of, but that does not make it any the less troublesome. If aeronauts can be sued for trespass whenever they fly over a gentleman's farm, the successful contestants in next year's international aeroplane cup races may lose more in damage suits than they gain in prizes. Chief Justice Baldwin of the Connecticut Supreme Court says the right to fly must certainly be "subject to regulation by government and subject to some responsibility in case of accident that injures others."

The forest schools—at Charlottenburg, Dresden, and Elberfeld, in Germany, also at Borstal Wood, near London—are attracting the interest of physicians and teachers. Charlottenburg school is situated in the midst of the pine woods, and the only protection ever offered is a mere roof in case of rain. No lesson periods are longer than twenty-five minutes and much time is given to play. Five simple meals are served the children daily.

More than 10,000 Japanese pilgrims climb the 12,365 feet of Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, every year.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Rosary*, by Florence L. Barclay. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.35.

This capital story reminds us of Jane Eyre, although its heroine is an aristocrat. Jane Champion belongs to a blue-blooded English family. She is thirty years of age, and she herself says "I look thirty-five and feel forty," and she is plain. These are by no means promising materials for a heroine, but with the aid of a fine character portrayal the author makes Jane Champion shine forth like a diamond in the sun. It is noteworthy that many of the best female characters in fiction have not been physically beautiful.

The hero is Garth Dalmain, a young artist whose whole life is a quest for beauty. Until Garth perceives Jane's extraordinary nobility of character and her latent possibilities as wife and mother, no one has ever made love to her. She has been the good friend of every man within range, but no more than this; and Garth's sudden glimpse into the beauty of her nature is the occasion of one of the many strong pieces of writing in the book. Jane asks for a day to deliberate on his proposal, and then passes through a Gethsemane of choice between her suddenly aroused passion for the young artist and her certainty that his love must eventually fade in the constant presence of her unlovely face. And so she rejects him, giving as her reason and in order to avoid protestations that she can not marry "a mere boy."

After three years of separation and of passionate yearning upon both sides, Garth loses his sight from the explosion of a gun. Jane hears of it while she is in Egypt, and hurries home, in the hope that she can now undo the fatal mistake that she made. But Garth, believing that only pity actuates her overtures, will have none of them, and so Jane, in her determination to be near him, personates the nurse that was to be sent from London and so secures access to his house. Of course we know exactly what will happen, but only a perusal of the book will show the energy of the narrative, its pathos, and its dramatic strength. The author must have been strongly tempted to restore Garth's sight, at least partially; but she is artist enough to resist. It was Jane's consciousness of her plainness that separated the lovers in the first place, and to re-introduce such an element of doubt would have been an error of literary judgment. And the errors in this satisfying story are few and far between.

*Faith and Health*, by Charles Reynolds Brown. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$1.

Dr. Brown, well known as a California preacher, has some good things to say about mental therapeutics, and he says them with moderation and sanity. It is too late in the day to deny the influence of the mind over the body, or that the mental state is a powerful factor in health conditions; but whether we are to create a new profession of clerical healers is quite another matter. Dr. Brown can hardly be expected to foresee a new and tyrannical kind of priestcraft, but he does strongly deprecate the interference of the minister in a work for which he is in no way qualified, either by education or experience, unless such interference be confined to the simplest and the most common-sense lines. It is the middle course that he recommends—a greater reliance upon a purified mental condition, while seeking such help in time of stress as the discriminating use of medicines may afford. One of the many good things that he says is that the very people who claim so loudly against the use of drugs in time of sickness all use soap. We are not sure that they do, but he is right when he says that soap is a chemical drug, an expeditious way of doing what water alone would do more slowly. Have faith in God, he says, and employ the useful aids to health that we find at hand. The combination is a good one.

*Greek Lands and Letters*, by Francis Greenleaf Allinson and Anne C. E. Allinson. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$2.50.

It is pleasant to find a cultured, classical enthusiasm that makes its appeal so persuasively as in this attractive book, and that knows so well how to make it effectively. There ought to be some kind of censorship upon Greek guide books, so that none may write them except those whose natural affinity is with ghosts and who will therefore spare us the offensive assumption that Greece is still among the living lands and with customs-houses, policemen, and hotels.

For those who have an ethical right to visit Greece, and they are few, there could be no better book than this. It is written with an eye unwaveringly fixed upon the past, and it is written upon bended knees. It is redolent of the odor of sanctity that should accompany a pilgrimage, and of a classical devotion that is meant to be contagious.

With this book in our hands we can wander

at will through Greece, assured that the admonitory voice will never fail us, and that our shoes will be taken from our feet whenever we stand upon ground unusually holy. Archaeology, art, literature—the whole of them so far as they relate to Greece—find their place here, piously set forth by quotations that are carefully selected, and by translations that were labors of love. Most of the translations are by the authors themselves, and for the most part there could be no better combination of accuracy and poetic skill. Take, for example, the rendering of the "Chorus of Clouds," by Aristophanes:

Come ever floating, O Clouds, anew,  
Let us rise with the radiant dew  
Of our nature undefiled  
From Father Ocean's billows wild.  
The tree-fringed peak  
Of hill upon lofty hill let us seek  
That we may look on the cliffs far-seen,  
And the sacred land's water that lends its green  
To the fruits, and the whispering rush of the  
rivers divine  
And the clamorous roar of the dashing brine.  
For Ether's eye is flashing his light  
Untired by glare as of marble bright.

*Masters of the English Novel*, by Richard Burton. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York.

This clever book will be read with different feelings by the literary conservative and the literary radical. In the first place it deals only with authors who are dead, and this implies an undue curtailment of the American section and the exclusion of some few contemporary novelists whose work will live.

We may question if the progress of the English novel is toward perfection as the author seems to suggest. He says that "it has grown on the whole more truthful with each generation," and he points with some pride to the modern product, wherein the lovers do not necessarily "live happily ever afterwards" and wherein the characters are no longer divided into good and bad, white and black, but are rather painted in a color which "seems a very neutral gray." We are reminded of the tremendous condemnation passed upon the members of one of the early Christian churches whose neutral tint of virtue caused their utter rejection. The conservative reader of the day is likely still to admire the old-fashioned good and bad classification as he is likely also to believe that the novelist who makes his characters "live happily ever afterwards" is far nearer to artistic truth—which is always prophetic—than his more modern brother who trails them through the divorce court and endows the wife with a plentiful alimony as a bait for the next victim. Truth and fact are not identical from the artistic point of view and Fielding and Richardson knew more about women than Ibsen and his followers have ever guessed at.

It is this confusion of fact and truth that mars so many modern novels. Their writers forget to be artistic, they forget to prophesy, and they hug the fatal delusion that because facts exist they have a right to a place in the novel. The artistic novel must be harmonious with a beneficent natural intention, and an ugly, unnecessary fact has no more rightful place in a novel than a discord in a piece of music. Realism is impossible without imagination, and he only is the artist who sees that a better future is as much a reality as an ugly present.

But the book is a good one, critical, analytic, and discriminating. The chapters on Dickens and Thackeray are particularly good and the author's remarks on the French show a careful and thoughtful study.

*The Days of the Directoire*, by Alfred Allinson. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$5.

The author might have written a better history, although not a more entertaining one, by saturating himself with his facts and then telling his story in his own way. It is hard to estimate the proportion of the volume that consists of extracts from other works, but it is very large, and without the arrangement that would have given it a more finished literary style. The author's object is "to present a vivid picture of the extraordinary years from 1795 to 1799," and it may be said at once that he has succeeded in doing this by giving us a narrative of his own and of a considerable number of other writers as well. It is a curious but an effective mixture, and pleasantly readable. There are about fifty illustrations, some of them the old familiar ones that usually accompany books of this period, but they are all appropriate.

*Seven English Cities*, by W. D. Howells. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

Mr. Howells's reminiscences of travel always make us wonder how it is possible to go so far and to see so little. Or can it be that Mr. Howells sees more than he admits, perhaps even thinks about it, but is under a stern necessity to write down to a popular level and to temper the wind of his reflections to those whom he supposes to be intellectually shorn? If we may assume that Mr. Howells is not making allowances for our

mental shortcomings we may then wonder at a perceptive power that sees nothing anywhere but trivialities and superficialities and that is well content to bask in the sunshine and to make daisy chains for evermore.

This glimpse at seven English cities is of course a most dainty piece of writing, and our only complaint is that it is wholly un-leavened by the serious reflections that one would suppose to be irresistible. It can be read from beginning to end without leaving a mental residue or producing a clear recognition of anything. Mr. Howells's reminiscence of a city consists of a sparkling mixture of street gossip with a few anecdotes, an occasional bit of dramatic history, a trace of architecture, and a surface reflection or two. There are occasions in the life of a busy man when this sort of reading is acceptable, just as there are times when we drink soda water although we know it won't do us any good, but we should like Mr. Howells the more if we could but rid ourselves of the impression that he is trying to amuse enfeebled minds.

*The Price of Lis Doris*, by Maarten Maartens. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

We are divided between our admiration of Mr. Maartens's descriptive power and our doubts of the probability of his plot. Lis is a poor Dutch boy with artistic yearnings, who is befriended and mothered by Yetta, the daughter of the parson. Yetta is persuaded to marry a scoundrelly painter named Pareys, in order that she may have money enough to give Lis his education, and when Lis finally produces some masterly landscapes Pareys claims them as his own and Lis is so apprehensive for Yetta's welfare that he acquiesces in the fraud. That Yetta should herself be deceived as to the authorship of the paintings, knowing her husband, as she must, and his incapacity for such work, is the improbable element of the story. Pareys eventually dies, but before his death he binds Yetta never to marry Lis, and so the story ends in an atmosphere of general discouragement and of partially successful villainy. Mr. Maartens seems to give less attention to the fabric of his plot than to the descriptive matter in which it is embedded. Had the plot been more plausible the story would have been a masterpiece. It is so nearly a masterpiece as to rank high in the fiction of the day.

*The Rough Rider*, by Bliss Carman. Published by Mitchell Kennerley, New York; \$1.

This dainty little volume of verse is one to be read through, not because it has any distinctly new message or shows a profound insight of hidden things, but because of its cleanly vigor, its stimulating optimism, and its love of the wholesome outer air, with the virtues that accompany it. Very few modern versifiers manage to get more than one or two passably good things into the volumes that are unaccountably published, but here we have a whole crowd of them, and sometimes with more than a passing suggestion of Kipling.

The first in the book, "The Angels of Man," is fairly representative of Mr. Carman's poetic stamina. It tells how the archangels are sent forth to inspire mankind:

Till in the far years he shall find  
The country of his quest,  
The empire of the open truth,  
The vision of the hest,  
Foreseen by every mother saint  
With her new-born on her breast.

We must look far before we find anything more stirring than "The Rough Rider." The old monarchical enemies of liberty are compared with the more modern foe of illicit wealth:

Now, masking raid and rapine  
In debonair disguise,  
The foe we thought defeated  
Deludes our careless eyes,  
Entrenched in law and largess  
And the vested wrong of things,  
Cloaking a fouler treason  
Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,  
He holds our land for rent,  
He sweats our little children  
To swell his cent per cent;  
With secret grip and levy  
On every crumb we eat,  
He drives our sons to thieving,  
Our daughters to the street.

There are eighteen selections in this little leather-bound volume of seventy-eight pages, and every one of them justifies its inclusion.

*The Up Grade*, by Wilder Goodwin. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Stephen Loring is an educated failure who gets what may well be his last chance as a laborer in an Arizona mine. He saves the life of the manager's beautiful daughter, falls in love with her, is promoted to the winch engine, and, of course, gets drunk, and sacrifices the lives of two men. This proves to be the turning point in his career, and toward the end of the story we find him the manager of a mine and the accepted suitor of his old sweetheart. The story is interesting, but Loring is not exactly a sympathetic figure, and we feel that his phenomenal luck is not among the probabilities of actual life.

*In Love's Garden and Other Verses*, by Ida Frances Anderson. Published by the Arroyo Guild Press, Los Angeles.

This is a collection of blank verse of much dignity and true poetic sentiment, but largely spoiled by its lack of form and defiance of poetic rule. The author seems to think that this is a merit, but she is mistaken. The rules of poetic composition are not arbitrary or conventional, but natural in the same way that musical rules are natural like the order of the tides and the seasons. A fixed law of periodicity runs all through nature, showing itself in form, sound, color, and many other ways, and verse must comply with the law or cease to be verse.

"Lays of a Lazy Dog by Teddy," interpreted by D. K. Stevens, has been published by John W. Luce & Co., Boston.

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needs no introduction further than the reminder that it is by the author of that poignantly impressive book "The Gadfly." Cloth, \$1.50

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LITERARY NOTES.

Virginia and the War.

*Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession*, by Beverley B. Munford. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

This book is a noteworthy addition to the literature concerning the Civil War. Rather a grouping of immensely valuable data than a consecutive work, it pictures the sentiment of the people of Virginia toward slavery and toward the Union, from the time when the Colonies cut their apron strings and stood alone until the outbreak of domestic hostilities.

That the Virginians realized the iniquity of slavery there can be no doubt after a perusal of this book. That they were groping for some effectual remedy is equally apparent. And that they labored under difficulties which in the eventual proved insurmountable can hardly be surprising when the words of Lincoln, speaking upon the question of slavery in 1854, are called to mind: "When Southern people tell us that they are no more responsible for the creation of slavery than we are I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists and that it is very difficult to get rid of in any satisfactory way I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame them for not doing what I would not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution."

To show the causes that led to the withdrawal of Virginia from the Union and to present the true attitude of the Virginia people with respect to the constitutional questions involved in the breach between the North and South has been the author's task. Deep-seated and complex they were, old world antagonisms, religious and political, antedating yet surviving the settlements at Jamestown, at Plymouth Rock, New Amsterdam, and New Orleans. As a people intensely aristocratic, the Virginians were descended from the best blood of the mother land. Comprising many of the greatest orators, the greatest statesmen, America has ever known, they considered an interference with the rights achieved by them in the struggle for independence as unconstitutional and wrong, and they maintained with dignity the doctrine of State's rights. The attitude of a group of States, claiming the right to dictate to another group, was questioned by them, the right to interfere with arms was totally denied. And when the first overt act of warfare, the provisioning and strengthening of Fort Sumter, proved a finality of purpose, the author declares that the Virginians sorrowfully and reluctantly severed the last tie that bound North and South together, asserted that there could be no government without the consent of the governed, and submitted the problem to the arbitrament of war.

However profound may be a disagreement with the author's main contentions, there will be no question of the conscientious skill with which he has approached his task or the historical value of the facts that he has arrayed.

New Publications.

Mitchell Kennerley, New York, has published a little sketch by Sewell Ford entitled "Honk, Honk! Shorty McCabe at the Wheel." Price 50 cents.

The Banner Publishing Company, San Francisco, have published a little book entitled "The World of Suckers," by Lionel Josephare. The price is \$1.

Ginn & Co., Boston and New York, have published a new edition of "Leading Facts of American History," by D. H. Montgomery. It appears in an entirely new form, with new type, new illustrations, and new maps, and with a text brought up to date and partially rewritten. The price is \$1.

"Manuel in Mexico," by Etta Blaisdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple, has now been added to the Little People Everywhere series in course of publication by Little, Brown & Co., Boston. This is the fourth of this well written and well illustrated series, which now covers Mexico, Japan, Italy, and Ireland. Eight others are in course of preparation. The price is 60 cents per volume.

"Harper's Handy Book for Girls" is a companion volume to the book recently issued for boys, although it may be noted that the interests of the sexes at this age often overlap. The book is edited by Anna Parmler and includes such fascinating amusements as home decoration, arts, crafts, needlework, giftmaking, physical culture, and the out-door life. The publishers are Harper & Brothers, New York, and the price is \$1.75.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The eightieth birthday anniversary of perhaps the leading living American writer of the day, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, fell on February 15, and the date was celebrated by publication of Dr. Mitchell's new book of verse, entitled "The Comfort of the Hills."

A new woman writer is Signorina Paola Lombroso, daughter of Professor Cesare Lombroso.

broso. When, a short time ago, a paper for boys and girls, *Corriere dei Piccoli*, was started in Milan the great favorite among the writers quickly became "Zia Mariu" (Aunt Mary). Complete mystery as to who she was has been preserved until now, when the fact of her identity has been announced.

In a letter to Henry T. Finck, author of "Success in Music and How It Is Won," Jean de Reszke says: "I have read your book with deep emotion. All my life as an artist has passed before my eyes, and my thoughts have been carried back to my dear comrades and to the battles won at the cost of so much labor, perseverance, and self-denial. May the story of my efforts and of the efforts of my illustrious fellow-workers serve as a guide and an incentive for all young people who would enter the theatrical profession. Your book shows them the path to fame and I wish them success with all my heart."

The Prince of Montenegro is going to publish a book of poems. It may be the forerunner of another Balkan war cloud.

Mr. Cecil Aldin, the English illustrator, is engaged upon an illustrated edition of "Pickwick," which will be published during the present year. The edition, which will be in two volumes, is to be profusely illustrated with full page pictures in color, and will also contain a large number of black-and-white sketches in the text. A special Pickwick alphabet is also being designed by Mr. Aldin to form the initial letters.

General Booth of the Salvation Army is busy on his autobiography, at his home in London. He is making it after a fashion of his own, dictating to a shorthand writer, and his copy then going to a typewriter, no division into chapters being made. The work of selection and arrangement will later be undertaken by the general and his son Bramwell.

Ambrose Bierce, whose mastery of English is perfervidly praised by his admirers, is the author of a little "blacklist of literary faults," entitled "Write It Right," which is issued by the Neale Publishing Company of New York.

Richard Le Gallienne, writing in the *North American Review*, says of George Meredith: "He is first of all a great creative artist, with an unusual combination of gifts, and he seems to me unique in his power of showing what a many-stringed instrument the novel can be. No novelist has ever done so many things at once with the novel as George Meredith, except Balzac."

Quiller-Couch, author of "True Tilda," "The Mayor of Troy," etc., is best known on this side of the water as a writer of stories, but in England he is thought of more as an essayist and critic and as a poet. In his home town of Fowey he takes a most enthusiastic interest in all that goes on about him. He helps train the school children for the Christmas pantomime. He is justice of the peace, rear-admiral of the yacht club, and a leading spirit in the mercantile association and the Troy town band. He plays cricket and frequently kicks off the ball at important football games. His popularity is summed up by one of his Cornish neighbors, "They'm many of us could tell you that Mr. Quiller-Couch is the only gent in Fowey."

New Books Received.

"Allison's Lad and Other Martial Interludes," by Beulah Marie Dix. Holt.

"Airships in Peace and War," by R. P. Hearne. John Lane.

"Central America and Its Problems," by Frederick Palmer, F. R. G. S. Moffat, Yard.

"Great English Short-Story Writers," 2 vols., by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. Harper's.

"Harper's Handy Book for Girls," edited by Anna Parmler. Harper's.

"In After Days—Thoughts on the Future Life," by representative men and women. Harper's.

"Jane Austen and Her Country House Comedy," by W. H. Helm. John Lane.

"Insurrections," by James Stephens. Macmillan.

"Light Come Light Go," by Ralph Nevill. Macmillan.

"Mary Cary," by Kate Langley Boshier. Harper's.

"New York Society on Parade," by Ralph Pulitzer. Harper's.

"On the Trail of Washington," by Frederick Trevor Hill. Appleton.

"Peggy the Daughter," by Katherine Tynan. Cassell.

"Scientific Living," by Laura Nettleton Brown. Heath Culture Company.

"Shell Fish Industries," by James L. Kellogg. Holt.

"The Biographical Story of the Constitution," by Edward G. Elliott. Putnam.

"The Cambridge History of English Literature," edited by A. W. Ward, Litt. D., and A. R. Waller, M. A. Putnam.

"The Death of Maid McCrea," by O. C. Auringer. Gorham Press.

"The Elzhiath People," by Henry Thew Stephenson. Holt.

"The Market for Souls," by Elizabeth Goodnow. Kennerley.

"The Magical Message According to Joannes," by James M. Pryse. Theosophical Publishing Company.

"The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge," edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D. D., LL. D. Funk & Wagnalls.

"The Top of the Morning," by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins. Baker & Taylor.

"The White Flame," by Luke North. Golden Press.

"Tower of Ivory," by Gertrude Atherton. Macmillan.

"Yet Again," by Max Beerbohm. John Lane.

CURRENT VERSE.

My Real Life.

Resistance my religion is,  
Repression is my creed;  
My real life is that which I  
Have never dared to lead.  
—Harold Sussman, in *Smart Set*.

The Dreamer.

Scorn not the dreamer, ye who strive  
In hazy marts the goal to win;  
By other ways shall he arrive,  
And other gates shall enter in.

In touch with nature's mysteries,  
His is the heart that understands;  
To paint the picture that he sees  
His are the artist's skillful hands.

Like that far dreamer of Judea,  
Who, true of heart and wise of brain,  
Was made Egyptian Pharaoh's seer  
And saved the King's domain.

Up from the River erept the lean,  
Long years across the desert sand;  
Behold, the Dreamer rose serene  
And fed the famished land!

So to the Seer the power is given,  
And time fulfills the vision dim;  
The Sun and Moon and Stars eleven  
Bow down and worship him!  
—M. E. Buhler, in *Outlook Magazine*.

An Off-Shore Chantey.

(The Oft-Repeated Swan-Song of a Deep-Sea Lover.)

Ho! Yo! Home with sheet an' bowlin',  
Flatten braces in a bit, she's leanin' to it now,  
Hi! Yi! Sweethearts, we're a-strollin',  
We'll kiss you when we come back if—you aint forgotten how!  
Yi! Hi! Bend your back, you lubber!  
H'ist your wheel a spoke or two an' give her a good full—  
Yo! Ho! Riggins' made o' rubber,  
You can stretch it if you try, so—Pull! Pull! Pull!

Ho! Yo! Leavin' wine an' women—  
Never seen much wine in mine, but rum's the stuff to burn—  
Hi! Yi! Sweethearts, we'll come swimmin',  
And if you have forgotten, why, there's others we can learn!  
Yi! Hi! Put your helm bard over—  
Tack her once, then coffee, lads, an' no more cakes for tea—  
Yo! Ho! Pointin' out by Dover,  
No more damned jammed land for us, we're makin' out to sea.  
—Rowland Thomas, in *American Magazine*.

To Her—Unspoken.

Go to him, ah, go to him, and lift your eyes aglow to him;  
Fear not royally to give whatever he may claim;  
All your spirit's treasury scruple not to show to him.

He is noble; meet him with a pride too high to shame.

Say to him, ah, say to him, that soul and body sway to him;  
Cast away the cowardice that counsels you to flight,  
Lest you turn at last to find that you have lost the way to him.

Lest you stretch your arms in vain across a starless night.

Be to him, ah, be to him, the key that sets joy free to him;  
Teach him all the tenderness that only love can know,  
And if ever there should come a memory of me to him,  
Bid him judge me gently for the sake of long ago.  
—Amelia Josephine Burr, in *Century Magazine*.

Ballade of Victory.

Beyond the Gates of the Gardens of Khan,  
That lie in the limits of Tartary,  
Beyond the Cross of the Son of Man,  
On the red, wet slope of Calvary,  
All a cycle before the Axe and the Tree,  
From a world of light by our dim dreams veiled,  
The Lord God 'stablished His Mystery—  
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

Yes, a Place He made for the slaves of ban,  
And for those who fell by the priests' decree,  
And one for the hunger-pinched courtesan,  
Who to suckle her babe sold her purity;  
And equal they were in the same degree—  
The scourged and the scorned, the beaten and jailed—  
When the Lord God founded His Charity,  
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

A few who came there when the world began  
Had names, but the many from names were free,  
And whether 'twas Christ or poor Joan,  
Bruno or Brown, or them that be  
Ground into dust at Thermopylae,  
They put them away with all they entailed,  
When the Lord God awarded in victory  
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!

L'ENVOI.

Ship of Success, on Failure's gray sea,  
Oh, these, the Nameless, calked holes as you sailed,  
Till the Lord God gave them their liberty—  
A Land for the Souls of His Sons who failed!  
—Rem A. Johnson, in *Life*.

The late Sir Theodore Martin when asked which he wrote of the famous "Bon Gaultier Ballads," among the wittiest poems in English literature, confessed that he had forgotten which were his and which were the work of his collaborator, Professor Aytoun.



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## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

The constant trend, of recent years, toward specialization in every line of human effort is undeniably reflected in newspaper conditions of today. With high-speed presses that pour forth thousands of completed papers every hour, and an impatient public waiting for the very latest news, standards have lowered: individualities that once reflected forth from printed pages have given place to curiosity-whetting headlines, and conservatism is supplanted by a frenzied desire to sell as many papers as possible in the shortest space of time.

With a clientele that demands above all else excitement, the line of least resistance is to supply the desired pabulum. And in defense of the newspapers there arises no less a champion than Charles Dudley Warner, whose pronouncement is "that no matter what the character of a paper may be it is always a trifle better than the patrons upon whom it depends for support."

In the February number of the *Atlantic Monthly* the waning power of the press is dwelt upon by Francis E. Leupp. With years of practical experience in newspaper work to draw upon, and ideals gathered from an intimate association with masters of the craft, he leads up to the conclusion that, in our common-sense generation, nobody cares what the newspapers say:

The airy dismissal of some proposition as "mere newspaper talk" is heard at every social gathering, till one who was brought up to regard the press as a mighty factor in modern civilization is tempted to wonder whether it has actually lost the power it used to wield among us.

In considering the transfer of newspapers from personal to impersonal control, and the dominating influence of the business office, a perfect picture of the old-style newspaper is drawn:

In the old-style newspaper, in spite of the fact that the editorial articles were usually anonymous, the editor's name appeared among the standing notices somewhere in every issue, or was so well known to the public that we talked about "what Greeley thought" of this or that, or wondered "whether Bryant was going to support" a certain ticket, or shook our heads over the latest sensational screed "in Bennett's paper." The identity of such men was clear in the minds of a multitude of readers who might sometimes have been puzzled to recall the title of the sheet edited by each. We knew their private histories and their idiosyncracies; they were to us no mere abstractions on the one hand, or wire-worked puppets on the other, but living, moving, sentient human beings; and our acquaintance with them enabled us, as we believed, to locate fairly well their springs of thought and action. Indeed, their very foibles sometimes furnished our best exegetical key to their writings.

Dwelling upon the era of personal journalism, Mr. Leupp discloses a sentimental liking for those veterans who were always ready to answer personally for anything they wrote, and deems them far more worthy of respect than those who hide behind the rampart of anonymity and voice the sentiments of a corporation, which regards money making before all else:

With all its faults, that era of personal journalism had some rugged virtues. In referring to it, I am reminded of a remark made to me, years ago, by the oldest editor then living—so old that he had employed Weed as a journeyman, and refused to hire Greeley as a tramp printer—that "in the golden age of our craft, every editor wore his conscience on his arm, and carried his dueling weapon in his hand, walked always in the light where the whole world could see him, and was prepared to defend his published opinions with his life if need be."

The struggle of individually owned newspapers against those backed and controlled by corporate wealth was a brief and hopeless one. Principles were fine things in the abstract, but in the concrete money was the only excuse for the existence of a paper—money that came pouring into the business office in a steady stream. And so:

The circulation must be pushed, and the advertising patronage increased. More circulation can be got only by keeping the public stirred up. Employ private detectives to pursue the runaway husband, and bring him back to his wife; organize a marine expedition to find the missing ship; send a reporter into the Soudan to interview the beleaguered general whose own government is powerless to reach him with an army. Blow the trumpet, and make ringing announcements every day. If nothing new is to be had, refurbish something so old that people have forgotten it, and spread it over lots of space. Who will know the difference?

But the public, kept at a high pitch of excitement by flaring headlines, soon grew accustomed to the daily clamor of the paper. Familiarity with the constant outcry bred contempt. Having no favorite editor to quote or depend upon, the reading public—that part of it endowed with thought—turned to the magazines:

What was more, the readers pinned their faith to their favorite writers, and quoted Mr. Steffens and Miss Tarbell and Mr. Baker on the specialty each had taken, with much the

same freedom with which they might have quoted Darwin on plant-life, or Edison on electricity. If any anonymous editor ventured to question the infallibility of one of these prophets of the magazine world, the common multitude wasted no thought on the merits of the issue, but sided at once with the teacher whom they knew at least by name, against the critic whom they knew not at all. The uncomplimentary assumption as to the latter always seemed to be that, as only a subordinate part of a big organism, he was speaking not from his heart but from his orders; and that he must have some sinister design in trying to discredit an opponent who was not afraid to stand out and face his fire.

Under the corporate ownership which obliterated individualities the greatest crime became disobedience. The correspondent was employed to "take orders," and he took them, picturing himself as a soldier to whom duty was paramount to all else:

So he does what he is hidden, though it may be at the cost of his self-respect and the esteem of others whose kind opinion he values. I have had a young correspondent come to me for information about something under advisement at the White House, and apologize for not going there himself by showing me a note from his editor telling him to "give the President hell." As he had always been treated with courtesy at the White House, he had not the hardihood to go there while engaged in his campaign of abuse.

Still another brought me a dispatch he had prepared, requesting me to look it over and see whether it contained anything strictly libelous. It proved to be a forecast of the course of the Secretary of the Treasury in a financial crisis then impending. "Technically speaking," I said, after reading it, "there is plenty of libelous material in this, for it represents the Secretary as about to do something which, to my personal knowledge, he has never contemplated, and which would stamp him as unfit for his position if he should attempt it. But as a matter of fact he will ignore your story, as he is putting into type today a circular which is to be made public tomorrow, telling what his plan really is, and that will authoritatively discredit you." "Thank you," he answered, rather stiffly. "I have my orders to pitch into the Secretary whenever I get a chance. I shall send this today, and tomorrow I can send another saying that my exclusive disclosures forced him to change his programme at the last moment."

A few, however, of the great newspapers still cling to ideals, both in their editorial attitude and in their instructions to their newsgatherers:

Of one such paper a famous man once said to me, "I disagree with half its political views; I am regarded as a personal enemy by its editor; but I read it religiously every day, and it is the only daily that enters the front door of my home. It is a paper written by gentlemen for gentlemen; and, though it exasperates me often, it never offends my nostrils with the odors of the slums."

And it is these papers, the news mediums of family life, which, after all, exert the greatest influence. Reaching young America in its formative period, there is a natural absorption that ensues, and a wide sphere of influence of the subtler sort results.

But there is an element in the community "which can afford to buy only the cheapest and is drawn toward the lowest, daily prints; which, during the noon hour and at night, finds time to devour all the tenement tragedies, all the palace scandals, and all the incendiary appeals designed to make the poor man think that thrift is robbery. Over that element we find the vicious newspaper still exercising an enormous sway; and, admitting that so large a proportion of the outwardly reputable press has lost its hold upon the better class of readers, what must we look for as the resultant of two such unbalanced forces?"

The article is an interesting one. It deals with a phase of modern life that confronts each one of us every day. It pictures newspaper conditions as they are. But it suggests no remedy, for in conclusion Mr. Leupp frankly says:

I am sorry, also, to put forth so many strictures without furnishing a constructive sequel. It would be interesting, for example, to weigh such possibilities as an endowed newspaper which should do for the press, as a protest against its offenses of deliberation and its faults of haste and carelessness, what an endowed theatre might do for the rescue of the stage from a condition of chronic inanity. But it must remain for a more profound philosopher, whose function is to specialize in opinion rather than to generalize in comment, to show what remedies are practicable for the disorders which beset the body of our modern journalism.

Shortly before the first of the year the proposal that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt be enrolled in the Legion d'Honneur was again in revival in Paris. Her name, however, did not appear in the January lists of honors. The petition to the president asking that the ribbon be given her received the signatures of many of the most noted persons in France, among others Edmond Rostand, who speaks of her as "a woman of genius, the greatest artiste of the century, the most brilliant torch of poetry, the most dazzling figure of energy and beauty."

## DRAMATIC EXPRESSION.

Florence Roberts Gives Her Opinions on Some Matters of Stage Interest.

Florence Roberts began her career as an actress by remaining dumb for three years as an "extra," or supernumerary, as they used to term it in those days; alternating, as it happened, between the old Alcazar and the Baldwin theatres; a plague of dumbness that would make an impatient "extra" of the present day drop in a dead faint. For today to remain dumb for three years means to remain dumb forever; that is, to the theatre-going public. For this is the era when they make players to order, railroading incompetent people on to the stage and before the public, and giving them a walking part before they know how to walk and a talking part before they know how to talk.

Miss Roberts's three years' silence bore rich fruits, while the three months' silence of our present-day aspirants frequently bears no fruits at all.

It is always interesting to know what players who have arrived consider the best method of learning how to act. It is the custom now for stage artists to speak a good word for the dramatic schools—first; this is probably because they have friends who are in the business and they hate to "knock" an institution the doing away of which would throw a lot of people out of business.

But when they begin to utter their real feelings it generally develops that they consider that the stage is the best school. So it is the best school. So it is with Miss Roberts, who, during her long silence, had stored away such vivid impressions from her observations of the playing of various traveling stars that she made good on her very first big opportunity as an understudy.

It was in Al Hayman's sumptuous production of "Clito" here in San Francisco at the Baldwin Theatre. Kate Forsythe, the leading lady, fell ill. The manager asked for a volunteer to fill the part. Florence Roberts volunteered, and, young though she was, a mere girl in teens in fact, succeeded.

She still treasures a notice of that performance in her scrap-book—from the *Argonaut*, by the way, and written by "Betsy B.," which said that when the young debutante "had added a few inches to her stature and a few years to her experience she would develop into a first-class artist." Great she is not, but she is an excellent actress of more than common ability, with an enthusiasm of appreciation for what she values in her art that keeps her always fresh in feeling and sympathetic and sincere in histrionic expression. When questioned as to her methods of study of a rôle Miss Roberts's reply reveals one cause of her ability to show so much full-bodied consistency in her presentation of a character. She always abjures an early study of her lines in favor of a close scrutiny of the psychology of the character in its completeness, trying to image to herself what effect it would have, and does have in the play, on those with whom it is thrown in contact. Not until the character becomes alive to her does she permit herself to study her lines. Naturally in these days of superficial study and machine-made players this method, so thoroughly charged with intelligence, tells in the end. Reverting to the subject of the school-made player, the Californian actress thinks that the study of dramatic technique, while resulting in some gain, is done under the guidance of one master and therefore the class drill develops a tendency on the part of the pupils to all act alike, so that it is possible for one who is on the ground to pick out the representatives from one school by a family likeness in their brand of acting. What a ghastly thought! Perhaps that is the reason why individuality in histrionic art is steadily lessening, and that, too, in an epoch when it is ardently appreciated.

Miss Roberts also heartily condemns the present method of selecting players solely because of their physical fitness. A manager of one type, she says, has passed before him in review a number of players, or would-be players, for a company he is forming. "That tall blonde girl," he says finally, "she'll do." "But she is only an amateur," responds the agent dubiously. "The others know how to act." "Never mind," says the manager, satisfied. "She looks the part. I'll take her." The true player, says Miss Roberts, must

know how to make himself over, mentally and physically, so he will look the part in spite of natural differences.

She has been asked when getting together a company, "Do you want a type or an actor?" "I want an actor," was her reply. "and he can make himself over into the type."

As an instance of what can be done in this line she exhibits a photograph of herself, costumed and posed as Carmen. The face is in three-quarter view, the lips half open, the eyes long and alluring, the head at an angle of seductive coquetry, the black hair low on the brow. In it, since the profile line is not there to betray, Miss Roberts is unrecognizable.

"Learn from the ground up" is her dictum; pick up all the practical details you can on the stage proper; observe and study the work of the best models, and if you have talent and natural grace there lies your best chance of success.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

The London city coster, who has been written about and sung about, is doomed. Like the hansom cabby, he will soon be a thing of the past, and his much buttoned suit and barrow will disappear with him. The court of aldermen has formally approved a new regulation to the effect that "no costermonger, street hawker, or itinerant trader" may enter or remain in the main streets of the city for business purposes between 9 a. m. and 7 p. m. This rule will put several hundreds of this interesting type of London workers out of an old established method of earning a living. The police will begin to enforce the new regulations at once. Newspaper sellers will be allowed to ply their trade provided they do not impede traffic, and a few old established flower sellers will keep a life interest in their "pitches," but the costers, their barrows, and donkeys must move on.

At a recent sale in London a Chippendale bookcase brought \$10,500 and a Van Dyke portrait only \$3412. The price for the latter was also exceeded by three carved overmantels, which brought \$4856, \$4725, and \$4987 respectively. The work of the wood carvers and furniture makers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is more prized than that of some of the old masters. It has been said, however, that if Chippendale made all the chairs and cabinets attributed to him, he would have had to work twenty-four hours every day of his life.

In his youth George Meredith was a fervent admirer of Tennyson, to whom he sent his first volume of poems in 1851. Tennyson wrote back a very complimentary letter, saying that there was one poem which he wished he had written himself and a firm friendship was established between the two.



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THE EMPRESS HOTEL, Victoria, B. C.





NOVELTY AND SAVOY THEATRES.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"Gloria," in one way, reminds me of the play in which Mary Manning starred called "Glorious Betsy." In both plays the respective authors planned that the heroine should be a bewitching madcap, huddling over with health, animal spirits, and schoolgirl mischief. Neither succeeded. The mischievousness in both cases is too palpably worked up, and in Mr. Fagan's play the audience is not wholly able to enter into Gloria's gleeful enjoyment of the troublesome situations created by her peculiarly playful contrivings.

And there is a further cause prohibitive of merriment. Gloria lacks a fine sense as to the eternal fitness of things. It offends our fastidiousness that a man's feelings should be so worked upon by the lady of his love as to reach the point of tragedy, when the whole thing is a joke; and that joke so unsightly and offensive as to consist of passing off upon him the carcass of a boar—or a hog Gloria calls it—slain in the hunt as the body of a murdered man which must be concealed. And furthermore Gloria shows positive heartlessness in laughing over the sufferings of a man with the colic. These sufferings are purposely brought on by the too vigorously jocular Gloria having administered to the victim a bowl of iced wine for the purpose of inducing pains. In fact, in the first and second acts Gloria, as a heroine, is rather a heroic dose to swallow.

As if to punish her for her sins, the author compels her to remain in an almost perpetual state of hard-worked laughter for two out of the three acts. This, of course, is very hard on the actress who plays the part. Miss Roberts attacks the rôle valiantly, but after all it is an attack. I feel quite sure she does not play it with love and recognizes that it is below her ability. It is, in a way, a sort of experiment for an actress of Miss Roberts's stamp, who has made her reputation through her ability as an emotionalist, to take up this line of comedy. She has had, of course, a sufficiency of comedy scenes during her stage career to prove that she has a sense of humor. But unfortunately Gloria's sense of humor is so primitive that it makes no claim upon the finer resources of a player's art. A handsome woman with some charm, an infectious laugh, and a touch of commonplace coquetry could play the rôle of Gloria quite as well as it needs to be played, except for the closing scene between the lovers in the last act. This was quite the best in the play, and the most enjoyable in that it gave Miss Roberts a chance to display a very pretty piece of acting in a scene indicative of Gloria's thoroughly womanly inconsistency.

It is probably for this closing act and scene that the play was considered and used by both Miss Marlowe and Miss Roberts, although there seemed to be a fair response from the audience to the rather sledge-hammer humor of the two earlier acts.

The incongruous thing is that the author, Mr. James Bernard Fagan, has given his play such a very ornamental dress. Each of the three sets is pictorially attractive, and the costumes are particularly costly and beautiful, while the dialogue, although lacking in humorous humor, is well turned and has an old-time flavor.

The play gives White Whittlesey quite an opportunity in the agreeable rôle of Sir Phillip Lilley, Gloria's English wooer. He looks like a Van Dyke model, and, indeed, is so strikingly handsome in the part that if his spurs were not already worn he could have inaugurated a hit as a masculine stage beauty of unusual parts. He also acts the part very well, the rôle appealing particularly to our sympathies on account of Sir Phillip's English antipathy to the Florentine ideas of what is humorous.

Although "Gloria" offends by the roughness and crudeness of its brand of humor, its ideas are really drawn from Shakespearean sources. The mirth of Gloria and Cassandra over their very poor practical joke suggests that of the graceless crew in "Twelfth Night," and the masterful wrath and punitive methods of Sir Phillip, and the final subjugation of Gloria inevitably recall Katherine and Petruchio. In fact, with the best intentions in the world of writing an original play, Mr. Fagan has constructed one that is full of echoes; and although Miss Roberts during the final act, when she is at last permitted to let up on Gloria's excessive mirth, contrives to send us away

with a greatly improved taste in our mouths, still I doubt if she will stick to the play very long. Which will be, financially, a pity, since, judging from the beauty of the production as a production, a very pretty penny has gone into it.

One thing that makes us jump in the play is the lengths to which Sir Phillip goes when he gets a good, healthy mad up. I am glad he gave Gloria a drubbing. She needed it badly. But, on the whole, it rather subtracted from Sir Phillip's crown of glory as a sane, right-minded gentleman in the midst of a queer-minded and unfeeling crew. Upon this incident, however, the whole plot of the play, such as it is, revolves, and it therefore has to stand in all its native unbeautifulness.

Almost half a dozen theatres running plays here simultaneously. What joy for the reviewer! For plays are founded upon life; or at least they are supposed to be, and when we attend the theatre day in and day out we either long for pictures of real or of ideal life. Farce, musical comedy, and such like soon pall, because, save in the scraps, they are suggestive of nothing in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. They are giving us a lot of variety at the Savoy. We have had musical comedy, straight comedy, machine-made comedy, and real drama. This week it is drama; not particularly real, if the truth be told, but presumably so, as it is put in shape by Eugene Presbrey from Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," and any quantity of people admire the Canadian author and his books enormously and consider "The Right of Way" a very strong story. The play, however, does not convey a sense of reality. Joe Portugais is the real thing in it; a little too real, in fact, with his dialect and his scraps of French, which must be rather trying to theatre-goers who have always stuck to the plain American when it comes to the languages.

But a play can not convey a sense of reality when the hero, in a most hero-esque tone, while mechanically encircling his lady love's waist with a pair of arms that work on oiled hinges, cries, "If you only knew," or "As I look down into your eyes, dear one," and immediately raises a pair of artistically gotten up ors to the upper nor' nor' east corner of the auditorium, so that the world in front may look into his.

Acting must be a terribly difficult thing to do! It would seem to the outsiders such a simple, easy thing for a youth with imagination when he presses to his heart a fresh, pretty, charming girl to imagine himself really loving her, really longing to have and to hold and to cherish. And how much easier and more agreeable when under the circumstances the imagination gets to work. But no; too often the young actors under such circumstances are palpably absorbed in thinking of themselves and what they look like. And, perhaps entirely conscientiously. Perhaps, for the moment, conscience, at thought of the instructions of an intolerant and critical stage director, overtops egotism.

Hallett Thompson, the leading man at the Savoy, belongs to a numerous class on the stage. He is tall, good looking, and has effective stage presence. But, like hundreds of other young actors of fair ability, while expert in the technique of his craft, he forgets to be consistent in the minor details. He has one very good qualification, that of making many of his points quietly, even although he is sometimes too noisy in emotional outbursts.

Miss Arleen Hackett is at that stage in her career when she is all conscience and no initiative. Consequently there is no individuality to her work. She is, however, appropriate in appearance to the rôle of Rosalie.

R. Aug. Andersen's Portugais is carefully acted and deserves praise as a consistently worked out piece of character acting. As yet his work lacks distinction, but in time he will probably "get there."

The remainder of the company are very mediocre, consisting of people like the accusatory young abbé who say "Gawd" openly and unashamed, because unconsciously. In spite of these strictures, however, there are several dramatic features in the story of the man that lost his memory—a motive that is always interesting; see Morgan's "Somehow Good"—which makes it appreciably hold the attention and interest. The audience were absorbed in the story, uncritical of the melodramatic features and very appreciative of Messrs. Thompson's and Anderson's emotional outbursts, and also of the unusual excellence of the scenic part of the production.

Robert Edson, well remembered by local theatre-goers because of his famous impersonation of the picturesque Indian athlete here in "Strongheart," will follow McIntyre and Heath at the Van Ness Theatre, appearing for the first time in three seasons. He is now starring in "A Man's a Man," by Anna Steele Richardson and Henry Leslie Friedenberg.

"How many people work in your office?" asked one city man of another. "Oh, I should say, at a rough guess, about two-thirds of them," was the reply.—London Tit-Bits.

The Lambardi Grand Opera Company.

Grand opera, a brief but promising season, will open at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night, featuring a company of 147 people, including a symphony orchestra of fifty and a chorus of sixty, the favorite Lambardi Grand Opera Company being the purveyor.

Perhaps the very especial star this season is Mme. Ester Adaberto, who will be remembered as one of the great favorites of three seasons ago. Since that time she has appeared with the New York Metropolitan Opera Company and won even greater success. Her voice and dramatic ability has improved very much during the past two seasons, until now she is said to be one of the greatest dramatic sopranos of the operatic world. Her appearance here will be in "Aida," "Faust," and "Il Trovatore."

Next in interest to the prima donna is the leading tenor, Attilio Maurini, direct from Mascagni's own company in Italy. He is one of the superior tenors and ranks with Caruso and Constantino.

Impresario Lambardi claims that Giuseppe Maggi, the new addition to the company this year, is one of the greatest baritones in the world. He is a product of Italy, but has spent practically his entire life in England, where he sang at Covent Garden in the same opera that he will be heard in here. His greatest successes have been in "La Gioconda," "Faust," "Rigoletto," "La Bohème."

Critics of the Eastern newspapers have raved over the great voice and histrionic ability of Mme. Elvira Bosetti, dramatic soprano. Her acting alone has been compared to Bernhardt, and critics have given up all hope of doing justice to her voice in cold type. She will appear here in "La Gioconda," the second night of the opera season.

"Iris," Mascagni's beautiful music drama, will receive its initial presentation in San Francisco on Tuesday night of next week. Music lovers have asked for this opera for many years, ever since it was presented at the Metropolitan in New York, but owing to an iron-clad contract the author's agents were unable to give it to any other company. San Francisco was first to hear "La Bohème," and it will be second to hear "Iris." The opera is of Japan, but differs from "Mme. Butterfly" in every way. The "Hymn to the Sun," one of the chorus compositions, is said to be the most beautiful ensemble musical composition ever written. The cast for "Iris" will include Signorita Marina Calvi, an ideal Iris. She appeared in this opera in Italy and won great praise from Mascagni, the author, for her interpretation of the character. Angelo Antola, a favorite baritone here, will portray Kio, one of the principal characters. Attilio Maurini, tenor, will sing Osaka, and Vincenzo Viola, basso, will present the blind father of Iris.

Of the stars of last season but five remain this year. They are Mme. Cecilia Tamanti Zavaski, who will be remembered for her magnificent Lucia; Angelo Antola, baritone, for his great Tonio in "Pagliacci"; Alessandri Scalabrini, dramatic tenor, who sang the trouhadour in "Il Trovatore"; Mme. Dolores Frau, famed for her Carmen, and Azucena in "Il Trovatore"; and Maestro Edoardo Lehgott, one of the directors. Two of the company this year have also appeared in San Francisco before. They are Maestro Cav. Fulgenzio Guerrieri, director, and Mme. Ester Adaberto, dramatic soprano.

While many who heard Olinto Lambardi will claim that no greater basso ever lived, yet in Antonio Sabellico, Impresario Lambardi claims to have one of the world's premier artists. He will make his appearances here in "La Gioconda" and "Faust."

Two other hassos that Lambardi carries this year, Alceste Mori and Vincenzo Viola, are also reputed to be equal to any hassos of his previous organizations.

Special attention has been given to the orchestra of fifty instruments under the direction of Maestros Cav. Fulgenzio Guerrieri and Edoardo Lehgott, both well known in this city. The chorus is larger and better than any previous chorus that Impresario Lambardi ever brought here, numbering sixty people. None of the local musicians are required for any opera to be given, as the company carries its entire orchestra.

"Mme. Butterfly," Puccini's greatest masterpiece, will be sung here for the first time in Italian Sunday night, the opening of the Lambardi Grand Opera Company season. "Mme. Butterfly" will be repeated on Thursday evening.

"La Gioconda" will be given Monday night. "Iris" on Tuesday night and Saturday matinee. For the Wednesday matinee "Lucia" will be offered, the only time it is to be given here this year. Mme. Cecilia Tamanti Zavaski, the great coloratura soprano, will sing the title rôle. "Aida" with Mme. Ester Adaberto as Aida and Mme. Dolores Frau as Amneris will be offered on Wednesday night. "Faust" will be given Friday night. "Il Trovatore," Verdi's always popular opera, is offered for Saturday night. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," the double bill, will be given next Sunday matinee and "La Bohème" will close the grand opera season Sunday night. The latter opera will be given with an all-star cast, as will also the double bill.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We so often hear it said that everything would go right if only women were at the helm, that it is interesting to get an authoritative opinion upon at least one department of our social life. Mr. Wilton Lackaye has been talking about the theatre, and what Mr. Lackaye does not know about the theatre is not knowledge. Here, at least, we have already a female domination that is presently to extend itself to politics and to everything else, for Mr. Lackaye says that the American woman rules the stage and that dramas appear and disappear at the touch of her magic wand. Here, then, we ought to have perfection, but upon this point let Mr. Lackaye speak for himself. Heaven forbid that we should shoulder the shuddering responsibility for opinions so heretical and subversive:

What has woman done for the stage? Don't you know that the American woman absolutely dominates the stage here, and the best they have done for this country is to promote a vogue of such plays as "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," "The Easiest Way," "The Blue Mouse," and other indecencies. The argument that such froth was written for the tired business man won't hold. When a play is known to be vile you'll find that three-fourths of the audience will be women. The men can't get in. In New York recently the newspapers condemned a certain play as being unfit for presentation. Out of curiosity I went to view the audience at the next performance—and one couldn't get near the theatre for the mobs of women who fairly fought for entrance—actually tearing each other's clothes. There wasn't a man in the house. Ziegfeld would starve to death if the American women were really as repulsed by indecent theatrical performances as they say they are.

It is a pity that all this is so true, but we know that it is true. Every city in America knows that it is true that the indecent play draws women by an irresistible power. And many of them are nice women, too, women who would not tolerate in their own households or in their own social circles the smallest deviation from virtue, and who yet take the most unaffected delight in the vice that is portrayed across the footlights.

Of course they cover their prurience with high-sounding names. It is not indecency that interests them, but rather the "problems of human life." And yet it is only one kind of problem that attracts them—the indecent kind. Not one per cent of the women who crowd to see "The Blue Mouse" would go around the corner to see a play that turned upon child criminality, for instance, which is a real problem, or slum life, or the sweating system. These things have no charm for them, because the sex question is not involved, and women's one idea of a problem is a sex problem.

They are not intentionally insincere, but it is so fatally easy to attribute high motives to our questionable deeds. Women flock to the indecent play because they are inordinately curious about such things. Men, as a rule, do not go because they are not curious, because they have no wish to see a dramatic portrayal of scenes and events with which, to their discredit, they are or have been intimately familiar. Men are not curious about such things because they took practical steps to satisfy their curiosity almost before they left school. The only impression that they now produce is one of a bad smell. But from women the night side of life has been carefully hidden. It is unexplored territory, *terra incognita*, and so when the opportunity comes they sit open-mouthed and wide-eyed and revel in forbidden things. And of course the "problem play" sounds so much better than the "dirty play."

A valued correspondent takes exception to the remarks about hotel life that recently appeared in this column. The only excuse for hotel life, he says, is the servant, and, more particularly, the cook problem, which is getting to be "unbearably annoying," and as he then goes on to tell us of the Almighty's intentions in other respects we may perhaps be pardoned for wondering if the Almighty intended us to surround ourselves with personal servants whose one duty in life is to feed us, clothe us, and clean us. Undoubtedly we are all servants in a sense, but there is a vast difference between the impersonal services of the watchmaker or the farmer and the intensely personal services of the cook or the valet, and it may be that we are still some way from the ideal so long as a deprivation of these services or the management of them is "unbearably annoying."

Let us grant that the "Almighty has seemingly put us into this world to work," but probably the Almighty would not approve of our doing foolish work such as digging a pit and then filling it again. Nor would the Almighty approve of a hundred women spending a hundred hours in doing the work that one woman can do in two or three hours. There is no essential virtue in work unless it be good work, economically done, and the spectacle of a hundred women cooking a hundred lots of potatoes, in a hundred saucers, over a hundred fires, and acquiring a hundred scorched tempers is neither good nor economical, unless we frankly admit that

women must be employed, even at useless work, in order to keep them out of mischief. From our observation of women there is much to be said for such a view, but it does not seem to be the one advanced in this particular letter.

By all means let mothers play the drudge to their children. It is necessary for both mothers and children; but let it be done with an avoidance of wasted work, and it is hard to see what connection this has with hotel life. If the management of hotels is incompatible with a proper home life, then for heaven's sake change the management of the hotels; but it is hard to see how the home life is affected by the fact that the same woman who boiled Mrs. Jones's potatoes also boiled Mrs. Smith's, or that a vacuum cleaner in one pair of hands has cleaned a dozen rooms in less time than a woman with a broom can clean one. Is it contended that the principle of the division of labor is to be applied to everything on earth except house work, or may we assume also that the domestic virtues are endangered because we buy our boots from a bootmaker instead of making them ourselves? Let us by all means preserve the essentials, such as the domestic virtues, but let us get rid of the superfluities, and before we say that this, that, or the other is conducive to the domestic virtues let us look somewhat closely to see that there is really a connection between the two, and not merely an imaginary one.

We are all of us familiar with the old-time "confessions" book, brought to us by dainty damsels who required us forthwith to answer a long list of appalling questions calculated to leave us without a private or a secret place in our whole mental and moral make-up. How we used to lie in those books, and what an agony it was to decide upon our favorite color and flower, and what possibilities of torture were hidden in the concluding demand for "original remarks"!

London society has revived the confessions book, but of course in a more costly way, and perhaps not quite so innocent. The books are extravagantly bound and sometimes they are even set in jewels, with leaves of vellum. It is usual to have a set of these books, and the luckless wight must inscribe himself in them all, for each has a separate purpose. In one of them you have to draw a picture of yourself, and in another to write down the prominent misdeeds of your life, and here at least we may believe that a certain lack of candor is permissible, especially when the fair owner of the book is looking over your shoulder. When Miss Shonts was in England she acquired some of these books, and one of her early victims was the king. She asked him to draw a picture of himself, and he protested that he was artistically incompetent even to draw a straight line. "That has nothing to do with the matter," was Miss Shonts's reply, but the king was not to be beguiled. Exercising his royal prerogative, he called Prince Arthur of Connaught and commanded him to gratify the American lady, but even loyalty has its limitations, and Prince Arthur was obdurate. But he was willing to compromise. He would do his best if Miss Shonts upon her part would hold his disengaged hand while the artistic work was in progress. As Miss Shonts declined to do this the bargain fell through.

Another fashionable amusement of English society is tattooing, and this has become the regular Sunday morning occupation at country houses, where the guns are discounted. Several ladies have taken lessons in the art, and it is said to be distinctly interesting to sit in your shirt sleeves while a young beauty is tattooing a heart upon the upper part of your arm.

Henceforth let it be understood that it will be a mark of bad taste to go to a White House reception in a state of ravenous and wolfish hunger merely because you understand that refreshments will be provided. Mrs. Taft has decided to act upon the assumption that White House guests eat every day, and that they will not "save themselves up," so to speak, merely because they will have a chance to eat at the presidential expense. A buffet will be provided with light refreshments, but there will be no pretense of serving a square meal. The White House is not a restaurant, and in spite of the high price of living its main features must be provided privately and not nationally.

Everything went well at the diplomatic reception, and no one gave evidences of undue starvation. The diplomats either repressed their feelings or had previously satisfied them at the pie shop around the corner. They toyed with a salad or an ice, said "No, thank you," prettily when asked to have more, and behaved generally as though eating and drinking were among the minor affairs of life and not the chief object of existence. No one was seen to pocket anything, no one had a pain under his pinafore, and the general behavior was irreproachable.

But things were very different at the judicial reception a little later. It was held on a Monday, and it may be that judicial people eat only on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Certainly a more famine-stricken crowd has

not been seen since the last great panic. The suggestion of food seemed to send them mad, and the whole assemblage made for the buffet in indescribable confusion. An eye-witness says that women's dresses were torn off their backs and that the scene resembled a fire in a theatre more than anything else.

A suggestion may be respectfully offered to the White House authorities. Let it be required that every visitor swallow a table-spoonful of brimstone and treacle before entering the reception room. Brimstone is notoriously good for the blood, it is fairly palatable when served with treacle, and it is well known that the combination will take the sharp edge from the most insatiable appetite. It's cheap, too.

John A. Dooner, once superintendent of buildings for the city of New York, has been removed from office, lack of work being the mean and paltry excuse advanced for his extinction.

Now it may be true that there is nothing for Mr. Dooner to do in the way of inspecting buildings or supervising the municipal laborers, but it seems a pity that a man of his gorgeous abilities should be wasted in a city like New York, where exceptional capacity should always be able to find a market. And Mr. Dooner has exceptional capacity, an exceptional gastronomic capacity that would make an ostrich blush with envy, and while the records are unaccountably silent as to the way in which Mr. Dooner performed his ordinary and conventional duties they are eloquent upon Mr. Dooner's appetite and his reputation as a *bon vivant*. It is strange how fate misplaces us in this world. The man with the appetite of a butterfly is placed where elaborate banquets must be his daily diet, while the other man, who could really make a creditable showing at the elaborate banquet, is appointed to supervise buildings

or to some other humdrum occupation where his peculiar and heaven-sent talents are unappreciated.

Mr. Dooner was said to know a good dinner better than any man in New York. He was so to the manner born that he used to say that champagne was not even a stimulant to him—merely a satisfying beverage. He never drank less than four quarts a day, and he would counteract its possibly heating effects by eating a quart of ice-cream for breakfast. Asked upon one occasion for his idea of a square meal, he wrote the following dainty bill of fare:

Three dozen large oysters.  
Eight brook trout, boiled.  
Two portions of picked crab meat.  
One sirloin steak.  
Three portions of cold asparagus.  
Five baked potatoes.  
One whole hot mince pie.  
One quart and a half of champagne.

Now imagine the municipal stupidity of setting such a man to inspect buildings. He should have been made the chairman of a reception committee, and if he should still feel that his talents were insufficiently recognized, some place should have been found for him in the Federal service. Why should not Mr. Dooner have been deputed to accompany the President upon his tours through the country with a special duty to impersonate the President at official banquets? It could be understood that Mr. Dooner would lose his job on the spot if he should open his mouth for any other purpose than to put something into it, and so there would be no danger of political indiscretions. The idea is thrown out merely for what it is worth, but if a constitutional amendment is needed then let a constitutional amendment be passed. Anything is better than wasting Mr. Dooner as seems now to be the case, but then republics were always ungrateful.

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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

A well-known Scottish clergyman got into conversation in a railway carriage with a workman, who informed him that he had been a coupler on a railway for several years. "Oh," said the minister, "I can heat that. I have been a coupler for over twenty years." "Aye," replied the workman, "hut I can uncouple, and you canna!"

After waiting for several weeks without hearing from her story, the amateur author wrote the magazine editor, requesting an early decision, saying that she had "other irons in the fire." Promptly came the editor's response: "Dear Madam: I have read your story, and, after giving it careful consideration, I should advise you to put it with the other irons."

A member of the Nebraska legislature was making a speech on some momentous question, and in concluding said: "In the words of Daniel Webster, who wrote the dictionary, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'" One of his colleagues pulled at his coat and whispered: "Daniel Webster did not write the dictionary; it was Noah." "Noah nothing," replied the speaker; "Noah huilt the ark."

It was while Charlemagne Tower was ambassador to Russia that a New York City newspaper "spread itself" upon a fete held at St. Petersburg. A green copy-reader produced this result: "As pleasing to the eye as was all this decoration there was additional pleasure in the sight, as one stood at the head of the Prospekt Nevsky, of Charlemagne Tower, brilliantly illuminated, looming grand and imposing against the winter sky."

A little girl who had a live hantam presented to her was disappointed at the smallness of the first egg laid by the bird. Her ideal egg was that of the ostrich, a specimen of which was on the table in the drawing-room. One day the ostrich's egg was missing from its accustomed place. It was subsequently found near the spot where the hantam nested, and on it was stuck a piece of paper with the words: "Something like this, please. Keep on trying."

A little girl, aged three, had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place: "I wants to tum in, Cissie." "But you tan't tum in, Tom." "But I wants to." "Well, I se in my nightie gown, an' nurse says little hoys mustn't see little girls in their nightie gowns." After an astonished and reflective silence on Tom's side of the door, the miniature Eve announced triumphantly, "You tan tum in now, Tom; I tooked it off!"

Four old Scotchmen, the remnant of a cluh formed some fifty years ago, were seated around the table in the cluh room. It was five a. m. and Dougal looked across at Donald and said in a thick, sleepy voice: "Donald, d'ye notice what an awfu' peculiar expression there is on Jock's face?" "Aye," said Donald, "I notice that; he's deead!" He's been deead these four hours." "What? Deead! Why did ye no tell me?" "Ah, no—no—no," said Donald, "A'm no that kind o' man to disturh a convivial evening."

One of the anecdotes which Andrew Carnegie is fond of telling concerns a crahhed bachelor and an aged spinster, who one day found themselves at a concert. The selections were apparently entirely unfamiliar to the gentleman, but when Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was begun he pricked up his ears. "That sounds familiar," he exclaimed. "I'm not very strong on these classical pieces, but that's very good. What is it?" The spinster cast down her eyes. "That," she told him, demurely, "is the Maiden's Prayer."

A Dover lawyer tells a story in which figures the Honorable H. L. Dawes, who, it seems, in his younger days was an indifferent speaker. Shortly after his admission to the bar he had a case which was tried before a North Adams justice of the peace, and Dawes was opposed by a lawyer whose eloquence attracted a large crowd. The justice was perspiring in the crowded room and evidently fast losing his temper. Finally he drew off his coat and, in the midst of the eloquent address, burst out: "Mr. Attorney, supposing hat you take a seat and let Mr. Dawes speak. I want to thin out this crowd."

Small boys are not always as sympathetic as their relatives wish, but, on the other hand, they are seldom as heartless as they sometimes appear. "Why are you crying so, Tommy?" inquired one of the boy's aunts, who found her small nephew seated on the doorstep lifting up his voice in loud wails. "The h-baby 'ell d-downstairs!" hluhtered Tommy. "Oh,

that's too had," said the aunt, stepping over him and opening the door. "I do hope the little dear wasn't much hurt!" "S-she's only hurt a little!" wailed Tommy. "But Dorothy s-saw her fall, while I'd gone to the g-grocery! I never s-see anything!"

A theatrical manager delighted in taking a rise out of conceited or vain members of his company. "I see you are getting on fairly well," he remarked. "Fairly? I am getting on very well," replied the hero of the play, proudly. "I played Hamlet for the first time last night. You can see by the papers' glowing criticisms how well I got on." "I have not read them," replied the other quietly, "hut I was there." "Oh, you were. Well, you noticed how swimmingly everything went off? Of course, I made a hungle of one part by falling into Ophelia's grave, but I think the audience appreciated even that." "I know they did," said the manager with a slight smile, "hut they were frightfully sorry when you climed out again!"

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

**The Great "What."**

What are we here for—  
Just to get rich?  
Just to write novels  
Or dig in a ditch?  
Just to be famous  
Or act in a show,  
Just to preach sermons  
Or dig with a hoe?  
—Detroit Free Press.

**Punch.**

Said a bifulous chap from the South,  
In a state of perpetual drought:  
"It surely seems droll  
That a punch in the bowl  
Should be ever worth two in the mouth."  
—New York Times.

**He Thought.**

He thought he saw an antlered stag,  
And so he fired his gun.  
He looked again and saw it was  
The village barber's son.  
—New York Mail.

**He thought he saw a novelty**

To paste upon his page.  
He clipped it—then he saw it was  
A thing all boar with age.  
—Cleveland Leader.

**The Herald.**

It comes before the swallows dare,  
While yet the wind is in the north;  
While days are short and trees are bare,  
It brings its lovely blossoms forth.

It beckons us down sunny ways  
Where clematis and roses twine,  
Where light the genial zephyr sways  
The larkspur and the columbine.

All in a garden fair with Spring,  
We seek the ivied trellis seat,  
While thrushes in the lilacs sing  
Around the lawn so green and neat.

And all the beauteous flowers that blow  
Shall reign victorious over weeds;  
For it has come, despite the snow—  
The first bright catalogue of seeds.  
—London Chronicle.

**An Englishman's Legislative Ways.**

"'Tis a curious fact," said a government shark,  
As he read about commons and peers,  
"That an Englishman votes with his ayes and his noes,  
And expresses applause with his 'cars.'  
—Harvard Lampoon.

**Ma's Culture Club.**

Ma's goin' out to lectures now; she don't play cards no more;  
She listens to professors talk, and says bridge is a bore;  
She's payin' dues and bas to wear the best things that she's got;  
Ma calls it elevatin', but pa says it's tommyrot.

She went to hear a Harvard man at Woodruff's yesterday;  
When pa got home last night he asked: "What did he have to say?"  
Ma tried to think and then she said: "I don't exactly know  
The title of his subject—it was interestin', though.

"He spoke about the comet and—oh, I remember, now—  
Of life on Mars—I couldn't quite catch what he meant, somehow;  
He had a lot of charts and things; his talk was full of thought."  
Ma calls it elevatin', but pa says it's tommyrot.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

There appeared recently in some of the American dailies an article stating that the Carthusian Monks, celebrated for the manufacture of the genuine chartreuse, also known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux, were anticipating moving from Spain to Austria. This rumor is now officially denied by Batjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York City, who are the American agents of the monks.

**Mother (of her son)—**He has a beautiful voice, and we have had him taught the flute so that he can accompany himself.—Bon Vivant.

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#### PERSONAL.

##### Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Had a stranger in San Francisco asked during the past week what was of most interest in the social world the answer would have depended, assuredly, upon the point of view. The devotee of out-door sports has been oblivious of aught else save polo, and has delighted in the days spent at Burlingame watching the riding. The lover of music has been equally enthusiastic over the Schumann-Heink and Ivan Langstroth concerts. "Professor Napoleon" parties have meant the principal part of the week's amusement to the number of young people who were with the Buster Browns, the Milkmaid Sextet, the Japanese dancers, and the College Juniors, all of whom have had evening reunions in their honor. For those who appreciate the athletic there was a popular old-time entertainment at the Olympic Club. The army and navy and their friends have had a week crowded with pleasure. The hall given by the Army and Navy Club to celebrate the arrival of the fleet in port started a series of entertainments, formal and informal, in their honor. Washington's birthday was celebrated by a military hop at the Palace Hotel as a wind-up for a holiday enjoyed in various ways. The hall was given by the Sixth Company, Coast Artillery, and both army and navy were represented.

The California Society of the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution gave a banquet at the St. Francis on the evening of the 22d to celebrate the day.

A farewell dinner to the officers and their wives who sailed on the *Crook* for Manila February 19 was given by Admiral and Mrs. John B. Milton on the evening of the 18th at their home on Goat Island.

A complimentary dinner was given Chief Justice W. H. Beatty at the University Club Friday evening, February 18, by representative citizens of San Francisco in commerce, the professions, and the judiciary. The dinner was given in honor of Judge Beatty's seventy-second birthday. Among those present were ex-Judge C. W. Slack, Dr. Harry M. Sherman, Mr. J. S. Severance, Commander H. N. Stevenson, Dr. Caspar Pischel, Judge F. L. Angellotti, Mr. Virgil Bogue, Dr. Edward Younger, Mr. R. E. Allardice, Mr. T. H. Breeze, Mr. L. S. Beedy, Mr. H. O. Beatty, Mr. A. Barnard, Mr. J. A. Brewer, Mr. C. H. Bentley, Mr. W. B. Bosley, Mr. J. F. Bowie, Mr. Charles S. Block, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Professor D. H. Campbell, Mr. A. L. Chickering, Mr. W. S. Duval, Mr. Fred Dohrmann, Jr., Mr. Charles P. Eells, Mr. Charles A. Gray, Mr. W. S. Goodfellow, Mr. Thomas W. Huntington, Mr. W. F. Herrin, Dr. Hewitt, Major A. F. Jones, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. W. A. Magee, Mr. Thomas Magee, Mr. W. F. Michael, Mr. Thornwell Mullally, Professor O. K. McMurray, Mr. Warren Olney, Jr., Dr. Langley Porter, Commander C. P. Perkins, Mr. J. S. Partridge, Mr. Carter P. Pomeroy, Mr. B. H. Pendleton, Mr. E. H. Powers, Dr. George B. Somers, Judge J. M. Seawell, Mr. A. S. Tubbs, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. William Thomas, Mr. P. J. Van Lohen

Sels, Mr. Charles S. Wheeler, Mr. George H. Whipple, Mr. Fairfax Whelan, Mr. C. E. Worden, Mr. George H. Whitall, Mr. Warren Wilkenson, Mr. Allen S. Wright, Mr. John A. Wright, Mr. C. F. Welty.

At their home in Burlingame Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott were hosts at a dinner Wednesday evening, February 16.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway entertained at a dinner Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Buckman of Baltimore, who, during their visit here, are at the St. Francis.

Mr. Raphael Weill was host at a dinner Saturday evening, February 19, at the Bohemian Club, in honor of Colonel A. G. Hawes. This was a birthday celebration and among those invited for the anniversary were Admiral Uriel Schree, General L. H. Foote, Dr. B. R. Swan, Mr. H. M. Burke, Dr. E. R. Taylor, Mr. J. C. Campbell, Mr. J. G. Walker, Mr. John Landers, Dr. F. K. Ainsworth, Mr. F. W. Hall, Mr. C. M. St. John, Judge Melvin, Mr. Frank Deering, Mr. Peter Robertson, Judge Coffey, Mr. G. A. Smith, Mr. V. Stow, Mr. A. Barnard, Mr. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. J. W. Shiels, Mr. David Bush, Mr. S. D. Mayer, Mr. L. S. Sherman, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Charles Foster, Mr. S. W. McMurtrie, Consul-General Henri Merou, Mr. H. G. Platt, General S. W. Backus, Mr. Ed. Bosqui, Mr. H. R. Bloomer, Colonel H. J. Brady, Colonel O. E. Leonard, and Mr. S. Sacher.

Miss Dorothy Baker's skating party at the Dreamland Rink Tuesday evening of last week was chaperoned by Miss Kate Stone. Miss Baker took her guests afterwards to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Page, where they joined a surprise party for Miss Leslie Page. Among the guests were Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Maude Weston, Miss Jessie Ashton, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard, Mr. Henry Brett, Mr. Royden Williamson, Mr. Blythe, Mr. Chauncey Goodrich, and Mr. Arthur Brown.

Mrs. John G. Kittle entertained at a luncheon Wednesday, which she gave at her residence on Broadway. Mrs. Kittle and her sons have been occupying the George A. Moore house during the winter and expect to return shortly to their country place in Ross.

Miss Jennie Blair was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday, February 18. Among the guests were Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Mrs. Frank Proctor, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Walter Quick, Mrs. Spaulding, Mrs. Samuel Blair, Miss Maude O'Connor, and Miss Celia O'Connor.

On Monday evening, February 21, Miss Dollie MacGavin and Mr. Douglass Fry were married at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter MacGavin on California Street.

Among the dinners given on Tuesday evening preceding the Schumann-Heink concert at the St. Francis was one at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and another at which Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer were the hosts. After the concert there were many informal suppers. The Princess Kawanakoa had a party of friends, and also Mr. and Mrs. William Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis E. Hanchett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belshaw, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. and Mrs. Russell Bogue, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott were Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. George Mendell, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Grant, and Mr. Lansing Mizner. Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl entertained Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Worthington Ames, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, and Mr. John Lawson. With Mrs. Lane Leonard were Mrs. James Langhorne, Mrs. Robert Foute, Miss Augusta Foute, and Miss Helen Wheeler.

Miss Elizabeth Ashe gave a luncheon for Mrs. Harold Sewall at the Settlement House on Telegraph Hill last week, at which were present Mrs. William Tevis, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, and Miss Griffith.

An informal tea in Mrs. Seawell's honor was given by Miss Jennie Hooker on Thursday, February 17, at the St. Regis. Among Miss Hooker's guests were Mrs. Norman McLaren, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Robert Hooker, Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mrs. Dean, Miss Bates, Mrs. Chase, Miss Alice Griffith, and Miss Sally Maynard.

Complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Cook of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer gave a dinner last week. Those invited to meet the guests of honor were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering, and Mr. and Mrs. Dimond.

At a luncheon at the Fairmont Mrs. Joseph B. Coryell entertained Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. John J. Brice, and the

Misses Collier. After lunch the hostess took her friends to the Columbia Theatre to the Wednesday matinee of "As You Like It."

A polo luncheon was given by Mr. Richard Tobin in his cottage at San Mateo, the guests being the polo players of both the English and Burlingame teams with a number of their friends.

Mrs. Fred Pierson gave a luncheon at the Hillcrest the early part of last week in honor of Miss Lalla Wenzelberger. Those invited to meet Miss Wenzelberger were Miss Lottie Collier, Miss Florence Kentfield, Miss Clair Durbrow, Miss Lee, Miss Everding, Mrs. Laurence Pierson, Mrs. Adrian Spivale, Mrs. Frank Alden, Mrs. Fred Michaels, Mrs. Stafford Colby, Mrs. Daniel Belden, and Mrs. Valentine Lee.

Among the bridge hostesses of the week have been Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Walden, who gave a bridge party on Wednesday, February 16, and another the following day. Mrs. John Rogers Clarke also gave a couple of bridge parties last week. Mrs. Richard Gatewood of Mare Island was hostess at a bridge party with many guests from town on Saturday afternoon of last week. Mrs. R. P. Schwerin had a party of four tables the early part of last week. At the rooms of the Town and Country Club Mrs. E. W. Berry and Miss Lillian Berry gave an informal bridge party on Tuesday, the 15th.

Among the bridge clubs that meet on different afternoons of the week is one that includes among its members Mrs. Alfred Baker Spaulding, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mrs. Alexander Keyes, Mrs. Ernest Dwight Chapman, Mrs. Samuel Boardman, and Mrs. Danforth Boardman.

A bridge club that meets on alternate Tuesdays has for its members Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Anderson, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. Walter Dean, Mrs. William Thomas, Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. William Prentiss Morgan, Mrs. Le Roy Nickel, Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mrs. Warren Clark, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Mrs. George Boardman. On Tuesdays also, at the Francesca Club, meets the Skat Club, whose members are Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. William Hopkins, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. William Prentiss Morgan, and Mrs. Le Roy Nickel.

On Saturday afternoons bridge is played by a group of friends who meet for lunch before the game. Mrs. Carey Friedlander, Mrs. J. J. Moore, Mrs. Harry Jenkins, Mrs. R. B. Lindsay, and Mrs. Fred Kimble are in this club.

#### Myrtle Elvyn, Pianiste.

Myrtle Elvyn, the beautiful young American pianiste who has been winning laurels throughout Europe, and is now making her first transcontinental tour of her native country, will give three concerts at the Garrick Theatre, presenting programmes of exceptional interest and variety. Few artists thrice the age of this young woman possess such a repertory of works of all schools, from the early masterpieces of Rameau and Corelli to the most modern Debussy.

Miss Elvyn's first concert will be given Sunday afternoon, March 6; the second on Thursday night, March 10, and the last concert on Saturday afternoon, March 12. Complete programmes are to be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats opens next Wednesday morning; also at Eilers Music Company's.

Among the works to be heard are the complete "Scenes of Childhood," by Robert Schumann, also his "Etudes Symphoniques"; works by Bach, Mozowski, Chopin, Erich Wolf, Scriabine, and a dozen others. Seldom have such interesting offerings been presented as the Elvyn programmes.

On Friday afternoon, February 11, Miss Elvyn will play in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Seats for this event will be ready Monday, March 7, at the theatre box-office.

#### Hother Wismer's Concert.

On Thursday evening, March 10, at Century Club Hall, Franklin and Sutter Streets, Mr. Hother Wismer, the well-known violinist, will give his first concert of the present season. An interesting programme will be offered, to include the Goldmark A minor violin concerto; Max Reger's D minor sonata for violin alone (first time here); "Midwinter Idyl," by Edward S. Schneider, a San Francisco composer; Beethoven's C minor trio, for violin, viola, and cello. In the last-mentioned number Mr. Wismer will be assisted by Mr. N. Firestone, viola, and Mr. A. Lada, cello.

Mrs. Mathilde Wismer will sing songs by Schubert, Brahms, and Gade.

Mr. Fred Maurer will be the accompanist. Among the announcements of events of the season music-lovers will find few that will stir more pleasurable anticipations.

#### Tilly Koenen, the Dutch Contralto.

Mme. Tilly Koenen, a contralto from Holland, who is considered one of the world's finest interpreters of *lieder*, is to appear here soon under the Greenbaum management. This artist has been singing with the greatest success in the principal Eastern cities, and last week appeared for the second time in one season with the New York Philharmonic under Mahler—an unusual honor.

Mme. Koenen will give three recitals in this city, the dates being Sunday afternoon, March 13, Thursday night, March 17, and Sunday afternoon, March 20.

A concert will also be given in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, on Friday afternoon, March 18.

Complete details will be announced next week.



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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Rear-Admiral Uriel Schree, who arrived with the Pacific Fleet Tuesday, February 15, will be at the Fairmont with Mrs. Sebree until they leave for Coronado, where they expect to spend several weeks.

Miss Emilia Hinselwood, who came out from Paris for the wedding of her nephew, Mr. Drummond MacGavin, expects to return to Paris the beginning of March.

Mr. Clarence Carrigan has been appointed vice-consul to St. John, New Brunswick, and will go there shortly, accompanied by his wife, who is well known to Californians as Miss Anna Sperry. Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan have been living in Washington, D. C., recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale have returned from their winter in the East.

Mrs. Harold M. Seawell has been visiting Miss Jennie Hooker during the week.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis has been in town, but has returned to his country house near Los Gatos.

Miss Ethel Deane has returned from a six months' visit East.

Mrs. Laura Pike Fuller and her brother, Mr. Roy Pike, have returned to San Francisco from New York and are at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister have been in California lately. They are traveling around the world.

Mrs. Alexander Glassford has returned to Mare Island, where she is the guest of her father, Rear-Admiral Thomas Phelps. Mrs. Glassford has been in the Orient while her husband was with the Pacific Fleet.

The arrival of the Pacific Fleet has brought a number of the wives of the officers to San Francisco. Among them are Mrs. Waldo Evans, Mrs. L. H. Taylor, Mrs. Chester Wells, Mrs. C. T. Owens, Mrs. Valentine Nelson, Mrs. H. C. Zeigler, Mrs. O. H. Oakley, Mrs. L. R. Sargent, and Mrs. Sbelton Evans.

Major Carroll D. Buck and Mrs. Buck are settled in their quarters on Alcatraz Island.

Mrs. Ramon Wilson and her daughter, Miss Marian, expect to sail for Europe early in May and plan to remain abroad a year.

Mrs. John F. Swift has gone to Los Angeles to attend a convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sefton have arrived in San Francisco from their home in San Diego and plan to remain here for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William Miller Graham have returned to their home near Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Albert Gerherding has returned from a two months' visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier have returned from a visit to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George McNear and Miss Miriam have given up their apartments at the Granada and are at their ranch near Petaluma until next winter.

Major and Mrs. James Kennedy, who have been stationed at the Presidio for the past five years, will leave in March for their new station in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, who have spent the winter in San Francisco at the Fairmont, have returned to their home in Ross Valley.

Queen Liliuokalani of Hawaii has gone to Paso Robles for a short stay before sailing for her home in Honolulu. The queen expects to be in Honolulu for the dedication of the new Royal Mausoleum, and the Princess David Kawanakoa is going to Honolulu in May for the dedication, which is to be early in June.

Captain and Mrs. Sidney Cloman have returned to London, after a visit in Washington, D. C. Captain Cloman is military attaché at the Court of St. James. While stationed here as military instructor at the University of California Captain Cloman was a member of several of the clubs in San Francisco and he is as well known here as he is in London. His wife, who was one of Miss Lake's pupils, is also well known to Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pringle will spend the summer in San Mateo, where they have taken the house of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Howard.

Miss Ruth Richards has returned to her home in San Diego.

During Mrs. Mountford Wilson's absence in Mexico Mrs. Charles O. Alexander will occupy her home in Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro have gone to the Grand Cañon, New Orleans, and Florida. They expect to be away about six weeks and will visit New York before they return.

Rear-Admiral Giles B. Harber and Mrs. Harber are at the Fairmont. Admiral Harber has succeeded Admiral Sebree in command of the Pacific Fleet.

Mrs. Bertha Taylor, wife of the late Dr. W. E. Taylor, who made his home in Honolulu after his retirement from the navy, is visiting her parents in San Francisco and expects to sail for Europe in April for an indefinite stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody have gone to Santa Barbara for a few weeks.

Miss Genevieve King is visiting Mrs. Horace Hill in New York.

Mrs. Edgar Carroll has arrived in San Francisco and is with her mother, Mrs. S. J. Hanchett.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Arthur B. Owens have sailed for the Philippines. Mrs. Owens is well known to Californians as Mrs. Ethel Cohen Bent.

Mr. Roderick McCleay has returned to his home in Portland, after a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant.

Mrs. Cyrus Pierce has returned from a two months' visit to Santa Barbara and is settled in her apartments at the St. Xavier.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. K. L. Perry, Mr. T. C. Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lydess, Miss Gertrude Crossland, Mr. C. E. DeCamp, Mrs. Susan W. Fribbitts, Mr. W. S. Davis, Mrs. Charles D. Pierce, Mrs. John Russ, and Mrs. E. E. De Groat, Mr. F. E. Melville, Mrs. W. F. Morris, Mr. S. C. Armstrong.

Among San Francisco guests at the Hotel del Monte are Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Galland, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Aikin, Mrs. A. M. Douglas, Mr. W.

A. Fleming, Mr. James King Steele, Miss May Danton, Mrs. William Grant Wilson, Mr. J. W. Van Hays, Mr. R. A. Pabst, Mrs. M. S. Hirsch, Mrs. James A. Clough, Mrs. A. F. Hanna, Mrs. E. M. Darren, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas B. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hofmann, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wise, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Deahl, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Kahn, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs. A. M. Dibblee, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Dibblee, Miss Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Humburg, Mr. and Mrs. Juan M. Searle.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Mantell's engagement closes at the Columbia Theatre Saturday night with the presentation of "Louis XI." The great actor has played to immense audiences and his engagement will be recorded as a decided triumph.

McIntyre and Heath are still McIntyre and Heath, even when surrounded by the most dazzling chorus ever seen in musical comedy. There are few theatre-goers who have not seen these genial comedians, the best of all negro-character delineators, in their classic, "The Georgia Minstrels." Many have seen them a dozen times in it, and found them as irresistibly amusing the last time as the first. Well, they are imitable in "McIntyre and Heath in Hayti," as they were in "The Ham Tree," and before that on the Orpheum circuit. But in their newest effort they do not attempt to furnish the whole show. They have the big chorus, alluded in the first sentence of this notice, and the team-work, the music, and the fun, make a kaleidoscopic whirl of joyous amusement. Large audiences are the rule.

"In Hayti" begins its second and last week at the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night. Matinees on Saturday only, but there is a Sunday evening performance.

Florence Roberts begins the fourth and last week of her engagement at the Novelty Theatre next Monday night, continuing in "Gloria." The play and company are reviewed at length on another page.

The last performance of Sir Gilbert Parker's story of Canadian life, "The Right of Way," will be given at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinee Sunday another dramatized novel, "The Spoilers," will begin an engagement limited to one week. "The Spoilers," a melodrama of the frozen north, dramatized by Rex Beach from his own novel of the same name, has been pronounced the best of all Alaskan plays, and every effort has been made in the drama to preserve the intangible but pervasive Alaskan "atmosphere" which contributed so largely to the success of the book. At the head of an excellent cast is Miss Margaret Oswald, an actress of established Eastern reputation. The play is in five acts, the action transpiring on board a steamer en route to Nome, in a lawyer's office at Nome, in an Alaskan dance hall, in a road house, and at the Midas mine. The scenes of the third and last acts have been painted from actual photographs and are as accurate as the scene painters' art can make them. The story is based on fact and its characters are drawn from life. Throughout the play a pretty love story is entwined with the exciting incidents of the plot and a large amount of good, clean comedy is liberally interspersed. The customary bargain matinee will be given Thursday, with the final afternoon performance on Saturday.

At the Orpheum next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee, Clara Belle Jerome, assisted by William Seymour and her Eight Dancing Toodles, will appear in "Joyland." A very pretty stage setting lends effect to this act. Miss Jerome wears a number of picturesque costumes and sings several catchy songs which are chorused by eight attractive girls. She and Mr. Seymour also give duets and dances. Miss Jerome last appeared as the leading woman with Frank Daniels in "Sergeant Brau," with whom she was associated for two years. Winona Winter, late star of "The Dairy Maids," "The Little Cherub," and "The Golden Girl," has returned to vaudeville for a brief season on the Orpheum circuit. She will introduce her latest song successes and some very novel ventriloquist feats. George Felix and Lydia Barry, assisted by Miss Barry's sisters, Emily and Clara, will appear in "The Boy Next Door," which is one of the funniest skits in vaudeville. Earle Reynold and Nellie Donegan will introduce all the musical comedy dance hits of the season on roller skates. Their costumes are worthy of special mention and their lighting effects are very beautiful. Next week will be the last of Charles W. Bowser and Edith Hinkle, the Reed Brothers, Fred Lindsay, the marvelous Australian stock whip expert, and Walter C. Kelly, "the Virginia Judge." New Motion Pictures will close the show.

"The Merry Widow" will be heard at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks only, commencing with Monday night, March 7. George Dameral will again be seen as the Prince, and Mahel Wilber will once more win favor as Sonia. Oscar Figman will again be seen as the ambassador.

The Second "Pop" Concert.

At the second "Pop" concert of Will Greenbaum's series, to be given Sunday afternoon, February 27, at Kohler & Chase Hall, at 2:30, the special feature will be the first performance in this city of Edgar Stillman Kelly's "Quintette" for piano and strings, with F. M. Biggerstaff at the piano. The Lyric Quartette will play Haydn's "Quartette" No. 10 in G major, and Miss Dorothy Pasmore will play a group of rare old violoncello works by Corelli and Boccherini, with Miss Florence Nachtrieb accompanist.

The seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the box-office on Sunday will open at the hall at ten a. m.

Edgar Kelly and his talented wife have many friends in this, their home city, where they took an active part in our musical affairs for many years, and the announcement of his "Quintette" is of itself sufficient to induce a large and interested audience.

No Strikes Here.

In St. Gall, Switzerland, where most of our imported embroidery comes from, they don't know what a strike is, although factory workers are the major part of the population. The contentment of the working people is due to the excellent conditions under which they live. The employers do everything possible to make the lives of the operatives as pleasant as possible, and the result is mutually advantageous.

At the Klaubers factories, at Weinfelden, about eighteen miles from St. Gall, a number of modern dwelling houses were erected in 1903. These houses, well and tastefully built, each with six rooms, concreted cellar, and modern conveniences, cost the firm \$1737 each. The tenants, who are all heads of families, pay but 300 francs (\$57.90) per annum rent, in equal monthly payments of 25 francs (about \$4.83), which amount represents a trifle over 3 per cent on the investment, not taking into account the cost of keeping the property in good repair.

These houses, built along a broad, well-paved avenue, have front, side, and rear gardens. Ample playgrounds are provided for children and there are plenty of shade and fruit trees. Tenants seldom leave. In fact, so well satisfied are they with their surroundings that even offers of higher wages elsewhere fail to tempt them to take other employment. It was a pleasure to visit these homes and to observe their cleanliness, their neatness, and the atmosphere of contentment that pervades them.

At the same factories a large and handsome building, erected four years ago, accommodates over 100 female operatives, all Italians. Throughout the greater part of Switzerland Italian labor is in demand, especially in the embroidery factories, where large numbers of women are employed. The Klaubers community house, arranged something on the plan of young ladies' seminaries in the United States, is admirably managed by the members of a religious community. The dormitories, large, well lighted and ventilated, are neatly and tastefully furnished, with numerous bathrooms connecting.

There is an assembly room for dancing and innocent games, furnished with a piano and an organ. There are likewise ample grounds for outdoor games and recreation. An exten-

sive garden and orchard furnish all the vegetables and fruits consumed in the house. The reception room, the storeroom, the pantry, washroom, and kitchen are almost equal to those of the modern hotel.

Of course the firm also employs a great number of Swiss girls and women who live at home with their parents or in boarding-houses in the locality.

Since the establishment of this community home the Klaubers firm has experienced no difficulty with its Italian women employees, who seem to be well satisfied and contented with their lot.

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- ¶ When the meat is received do you prove that you're getting the weight?

¶ Answer: YOU DO NOT.

- ¶ With gas and electricity isn't it only the size of the bill that concerns you, not the rate?
- ¶ You can be carelessly short-measured on coal, wood, butter, meat, or on the capacity of the average "quart bottle" of beverage or milk.
- ¶ But the gas and electric meters are as accurate as clocks and record on your premises only what is liberated. They can't distinguish between what you use actually required and what, through some one's carelessness, was allowed to burn needlessly.
- ¶ Many a household gas and electric bill could be kept down by simply preventing unneeded heat and unnecessary illumination.
- ¶ Whenever you go out, turn off the gas, particularly in the kitchen. A match costs less than the gas that's wasted.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you expect snow on Christmas day?" "Nope—just socks and neckties."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I never worry or hurry." "What department of the government service are you in?"—Buffalo Express.

Mrs. Benhom—You have torn my train! Benham—That's all right; your train is long enough to be in two sections.—Judge.

Howard—Bridget, did my wife come in a few moments ago? Bridget—No, sir. That's the parrot you hear a-hollerin'.—Harper's Bazar.

Shopman (to boy who has asked for a pennyworth of pills)—Do you want them in a box? Boy—Yuss, o' course. Think I'm goin' to roll 'em 'ome?—Punch.

"How shall I break the news to my parents that I have failed in my exams?" "Merely telegraph them: 'Examination over. Nothing new!'"—Fliegende Blätter.

The One—Do you believe with Shakespeare that all the world's a stage? The Other—Yes; but instead of being players, I believe that most of us are stage horses.—Chicago Daily News.

The Poet—Poetry should be written on one side of the paper, shouldn't it? The Editor—That depends on the poetry; lots of it shouldn't be written on either side.—Philadelphia Record.

Dewey Exc—Dat loidy dat I asked fer a handout gave me a dorg hiscuit. Weary Willie—Well, w'ot yer crying erhout? Dewey Eve—I'm cryin' because I'm not a dorg.—Chicago Daily News.

"I always feel after I have spent an hour or two in your company," he said, "that I am a better man." "It is very good of you to say so," she replied. "Don't hesitate to come often."—Chicago Record.

"Goodness, John," said a Washington (Kansas) woman to her husband, "your suit looks as if you had been sleeping in it." "Well," replied John, "why not? Isn't that the suit I wear to church?"—Kansas City Journal.

"Why," asked the judge, "do you want a divorce?" "Because," replied the applicant, "I've found a very attractive young lady who is willing to take a chance with me on an Indiana marriage."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"What made that stout man jump so nervously when the driver cracked his whip?" "He's used to jumping when the whip cracks." "Is he in a circus?" "No, he's in the Ohio legislature."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I wish you didn't have such a flat and plebeian nose, papa," said the aristocratic young daughter of the plain old merchant. "That's the mark of the grindstone, my dear," replied the plodding old man.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Casey's wife was at the hospital, where she had undergone a very serious operation a few days before. Mrs. Kelly called to inquire as to Mrs. Casey's condition. "Is she restin' quietly?" Mrs. Kelly asked. "No; hut I am," said Casey.—National Monthly.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said the ready-made philosopher. "Certainly," answered the plain person, "look at explorers. Some of them excel with mathematical instruments and some with typewriters and picture machines."—Washington Star.

"As for me," remarked Muggsley, "I don't believe in the higher education for girls. The one I marry won't know Latin or Greek." "I can readily believe that," rejoined Miss Slasher. "A girl who knows anything at all wouldn't marry you."—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

"If you wuz to find one hundred thousand-dollar hills in the street, what would you do with 'em?" asked one hoy of another. "I'd keep 'em till they wuz advertised for," was the reply, "and if a poor man had lost 'em I'd give 'em back to him."—Lippincott's Magazine.

John—Say, ma, I don't think Solomon was so rich, do you? Ma—They say he was the richest man in Bible times. Why don't you think so? John—Cause it says he slept with his fathers, and I think if he could have afforded it he would have had a hed of his own.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fritz—Louey, how vas your bruddah Hans dese days? Louey—Ah, poor Hans! He worries about der high cost of food. Ever since meat went up he has been doing der hahy act. Fritz—Vot! You don't mean to tell me dot your bruddah Hans vas crying? Louey—No; he vas living on milk.—Chicago Daily News.

Mayor Schunk of Duhuque at a recent press banquet recalled a quarrel between two Duhuque editors. "But Smith," he said, "got the best of Brown unquestionably when

Brown, who owned a small farm, hought a mule. Smith printed a paragraph about this purchase and headed it 'Extraordinary case of self-possession.'—Boston Transcript.

"I'm an author, you understand, spending my vacation on a farm to get local color. How much will hoard he?" "Ten per week," replied the farmer, "and \$2 extra if we're expected to talk dialect."—Kansas City Journal.

"Isn't a lawsuit over a patent right about the dullest thing you ever saw?" "Not always. I attended a trial of that kind once that was too funny for anything. A tall lawyer named Shorny was reading a 6000-word document he called a brief."—Boston Courier.

"Little boy," asks the well-meaning reformer, "is that your mamma over yonder with the beautiful set of furs?" "Yes, sir," answers the bright lad. "Well, do you know what poor animal it is that had to suffer in order that your mamma might have the furs with which she adorns herself so proudly?" "Yes, sir—my papa."—B. C. Saturday Sunset.

Great Pearls of Great Price.

Bert Leston Taylor furnishes every day for the Chicago Tribune a column of fresh and rollicking humor, which includes comments on current events. This is an extract from his "Line o' Type or Two" column, under the title 'A Wave of Crime':

MADISON, Wis., February 4.—Harry K. Shroyer reported to the police early today that some time during the night burglars broke into his house and escaped with nineteen eggs, the savings of a lifetime. Mr. Shroyer was a loser in a bank failure seven years ago, since which time, having no faith in banks, he has kept his hoard in the refrigerator.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., February 4.—A local paper has the story that a tax dodger of this city ate fifty-four eggs when he saw the assessor approaching his house. The grand jury is investigating.

EVANSTON, ILL., February 4.—While the family of Edwin Jones were at dinner this evening porch climbers jimmied the windows to Mrs. Jones's bedroom and lifted twenty-six eggs from a jewel-casket. Mrs. Jones had removed the eggs from a safety deposit vault the day before, and it is believed that the robbers had knowledge of the fact.



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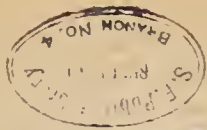
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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Exposition.

It is an open secret that the financial committee of the Panama Exposition has every reason to be gratified by the success that has attended its initial efforts. Although the time has not come for an official statement of ways and means from the money point of view, it is yet known that the results already attained are of the most gratifying and propitious kind and that the invitations to participate have served to draw into a common cause some of the most diverse elements of our civic life.

That is as it should be, and we may well hope that the reconciling and conciliating force of a common enterprise that is for the good of every one and that is applauded by every one will grow stronger as the time approaches. The exposition project is big enough and important enough to enlist all the power and all the intelligence of the city and the State. Indeed, in no other way can it be successful. Nothing will sap its foundations so disastrously as internecine strife, and here can be no greater mistake than to suppose that there can be amity along one line of endeavor and fierce

rivalries along all others. Of even greater importance than the material work of preparation is the cultivation of a civic spirit that will appeal to the country and to the world as a unit, and it is time that this should be recognized as an essential to success. Fortunately, there are signs that such a spirit is making itself felt to the extinction of discord, and we are justified in hoping much from the tonic effects of an undertaking that must mean so much for the welfare and prosperity of San Francisco.

### The Situation in Philadelphia.

There is nothing reassuring about the news from Philadelphia. By way of remembering the Sabbath to keep it holy there was a renewal of rioting in various parts of the city and three people were killed outright and sixty injured, more or less severely. Some of them will die, and the list of dead and wounded would already do credit to quite a respectable battle.

But the real news is to be found in the announcement that the Central Labor Union has called for a general sympathetic strike to take effect today. One hundred and forty unions are involved of a membership of 125,000, and as their employers are likely to entertain the revolutionary and not-to-be-tolerated belief that they have a right to carry on their business with any help that they can get and that the law will protect them in so doing, we may expect a large reinforcement to the dynamite brigade now engaged in the destruction of Philadelphia. It is fortunate that the general strike was postponed for a week so that hot blood might have a chance to cool. It is not likely to do so, but we may as well be thankful for small mercies.

Last week the *Argonaut* said that it knew little or nothing of the causes that produced the original strike and that they were overshadowed in importance by the state of civil war that usually follows a quarrel of this kind. In spite of its efforts to discover the real grounds of the dispute the *Argonaut* must confess that it is still in the dark and unable to determine between the diametrically opposite statements of the chief parties. It seems that two hundred men were dismissed by the car company "for the good of the service" and that this was the final spark that produced the explosion. The men say that these two hundred were discharged as a calculated and wanton blow at their organization. The company, on the other hand, says that the dismissals were in the ordinary way of discipline and that these two hundred employees represented an "accumulation of cases of intoxication and neglect to register fares," and it may be said at once that the use of the word accumulation has a suspicious ring about it. Why were these cases allowed to accumulate? Are we to understand that such offenses as drunkenness and embezzlement are permitted to stand over until they can be dealt with wholesale? If the company wishes to declare for an open shop let it say so in plain words. If these dismissals were intended as a step to that end and the excuse of misconduct is only a subterfuge, and appearances seem to point that way, then the company is guilty of a detestable piece of intrigue. There is a general opinion in the East that the company has intended for some time to produce a strike in view of the approaching expiration of the present agreement, and that the discharge of the two hundred men was a deliberate provocation offered to that end. So far nothing has been said in rebuttal, and until something is said it is well to delay judgment, but that the company refuses to arbitrate and does so in somewhat arbitrary terms is not favorable to its claim for public support.

But there is no need to delay judgment as to the infamy of the rioting nor to withhold the emphatic opinion that it should be suppressed with fire and steel. Fifty soldiers properly commanded could have kept order in Philadelphia, and they could probably have done it with less loss of life than has already occurred. Evidently there was no one with nerve enough or man-

hood enough to grasp the situation and to act without consideration of votes or political influence. And so the rioting has gone on day after day, the list of killed and wounded has grown longer, and the authorities have tacitly acquiesced in the damnable theory that cobblestones and dynamite are the proper remedies for injustice in a community that calls itself self-governing. Still worse, they have tacitly acquiesced in that other theory that cobblestones and dynamite may be used to prevent men from doing legal work for whatever wages they like to accept. That they have acquiesced in these theories is proved by the fact that the outrages have continued.

Whatever may be proved against the company is no shadow of excuse for rioting or for outrages upon other workmen. A bullet should be the instant reward of any man daring to commit such crimes as these in a republic where a vote is given to every citizen with the full control of public affairs. The carmen in Philadelphia complain that their wages are insufficient, and they complain rightly. They are insufficient, but why are they insufficient? Because the traction company wasted its money in an effort to buy the politicians who ruled the city and consequently had no funds for the payment of proper wages. And the politicians who thus fattened on the money that should have gone to the men as wages were elected and kept in power by the very men whom they robbed, and probably if there were a municipal election in Philadelphia tomorrow the very men who are now rioting under a sense of supposed grievance would vote solidly for the politicians who have made slaves of them. The Philadelphia labor vote, in the wide sense of the term, is by far the largest in the city. There is no grievance that could not be rectified, no change that could not be brought about by the lawful use of the ballot. When the labor element of Philadelphia talks about its unsurmountable grievances it is insulting its own intelligence and it is quite justified in doing so, for it has no grievance that it can not settle triumphantly by the orderly use of the ballot. If it is the victim of municipal misgovernment, it elected the very men of whom it complains, it keeps them in office, and it would reflect them all tomorrow. But so long as universal suffrage is the order of the day in America, so long as the conditions of the country are absolutely in the hands of the voters, so long should rioting and violence be regarded as among the unpardonable crimes to be suppressed instantly and ruthlessly and with the weapons most effective for that purpose.

### The American Woman.

It is now many days since Mrs. Atherton delivered her diatribe against the American man, but so far not a single affidavit in rebuttal has been filed. It may be that the incriminated sex is stunned into silence by the gravity of the charge, and it may even be that the American man is so painfully aware of his inferiority to the American woman that he hopes by a cowering acquiescence to mitigate the severity of the sentence. In this case judgment goes by default. The accused is not even represented by counsel and the affair becomes *res adjudicata*.

There is, of course, plenty of room for a humorous treatment of Mrs. Atherton's remarks as to the inferiority of the American man, but there is also plenty of room for serious reflection. That the charge is a true one by all the standards of ethical intelligence there can be hardly a question. The American woman has demanded luxury and leisure and the man has given them to her by the absorption of all the energies of his nature in the task of money-making, allowing everything in life that is worth having to escape him in the process. And the woman has used the leisure thus purchased in the pursuit of her own soul, in the discovery that art and literature and benevolence have charms that can rival even those of the lap dog.



is true that her course is a curiously erratic one, capricious, uncertain, and frequently futile. The mental and moral inheritances of a thousand years are not eradicated in a day, and the stage at which the American woman now finds herself is often ludicrously full of inconsistencies and inconsequences. But it is well to recognize that it is only a stage; that there is movement, and that there seems to be some kind of ill-defined goal. But the typical man is stationary if not actually retrogressive. He is wholly indifferent to the finer essentials of life. They are not in his department and he waves them away that he may concentrate himself the more upon the endowment of his women-folk with the leisure that they use to surpass him.

The popular novel shows the extent to which this is true, and the popular novel often has that kind of photographic accuracy that bars it from the domain of art. In almost every instance the heroine is vastly superior to the hero, who may have the physical beauty of a Greek statue and the kind of keen intellect demanded by the money market but whose mind is wholly vacant of the "glorious gains" of the inner life. Take from him his one possession of a specialized intellect ground to a fine and predatory edge and whatever is left is emptiness, if such a Hibernianism may be permitted. But usually the heroine has something better than this, indeed nearly always. She will be found at the art gallery, at the charitable institution, at the Browning society, not, it may be admitted, with any serious purpose, but the result is successive layers of mental deposit that are now becoming visible. Even the butterfly session of the Browning Society does more for the ethical mind than regular hours on the stock exchange, and is likely in the long run to produce a finer and a more enduring order of character. Women have now become the censors of literature, especially in the West, and it can not be disputed that if feminine influence were withdrawn from America literature and art and music would go too, but the withdrawal of male support would be by no means irrevocable.

The wise student of human affairs looks at the phenomena of the moment not as finalities, but as stages in human progress that are eloquent of future changes. The superiority of the American woman, at least her marked intellectual and ethical advance, are worthy of all the attention that they can command.

#### The Postal Rates.

It is stated upon unofficial authority that no further effort will be made, at least during the present Congress, to increase the postage upon second-class matter. If this should prove to be the case there will be a general feeling that the proposal was unfortunate in the extreme and that it was made hastily upon information that was inaccurate or unproved. The President "shared the opinion"—a somewhat infelicitous and indicative phrase—that second-class mail matter is enjoying a subsidy at the expense of the public funds. But the disposition and the exact apportionment of the public funds ought not to be a matter of opinion. They ought to be a matter of exact record, and if there is a postal deficit it should be enough to glance at a ledger to know in what department the deficit occurs and why it occurs. The causes of financial embarrassment ought not to be the subject of vague conjectures, surmises, and guesses, nor ought the postal authorities to put themselves in a position where their own mismanagement becomes the cause of a public rebuke.

All the world knows why there is a deficit in the postal funds. It is due to gross extravagance and to faulty bookkeeping. The postoffice does a vast amount of work for which it is not paid, and while nothing is gained by handing money from one department to another there should at least be a credit upon the books and a display of the transaction. That no credit is made is due, of course, to an unwillingness to face the facts and to publish details of such impostures as the free seed distribution.

Representative Barnhart of Indiana, speaking in the House a few days ago, compressed into a tabloid one instance of postal extravagance. It often happens, he said, that second-class mail matter and express matter occupy two compartments of the same car. The mail matter pays the railroad company 9 cents a pound. On express matter that is going right across the continent the railroad is paid about 4½ cents a pound. From Washington to Chicago the express matter rate is 2¼ cents a pound and for shorter distances about half that amount. Why is there such a disparity?

The postal authorities who have formed the sapient

"opinion" that second-class matter ought to pay more are using words to conceal rather than to express their thoughts. What they mean is that they are so wedded to their extravagances that they must ask the public to pay for them. They would also like to roll some rocks in the way of publications that persist in criticizing national affairs—the management of the post-office among others.

#### The Tuberculosis Ordinance.

A correspondent whose letter appears upon another page asks if the new board of supervisors has yet taken any steps toward the repeal of the vicious ordinance empowering the health board to imprison at its will any sufferer from tuberculosis whose precautions against contagion may not satisfy the new medical inquisition. The answer must be in the negative, although the new board is still young enough to plead an initial pressure of business. It will be remembered that this ordinance in its original atrocity gave the power of perpetual imprisonment to any doctor in the city, however disreputable he might be, and to any health board inspector, whatever his character or antecedents. There could be no reference or appeal, the order of these tyrants was to be carried out by force, and even the place of imprisonment was left at the discretion of a number of men who more or less owed their positions to their boot-blackening propensities. Fortunately, some of the worst features of this bad business were shorn away at the last moment. The power of imprisonment was taken from the hands of individuals and placed in those of the medical board as a whole, and perhaps even this improvement was more in form than in substance, considering the *esprit de corps* among the profession. But the ordinance must be repealed in its entirety. The city can not afford to give to any board, and least of all to a board of doctors, a power to which no parallel exists outside of Russia. A judge of the Supreme Court of the United States has no such authority over a tramp as these medical appointees claim to exercise over reputable citizens, and it must be taken from them with no undue delay. It must be taken from them not only upon grounds of common humanity, but because we can not afford to have it said in the East and elsewhere that any supposed consumptive will come to San Francisco at his peril, and that the peril may be by no means a nominal one if such person should have been so unfortunate as to incur the political or other resentments that are in a position to make themselves effective through a municipal system that is not always immaculate. San Francisco can not afford any publicity of this discreditable business, but publicity is inevitable unless this obnoxious ordinance is repealed by the new board of supervisors. It should be done soon.

#### The Flight of Gallagher.

The reports of the circumstances under which Gallagher left the city are meagre enough, but they throw additional discredit upon the officials who were then responsible for the prosecutions. Gallagher was a vital witness in many of the cases then pending before the courts. Indeed his testimony was so essential that some at least of these cases must fall to the ground without it. Why, then, was he allowed to leave? There does not seem to have been any particular secrecy about his departure. He discussed it freely with his friends, went about his preparations openly, and finally went away just as any honest man might have done. The plea that the prosecution did not know of his movements is patently absurd. If they did not know it is because they did not care to know and because, as Gallagher himself said, they were anxious to throw all the obstacles they could in the way of their successors. It may be true that there was no existing legal bar to the freedom of Gallagher's movements, but the weight of a strict legality was never known to hamper the prosecutors in doing what they wanted to do, whether it was caballing with a judge or rifling a safe. Moreover, a legal way or fifty legal ways could have been found to lay Gallagher by the heels had there been any wish to do so, but of course there was no wish. The connivance at this rascal's disappearance is on a par with the removal of documents from the district attorney's office and the many other hindrances deliberately planned to frustrate subsequent efforts. And all this dirty work is by the hands of those who perspired moral sentiments at every pore and who had no other ambition than to "save the city" from tricksters and thieves. The pre-

cious Gallagher will no doubt remain in Switzerland or wherever he may be, until the "storm blows over" and then we shall find him once more in our midst gay and debonair as ever and with an added reputation for smartness. And he can live in luxury, too, received a lion's share of the plunder from start to finish, and he was allowed to keep the whole of it officers of the law who first granted him an immunity for his crimes and then permitted him to leave the country without an effort to stop him. But perhaps it is only natural that there should be a fellow-feeling between the prosecutors and Jim Gallagher and mutual respect for great misdeeds.

#### The Cryptograms.

The cryptogram business is surely the silliest thing of a silly day. Even if we admit that these laborious inconsequential, and expensive messages ever had a importance at all or any meaning at all our interest in them will vanish after this lapse of time and in view of the fact that the matter was thoroughly canvassed months ago by all the parties chiefly concerned, and that it was made the subject of exhaustive and fruitless inquiry by a staff of newspaper reporters. If it had contained any significance it would have been discovered, but nothing is so entirely baffling as sheer folly. It would be hard to imagine anything more ridiculous than the solemn shaking of heads over the work of a crank with the interchange of portentous accusations of mysterious and criminal dealings. The "evidence" is suggestive of nothing so much as that tendered by White Rabbit in the trial of the Knave of Hearts:

They told me you had been to her,  
And mentioned me to him;  
She gave me a good character,  
But said I could not swim.

He then sent word I had not gone,  
(We know it to be true);  
If she should pass the matter on,  
What would become of you?

I gave her one, they gave him two,  
You gave us three or more;  
They all returned from him to you,  
Though they were mine before.

If I or she should chance to be  
Involved in this affair,  
He trusts to you to set them free,  
Exactly as we were.

When White Rabbit had finished the judge said "That is the most important evidence we have yet heard." With like reason the average reader may say the same of the evidence furnished about the cryptograms.

#### Unionism in Los Angeles.

A few days ago we read with interest that Mayor McCarthy had snatched a brief interval in his laborious work of reconstructing San Francisco in order to visit Los Angeles and to open a labor temple in the southern city. Regarded architecturally, it seems to have been a good labor temple and indicative of prosperous times in union circles. The proceedings passed off like a wedding bell, and those who are accustomed to feel discouraged at labor prospects in Los Angeles must have been stimulated to hope that after all things are not so bad there as they have been painted.

As a matter of fact, the labor unions in Los Angeles are flourishing like green bay trees, and all the more so because they are legal and orderly. Strikes are few and far between, work is fairly plentiful, there are good relations between labor and capital, and no man is bludgeoned or shot because he ventures to claim the rights of a free American and to work or not just as he pleases. Organized labor is strong in Los Angeles because it submits to the ordinary law of the land instead of seeking to override it.

The *Argonaut* has always contended that the organization of labor is a simple and inalienable right. Workmen have the same justification for acting in concert as have their employers, and it would be safe to go further still and say that it would be an ill day for labor if it were not organized. Labor unions have a distinct part to play in the community in voicing the demands of their class, in upholding standards of living and in the assurance of efficiency and high character. No voice worth listening to is raised now in opposition to an organization that is one of the basic principles of modern communal life.

But labor and all other organizations must obey the law of the land. It ought to be evident even to the intelligence of a rabbit that the moment we admit the



right of one man to say whether another man shall or shall not pursue his lawful avocation at that moment the nation must cease to exist as a nation and must disappear in the welter of anarchy. No community can exist without laws that must be obeyed by all, and it is the simple and primary laws, such as the law that no man shall suffer physical interference in his lawful work, that must be the most jealously enforced.

It is because the labor unions of Los Angeles are law-abiding, because they fulfill only their legitimate functions, that they are prosperous. That they are prosperous Mayor McCarthy is himself a witness. And yet there is the open shop in Los Angeles and all those other things that we are told must be fatal to unionism. They would of course be the chief strength of unionism if they were only allowed free play. The advantages of a legitimate unionism would be so obvious and unquestionable that none but cranks would remain outside of them or would stand any chance of employment without their certificate of competency and character. A legitimate unionism would not have split the ranks of labor into two hostile camps, nor would it be regarded by its friends as a tyrant that must be conciliated. The legitimacy will of course come when passion and greed have spent themselves, and already Los Angeles unionism is an example of the prosperity that must follow a decent observance of propriety and the law.

Home Rule for Ireland.

Home Rule for Ireland has been dangled at the end of the English election stick for so long that its final attainment has begun to look Utopian. It was only the most credulous among the Irish patriots who felt the old thrill of expectation when the prime minister announced that his party would set up in Ireland "a full self-government as regards purely Irish affairs." But here was no promise that it should be done at once. There is always some little thing that intervenes between Ireland and her autonomy; it may be some trifle like the destruction of the House of Lords or something of a really grave import like a momentary break in the ecstasie harmony that usually prevails among Irishmen themselves. In this instance it is the House of Lords, for of what avail is it to pass an Irish bill that will be inevitably rejected by hereditary legislators? By all means let us have Home Rule, says Mr. Asquith in effect, and as a necessary preliminary let us all unite in an attack upon the Peers. Autonomy for Ireland lies in full view upon the other side of the fence, and all that we have to do is to break down the fence, while the first step is to vote for me and my party. The Irish voters seem to have done as they were told, but in a half-hearted way. Evidently Home Rule did not look quite so close as Mr. Asquith would have had it appear. At the same time there was obviously nothing to be gained by voting for the other side.

The casual onlooker can hardly be blamed if he detects a certain waning of fervor among Irishmen themselves. Mr. Redmond, for example, has noticeably receded from the extremism usually associated with his name, and Mr. Redmond is an able man and a far more representative Irishman than Mr. Parnell himself. Mr. Redmond says that he and his party are not looking for "what is understood in England as separation." He does not ask nor expect that Ireland will ever be in a position to levy war, for example, or make her own tariff or do any more than manage her purely domestic affairs, such as the building of her roads and the management of her schools. But if this is all that Mr. Redmond wants and all that Irish patriots in general want they would have saved themselves an infinity of trouble by wanting it earlier and saying so. If such moderation as this had been always associated with Irish demands they would have been granted long ago. It is only the visions of an independent and hostile Ireland, an Ireland that might harbor an invading foe, an Ireland that might erect hostile tariffs, that has caused the English elector to turn in his sleep when he dreamed of Home Rule. And it may be permissible even to say that it is just this same vision that has wheeled the dollars from American sympathizers, whose enthusiasm could hardly be kept at white heat by the prospect of an Irish parliament that would be a parliament only in name and that actually would be little more than a vestry meeting.

As a matter of fact, the pursuit of Home Rule has become an agreeable occupation that must cease with its own success. When the fox is caught there is nothing

left but to go home to an unprosaiic tea, and in his heart of hearts Mr. Redmond no doubt would like to see the fox run a little faster. The English Parliament is sadly lacking in hilarious excitement, but it is at least more tolerable than an Irish parliament would be, with school text-books as a main topic and no one to fight with but Mr. O'Brien. Then, too, there is a certain "divarshun" in doing battle with the hated Saxon that Mr. Redmond would sadly miss. But he may make his mind easy. The old times have not passed away yet, and there will be wigs on the green before the last word is said in London. It is clearly understood that the Irishmen and their allies must first sweep away the House of Lords and then will come Home Rule. So Home Rule is still some days ahead of us and there will be time to turn around.

Editorial Notes.

If postoffice savings banks will encourage habits of thrift they ought to be established, and no other consideration should prevail. To read some of the current discussions on the subject it might be supposed that the idea was in the nature of a daring innovation or an experiment that has never been tried before among civilized people, whereas America is one of the few civilized countries where postoffice savings banks are not a commonplace. In Germany, where thrift is almost a religion, it is enough for a would-be depositor to notify the authorities of his intention and a collector will be sent at regular intervals to collect the savings. In England any postoffice will receive from any depositor the sum of 25 cents or more and it will be placed to his credit at the general postoffice in London, while those who find a difficulty in saving 25 cents are furnished with forms to which they can affix two-cent postage stamps and these will be received as cash. Large sums of money are annually sent from America to Europe by ignorant depositors who fear to trust their savings to any but government establishments, and this money could be kept and it ought to be kept in the country. No doubt the details of a proper system are difficult to arrange, but they would be much simplified by a preliminary determination to act only in the general interest.

The holding of official inquiries is an endless source of public amusement and official profit, tolerated and even encouraged because it persuades the people that some one is doing something and also because it is an innocent recreation that can do no harm to anybody. Now we are to have an investigation into the high price of fish under the leadership of Senator Wolfe. San Francisco is nearly surrounded by fish-teeming waters from which we are not allowed to get any fish except at prohibitive prices. With that curious perversity which imparts matters of common notoriety as profound secrets we are told of a "rumor" that the fish market is governed by a ring; that tons of good fish are thrown into the bay because the prices are not high enough, and that independent fishermen who dare to fish in the ocean are likely to get hit on the head with an oar some dark night. These tremendous secrets are to be imparted to the legislative committee, who will doubtless dispose of them in a way satisfactory to every one. Meanwhile the price of fish is steadily soaring, and he must indeed be sanguine who supposes that the ascensive process will be checked by the forthcoming proceedings in the Ferry Building. A right-minded policeman might do something to stop the assaults on the independent fishermen, but perhaps that would be too revolutionary a step.

The proposal to endow a musical association in San Francisco ought to appeal to those who are unwilling to allow the success of musical undertakings to depend wholly upon popular favor. Popular favor must always be a court of last appeal, and rightly so, but there should be such a margin of financial security as will allow of leisurely experiments and of an educational process. In other words, the box-office receipts ought not to be a matter of immediate life and death to a musical presentation. If the financial proposals of the new "Musical Association of San Francisco," mentioned upon another page, are a success—and they are said to be at a promising stage, the series of symphony concerts that it is proposed to give should be as good as available talent can make it. The names upon the board of governors inspire confidence, their plan is a practical one, it is launched in the right way, and the public spirit in San Francisco should be strong enough

to insure success. The city has now a chance to secure a musical organization second to none in the country and one worthy of her musical reputation. It is a chance that ought not to be lost or slighted.

Professor Dehore of the University of Paris advances a new theory for the waning birthrate in the country districts of France. He attributes much of this calamity to the law forbidding mothers to take positions as nurses until they have nursed their own child for at least seven months. The law was intended for the protection of children and was hailed with delight by all the male and female grandmothers in France. But unexpected results followed, as they always do follow new laws. The young married country women were accustomed to look upon maternity as a profitable opportunity, but as the profits were eliminated by the new regulation there was no advantage in having children at all, and so the supply ceased. The benevolent wiseacres wanted to protect the children and now there are no children to protect, and so the law is likely to be repealed. In a few years' time one of the chief occupations of our own legislatures will be the repeal of the ludicrous enactments that it is now one of their chief occupations to pass. We have yet to learn that passing laws is one of the most dangerous and destructive of human activities and one that requires the maximum of caution.

The *Argonaut* has scant sympathy with Lieutenant Peary, and it is therefore all the more pleasant to be able to commend his advice to the missionaries to leave the Eskimos alone. These interesting people seem to have a religion that makes them honest and hospitable, and if they were only more accessible it might be well to find out what it is. And now let us hope that Lieutenant Peary himself will leave the Eskimos alone for the future and all that appertains to them and to their hideous country.

The *Chicago Daily Tribune* publishes a "Pugilist's Map of the U. S." The whole map is blank except for a strip of the Pacific Coast of which California is the larger part. It is a little humiliating and might even be resented but for the recollection of a few nights ago when the result of a prize-fight seemed to be the sole topic of conversation among 90 per cent of the people of San Francisco over five years of age. That was more humiliating than the picture.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

Please Hammer Away.

ALAMEDA, February 28, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have watched with some curiosity to see the effect of your spirited comments on the new powers given to the health board in tuberculosis cases. Has anything been done in the way of rescinding this order or is there a prospect of anything being done. Certainly the matter ought not to be allowed to drop. Apart from the brutality of the whole business, it is time to show medical officialdom that the community is waking up to the necessity of putting a curb upon its craving for authority and is learning to be suspicious of an expert knowledge that is used as a cloak for tyranny. Already the power to quarantine in cases of contagious diseases is used with wanton cruelty against the poor, and now we have this further extension that surpasses everything that has gone before it. No wonder people are resorting in ever greater numbers to quacks, charlatans, and faith healers. They are simply afraid to go to the orthodox physician with the prospect that their cases will be discussed at board meetings and perhaps a whole host of inspectors and politically appointed officials let loose upon them. Please hammer away at this matter until something is done.

J. A. MASTERMAN.

The "Gjoo."

SAN FRANCISCO, March 2, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: Caused by your editorial note in the last *Argonaut*, I take the liberty to make the following statement:

The ship *Gjoo* was not given to the city of San Francisco by the Norwegian government, but presented to the park by the Norwegian residents of San Francisco.

The vessel was not left to the mercies of relic hunters and tramps, but is in charge of a Norwegian sea captain, who lives and sleeps aboard of her.

The rigging has not been stolen, and the Norwegian consul has not found it necessary to place a watchman on board, because the former park commissioners had done so long ago.

The *Gjoo* will not soon fall to pieces and be allowed to rot if the care which it has received under the old commissioners of the park is continued by the present ones, as she has been put on cement supports, the sand has been cleared away around her, she has been caulked and painted, and will only need an occasional coat of paint to make her last for centuries.

Therefore there will be no discredit to the city and no affront to the Norwegian government even if Senator Felton does not lead a subscription towards that which has already been done.

In addition it was planned, and no doubt will be carried out by the present commissioners, to have the surroundings of the vessel parked, beautified, and a tablet explaining the story of the *Gjoo* placed in front of her.

In conclusion let me assure you that the park commissioners who had the *Gjoo* placed where she is now, at considerable expense, fully agree that the *Gjoo* is a very interesting public memorial and deserves to be well taken care of, as undoubtedly it will be.

Yours very truly,

F. W. DOHRMAN.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

If the President intended to lessen the force of party dissensions by his Lincoln Day speech he seems to have failed in his purpose and to have administered a stimulant rather than a soporific. Even the warmest friends of the administration are asking themselves if Mr. Taft is an exceptionally hold man or exceptionally unaware of the drift of public opinion. The defense of the tariff has of course irritated the insurgents more than anything that preceded it. If the President had been satisfied to refer to the tariff as an accomplished fact and for the present as an irrevocable fact, if he had asked for patience until the new commission could gather information and until experience could clear the atmosphere, there would have been no diminution of the discontent, but at least it would not have been aggravated into rejoinders. But as things stand now the wound has simply been torn open afresh by the display of a hatch of superficial statistics of imports and revenues which have set a score of keen heads to the work of analysis and rebuttal. Even the regulars are discouraged. Representative Tawney of Minnesota, in whose district of Winona the President made his first defensive tariff speech, said that if there is an element bent on breaking up the party "this speech has done no good whatever in a political way." It has given the insurgents something to answer, and while for the moment they intend to select their own time for the reply, Senator Bristow of Kansas is quick with a preliminary rejoinder and undoubtedly voices the opinions of them all. Senator Bristow says:

The President says that the importation of free raw materials have increased. In the first three months of the new tariff law there was an increase in the importation of free rubber of more than \$10,000,000, as compared with the importations during the corresponding month of the preceding year. There was, on the other hand, a decrease in the importations of manufactured rubber. The duty on manufactured rubber was increased from 30 to 35 per cent *ad valorem*. Within ninety days after the Aldrich bill became a law Mr. Aldrich was elected a director in the rubber trust. It is my opinion that the President's conclusion will not stand analysis.

Another senator who is described as having great weight in the Mississippi Valley says that "to hold up for censure that member who can not abandon his principles and accept the dictum of some one else, and to attempt to throw upon him responsibility for the failure of his party at the polls is going too far. We will never see the day when all the wisdom of a political party will be monopolized by one man."

The tone of the press is equally critical. The Philadelphia Record, while admitting that the President's figures may be correct so far as they go, says that "the amount of reduction is unsatisfactory even to the majority of the Republican newspapers." The Indianapolis Star is more outspoken. Newspapers are not actuated only by their paper hills in their opposition to the tariff, as the President seems to suggest:

He evidently resents criticism of Messrs. Aldrich and Cannon for their tariff attitude, because, as he says, they are "men of the highest character." The President chooses to ignore utterly the fact that those who made the tariff bill sat through the session with undisguised scorn upon their lips for the people and impassioned solicitude for the protected corporations. He says much about the difficulty of ascertaining the difference between cost of production here and abroad, but he will take no cognizance whatever of the fact that any attempt to learn or bring out that difference on the part of progressive senators aroused Mr. Aldrich to rage and spleen.

The New Orleans Picayune says that the attempt to make gold bear the whole weight of the high price of living is "specially peculiar," while the St. Paul Pioneer Press remarks that the President is still on the defensive in his discussion of the tariff:

After defending the tariff bill as "the best ever," the President explains the steps taken toward the appointment of a permanent tariff commission with power to secure accurate data on the question and to recommend legislation to Congress. If the Payne law is as splendid an achievement as the President would have us to believe, the appointment of a tariff commission would seem to be unnecessary.

The Boston Post says that the speech was as good as it could be along its own lines, but it was nevertheless "evasive and unsatisfactory":

"Nothing," he declares, "was said in the platform about a revision downward." Yet Mr. Taft himself declared on the stump during the campaign that such was the purpose of his party, and many thousands of people voted for him because of their belief that he knew of that of which he spoke.

These may be taken as representative of the general newspaper attitude toward the tariff portion of the speech. On the other hand, there is a chorus of commendation of the President's references to law-breaking corporations. Not for a long time has there been an authoritative utterance so measured, so dignified, or so conclusive.

The spasmodic discussion of the police crime known as the third degree induces some reflections on the efficiency of the police force as a whole. It would seem that the police are efficient only in the torture of witnesses and innocent persons, while for the detection of the guilty they are really useless. The subject is being a good deal hruited in the Eastern press, and some of the statistics are disquieting to say the least of it.

Taking the country as a whole, it appears that only 2 per cent of the murderers are punished, and in some States only 1 per cent. With this immunity it is no wonder that crime should flourish. Chicago has an average of nearly one hundred and twenty murders a year, while London, nearly four times as large, has only twenty. Paris has only fifteen. There are more people murdered every three years in the United States than the British army lost in the Boer War. According to some statistics collected by Mr. Hugh C. Weir, 95 per cent of the homicides in Germany are brought to justice. In Spain 85 per cent, in France 61 per cent, in Italy 77 per cent, in England 50 per cent, in the United States 2

per cent. Do these facts, Mr. Weir asks, explain why our lawlessness is increasing; why we have more homicides every year than Italy, Austria, France, Belgium, England, Ireland, Scotland, Spain, Hungary, Holland, and Germany combined?

To a certain extent it seems to be true that politics is responsible for this infernal state of affairs. Mr. Weir tells us that 75 per cent of the criminals who are arrested for lesser offenses against the person from the red-light districts of New York are freed by the ward politicians.

Some recently published figures on the receipts of the English customs seem to show that a tariff for revenue only may lay a pretty severe tax upon the pockets of the citizen. For the ten years ending March 31, 1907, the English people paid in duty for their tobacco and snuff the substantial sum of \$608,500,000, for their tea \$289,000,000, for their spirits \$218,000,000, for their wine \$69,500,000, for their currants \$21,000,000, and for their coffee \$9,000,000. There are still some other items, but less considerable. While it is true that England has no protective tariff, she yet pays pretty heavily in duty for things to eat and drink and smoke.

The tariff dispute with Germany having been settled, there still remains the hard nut of the French tariff and consequently the possibilities of a tariff war. France is unable to apply her minimum rates to American goods without infringing her treaties with some other countries, and as a result it seems likely that the maximum rates under the Payne bill will be enforced. Following upon the deplorable laxity of expression so often to be found in acts of Congress, the maximum rates of the Payne bill must be applied whenever there is "undue discrimination" upon the part of another country, and it is left to the President to determine whether or not the discrimination should be so described. There is said to be no doubt of his action in respect to France, and as less than a month now remains for a settlement the dispute may be said to be acute. The Paris Temps shows a stiff-necked disposition in the matter and remarks that "Americans, like all Anglo-Saxons, are hard negotiators, but they deceive themselves if they believe that we do not understand the economic situation."

It seems possible that there may be a rival claimant to the throne of Belgium, although it passes understanding why any one should wish to be king of Belgium. That the late king was married to the Countess Vaughan while on his deathbed is well known, and for a time no one gave much attention to the fact, as religious marriages are not recognized by the law and there was of course no civil ceremony. But now a curious fact has come to light. So recently as 1909 the Belgian chambers, in their well-known zeal for the domestic virtues, passed a law to the effect that dying persons might be legally married by a priest without any civil ceremony or notification. Now King Leopold himself was dying when he made Countess Vaughan his wife and so legitimized her children. So far there are no documentary proofs in evidence and no formal witnesses. The wedding was ecclesiastic and it had no other ostensible purpose than to oil the gates of Paradise for a monarch whose whole life was a poisonous debauch. But if documentary proofs should be forthcoming and if the son of the Countess Vaughan should show himself disposed to mischief there may be trouble yet for Belgium and the hand of the dead king may still disturb her peace.

The Danbury hat case is likely to rank with the Bucks stove case in the history of American law. It will be remembered that the decision in the former suit brings the labor union within the scope of the Sherman act and forbids the establishment of a boycott which acts in restraint of interstate trade. The union concerned was mulcted in damages to the tune of \$222,000, and this, says the New York American, "utterly dwarfs the famous \$29,000,000 fine which was vainly aimed against the Standard Oil Company by Judge Landis." The comparison seems faulty, but it is explained that the unions have been fined more than all their members possess, and if the Standard Oil fine had been upon a like scale it would have been about two thousand million dollars. A Hartford dispatch to the New York Tribune says that "the American Federation of Labor stands ready to tax every union man in the country 10 cents in order to pay the damages." The Springfield Republican strikes a new line of thought by the suggestion that "the cause of the amelioration of the conditions of labor through the more fundamental and orderly processes of socialism must gain a much stronger position in labor-union circles." The New York Times is inclined to be exultant, and remarks that the unions have at last got what they have been asking for—the same law for the rich and for the poor.

Immigration into the United States during 1909 was twice as great as during the preceding year. In all 957,105 alien immigrants entered the United States last year, against 410,319 in 1908. Arrivals of non-immigrants numbered 188,610. From Europe came more than 85 per cent of the immigration, Italy leading with 221,964, or 25 per cent, Russia next with 161,142, or 16 per cent, and Austria and Hungary with 117,087 and 115,267 respectively, or about 12 per cent each. The immigrants from Italy to this country last year numbered four times those of the year before. The only decrease in arrivals was from Roumania, which contributed 200 fewer immigrants.

Attention is directed in an official report by Rear-Admiral Schroeder, in command of the Atlantic Fleet, now engaged in practice manoeuvres in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to the remarkable fact that more than 2500 men in the fleet can not swim.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Ballad of Babie Bell.

Have you not heard the poets tell  
How came the dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours?  
The gates of heaven were left ajar;  
With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet, like a star.  
Hung in the glistering depths of even—  
Its bridges running to and fro,  
O'er which the white-winged angels go,  
Bearing the holy dead to heaven.  
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet  
So light they did not hend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels!  
They fell like dew upon the flowers,  
Then all the air grew strangely sweet—  
And thus came dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours.  
She came and brought delicious May.  
The swallows built beneath the eaves;  
Like sunlight in and out the leaves  
The robins went the livelong day;  
The lily swung its noiseless bell  
And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine.  
How sweetly, softly, twilight fell!  
Oh, earth was full of singing birds,  
And opening spring-tide flowers,  
When the dainty Babie Bell  
Came to this world of ours!  
O Babie, dainty Babie Bell,  
How fair she grew from day to day!  
What woman-nature filled her eyes,  
What poetry within them lay!  
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,  
So full of meaning, pure and bright,  
As if she yet stood in the light  
Of those oped gates of Paradise.  
And so we loved her more and more;  
Ah, never in our hearts before  
Was love so lovely horn:  
We felt we had a link between  
This real world and that unseen—  
The land beyond the morn.  
And for the love of those dear eyes,  
For love of her whom God led forth  
(The mother's being ceased on earth  
When Babie came from Paradise)—  
For love of him who smote our lives,  
And woke the chords of joy and pain  
We said *Dear Christ!*—our hearts bent down  
Like violets after rain.  
And now the orchards, which were white  
And red with blossoms when she came,  
Were rich in autumn's mellow prime.  
The clustered apples burnt like flame,  
The soft-cheeked peaches blushed and fell,  
The ivory chestnut burst its shell,  
The grapes hung purpling in the grange;  
And time wrought just as rich a change  
In little Babie Bell.  
Her lissome form more perfect grew,  
And in her features we could trace,  
In softened curves, her mother's face!  
Her angel-nature ripened, too.  
We thought her lovely when she came,  
But she was holy, saintly now:  
Around her pale, angelic brow  
We saw a slender ring of flame.  
God's hand had taken away the seal  
That held the portals of her speech;  
And oft she said a few strange words  
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.  
She never was a child to us,  
We never held her being's key.  
It could not teach her holy things;  
She was Christ's self in purity.  
It came upon us by degrees;  
We saw its shadow ere it fell,  
The knowledge that our God had sent  
His messenger for Babie Bell.  
We shuddered with unlanguage pain,  
And all our hopes were changed to fears  
And all our thoughts ran into tears  
Like sunshine into rain.  
We cried aloud in our belief,  
"O smite us gently, gently, God!  
Teach us to hend and kiss the rod,  
And perfect grow through grief!"  
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;  
Her heart was folded deep in ours.  
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!  
At last he came, the messenger,  
The messenger from unseen lands;  
And what did dainty Babie Bell?  
She only crossed her little hands,  
She only looked more meek and fair!  
We parted back her silken hair.  
We wove the roses round her brow—  
White buds, the summer's drifted snow—  
Wrapt her from head to foot in flowers;  
And thus went dainty Babie Bell  
Out of this world of ours! —T. B. Aldrich.

In the south of France is a concrete arch bridge known as the Pont du Gard, which was erected in the year 56 B. C. The concrete in this was not composed of crushed stone or other small aggregate of the variety now employed in concrete bridge work, but was of the old style, consisting of alternate layers of large and small stones, gravel, etc., and of cementitious materials. It is very improbable that the Pont du Gard would have withstood the rigors of climate of the northern United States, but its actual state of preservation, as well as that of many other specimens of ancient concrete work, proves that if modern work is honestly executed it will many times outlast any reasonable bond period.

Sunday in London has hitherto been unlike Sunday anywhere else—even in England—by reason of the total absence of mail delivery. Londoners do not expect, and do not get, letters on Sunday mornings. But to fill the gap a special telephone service has been established by the postoffice, which undertakes to telephone to the addresses on Sundays letters which are prepaid for that purpose. In addition to the ordinary postage a fee of six cents is charged for every thirty words. Only telephone subscribers, of course, can have their Sundays letters delivered in this way.



## A BARNYARD PLAY.

M. Rostand's "Chantecler" Makes a Profound Impression on the Parisian Public.

M. Edmond Rostand's "Chantecler" has at last been offered to an expectant public, the initial performance taking place at the Porte St. Martin Theatre on the evening of February 6. So much of anticipation has this exceptionally unique offering created that the house was packed with a remarkable audience which comprised not only the elite of Paris from an artistic, literary, and dramatic standpoint, but also presented a representative gathering of celebrities from all the capitals of Europe.

And Rostand scored another triumph, the critics being united in their praise, while the audience was thoroughly enraptured as the play unfolded its situations and disclosed its clever lines. Undoubtedly the most singular production ever offered, "Chantecler" stands alone and unapproached. There is no human character in the cast, the *dramatis personæ* being birds and animals of gargantuan proportions, while all the stage settings are of a size to correspond.

A charming prologue, delivered by Jean Coquelin, prepared the audience for the atmosphere of the play. The first act opens with sunrise in a barnyard. In the centre of the stage is Chantecler, who hails the sun with a hymn that rises into tremendous heights of lyric magnificence, while grouped about him are all the feathered folk that go to make a pastoral scene. The curtain for this act brought on a triumphant ovation for Rostand, the theatre was filled with a storm of applause that showed a nice appreciation of the striking situations and clever lines. The second and third acts, however, did not quite reach up to the expectancy of the public and were not so favorably received, but when the final act presented the dramatic climax of the play, enthusiasm was revived and reached the boiling point, resulting in numerous calls for M. Rostand, who, however, did not respond. M. Guitry, the Chantecler, was finally forced to come before the curtain, and in a simple speech acknowledged the ovation that burst forth.

The staging of the piece was wonderful, setting a new mark in the history of theatricals. M. Guitry, as Chantecler; Mme. Simone Le Bargy, Hen Pheasant; M. Guillepaux, Blackbird, and M. Coquelin, Dog, carried off the honors of the evening. The critics generally declare that the brilliancy of the verse surpasses even M. Rostand's masterpiece, "Cyrano," but declare that the artistic note struck is so high that there is much doubt whether the play will be a financial success after the curiosity of the public has been appeased.

Truly the play stands alone in the annals of theatricals, magnificent in production beyond compare. Imagine the familiars of the barnyard six feet in height surrounded by common objects of correspondingly gigantic size, a chair with legs eight yards high, a wooden shoe of the dimensions of the largest touring car. The plot progresses well along in the first act. Jealous of Chantecler's control of the sun, the Blackbird, played by Guillepaux, breaks in with jeers and jibes. The Dog, M. Coquelin, supplies the humor, and the heart interest—to be imagined only by the unique genius of M. Rostand—finds its place when Chantecler falls madly in love with the Hen Pheasant, played by Mme. Le Bargy, forgetting his myriad of barnyard wives.

In rivalry for Hen Pheasant's affections a feathered warrior of no mean proportions appears in the person of Fighting Cock. As Herald of the Sun, Chantecler falls into the error of believing that the sunrise is dependent on his clarion morning call, and thus he is conspired against by the birds that love the dark. The plot grows concrete in the second act, the night birds, believing with Chantecler that he is responsible for the blaze of day, plan to put him out of the way. The owl calls the roll of all nocturnal fliers, each opening two luminous eyes that shed fantastic flickerings upon the darkened stage. Back of the plot is Fighting Cock, urged on by his love for Hen Pheasant, swaggering, armed with titanic gaffs of glittering steel.

The third act opens with the unveiling of the treachery, and Chantecler, fighting a duel with Fighting Cock, overcomes him, despite his armament. Mme. Le Bargy, a sort of feathered Delilah, is careless of either suitor, willing to accept the one that brings the other's head, and when Chantecler emerges victorious from the combat offers her love in a fine frenzy of poetic consolation and then draws his head under her wing and bids him go to sleep as the third act curtain falls.

The opening of the last act shows the day already bright, and Chantecler, wooed by Hen Pheasant into forgetfulness, has slept too long. "And I have not crowed!" he clarions, seeing the blazing orb of day swinging high above the eastern horizon. In a moment the illusions of his lifetime, his belief in his wonderful power crumbles into the ashes of disillusionment. All the tenderness of Hen Pheasant, all the tender, amorous delicacies injected into the part by Mme. Le Bargy, can not restore heart to Chantecler, and the iron that has pierced his soul brings on the end. Having lived in the belief that he was the ruler of the sun, that it arose each morning above the eastern sky in response to his clarion call, the fact that he is merely a commonplace denizen of the barnyard, upon a plane with all the other dwellers there, overwhelms him with despair.

In explaining his conception of the piece M. Rostand places its origin in the midst of surroundings that correspond with the setting of the play. One morning, early, he was strolling in the country, the first gleam of the rising sun scarce gilding the eastern sky. Passing a humble farmhouse he saw a pastoral group of sleeping fowls, their heads sheltered under their wings. A dog and a cat made up the ensemble, and then appeared upon the scene the herald of the coming day, a cock, whose resounding notes awakened his subjects and trumpeted the rising of the sun. In a flash the spectacle loomed up on Rostand as the framework for a play, and after a consistent study of the various birds and animals that go to make up his characters the play of "Chantecler" was born.

The first performance has only served to whet the public's appetite and an unprecedented sale of seats has been announced. On ordinary occasions the price of seats at the Porte St. Martin Theatre is fixed at ten francs, but upon this noteworthy occasion there were none to be had even at the fixed price of fifty francs. For the first performance M. Rostand retained thirty seats for his intimate friends and in this group there were the greatest men in Paris, critics, authors, actors, editors, singers, artists, together with the leaders of financial circles, all gathered to pay tribute to the genius of the man whose daring skill invaded the barnyard for a theme.

The principal characters include, aside from those already mentioned, the Guinea Fowl, the Nightingale, the Great Horned Owl, the Screech Owl, Old Hen (Chantecler's nurse), the White Hen, the Black Hen, the Carrier Pigeon, while among the smaller parts are the Rat, the Guinea Pig, the Mole, Thrushes, Toads, Nightbirds, a Gander, Cuckoos, Rabbits, Bees, Wasps, and Crickets.

Undoubtedly the play is striking and the workmanship is up to Rostand's standard. "The Ode to the Sun," which fills two pages of the book, is long and trying, but a masterpiece, the most perfect thing of its kind an actor ever read.

PARIS, February 10, 1910.

The bamboo bids fair to become an ornamental plant of the public parks and gardens. It comes, generally speaking, from the Far East—notably from China, where the bamboo reed is cultivated for exportation to America. On its native soil it is used in different ways. Its young shoots are eaten as a vegetable; its juice gives a sweet liquor like thin honey which ferments easily and which is used as a drink. France carried the plant to Algeria, but the experiment was of no important benefit. California's great plantations are fine examples of what can be done under favorable conditions. As the great daily journals consume the forest timber the builders turn to the woods used in home-building in the tropics. In parks and in gardens, for seaside tents and for hungalows, the bamboo wood is light, durable, practical, easy to transport, and relatively inexpensive. France set the example. The initiative was hers, but California will deserve all the praise if the bamboo supplants the high-priced timber hitherto used for building houses.

In England a census is taken every seven years. In the United States the work costs some \$5,000,000; in England, with a population of 42,000,000, the work is done by regular public officials without extra cost. There the census is taken on a certain day at a certain hour, usually Saturday at eleven p. m., because most people are then at home. Printed circulars have been sent by the police to every family and to the owners of all lodgings and hotels. These circulars contain blanks which must be filled. The polite round up passers in the streets. Sometimes a cranky Englishman who, for reasons of his own, does not want to figure in the census, tries to evade the government by riding around all night in a cab. Ten chances to one he will not succeed in his purpose. Cabs are stopped as unhesitatingly as are street-cars or pedestrians. The government wants to know. The government will not be denied. The work is done simultaneously throughout the United Kingdom.

The waters of the seas, lakes, rivers, and streams in general are very often colored. For instance, the water of the Mediterranean Sea is not colorless, but green-blue; also, there is a brilliant red river in South America. The St. Lawrence in Canada is pale green, and the Ottawa golden brown; where these two rivers meet quite frequently whole broad patches remain unmixed. Here is a gold patch and there is a green one. Otherwise than this, water reflects the colors of its surroundings, and a so-called "emerald pool" in the White Mountains is green because the birches on its borders in early summer are brilliant green. The Blue Grotto in Capri, Italy, shows a remarkably rich color, near to green-blue, because all the light received in that grotto comes through the water at its entrance. The water of the geysers in the Yellowstone Park are also colored by natural mineral dyes.

The greatest market place in the world is not located in any of the world's great cities. It is found in the comparatively unknown point of Nijni Novgorod, in Russia, whose annual fair, bringing merchants from all over Asia and Europe, records a business of \$150,000,000 in six weeks.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Queen Alexandra's favorite nephew is little Prince Olaf of Norway.

William Gibbs McAdoo, lawyer, street railway president, and builder of tunnels, is a Southerner, born and brought up in Georgia. To him New York owes its direct railway connection with the west and south.

Hudson Maxim, the inventor of explosives, is taking apart, piece by piece, the little frame house where he was born and setting it up at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, where his summer home presents a striking contrast to the abode of his youth.

General Luis Terrazas, seventy-nine years old, is Mexico's wealthiest man. As a result of daring military service he was granted large tracts of government land, to which he has added until his wealth is now estimated to be two hundred million dollars.

The discovery that poverty is a disease and a preventable one is partly due to the researches conducted by Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who, in addition to being a physician, is a popular contributor to the periodicals of the day, as well as the author of six books.

The German emperor completed his fifty-first year a few weeks ago, which perhaps accounts for the subsidence of his activity in public affairs of late. His abstinence from spectacular exhibitions of himself and from startling expressions of opinion perhaps may be attributed to the calming effect of middle age.

It has remained for Hubert Latham, the aviator, to introduce the aeroplane into high society. The other day when invited to go hunting he packed his double-barreled shotgun into his monoplane and flew over to his host's shooting-box, nineteen miles away, arriving in time for breakfast. Later in the day he flew home with his share of the game.

Mrs. Shunzo Takaki, of New York, formerly Miss Tatsuo Mitsui of Japan, is a young lady whose father, through the banking house of which he is the head, furnished the sinews for the Russo-Japanese War. With her husband, who is a graduate of Pennsylvania University, she has exchanged cherry blossom landscapes for the joys of a New York flat.

Mrs. Marilla M. Ricker, candidate for the governorship of New Hampshire, is a wealthy widow nearly seventy years of age and has been a leader among the suffragists of her State for years. She has had a pronounced leaning toward public life and created something of a stir during President McKinley's administration by filing an application for appointment as Minister to Colombia.

The charity of Nathan Straus is of an immensely valuable constructive nature. Maintaining at his own expense, since 1890, a system of milk distribution for the poor of New York, he has been instrumental in saving thousands of citizens to the land of their adoption. Vouching for the efficiency of his charity, the statistics of the New York City health department show that his pure milk crusade has reduced infant mortality in a remarkable degree.

Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, has been chosen as president of the National Conference of Charity and Correction. Miss Addams was born at Cedarville, Illinois, and was graduated from Rockford College at the age of twenty-one. For some years she traveled in Europe studying social conditions, and before she had reached her thirtieth year had founded Hull House, with the help of Miss Ellen Gates Starr. Not only has she written extensively upon the subject of philanthropy, but she has evidenced her faith by works. She has been an efficient directress of Hull House and has developed what is known as settlement work until it assumes an important place in the efforts toward social regeneration.

Missouri has supplied a president for the Wesleyan University. In the presence of President Taft, Vice-President Sherman, and many others, William Arnold Shanklin, forty-five years old, born at Carrollton, Missouri, was installed in office. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1883, the University of Washington bestowed a D. D. upon him in 1895, while Baker University made him an LL. D. in 1906. After being ordained a Methodist Episcopal minister in 1889 he became the pastor of a church at Fort Scott, Kansas, afterwards serving at Spokane, Seattle, Dubuque, Iowa, and Reading, Pennsylvania, until in 1905, when he became president of the Upper Iowa University. Dr. Shanklin is a Mason and a member of the Phi Beta Kappa fraternity.

Aline Van Barentzen, a little Boston girl of eleven, is the latest of child pianists to arise above the horizon. At the age of eight she was taken to Paris and, although below the required age of admission, was enrolled in the National Conservatory, where a year later she received the gold medal. At the age of ten she aspired for admittance to the superior class, and with three hundred applicants and only nine vacancies she was passed by unanimous vote of the committee. And now, at the age of eleven, she stands first in a list of five to receive the first prize of the year. In spite of her wonderful endowment she is as unaffected and playful as any other little girl of her age, but while this is so, none the less is she ambitious, hoping to follow the example set by Chaminade.



## A KNAVE OF HEART.

By Bourdon Wilson.

"Last turn, boys! Four for one, if you call it."

The tapering fingers of "Gentleman" George came to rest upon the nicked deal-box between his hands as he made this announcement, and his eyes went inquiringly to the faces of the two players seated at one end of the table.

"Say, Hank, what's happened to old Alabam, you reckon?" he went on in the next breath. "He hasn't been around for two or three or weeks. Must be sick or somethin'; I never knew him to pass up faro that long before."

His tone evinced but little interest in the subject of his inquiry; his manner was that of one who, inspired in a moment of idleness by a bit of idle curiosity, asks an inconsequential question. The scene was one of somnolent restfulness, wherein a mere handful of men sprawled in their chairs, some dozing, some sound asleep. Only the low hum of voices coming from the little group at the faro table, broken at long intervals by a clinking of glasses at the bar, and the lazy intermittent whir of the roulette wheel, arose in evidence that any remained awake.

"Reckon the old fellow isn't dead, is he?" George concluded.

"I reckon he aint," responded Hank, in the tone of one who knew. "His wife is sick; that's all."

Apparently satisfied, George turned back to the game and drew two cards from the box, took a bet of one of the players, who had lost in the turn, and paid one belonging to the other.

"I knew it must be sickness or death," he answered. "He's a shore enough faro-fiend, if there ever was one; it's the first time in ten years that he's failed to come in and drop some of his week's pay."

"He aint the only one," Hank objected, as George fluttered the cards.

"You bet he aint," one of the players agreed. "Gamblin' shore does get a holt that-a-way on lots o' men."

"It shore does," the other player put in, with rueful emphasis. "Specially faro! Me? I'd rather play faro than eat, spite o' me knowin' what little chance a feller has to beat the game; I just go on playin', all the time hopin' I'm goin' to beat it."

"That's what feeds us gamblers," the case-keeper whimsically joined in. "What is it the poet says about hope springin' eternal in the human breast? If it wasn't for that, we'd have to turn out and go to work same as the rest o' the boys."

He knew the fascination of the game too well to fear that his frankness would cause either of his hearers to gamble any the less.

"I reckon that's right," one of the players agreed. "Marker goes for two and a half," he added, placing an oblong bit of ivory on the queen, as the dealer carefully replaced the cards in the box.

George nodded understanding, then turned to Hank again. "I didn't know he had a wife."

"Shore he has," Hank responded. "That's how he comes to be in Arizona. Brought her out for her health, hopin' the climate would cure her up. My wife knows her; she says she's the nicest old lady she ever knew, a regular old-fashioned aristocrat—one o' those before-the-war kind you read about. But I reckon she's 'most all in, from what my wife says. She's been goin' over and sittin' up with her nearly every night for a month, and she says she's failin' mighty fast."

"Goin' to die, is she?"

"Yes," replied Hank. "It'll be hard lines on poor old Alabam, too; he'll go to the devil mighty pronto when she's gone, from what my wife says. She's all that's held him up from booze-fightin', and all the rest."

"She couldn't keep him from gamblin', though?" George laughed.

"I reckon not," answered Hank. "It looks like they sort of compromise on that; he always goes straight home with his wages, every pay-day, and gives her half before comin' down here. That's how they've managed to live; he's never made a single winnin', that I know of."

"How could he, the system he plays?" George rejoined. "He's afraid to bet his money, just pikes it off; if he had nerve enough he might make a killin' some time."

"With you dealin' to him?" one of the players gibed, in good humor. "It's more than I've ever done, and I get my money out to a fare-you-well."

"Alabam is all right, if he does fool his money away," the case-keeper hastened to intervene. "There's heap worse men than him."

"Yes, you bet there are!" Hank heartily agreed. "He's his own worst enemy, every rattle out of the box. If he is a fool that-a-way, he's got a heart in the right place. My wife says it makes her want to cry every time she sees him and his wife together, they think such a lot of one another; she says it's the saddest thing she ever saw."

"Last turn, boys; four for one if you call it," George mechanically reminded the players. "Does he know she's goin' to die?" he asked Hank over his shoulder.

But the latter waited, reserving his answer till George had made the turn and settled with the players.

"Yes, he knows it," he said then, as George began

shuffling the cards for another deal, "though you wouldn't think so, my wife says, from the cheerful front he puts up. She says she knows his heart is just breakin', the way he looks when his wife can't see his face. But he's bright as a cricket with her, all the time jollyin' her up, and talkin' about the trip they're plannin' to take back to her old home in Alabama when she gets well. That's what I call the real article in the way of nerve; it aint every man that can put up such a bluff as that. I know I couldn't, if it was my wife, and I can bet a whole month's pay on the turn of the card without battin' an eye, win or lose."

"Gamblin' nerve aint the only kind of nerve there is," one of the players sagely observed.

"Maybe he is all right," George tentatively assented, "but just the same I can't take much stock in him. A man that thinks all o' that of his wife ought to have the nerve to save his money for her I say, and not gamble it off the way he does. I reckon we'll all have to chip in and raise a pot to bury her when she dies."

"I'm ready," volunteered the case-keeper. "It's no more than he'd do for any of us, or anybody else in trouble. That's just his style."

"You're mighty right about that!" Hank exclaimed. "He's never gambled all his money off, the's many a poor hungry devil that's got a meal out of it. I know just what I'm shoutin' about; he staked me when I first hit this man's town. I was broke and hungry, and down on my luck in general. It wasn't much that he did for me, but it was enough to set me up on my feet again."

"That's all right," George hastened to admit. "I just don't like a piker. A man that can't win ought to have sense enough to keep out of the game. And a man that don't protect his own—"

"S-h-h-h," came in a warning whisper from Hank, who was facing the door. "Shut up! There he comes now."

A dead silence followed his words, as all turned their eyes upon the man behind whom the swinging doors of the place at that moment were closing. A careless observer would have seen only that he was well past middle age, judging by the gray of his hair and beard, and a general appearance of feebleness; and from his clothing, which was patched and worn, and an all-pervading air of dilapidation, have set him down as merely a bit of that worthless flotsam of the frontier which drifted and eddied about the saloons and gambling tables as moths about the candle. But a close observer would have seen also an air of refinement which marked him as of a different origin from the others in the place.

"Hello, Alabam!" Hank cheerily greeted him, as he came to a stand beside his chair. "Your wife any better today?"

He made no answer, seeming not to have heard; his face was filled with a look of dazed incomprehension.

"Your wife any better today?" Hank repeated his question, reaching out and taking him by the arm.

"No," he now absently responded. "She is no better."

Then a spasm as of pain shot across his face, as he dropped quivering into a chair by the table. "Why, Hank, haven't you heard? She is dead!" he quavered, his voice breaking piteously, in spite of the effort he made to hold it even. "Oh, my God, what am I to do without her! Hank, she was all the world to me; she was all that I had to live for; I wish I could die, too."

"Oh, you mustn't feel that-a-way, old pardner!" Hank responded, his voice coming deep and tremulous with sympathy, as he leaned forward and laid a hand upon his shoulder. "You have lots o' friends to live for; that's somethin'. When—when did she go?"

A mist of tears swept into Alabam's faded blue eyes, and his mouth quivered with emotion; all his barriers of reserve went down beneath Hank's compassionate air. "About an hour ago," he sobbed. "And Hank, she knew me right to the end," he hastened on, his tone one of mingled grief and joy. "She was talking to me when the end came; poor little wife, she knew she was dyin'! 'Johnny, dear husband,' she said at the last, 'the good Lord has called me to leave you now, and I must go; I have been happy with you, Johnny; you have been a good husband to me, you have done the best you could. There is one thing more that I want you to do for me; I want you to take me back to dear old Alabama; I want to be laid to rest under the cedars in the little family burying-ground by my mother, where you and I used to wander in our happy sweetheart days. Will you promise to do it, Johnny?' Oh, Hank, what could I say to that? I—"

"You promised her, of course," Hank interrupted.

Tears started afresh from Alabam's eyes. "Yes, I did," he sobbed. "Hank, I would have promised her anything in the world! I just had time to say the words when death came, and the smile it brought to her dear face is there yet. But, Hank, I couldn't see how I was going to keep my promise; I knew it would cost a lot of money to take her, and all I had in the world was five dollars. It nearly drove me crazy, Hank, but kneeling there by her side, holding her poor dead hand in mine, I prayed the good Lord to help me—Yes, I did, Hank; the first prayer I've prayed in many a year; I prayed with all the fervor of my being, and the Lord answered me, plainly as I am talking to you, Hank. He told me to come down here and win the money playing faro; and that is why I've come."

George moved uneasily in his chair, and a muttering oath escaped his lips; his feeling was that of the devil upon whom holy water has been sprinkled. The case-keeper and the two players sat staring at Alabam in silent, open-mouthed wonder.

"No, no, old pardner, you mustn't do any gamblin' now!" the dealer objected, his voice coming in husky croaks. "You keep the money. You've been buckin' this game for ten years, and you've never quit winnin' yet; you can't win."

"Oh, yes I can—now!" Alabam exclaimed, his face lighting up with the glow of faith. "I know I never have won; as you say, I've bucked this game ever since I came to Arizona, hoping some day to make a winning big enough to take—to take her to Europe where there are doctors who could have cured her, but I never once thought to ask the Lord to help me. I've done that now, though, and He has told me that I shall win. Why, Hank, I couldn't lose now, if I were to try."

George's eyes met Hank's for an instant, and he significantly tapped his forehead.

Hastily scrambling down from his seat, Hank placed his arm around the old man's shoulder. "Come on with me and go home, Alabam," he said in gentle command. "You don't have to gamble to get the money you need; the Lord didn't mean it that-a-way. He meant that I was goin' to pass the hat around amongst the boys tonight. That's what I am goin' to do; I'll raise all you'll need. Come on now, and go back home."

"No, no, Hank; I can't take that kind of money!" Alabam hastily refused. "I can't accept charity; you ought to know me better than that. She wouldn't let me do it, if she were here to say. Poor little wife! She and I have had some mighty hard times since we married, Hank, for I've never been a money-maker, but we've never yet taken a cent of charity, and I know she wouldn't let me begin it now."

"Oh, say! that's all d—d foolishness!" Hank growled from deep down in his throat. "Of course you can take it, you can take anything the boys want to give you; you've staked many a one of them in your time; it won't be charity, comin' from them."

But Alabam shook his head. "No," he persisted, "she wouldn't let me take it, Hank, and that settles it. I am not going to do anything now that she wouldn't let me do if she were still with me."

"But you don't know what she'd let you do," Hank objected. "Look a-here, old fellow, you aint yourself today; you're all wrought up and shot to pieces by what's happened; you aint fit to do any gamblin', or anything else. You just come on and go back home, and stay with—stay with your wife. I'll attend to everything for you; I'll lend you the money out of my own pocket, if that'll make you feel any better about takin' it. You can give me your note for it."

"Now Hank, you can't fool me that way!" Alabam half angrily rejoined. "My note wouldn't be worth anything, and you know it; I never would be able to pay it. I am going to win the money; the good Lord is going to let me win; He has told me so. You are trying to bar me from the game, just because I've told you about it; and after I've played here ten years, all the time losing. Hank, is that the kind of a tin-horn gambler you are? I wouldn't have thought it of you!"

Hank gazed at George in despair; he was at his wit's end.

"Why not let him play?" George leaned forward to whisper. "Let him lose his five dollars, and then you'll be able to handle him."

"Better than that," Hank whispered back, his face brightening with a new idea, "you change places with me, and let me deal to him."

"All right, old fellow," he went on, turning a smiling face to Alabam; "reckon we'll have to let you try us a whirl, you are so set on it. We aint goin' to bar out an old-timer like you—not much. Get your money out; I'm goin' to deal to you myself."

"You boys are barred, till the old man gets through playin'," he whispered to the two players, as he walked around the table to the dealer's seat.

"What for?" one of them sullenly demanded. "What's the matter with my money? It's as good as his'n, I reckon."

Hank's eyes flashed wickedly, and his hand dropped to the butt of the revolver lying in the open drawer beneath the table. "You heard my talk!" he snapped, fixing the other with an unwavering gaze. "You are barred till I say when. Now shut up, or get out."

An ugly blued barrel darted up beside the deal-box, at sight of which the other promptly subsided.

Alabam shook and quivered as with palsy, as he drew his lone gold coin from his pocket. "On the high card!" he quavered, tossing it upon the table. "Put it where it will get quick action; I can't lose."

George, now perched in the lookout's seat, suppressed a smile as his watchful eyes detected Hank steal a peep at the cards in the box; a queen was in position to lose, a four to win, which meant disaster to Alabam. Then, swifter than light, Hank's supple fingers moved, and a miracle was performed; instead of the queen, the four was drawn swiftly from the box, leaving the queen to be the winning card.

"What did I tell you?" Alabam crowed. "I knew the Lord was with me! I knew I would win! Let it all go as it lies." His teeth were chattering with the excitement of it.



Again Hank drew cards from the box, and again Alabam won. And again and again, the stake each time doubling, and at last growing into a heap of gold so large as to arrest the attention of the proprietor. In answer to his frown of angry inquiry, Hank beckoned to him.

"It's all right," he whispered in his ear; "I know what I'm doing. Charge it up to me, all that he wins." And his employer, bewildered but mollified, passed on. Alabam's excitement had increased in proportion with his winnings; though his heart was pounding the blood into his ears with a roar that deafened him, his face was ghastly white, and twitching and jerking in spasmodic uncontrol. He had slipped low down in his chair, his chin sunk on his breast; his brain was fast clouding. One glance from a physician, and he would have been pronounced on the verge of collapse.

"Oh, Lord, don't go back on me now!" he prayed, his words coming mumbled and scarcely audible. "Give me just one more turn, Lord, and I will have enough. It is not for myself that I want the money; it is for the dear good wife you have taken from me. Dear Lord, let me—win—just—one—more—turn."

His voice died away in a broken whisper. Through his fast glazing eyes he saw Hank swiftly draw a card from the box, saw him reach into the drawer and again double the heap of gold on the table, then he slid limply from his chair to the floor.

"Heart failure! Too much excitement!" announced the hastily summoned man of medicine. "I can't do anything, boys; he's dead."

Hank was gazing gloomily at George, "I reckon that puts it up to me to take a trip to Alabama," he frowned. "I can't afford to lose the time either."

SAN FRANCISCO, February, 1910.

## LAW FOR THE LAYMAN.

Mr. Francis L. Wellman Writes Interestingly Upon the Technic of the Law.

The average individual cares little for the somewhat dry literature which forms the basis for the profession of law, but there is scarcely any one who is not interested in the staging of a famous, human-interest drama of the law, while a glimpse at the methods of the men who play the leading rôles is thoroughly worth while. The opportunity for such a glimpse is presented us by Mr. Francis L. Wellman, of the New York bar, in his recent book entitled "Day in Court."

Stripping the subject of dry legal verbiage, he presents the lawyer for consideration to the layman, shows that the profession is gradually becoming separated into two branches which require not merely different but separate faculties and discloses a finished literary skill as well as a profound knowledge. In picturing the various steps of litigation, from the inception of the controversy to its final submission to the jury, the author flavors his work with a spice of anecdote which can not fail to make the book attractive, even to those of us who have unpleasant memories of our own "day in court."

He touches upon the physical and mental qualifications that are necessary for success; shows what the rewards of success in the profession really amount to in a pecuniary way, and with a subtle skill leads us through the mazes of a lawsuit from its origin to its submission to the jury. Dwelling upon the psychological side of the profession, the author shows how necessary is skillful finesse in selecting the men who form the jury and with what care the lawyer should address himself to the witnesses in his examination of them. From the opening speech, through the mazes of direct and cross-examination, he holds our interest and draws an admirable picture of the final labors of the lawyer, when, with all the various tangled skeins of evidence before him he spins them into concrete form by the artistry of his final speech.

With Mr. Wellman as a guide one can take a peep behind the scenes—into the greenroom, one might say—where lawyers gather between acts. And to a public that is served at breakfast with the details of all current legal warfare the personality of the lawyer, how he is bred and schooled and tuned to fitness can not fail to be of interest, for, although we may eschew the courts as plague spots, none the less we are forced to regard them with respectful awe, so intricate is their machinery and so many devious parts make up the plays they stage.

Writing from an experience of more than a quarter of a century of active practice at the bar, proclaiming that the qualities of a great lawyer are those of Superman, the author pays a graceful tribute to the calling which he pursues:

It is not my intention to "magnify mine office"; but it is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance in any community of a class of men who have the varied and important duties to perform which devolve upon the advocate, whose assistance may be required by the greatest as well as the meanest individual in the most crucial juncture of his life—in the defense of his liberty, his reputation, or his fortune.

The general public, though often intensely interested spectators of a lawyer's skillful work in court in playing upon human nature, with its varied motives and passions, can have but a faint idea of the methods employed in arriving at the verdict which they applaud.

So, too, of those who enter our courts as spectators of the proceedings and who see the advocates or trial lawyers with such seeming ease playing their parts in that serious drama, drawing the truth out of the witnesses, arguing with the court, making their speeches to the jury, consulting with

clients, with no appearance of effort or of labor, as if those multitudinous facts and that knowledge of the law came to them by inspiration—how few realize the years of toil through which this mastery of the art has been attained!

In setting forth the qualities that go to make success Mr. Wellman dwells upon the necessity for attributes of mind and body, coupled with grace of person and charm of voice that would undoubtedly achieve success in any vocation whatsoever, and then speaks of rewards:

There are many instances in New York City that I could cite of accessions to wealth and distinction, but for obvious reasons I prefer to allude to some conspicuous examples at the English bar.

In London one of the leading king's counsel is a man by the name of Rufus Isaacs. He started as a stockbroker and at the age of twenty-three failed, lost his seat on the exchange, then went to sea, and after a while drifted into the legal profession.

For some years he was found about the courts, willing to accept guinea fees.

Now his practice is one of the largest in England. He is a member of Parliament, often trying three cases at a time by day, and spending half the night on his parliamentary work in addition. At the present time he is about fifty years old and has been approximately ten years at the bar, and his income is reputed to be upwards of £30,000 a year.

Other similar noteworthy cases of the sudden rise of young barristers to "the silk" are F. E. Smith and J. E. Simon. Both received their commissions as king's counsel at the age of thirty-five and both are members of Parliament, with a large practice.

And that the profession is an absorbing one, demanding absolute concentration of thought, the author asserts, relating an anecdote based upon the truly remarkable absent-mindedness of one of the greatest lawyers of his time:

An amusing story is told of Mr. Sergeant Hill, who was not only the most eccentric but also one of the most learned of the English lawyers of his time. He had the habit of becoming so absorbed in his profession that it rendered him perfectly insensible to all objects around him. He was engaged to an English heiress, and on the morning appointed for the wedding, went down to his chambers as usual; but, becoming immersed in business, forgot entirely the engagement that he had for that morning. The bride waited for him so long that a messenger was dispatched to his chambers. He obeyed the summons, and, having been married, returned to his work. At about dinner time his clerk, suspecting that the sergeant had entirely forgotten the proceedings of the morning, ventured to recall them to his recollection, and sent him home to dinner!

The psychological side of litigation meets with due attention by the author, who refers to the investigations of Professor Münsterberg and shows how easily a given fact may be the subject of an honest difference of opinion even between educated men:

About two years ago there was a meeting of a scientific association in Göttingen made up of jurists, psychologists, and physicians—men all well trained in careful observation. Suddenly a clown, in highly colored costume, rushes into the midst of this meeting. He is followed by a negro with a revolver in his hand. In the middle of the hall first one and then the other shouts wild phrases. One falls to the ground and the other on him. Then a pistol shot is heard—and suddenly both are out of the room.

All present were taken by surprise; and yet every word and action had been secretly planned and rehearsed beforehand, and photographs had been taken of the whole scene. Every one present was then asked to write down his individual memory of what he had seen.

Of forty reports handed in, twelve omitted from 40 per cent to 50 per cent of what had taken place, and there were only six among the forty that did not contain positively wrong statements.

The scientific commission which reported the details of this inquiry came to the general conclusion and statement that the majority of the observers omitted or falsified about half of the processes which occurred completely in their field of vision, and that the judgment of time duration varied between a few seconds and several minutes.

Similar experiments have been made in Berlin by Professor Von Liszt, the famous criminologist, and with similar results.

In the light of these experiments it makes the ordinary lawyer shudder to realize that it is a daily experience in our courts to hear ignorant witnesses detail their memory of occurrences perhaps a year old, and all agreeing with one another in the minute particulars of what they then saw and heard.

Dwelling upon the fact that a plain, straightforward statement made in a natural, homely way will sometimes serve to clear away the clouds created by too much technical testimony, the author cites a case involving the construction of a house, when, after expert opinion as to various details had left the jurors worried and confused:

Finally defendant herself, an illiterate woman, took the witness-stand in her own behalf. She knew nothing of books or architecture or plans, but "she was sure the plaintiff had made the house entirely contrary to his bargain, for he promised that the windows should reach clear to the floor. She remembered telling the plaintiff, Mr. Walker, so, and explaining to him that if they had a death in the family and wanted to take a coffin out on the porch, French windows would open like a door and let it out without cramping it in a narrow hall and bruising the edges of the coffin all up." This graphic description settled the question with the jury, and the woman went away happy.

Another instance of the right answer at the right time shows that the bench and bar appreciate the view which the public takes of litigation, and the simple, if somewhat profane, statement made by a litigant who proposed to get his rights even in the face of all the terrors of the law probably did more for him than the eloquence of his advocates. The author tells it in anecdotal form:

A German had fitted up a fine barber-shop with mahogany sideboards, gilded mirrors, etc., and a tenant just above him had let the water basin run over during the night, causing the plaster to drop and spatter all over the new furniture in the barber-shop below.

When told about it, the tenant made light of it, and when asked to make it good, he replied, "Oh, you go to hell." Therefore the barber had brought suit in a justice's court before a jury. On the trial the barber was the only witness

in his own behalf and stated to the jury with great candor what had been said by the tenant. When the lawyer prompted him by asking, "and what did you say?" he replied, "I said, I will not go to hell, I will go to law," and then rising to his feet he said, "und, shentlemen, dot vos schust so bad as to go to hell." He won a fine verdict by saying the right thing in the right way.

The attitude assumed by the lawyer in dealing with the witnesses is of no small importance, and there are times when an attorney must exercise much judgment and finesse. Often an unskilled lawyer will let himself be made the butt for some scintillating bit of repartee, and almost invariably a lost case is the result. In illustrating this phase of litigation the author tells of a well-known musician named Cook whose caustic tongue and quick wit did more to decide a case than all the eloquence and precedents combined:

At a trial between certain music publishing houses as to an alleged piracy of a popular song, Cooke was subpoenaed as an expert witness by one of the parties. On his cross-examination by Sir James Scarlett, that learned gentleman rather flippantly questioned him thus:

"Sir, you say the two melodies are the same but different. Now, what do you mean by that?"

To this Cooke promptly answered, "I said that the notes in the two copies are alike, but with a different accent, the one being in common time and the other in six-eight time; and consequently, the position of the accent of the notes was different."

SIR JAMES—What is a musical accent?

COOKE—My terms are nine guineas a quarter, sir. (A laugh.)

SIR JAMES (rather ruffled)—Never mind your terms here; I ask you, what is a musical accent? Can you see it?

COOKE—No, Sir James.

SIR JAMES—Can you feel it?

COOKE—A musician can. (Great laughter.)

SIR JAMES (very angry)—Now, pray, sir, don't beat about the bush, but explain to his lordship and the jury, who are expected to know nothing about music, the meaning of what you call accent.

COOKE—Accent in music is a certain stress laid upon a particular note in the same manner as you would lay a stress upon a given word for the purpose of being better understood. Thus, if I were to say, "You are an ass," the accent rests on *ass*; but if I were to say, "You are an ass," it rests on *you*, Sir James.

The prevalence of perjury in our modern litigation presents an interesting problem for the modern lawyer, and the author frankly confesses himself unable to suggest a satisfactory method of penetrating falsity and revealing truth:

If perjured testimony in our courts were confined to the ignorant classes, the work of cross-examining them would be a comparatively simple matter, but unfortunately for the cause of truth and justice this is far from the case. Perjury is decidedly on the increase, and at the present time scarcely a trial is conducted in which it does not appear in a more or less flagrant form. Nothing in the trial of a cause is so difficult as to expose the perjury of a witness whose intelligence enables him to hide his lack of scruple. There are various methods of attempting it, but no uniform rule can be laid down as to the proper manner to be displayed toward such a witness. It all depends upon the individual character to be unmasked. In a large majority of cases the chance of success will be greatly increased by not allowing the witness to see that he is suspected, before he has been led to commit himself as to various matters with which the advocate has reason to believe he can confront him later on.

When all the various controversies that go to make up a lawsuit have been sifted over, the points of law decided, and the case closed save for the final summing up, there is much need for careful consideration on the part of the lawyer, and declaring that brevity, in so far as it is consistent with a clear exposition of the mass of fact, is admirable, the author says:

One of the shortest addresses to a jury that has been called to my attention was in a case where an editor of a newspaper brought an action against three gentlemen who had been attacked in his paper and who, in consequence, had horsewhipped the editor. Counsel for the plaintiff made a splendid speech depicting with great eloquence the cruelty with which his client had been treated and plainly carried the jury along with him. When it came the defendants' lawyer's time to address the jury he attempted to obliterate the impression made by this brilliant speech in these few words spoken in a familiar tone:

"My friend's eloquent complaint in plain English amounts to this, that his client has received a good horsewhipping; and mine is equally as short—that he richly deserved it."

Speaking of Rufus Choate, perhaps the greatest of our modern lawyers, the late Senator George F. Hoar gave this graphic description of his closing argument to a jury that was tired out from protracted sessions of legal wrangling, doubtful, perhaps, of wherein lay the right:

It was a curious sight to see on a jury twelve hard-headed and intelligent countrymen—farmers, town officers, trustees, men chosen by their neighbors to transact their important affairs—after an argument by some clear-headed lawyer for the defense about some apparently not very doubtful transaction, who had brought them all to his way of thinking, and had warned them against the wiles of the charmer, when Choate rose to reply for the plaintiff—to see their look of confidence and disdain—the averted eye—and then the change; first, the changed posture of the body; the slight opening of the mouth; then the look, first of curiosity, and then of doubt, then of respect; the surrender of the eye to the eye of the great advocate; then the spell! the charm! the great enchantment!—till at last jury and audience were all swept away, and followed the conqueror captive in his triumphal march.

Mr. Wellman's book is one that will undoubtedly assume a place in permanent literature, for not only is it a valuable and instructive text-book for the student, but also with its wealth of anecdote it serves to entertain.

"Day in Court," by Francis L. Wellman. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

An 11,000-ton ship running fifteen miles an hour will consume 150 tons of coal a day. A 30,000-ton ship going thirty miles an hour will use up 1100 tons.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The People's Law*, by Charles Sumner Lobingier, Ph. D., LL. M. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$4.

This important historical work comes opportunely at a time when a wider participation of the people in the direct work of legislation is one of the much mooted questions of the day. It is noteworthy that although America witnessed the first formal and extensive system of popular assemblies whose decrees took rank above statute law, the principle finds its fullest developments in some other countries, such as Switzerland and Scandinavia, where the will of the people is ascertained directly by the referendum.

Among the great contributions made by America to the political organism and to political science the author gives the first place to the constitutional convention which enacts organic law as opposed to statute law. The first constitutional convention was that of Massachusetts in 1780, and since that time it has been used in every part of the country and has given an impetus to the idea throughout the world that the people should legislate directly upon matters vital to the common interest, and upon the general limitations that must be observed by the statute-making bodies. Constitutional law has necessarily followed the constitutional convention, since there must be some body to interpret and to apply the basic decrees of the sovereign people.

A direct participation in law-making is of course to be found in much earlier times. Even in England, where no power can intervene between the passage and the execution of parliamentary decrees, there have been Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights with other expressions of the popular will that have almost a constitutional force as we understand it. Even in ancient Greece and Rome there was some perception of the modernly accepted axiom that a popularly unratified law is not a law at all, and everywhere we find a reservation of the right of the people to act as a final court and to set the general course that must be steered by the law-making bodies.

It is therefore useful that there should be a history of popular participation in law-making from the ancient folk-moot to the modern referendum. It is such a history that Dr. Lobingier has given us, and it bears all the marks of the research and the erudition associated with the name of that eminent jurist. Beginning with an historical survey of the ground, he shows us the progress of popular constitution-making in the United States. Dividing this part of his subject into three heads, he devotes the first to the origins and developments of the process, the second to the retrogressive movement which began with the adoption of the fifteenth amendment and the enfranchisement of the negro, and the third to a consideration of the present status. Then we have a section on "Popular Legislation in the United States," with special reference to the statutory referendum, and the work concludes with a survey of popular participation in law-making outside of the United States.

*The Blindness of Dr. Gray*, by Canon Sheehan. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York.

It would be hard to exaggerate the praise that is due to this impressive story of modern Irish life. Perhaps its conscientiousness and its fidelity to fact give it a certain grimness that would be avoided by the author, whose aim was wholly artistic, but there is probably no other writer of fiction who gives such an idea of complete saturation with his subject or who handles it with such concentrated meaning as Canon Sheehan.

The plot is a simple one and subsidiary to the character depiction and the scene painting. The hero is the Very Reverend William Gray, D. D., parish priest of the united parishes of Doonvarragh, Lackagh, and Athboy, a ripe classical scholar, a stern disciplinarian, a rigid upholder of church and political law, but an enlightened Irish patriot whose sympathies have been scorched by the deterioration in the moral stamina of his people. The figure of Dr. Gray is almost a tremendous one, and with a feeling of reverence we watch his gradual recognition that the greatest of all laws is "that ye love one another."

Much against his will, Dr. Gray has to receive his niece as a member of his household. Annie has been educated in America, and although a devoted Catholic she brings with her an atmosphere of unconventional toleration much at variance with her uncle's mental habits. But she, too, is a classical scholar, as well as a charming girl, and so she wraps herself around the old man's heart and becomes the angel in the house. Her relations with the Protestant family of Wycherly, her devotion as a nurse to the dying son, and her attachment to the survivor supply a sentimental thread that is not the strong feature of the book, but that is none the less worked out with sympathy and skill.

But it is in the psychological analysis of

the peasantry that the author excels. Times have changed, says Dr. Gray, and the people have lost their ideals:

All the old ideals are vanished, and they can no more return than the elves and fairies that used to dance in the moonlight. All the old grand ideas of love of country, love to one another, the sense of honor, the sense of decency—all are gone. Up to twenty years ago, in some way those ideals were there. Then, for the first time, an appeal was made by public men—I won't call them demagogues or even politicians—to the nation's cupidity. Instead of the old passionate war cry, *Ireland for the Irish*, they sank to the Socialistic cry, *The Land for the People!* They've got it now. They have the land; and they fling Ireland to the devil. Each man's interest now is centred in his bound's ditch. He can not and he will not look beyond. He has come into his inheritance; and he sends his mother to the work-house.

And again Dr. Gray expresses his opinion of the Gaelic League and of the efforts to restore the language:

I know all about this league. But just see! They are bringing back the letter of the language; but where is the spirit of patriotism? . . . Go into your schools, where the children are learning Irish. Ask them to sing one of Moore's melodies—the swan song of dying Ireland. In vain. Speak to them of Mitchell or Meagher. They never heard such names. Ask them to recite "Fontenoy" or "Clare's Dragoons." They could more easily sing a chorus from Sophocles. I said a while ago that the people had got back their inheritance, and sent their mother to the work-house. They are now getting back their language to ignore all that was noble and sacred in their history.

How far has Dr. Gray put his finger upon the canker of Irish life? How far is it true that the old national spirit has been corrupted by cupidity, a national spirit that, once lost, is never revived? These are questions for the sociologist. However they may be answered, we may be grateful for a novel of real purpose and with a real problem.

*Priscilla of the Good Intent*, by Halliwell Sutcliffe. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

This is an English north country story of farmers and villagers. The heroine is Priscilla Hirst, who finds it hard to make her choice between David, the blacksmith, and Reuben Gaunt, who is a good deal of a ne'er-do-weel but with the glamour of foreign travel. After she finally chooses Gaunt she throws him over quickly enough when she oversees a far too tender farewell between Gaunt and his old sweetheart Peggy.

The excellence of the story lies in the transformation of Gaunt. Rejected by Priscilla, he reverts to Peggy, who lives alone with her mother, and when Peggy falls a victim to the fever epidemic he isolates himself with the old woman and nurses the sick girl with an admirable devotion. Then we find that Gaunt's weaknesses are only skin deep and that he is something of a hero underneath. The change is well brought out, while the many other characters are skillfully drawn. "Priscilla of the Good Intent" should not be overlooked by those who like the unsensational story and the higher art that is demanded by scenes of humble life.

*Old Rose and Silver*, by Myrtle Reed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This delicate story is well in keeping with the other works on the author's now lengthy list. Its chief characters are an old lady, Mme. Bernard, and her niece, Rose, and Colonel Kent and his son, Allison. The two families, both of equal culture, are near neighbors, and we see at once that Rose and Allison are made for each other, although Allison, being only a man, is naturally stupid in love affairs.

So very stupid, indeed, that he allows himself to be beguiled by Isabel, whose subhuman selfishness seems overdrawn. He nearly marries her, but we are sure at once that no right-thinking novelist would allow such a catastrophe, and Allison is aroused in time. An element of humor is given to the story by the twins, who are distinctly amusing, and we like the young doctor—although he is too over-colored—who saves Allison's arm after the accident that promises to put an end to his violin playing forever. The author has written a dainty story, and although we may wish that Allison and Rose were not so immaculately refined, it is an amiable exaggeration and quite tolerable at a time when exaggeration usually runs the other way.

*Testimony*, by Alice and Claude Askew. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

This distinctly strong story of New England has for its heroine a pretty city-bred girl who becomes the school teacher in a country village and falls in love with Gillian Lyons, a sturdy and prepossessing young farmer who is living on the ranch with his mother. Althea May is delicate, nervous, and highly educated, and we see at once that there will be trouble when her nature is brought into conflict with that of Gillian's mother, who knows no virtues but the domestic ones and whose rigid puritanism is too apt to ob-

literate her softer and better side. Althea's sufferings under the dragon eye of her mother-in-law are well described, and when she finally revolts and leaves her home she takes our sympathies with her. The character of the mother-in-law is a successful piece of work, indeed all the characters are successfully drawn, but some better way might have been found to account for Gillian's long absence in search of his wife after she had actually returned. Forgetfulness of identity after an accident has been overworked.

*Johann Sebastian Bach*, by C. Hubert H. Parry. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.50.

Dr. Parry needs no apology for the presentation of this fine life of Bach. And yet only in a certain limited sense has he given us a biography, exercising as he does a wise discrimination by the exclusion of the life incidents that pertain to the man as opposed to the musician. It is the musical career of Bach that Dr. Parry gives us, and no one is better qualified to select and to appreciate. The artist apart from his art is usually insignificant, and the author does well to separate the mortal from the imperishable.

Bach was unappreciated in his own day. It has needed the lapse of a century, as well as a radical change in religious thought to emphasize the individuality of his work and to give it the relief of contrast. He was essentially a religious composer, his church cantatas being by far the larger part of his work, while his musical imagination was upon so vast a plan that the machinery of performance was often impossible in his own time and nearly impossible even to a posterity of which probably he never dreamed. One hundred and ninety cantatas have survived, most of them hardly knowable today, while the array of his other works "seems almost paralyzing in its extent," and perhaps equally so in execution.

Dr. Parry devotes nearly six hundred pages to his subject and to a consideration of the various manifestations of Bach's genius. Two chapters are devoted to the cantatas, one to the oratorios, and one to the masses. In all there are seventeen chapters with a competent index and five illustrations.

*The Old Town*, by Jacob A. Riis. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

The writing of this book must have been a labor of love to Mr. Riis. The "old town" is Ribe on the North Sea, and here the author was born and spent his early life among scenes that he describes as from a memory of photographic accuracy. It is a pleasant volume of reminiscences, softened and rounded by time and of a certain value as a link between the old and the new. Mr. Riis writes acceptably partly because of his entire sincerity, and his book is not one to be overlooked. Over sixty illustrations go with it.

*Round the World in a Motor-Car*, by Antonio Scarfoglio. Published by Mitchell Kennerly, New York; \$5.

This description of the journey of the Italian car in the New York to Paris race has been translated by J. Parker Heyes and is certainly one of the best bits of descriptive writing of its kind that has yet seen the light. The author describes his journey from the start in New York until he fulfills his

pleasant promise to kiss the first French woman whom he meets after passing the frontier, and he is too gallant to mention either her age or degree of comeliness. He describes his adventures with unusual graphic energy and he never allows himself to be tempted into irrelevances. It is first last, and all the time an automobile book. The numerous illustrations are all of the pertinent to the journey and illustrative of its vicissitudes.

*Letters from France and Italy*, by Arthur Guthrie (Anthony Rowley). Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.2

The wise reader usually avoids the book of travel letters. It is usually the offspring of domestic vanities, but in this instance the author seems to have chosen the epistolary form from literary motives. Few indeed are the home-staying friends who receive such letters as these from the wanderers, and equally few are the wanderers with so unerring an eye for the quaint and the unusual. "Letters from France and Italy" will hardly take the place of a Baedeker, but it will make a suitable companion, and for this purpose it is here recommended.

*Leaves from a Madeira Garden*, by Charles Thomas-Stanford, F. S. A. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

Very few people know much about Madeira, but the author convinces us that our ignorance is our loss. He spent a winter on the island and in this lightly written and pleasant volume he tells us something of its history, people, and scenery. Madeira is evidently a place to be included on some convenient itinerary.

*The Wares of Edgfield*, by Eliza Orne White. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York.

This is a pleasantly inconsequential tale of two or three generations of New England folk, their castes and prejudices, births, courtships, and marryings. The author writes simply and sincerely, without any particular plot, but evidently with a full command of local color.

"A Child's Guide to Reading," by John Macy, seems better fitted as a counsel to parents than a direct aid to children or at least to young children. The author was associate editor of the *Youth's Companion*, and he shows himself well qualified to traverse the literary field and to point out the things worthy of acceptance. It is to be feared that the modern parent is often culpably indifferent to the literary pabulum of the child, but wherever the question receives the attention that it deserves this book is not one to be overlooked. There are some well-chosen lists of books and twelve illustrations. The publishers are the Baker & Taylor Company, New York, and the price is \$1.25.

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# LITERARY NOTES.

## More About Emerson.

*The Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson*, 2 vols., edited by Edward W. Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$1.75.

The journals as a whole cover a period of fifty years, the first two volumes being devoted to the years from 1820 to 1832. The public welcome should be sufficiently pronounced to hasten the completion of publication.

These journals are indeed of extraordinary interest. They constitute practically a new work by the greatest of modern philosophers and one that is peculiarly rich in self-revelation. The first of the series begins in 1820, but as it bears the mark "No. XVII" there must have been others that have disappeared. Emerson was then sixteen years of age, but the whole of the entry is devoted to a consideration of Socrates and Athenian learning, while at the end is a list of "phrases poetical—for use," showing that the boy was already storing his mind with the ammunition for a literary career. Indeed, nearly every line of these journals is written from the plane of the higher mind, showing how completely the young student inhabited a mental world of his own and one far removed from the material considerations that to an equal extent constitute the whole world of the generality of men. Dr. Furness says that he never engaged in boys' plays, and indeed these journals make it easy to understand that his immersion in the things of the mind was too complete to allow even of childish deviations. He was a visitor among the sons of men, of another speech and garb, and our sense of his alienism is increased rather than lessened by this valuable and unique publication.

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published a condensed but efficient German grammar under the title of "Foundations of German." The authors are C. F. Kayser, Ph. D., and F. Montser, Ph. D.

Some very plain speaking for boys on the subject of personal purity is to be found in a little book entitled "Personal Information for Young Men." The author is Ernest Edwards, and the publishers are R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. Price 50 cents.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco, have published in volume form Isaac Newton Phillips's noted speech on "Lincoln." The frontispiece portrait is from the ambrotype taken at Monmouth, Illinois, four days after the Lincoln-Douglas debate. The price is \$1.

Harper & Brothers, New York, have published "The Great English Short-Story Writers," with introductory essays and notes by William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson. Thirteen examples are given, including Defoe, Hawthorne, Poe, Dickens, Stockton, and Stevenson. The price is \$1.

"In After Days" is a collection of opinions on the future life by W. D. Howells, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, John Bigelow, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, H. M. Alden, William Hanna Thomson, Henry James, and Guglielmo Ferrero. The book is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.25.

The Macmillan Company, New York, have published a play by Sara King Wiley, entitled *Dante and Beatrice*. The play was finished during the last week of the author's life, and a dignity and poetic expression is a fitting memorial to her career. The chief characters are twelve in number, and the scene is laid in Florence between the years 1283 and 1290.

From Harper & Brothers, New York, comes an amusing little volume entitled "New York Society on Parade," which is injudiciously described as a glimpse from the inside out not the scandal side. The author, Ralph Pulitzer, writes as though he had "been there," and in a delicately satiric vein that takes good reading. There are eight illustrations and the price is \$1.20.

To those who like their philosophy in tabloid form may be recommended a little volume by A. R. Orage entitled "Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism." Mr. Orage is a well-known exponent of Nietzsche, and here, as elsewhere, he has worked well. In the eleven sections into which he divides his little book he manages to give us a fair outline of the Nietzschean system, and that to a large extent he does it in the philosopher's own words is an additional attraction. At the same time his explanatory essays are lucid and valuable. The publishers are A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, and the price is 75 cents.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, has published a fine edition of "Legends of the Alhambra," by Washington Irving, with an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie. The typographical work is excellent, but the chief feature of the book is the fine color

work of George Hood and the marginal illustrations by the same hand. There are seven of these full plates in color, while the marginal decorations are upon every page. The book is bound in blue and gold and with a picture cover.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

At a meeting recently held in New York the members of the various civic, social, literary, and political clubs of which the late Richard Watson Gilder was a member plans were formulated for the creation of a fund to be known as the "Richard Watson Gilder Fund for the Promotion of Good Citizenship." The gathering, which was held in Mendelssohn Hall, was in the nature of memorial services, Governor Hughes being the principal speaker. The income from the fund may be used to support several fellowships and to promote research work in political and social sciences.

Signor Luigi Bertelli, the Italian author of sketches and books for children, who writes under the pen name of "Vamha," is a well-known journalist of Florence. His special leaning is toward the humorous, and his stories for young people have had a wide popularity.

Henry M. Stanley's description of parliamentary ways is thoroughly worth preserving. In speaking of his first week's experience he says: "The veriest trifle of commonplace fact is folded around with tissue after tissue of superfluity. If a member wished to say that he had seen a rat he seemed to be unable to declare the fact nakedly, making the declaration as follows: 'I venture to say, with the permission of the house, that unless my visual organs deceive me, and the house will bear me out when I say that my powers of ocular perception are not of the most inferior kind, that, etc.'" The amenities and conventionalities of statesmanship were evidently chafing to Mr. Stanley.

Signor Vico Montegazza in a recent book descriptive of his travels in America declares that high-class young women are accustomed to roll down grassy slopes in the grounds surrounding our national capital. He is also the author of a new "peril," the American invasion of Europe being presumably the cause for his alarm.

The influence of Miss Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, the well-known traveler and writer, was largely responsible for the presentation of two thousand flowering cherry trees recently sent to Potomac Park in Washington by Japan. Not only is the cherry blossom Japan's national flower, but also is it the emblem of chivalry and knightly honor. More's the pity that the trees were found to be infected and were destroyed.

Gertrude Atherton pays her respects to San Francisco: "In summer it is an ideal place for work; it is cold and foggy, windy and hazing; the people go away and I have it to myself. It is very stimulating. It stormed for fifty days and nights on Mount Tamalpais while I was working upon my new novel."

M. Jean Aicard, the author, recently paid a visit to President Fallières. Having been admitted to the French Academy but a short time, M. Aicard wore the academy uniform. A well laid fire in the grate attracted his attention after he had spent a few shivering moments in the presence of M. Fallières and, rising, he struck a match. "You will permit me?" he inquired. Hastily Fallières, who is of a frugal disposition, arose, thus terminating the interview, and M. Aicard has since declared that his reception was a chilly one.

## New Books Received.

"A Critical Introduction to the New Testament," by Arthur S. Peake. Scribner's.  
"A Mine of Faults," by F. W. Bain. Putnam's.  
"Day in Court," by Francis L. Wellman. Macmillan.  
"Faith and Its Psychology," by Rev. William R. Inge. Scribner's.  
"Lincoln," by Isaac Newton Phillips. McClurg.  
"Nietzsche in Outline and Aphorism," by A. R. Orage. McClurg.  
"Philosophy and Religion," by Rev. Hastings Rashdall. Scribner's.  
"The Crossways," by Helen R. Martin. Century Co.  
"The Last American Frontier," by Frederic L. Paxson. Macmillan.  
"The Spirit of America," by Henry Van Dyke. Macmillan.  
"The Stronger Claim," by Alice Perrin. Duffield.

# CURRENT VERSE.

## The Ice of the North.

White, immaculate, storm-heaten heaches,  
Lonely sea beyond seas, beyond ken,  
From the ice of your farthest reaches,  
Reechoes your challenge to men!

They have sought you with worship and wonder;  
In despair they have sent forth their breath—  
And for answer—the crash of your thunder,  
The shiver and silence of death!

You have wooed them, aroused them, and quelled them,  
You have prisoned them fast in your flocs,  
You have drawn them, betrayed and repelled them,  
And their bones lie a-bleach on your snows.

Is your diadem, gemmed with star-flowers  
From those far-flaming fields of the sky,  
But the sign of a Tyrant whose powers  
Overthrow and destroy and defy?

Oh! imperious, pitiless regions—  
Snow-panopied hills that entice—  
Are those silent impassable legions  
But guarding a hosom of ice?

Or is it the radiant duty  
Of your rapturous heart of delight  
That crimson with currents of beauty  
The dark span of your desolate night?

Through the long voiceless twilights that darken  
Your virginal, slumbering plain,  
Do you dream of the sunlight, and harken  
For the voice of the southwind again?

Oh! mysteries never beholden  
By the ages, we question and wait  
For the ultimate answer withheld  
In the mist-woven mantle of Fate.

By your star-vestured beauty still haunted,  
In the wake of your moons, we set forth—  
By your perilous silence undaunted,  
We follow the call of the North!  
—Margaret Ridgely Partridge, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## The Wisdom of Nature.

The death frost lies where late the roses threw  
A thousand petals on the soft June grass,  
And o'er the lawn dark spectral shadows pass  
Of naked houghs where clover-hossoms grew;  
The thrushes' nest is empty; swift winds strew  
The straws to right and left;—from that mass  
Of box and arbor-vitæ sounds,—alas!  
No happy note,—gone is the rustling crew  
That peopled there. O what is death to thee,  
Thou ceaseless Nature?—ocean calls, I go,  
To lie beneath with many helpless men,  
Yet ripples laugh, new waves rise merrily;  
Death may not dim thy morn's recurrent glow,  
For well thou knowest it means life again.  
—Maurice Francis Egan, in *Scribner's Magazine*.

## An Ode to a Dancer.

O Keats, thy Grecian urn has been upturned  
And from its ashes is a woman made;  
To dance them back again as when they burned  
In young antiquity, and pipes were played!  
Who was that early woman, that had danced  
Their fires away, thou wert too late to know,  
Thyself too early for this later birth:  
And yet thy lips of poetry could blow  
Both lives, until their ankles met and glanced  
Between the dead world and the unborn earth.

Here is thy living witness from the dead.  
With the garment and the measure and the grace  
Of a Greek maid, with the daisies on her head  
And the daring of a new world in her face.  
Dancing, she walks in perfect sacrifice!  
Dancing, she lifts her beauty in her hands  
And hears it to the altar, as a sign  
Of joy in all the waters and the lands!  
And while she praises with her pure device,  
The breath she dances with, O Keats, is thine!

Life rises rippling through her like a spring,  
Or like a stream it flows with sudden whirl;  
Leaves in a wind taught her that fluttering  
Of finger-tips. She moves, a rosy girl  
Caught in a rain of love; a prophetic  
Of dust struck on the instant dumb with pain  
Of the inviolable vision, wild  
With an abandoned longing to regain  
That edge and entrance of the wilderness,  
Where she might stay untroubled as a child.

Impassioned battle with the foe of life  
Seizes and binds her body for the while;  
Until she finds him stronger for the strife,  
And in defeat defies him with her smile:  
Upward she hares her throat to the keen thrust  
Of triumph:—"O ye gods of time who give  
And take, ye makers of beauty, though I die  
In this my body,—beauty still shall live  
Because of me and my immortal dust!  
O urn! Take back my ashes! It is I!"  
—Hitter Bynner, in *the Forum*.

M. Rostand has closed arrangements where-  
by the book of "Chantecler" is to be trans-  
lated for the American public.



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## MR. CHESTERTON'S CAUSERIE.

In a recent issue of the *Illustrated London News* appears an essay by Mr. Chesterton on the misdirected extravagances of modern literature. The following extract deals with the irrelevances of politics and biography:

In sober truth, all recent English politics has owed its success to this grand principle of misdirected extravagance. We forbid truth; but we do not forbid violence. A charge may be quite wild as long as it is wildly inapplicable.

This can be seen clearly by looking through the old Conservative comic papers and controversial posters against the late Mr. Gladstone. He was a very conservative kind of man, and therefore there were no limits to denouncing him—as a demagogue. The very things about him that were most mild and traditional were made symbols of fantasy and anarchy. For instance, being by temper conservative, he happened to wear rather old-fashioned collars, such as he had worn when a Tory. These collars were expanded in pictures into a wild eccentricity, till people fancied that Gladstone, in his madness, had invented the collars. Or again, he pursued for pleasure the very ancient and blameless branch of woodcraft which consists in cutting timber. At once it was suggested that there was something madly destructive in this, as though he blew up trees with a bomb. Though his axe was as old and innocent as Homer, it was always somehow suggested that his axe was as crude and crimson as the axe of the guillotine. But he was quite safe, because he was being attacked for the wrong reason. They denounced him as a crazy innovator, and his answers were easy: if they had attacked him as a pedantic Tory, the problem might have been less easy to settle. I could give many further instances of this in the case of living English politicians. They would let me repeat freely all the frantic lies that are told about them. But if I began, however faintly, to say what I thought true about them, they would all bring libel actions in a body. There is only one articulate English person I can think of who will not bring a libel action against me, however much I provoke him, and that is myself. It happens, indeed, that I have flourished and fattened on this habit of the critics of never fixing on a man's real faults. A little while ago I was asked to give evidence before the committee on the censorship, and, being of a meek and law-abiding nature, I did so. Whereupon a weekly paper of excellent standing (I think it was the *Outlook*) cheerfully accused me of having shoved myself in with sheer impudence, and given my evidence by main force. "It does not appear that Mr. Chesterton was invited," it said; "he invited himself." How on earth it could "appear" that I was invited, unless a reward had been offered for me with blasts of a trumpet from the steps of the Royal Exchange, I do not know. The letter of invitation was sent to me, strangely enough; not to the *Outlook*.

The writer, not having the slightest evidence to go on, must have gone on some general view of my character. I must be supposed to be the kind of man who would walk into a committee-room labeled "Private" and give evidence which nobody wanted on something which I did not understand. Now, apart from the disgusting vices required, I do not possess the virtues necessary for such a practical joke. I am thoroughly English in my lack of, moral courage. In the few physical dangers that have held me up, I can at least say that I did not collapse. But my moral awe of authority is quite flattening. I could no more tell ten other men lawfully appointed that they ought to have my testimony than I could take the king's cigar out of his mouth or smash the Venus of Milo in the Louvre. Yet you see that an enemy, willing to wound, imagines that if he accuses me of this monstrous and almost heroic vulgarity, he will have hit me on the raw; whereas I am as indifferent to that charge as Don Quixote could be to a charge of corruption. If he had said that I was very nervous when giving evidence, it would have been much more humiliating—and quite true. The egotism of this example is, I beg leave to state, involuntary. As I said before, if I gave the case of anybody else's attackable side, I should be stopped. "Le culte de moi" has increased in modern English literature largely because himself is the only person a man is allowed to attack without going to prison. In old days men managed by hook or crook to publish Scandals of the Court or Horrible Revelations of High Life. But now a man must publish his own scandals for want of any other; he must find the horrible revelations inside his own head. This is called "sincere artistry."

No doubt it is, generally speaking, normal and inevitable that we should be accused of the wrong things; when one is accused of the right things, one so often gets hanged. It is not for you or me to complain of the kind accident whereby our enemies never look for the skeleton in the cupboard, but employ themselves healthily in digging up the back garden. You, the reader, can afford to smile at those charges of forgery and financial fraud which are so regularly brought against you

by all your acquaintances. So long as they say nothing about arsenic, or what happened that dark November in the New Cut, you are all right. I also . . . but I think I will not tell you at the mention of which crime out of fifty-seven I can scarcely repress a start. Souls are always secrets; but I think modern England carries secrecy far beyond the spiritual need for it. We do not merely suppress private things, but public things too; indeed, we suppress public things especially. A considerable English county, let us say, is governed by Lord Valencourt of Normantowers. I do not expect to know his soul, which is for Providence; but I think I might be allowed to know his name, which is Schmidt. Dear old ladies, with an utter ignorance of England which is charmingly English, used to express an alarm lest journalism would too much penetrate private life. They need have no fear. Life that is worth calling life is always private, not to say somewhat unintelligible. There is always something odd and impudent about a man's claim on a title-page to write another man's "life." Life, I say, is always private; but biography is public, and it might be as well to have it true.

## THE AFTERGLOW.

The following speech was made by Mr. Horace G. Platt at the birthday dinner given by Mr. Raphael Weill on February 19 at the Bohemian Club in honor of Colonel Alexander G. Hawes:

**Mr. Toastmaster and Genial Host:** When I received your kind invitation to this birthday dinner to Colonel Hawes I was in the doctor's hands, and I was afraid I might not be able to attend unless I afloat my doctor. He had discovered, as he thought, some trouble with my heart. An X-ray examination, however, disclosed not only that my heart was sound, but that it was true to Colonel Hawes. This was no discovery to me, because I knew that it had been true to him for the past twenty-five years. I have always been proud of his friendship and have ever regarded it as one of my most valuable assets, and so, I presume, say all of you.

It is most fitting that a birthday dinner to Colonel Hawes should be given in the Bohemian Club, because for years he was its main guide, counsellor, and friend. Never a platform orator, he was always a most effective speaker in its councils. Never a musician, he was always a promoter of harmony in its ranks. Never a painter, he always pictured truly its glorious career, and contributed thereto. He was for years its Warwick and made and unmade its presidents (I know of one very good president he made, but modestly forbids my mentioning his name). He is one of the builders of the club, and can justly apply to himself the words of Sir Christopher Wren, "If you would behold my monument, look around you."

This is Colonel Hawes's seventy-fifth birthday. A goodly number of years lie behind him. Retired from active life, he may be said to be now in the afterglow, and it is, after all, the afterglow that determines whether life has been worth while.

How comforting will be the afterglow to one of our guests, Admiral Sebree, who today hauled down his flag as admiral of the Pacific Squadron and retires to private life! He can look back upon an honorable career spent in his country's service. He leaves it loved and respected by his colleagues and honored by his countrymen, and, still strong and hearty, he is sure to enjoy the afterglow, and will have to look upward if he would see where his name is carved.

How bright the afterglow that made safe the tottering footsteps of Uncle George Bromley, as he was slowly passing out of the sunlight into the twilight, an afterglow that was the halo to a life that was the embodiment of good-will towards men, a companionable life, devoid of envy, covetousness, and discontent, a life free from ambition, it is true, but equally free from disappointments, a life that aspired not to the uplands, but was content with the lowlands where children played and flowers bloomed and birds sang, though, mayhap, among the flowers there may have been an occasional night-blooming Cereus, and among the birds now and then a night-gale!

How satisfying the afterglow to Colonel Hawes, looking back, as he can, upon a young manhood fighting for the preservation of the Union, a mature manhood achieving success in his chosen career, and receiving the confidence that always accompanies ability coupled with integrity, and now in his old age enjoying the esteem and friendship of all who know him, and feeling that he has earned the highest of encomiums, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

What you reap that you must sow. As is the glow, so will be the afterglow.

Is the afterglow resonant with the music of laughter? Is it luminous with the sunshine of smiles? Is it fragrant with the perfume of the fadeless flowers of our dreams? Is it the fruition of hopes fulfilled, of ambitions satisfied, of duty done? Does it bring contentment in its train?

Does memory linger lovingly o'er the past,

and does the heart throb with happiness in the afterglow?

Does retrospection bring more gratification than regret? Can we unroll the panorama of the past with more pleasure than pain? Would we, if we could, awaken the sleeping echoes of all the yesteryears? Can we honestly exclaim, "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight; we would live it all over again, including tonight?"

Though we may not have garnered gold or glory, have we gathered such a harvest of love that tears, and not greedy expectations, await our end?

If so, if to any of these queries we can answer "yes"—and Colonel Hawes can answer "yes" to all of them—then, loving and beloved, at peace with the world, our souls content, can we, like Colonel Hawes, cheerfully walk in the afterglow along a pathway lit by the light of other days.

## Musical Association of San Francisco.

A movement has been started in this city to foster and promote the art of music and to further the production of musical compositions, both vocal and instrumental, and to that end the Musical Association of San Francisco has been incorporated.

Primarily it is proposed to give a series of symphony concerts as soon as satisfactory arrangements can be made, and in furtherance of the plan the Musicians' Union of San Francisco has promised cooperation with the association. Most of the musicians to compose this orchestra are to be found in San Francisco. Players of some needed instruments, however, are not to be found among us, and it will be necessary to secure them elsewhere.

To carry out the aims of the organizers it is deemed advisable to have a fund that will insure success from the beginning. To that end assistance is requested of those who love music to aid in establishing such a fund as will guarantee against failure. For that purpose subscriptions of \$100 a year for five successive years are asked, and it is hoped that several hundred persons will be found in this city who will be willing to contribute. Should the concerts prove a financial success, the guaranty fund will not be drawn upon, but will be allowed to accumulate to aid in the establishment of a permanent orchestra. The erection of a permanent home of music by friends of the association may be the result of this movement.

It is also planned to give concerts in nearby cities in order that lovers of music not residing in San Francisco may have the opportunity to hear the best in orchestral composition.

Those who are willing to give \$100 a year for five years for this purpose will be known as "founders" of this musical association, and those who may contribute in larger sums, a contingency not unexpected, will be known as "patrons."

John Rothschild is the secretary of the association and the following gentlemen have consented to act as a board of governors: Dr. A. Barkan, T. B. Berry, E. D. Beylard, Antoine Borel, W. B. Bourn, J. W. Byrne, C. H. Crocker, W. H. Crocker, Frank Deering, Alfred Esberg, Frank Griffin, E. S. Heller, John D. McKee, William Mintzer, J. D. Redding, John Rothschild, Leon Sloss, Sigmund Stern, Dr. Stanley Stillman, R. M. Tobin, and J. D. Grant.

One of the many minor ways in which the White House has changed under the occupancy of the Tafts is in the absence of household pets. There were always about a dozen dogs of various kinds romping around the place during the Roosevelt régime, for each of the children had one or two apiece, to say nothing of the white mice, parrots, and guinea pigs that were tucked away in convenient corners. But the Taft household is little disturbed by animal vagaries, for Charlie Taft's pony, Major, is the nearest approach to a pet to be found on the premises. Before the Roosevelts' day, however, dogs were far from unknown at the White House, and many persons still remember the magnificent St. Bernard that was the constant companion of Mrs. Grover Cleveland and her children in their walks.

That people will eat elephant meat with a relish has been proved by a butcher in Frankfort-on-the-Main, to his own profit and without the knowledge of his customers. This enterprising tradesman learned that a vicious elephant in the Glent zoological gardens was to be killed and made a bargain for the carcass. Within a few days the elephant was transformed into 3800 pounds of sausage meat and every pound was disposed of at a good price.

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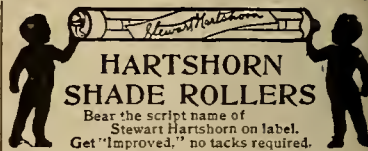
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"MADAME BUTTERFLY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The opera-going element of the Italian colony assembled in a cheerfully buzzing multitude at the Columbia on Sunday evening. Festina was there, too, dressed up like a sore finger, as she expressed it, looking dubiously down at her smart Parisian gown, and then around at the plainly dressed Sunday night audience, which was Latin to the marrow of its bones. The cosmopolitan character of musical San Francisco was patent, but more particularly it was Italian eyes that sparkled, Italian teeth that gleamed, Italian vowels that were heard on all sides. And they kept on being heard. We waited expectantly, hoping to be lulled into a willing silence by the exquisite orchestration of "Madame Butterfly," but there was no orchestra, no orchestration, no singers, no scenery, "no nothin'." Festina and I pumped ourselves dry of news and talked ourselves hoarse. "Still nothing happened. We were just reaching that dangerous stage in a prolonged duet when an imperative need is felt to unburden one's self of one's secrets when the business manager of the company came out and explained. A wash-out somewhere on the road had caused the delay, and the performance would shortly begin. The audience had its Sunday night mood n. Besides, it felt particularly good because very seat was sold and the other fellow wouldn't get in. So the patience of the many held out until 9:45 o'clock.

The rising of the curtain revealed the front of Pinkerton's Japanese cage for the bird that was to be caught; rather cheaply gotten up, at gay and gaudy. The two American officers confabbed, and we realized that the tale of Pinkerton, the love-abscorder, was being sung by a tenor of only average ability and undramatic temperament. Nadal was only fairly good, and therefore something of a disappointment, because since the halcyon days two decades ago when we used to hear world-famous divas supported by sticks—at seven dollars a seat—we have revolutionized things, and are now accustomed to excellent companies and fine voices at low or medium prices. For has not Tetrizzini, who burst upon us first in a cheap opera at the Tivoli, become a star in a high-priced New York setting?

However, we waited expectantly for Mme. Butterfly to come, remembering that Lieutenant Pinkerton's rôle is comparatively slight and that Mme. Butterfly herself, who is on stage nearly every minute of the time, is actually "the whole show." By and by Goro, the marriage broker, who had been stammering around, and who really looked unalike, if not Japanese, at least an appropriately obsequious and money-anxious go-between, marshaled his bevy of competing suitors for Lieutenant Pinkerton's inspection.

Festina and I exchanged glances and she cooed softly and disrespectfully called them lot of fiesies in bedroom kimonos. I don't investigate the generic significance of ewies," because it seemed to hit the nail on the head and somehow it sounded right. I felt sorry for Lieutenant Pinkerton; for the couple before him consisted in great part of and motherly ladies of an age, build, and neral appearance most discouraging to amatory advances. However, the domestically inclined lieutenant, who looked very calm and med entirely habituated to having pharxes of beauty passed in review before him, ally with unerring instinct selected the youngest one for a prolonged confab. She seemed to be the spokesman for the rest, and she was too tall for a musmée, wore a leous red calico-looking occidentalized kimono and lacked grace and charm. We looked at her with lack-lustre eyes, waiting for calm confidence for a dainty, pretty, heaving Mme. Butterfly to appear; for that id was enshrined in our memory from the vage production and we quite forgot that re could be the other kind. They seemed her lengthy in their conversation, and all a sudden, a chill, a sense of dismay, seized like a foreboding.

Festina was at that moment apostrophizing extremely ugly garment worn by Pinkerton's vis-a-vis as a "near-kimono." "Festina," said I in a voice of sorrow, "I have realized that that is Mme. Butterfly." And so it was. Marini Calvi was the Butterfly, and she belongs to the other kind. Metaphorically, she was a huge disappointment.

She is too tall for the rôle, she is not featured as a Butterfly should be, she is lacking in grace, she is undramatic in temperament, so that her acting is all mechanics, and rather poor mechanics at that, and I have a dark suspicion that she allows the management to costume her.

However, Calvi can sing; her voice is young and has ring to it, but it lacks warmth, passion, individuality, and charm. She was full of conscience, but empty of pathos; redundant of gesture, but devoid of temperament; that is, the artist's temperament. All the conscience in the world will never supply it to those who are born without it. Calvi disturbed one's conception of the wistful, loving, touchingly confident, pathetically constant heroine of Long's mournful little drama.

But then opera singers often do disturb one in every respect except that of vocalism. When that happens the thing to do is to shut one's eyes and become all ear. It repaid in "Madame Butterfly," because Puccini's score is so beautifully in harmony with the text that it told the story better than if one's sympathies were distracted by viewing commonplace acting and tasteless costumes, stiff, papery decorations that wouldn't arrange and looked messy and thoroughly un-Japanese.

Besides, Guerrieri leads, and he knows how. That crest of crisp curls on the top of his head is not there for nothing. As a general thing the more crisply they wave aloft the more surely they indicate the musical temperament.

The rendering of the score belongs to the merits of the performance, which must not be altogether waved away. For the belated singers and instrumentalists alike were on hand when the performance began, and there were no slips nor halts. The voice of the prompter did not intrude, and though the scenery is flimsy and the costumes are tasteless, they are fresh and new comparatively. I am inclined to think that the fact that "Madame Butterfly" is of the class of modern music-dramas, with the best stage business and detail—due to Belasco, no doubt—of any of the modern operas now being sung, makes acting deficiencies harder to bear; in many of the old-style Italian operas, no doubt, the company, judging from what was done on the first night, will make a much better showing. Nevertheless they are not overburdened with Tetrizzini.

In "Gioconda," which was sung the second night, it turned out again that one could derive greater pleasure from the orchestration than from the singers. Bosetti has an enormous voice and a proportionate collection of faults. She shades not at all, which tallies one to the better for Calvi. Dolores Frau's voice is clogged and uneven. Maurini, the tenor, and Maggi, the baritone, turned out to be the favorites in the cast. They are both men of good stage presence and satisfactory voices. Maggi is a better finished artist than Maurini, the latter being uneven in vocalism and prone to expend his energies on the higher notes. Between them they supplied the dramatic atmosphere to the performance. The chorus, although not strong on beauty, is experienced and reliable, and did good work in both operas. Especially was it commendable in the musical murmuring of the intermezzo during Butterfly's long night watch for her recreant lover.

The Orpheum has a good bill on this week. Of course Mr. Fred Lindsay is the star attraction; that is, the one most worth thinking about. In the first place he is a spectacularly fine looking specimen of athletic manhood, and in the second his performance with a stock-whip is both unique and wonderful. One realizes the truth of his claim that he is in peril during his act while watching him endow with sinuous life those twenty-five feet of curling, writhing lash, and starting them to serpentine activity around a hollow sphere of which he is the centre. To see him with this same weapon, its gift of dangerous life starting venomously near the handle and calming down to insinuating mildness at the end of the lash when it tenderly, caressingly, harmlessly winds itself around a man's wrist or a woman's throat is to realize the height and depth of his skill.

Winona Winter, the "little cheer-up" girl, has several claims to our admiring attention. She is pretty, she is dainty, she looks refined and entirely unselfish of the ordinary, brass-mannered, skirt-tilting, monkey-anticked female evolved from vaudeville for the man who likes things strong. Miss Winter is gowned like a dear little college girl at a summer's day tea, and she can ventriloquize very cleverly. Her great card, as I have said, is her contrast to the general run of vaudeville songstresses. To Miss Lydia Barry, for instance, who, in spite of her taste for gold garments, has a hearty, wholesome personality and a sense of humor. Her partner, George Felix, might not be a joy forever, but he is during his fifteen or twenty minutes on the programme. He causes tears of unreasoning mirth, inspired by apparently utter imbecility, to bedew our cheeks. He adds to his gift of spontaneous, idiotic humor that of being a comic contortionist, and when he tries to pull the rug from under the curtain reminds one of nothing so much as a playful young pup,

half in fun and half in earnest, trying valiantly to carry off in his determined jaws a mouthful of resisting rags.

The Savoy has put on "The Spoilers" this week as a drawing card for those who are interested in mining camps in the far north. Men who have been at Nome say that "The Spoilers" gives a faithful presentation of appearances and conditions as they exist up there. Whether or not that includes the melodramatic happenings that luridly transpire in "The Spoilers" I know not. But as mining camps are always more or less melodramatic, because the men whose lives are melodrama just naturally drift there, the violently ordered events in "The Spoilers" are probably not so out of place as they would be in a more conventionally disposed locale. The company matches the play. No fine art is wasted there. The only ones who were not palpably acting, and acting with loud creaks of the machinery were William Thorn and Margaret Oswald. Miss Oswald gave one a sense of reality. Her get-up was appropriate to the personality of the lady of queer antecedents whom she personated, and she spoke naturally, even in the melodramatic scenes. A team of Eskimo dogs appears in one act, and what with mine conspiracies, gun-play, love imbroglios, cavedroppers by the dozen, who, naturally, overhear reams of incriminating evidence uttered by unsuspecting rogues who are strangely oblivious of opened doors and moving figures, the lover of violent drama may quaff his highly spiced draught to the brim.

Tilly Koenen, the Great Lieder Contralto.

The next vocal star to be offered by the Greenbaum management will be Tilly Koenen, a contralto from Holland, who is said to be a marvelous interpreter of the *Lieder* of all countries, as well as a contralto with an exceptional range and a great beauty of voice quality. She has created a furor in every city fortunate enough to secure her for an appearance, and has been recognized by the leading critics as one of the finest concert artists that have visited America.

Her programmes are of exceptional variety and interest, and at her opening concert, announced for Sunday afternoon, March 13, at the Garrick Theatre, she will sing the following list of works: In German—"Dem Unendlichen" and "Die Krabe," Schubert; "Sapphische Ode" and "Wehe so willst du," Brahms; "Wiegelielied" and "Die Wasserosse," Richard Strauss; and "Die Zigeunerin" and "Er ist's," Hugo Wolf. In Italian—"La Zingarella," Paisiello; "Ah se tu dormi," Bassani; "Ridonnami de calma," Tosti; "Furibondo spira il vento," Handel. In Dutch—three Children Songs by Catherina van Rennes, and in English, "Sunbeams," by London Ronald, and "Baby," by Mallinson.

Equally varied and delightful offerings are promised for the other concerts, scheduled for Thursday night, March 17, and Sunday afternoon, March 20.

Complete programmes and seats will be ready next Wednesday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner Kearny and Sutter Streets.

On Friday afternoon, March 18, Mme. Koenen will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the programme above. For this event seats will be ready at Ye Liberty box-office on Monday, March 14.

The Hother Wismer Concert.

At Century Club Hall, corner of Franklin and Sutter Streets, next Thursday evening, March 10, the following concert programme will be given:

Violin Solos—"Midwinter Idyl," Edu. F. Schneider; "Folk Dance" (dedicated to Joachim), Neils W. Gade; Sonata, Op. 42 in D minor (for violin alone), Max Reger, Hother Wismer. Songs—Polish Patriotic Song, N. W. Gade; "Oh wüsstest ich doch den Weg zurück," J. Brahms; Aus "Heliopolis" and "Cradle Song," F. Schubert, Mrs. Mathilde Wismer. String Trio in C Minor, Op. 9, No. 3 (for violin, viola, and cello), Beethoven, Messrs. Wismer, Firestone, and Lada. Violin concerto, Op. 28, in A minor, Carl Goldmark, Hother Wismer. Mr. Fred Maurer, accompanist.

Tickets may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the door on the evening of the concert.

Clay Clement, the actor and dramatist, died in Kansas City February 21, after a few days' illness. His last appearance was as "the drain man" in "The Servant of the House." Clement came to the Pacific Coast in 1890 and was here for several years, a part of that time as a member of the stock company at the Alcazar. Afterward he wrote "The New Dominion" and starred in the play. Among his other works are "A Southern Gentleman" and "Sam Houston."

William Burress, the comedian, is with Blanche Ring in the cast of "The Yankee Girl" at the Herald Square Theatre, New York. Not less than a dozen of established San Francisco theatrical favorites, former members of stock companies here, are now prominent in Broadway show life.

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PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

So the widely advertised "memoirs" of the Empress Eugénie are a delusion and a snare, a literary imposition and a forgery. So much at least might have been guessed, but a credulous public is willing to snatch at anything that promises a sensational disclosure of the social life above it. And yet it seemed for the moment that these memoirs might be genuine. It was known that American and English publishers had offered fabulous sums for the exclusive right, and those who knew the "martyred" empress could hardly believe that she owned anything that was not for sale. Presumably the offers were not high enough to secure the prize, and so it was necessary to produce an imitation that would be good enough for the gullible. The empress is eighty-four years of age, and so we may not have to wait long for some posthumous publication, unless the aged lady takes steps to prevent the world from ever knowing the part that she played in the tragedy of her nation.

It is said that the empress was upon the point of allowing the publication, but a further inspection of the documents convinced her that it would not be safe. They pointed too conclusively to her own guilt in the production of the Franco-Prussian War and to the social vanities that she hoped to crown by a triumph over Germany. It is said that the whole story of that tragedy must be rewritten when these papers see the light, so little do we know of the real forces that make history. All the archives of Paris and Berlin can not tell that story, because they contain no record of a woman's diplomacies that were carried out not in the chancelleries or the embassies, but in the bedroom of an emperer.

The empress has lately built a large iron structure as an attachment to her country house in England. Here are stored not only her documents, but all the mementos of a glittering past. There are two magnificent state coaches lined with white silk that she once used in the streets of Paris before the shadow of Sedan fell across her path, while a more worthy sentiment is expressed by the little perambulator given to her by Queen Victoria after the birth of the prince imperial.

Eugénie still preserves the ghost of her once imperial state. The guests who are favored by an invitation to her week-end parties may see a miniature of the etiquette that once prevailed at the Tuileries. The visitors are expected to assemble in the drawing-room before the hour announced for dining and there to await the hostess, who makes a sweeping salutation to them all and forthwith leads the way to the dining-room. It is hard to realize that this is the same woman described by Washington Irving some seventy years ago. She was then Mlle. Montijo and with the reputation that may be described as advanced even for Madrid. She dressed daintily, carried a dagger at her belt, and smoked cigarettes. Irving described her as follows: "Her clear brow, shining with youth and grace; her gentle blue eyes, sparkling beneath long lashes which almost concealed them; her exquisitely formed nose, her mouth fresher than a rosebud, the perfect oval of her face."

We don't seem able to get entirely away from Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, much as we may wish to. The week's budget of news from Washington usually contains some references to that much over-published lady, and they are usually of a nature to produce a slight feeling of qualms under the pinafore. The latest budget describes a dinner party at the Longworth house at which two monkeys—four-legged ones—participated. They evidently resented the company in which they found themselves, having had a pious up-bringing, and tried to get into a better atmosphere by climbing the chandelier. A monkey hunt followed, and the prize seems to have fallen to Mrs. Bourke Cockran, who was severely bitten for her trouble, but a physician who was present believed that there would be no serious results to the wounded lady, although nothing was said about the monkey. Perhaps he, too, will recover.

A new tariff problem has arisen in connection with works of art, which, as we all know, are now admitted free so long as they are not the work of modern painters. But how is the unfortunate customs official to know whether the pictures that are now arriving by the carload are genuine old masters or spurious imitations? Seeing that the inspectors can not weigh a pound of sugar correctly, it seems too much to ask them to act as art experts. There are now 35,000 "Corots" in America and a nearly equal number of "Van Dycks," and we are forced to the conclusion that there must be something wrong somewhere. If Corot painted 35,000 pictures he must have worked more than eight hours a day, and the custom-house ought to discountenance "scab" labor. On the other hand, if one or two spurious Corots have been allowed to get in with the crowd—and even a millionaire may sometimes be mistaken in a work of art—then it is evident that the

customs are being defrauded and a duty of 35 per cent ought to be levied. But who is to decide between the true and the false? The millionaire purchaser says that it is a Corot, with a careful emphasis upon the final *t*, the man who painted it says that it is a Corot, and who is a mere customs officer that he should contradict these authorities and pronounce it to be a modern production worth about \$4 and therefore in direct competition with the best work of our home industries?

There is no doubt that the new art tariff has been a boon to the European picture factories. The studios of Paris and Munich have been working overtime ever since it passed, and the Botticellis and the Titians can hardly come down the hopper fast enough for the American connoisseurs who are waiting to buy them. The trouble is that the plaguey paint takes so long to dry, three or four days at least, that it is hard to keep the stock moving, and it looks bad to put a label on an old master "Wet Paint." But the custom-house problem is a real one, and it has to be faced.

What should we do without our Frederick Townsend Martin, and into what uncharitable judgments we might fall but for his guiding and informing hand. Every now and then we hear of his efforts to exclude the goats from the society sheep pens and to enforce the validity of his hallmark upon social aspirants. Only the other day we were told of his cooperation with Mrs. Taft in the gigantic effort of selecting the really and truly elect and sealing them upon the forehead in order that we might all fall down and worship, and now it seems that Mr. Martin has written a book.

He calls it "The Passing of the Idle Rich," which is rather a good name, because we have all seen them passing in their automobiles, while some of us have had the honor of being run over by them, or at least splashed with their honorable mud. But Mr. Martin doesn't mean what we mean. He means that the idle rich are passing away, traveling toward the setting sun like Lo the poor Indian, passing on, passing out, making themselves scarce. Not that Mr. M. would imply that the rich are no longer rich, but that they are no longer idle. It is the idleness that is passing, not the wealth.

Ah, if we only knew the charitable industries of these rich people, who were once so idle and are now so busy. By the aid of the imagination we see a tear drop upon Mr. Martin's superior pages and in his superior voice we hear a sigh as of virtue misunderstood. But cheer up, Mr. Martin. Such was always the way with virtue, and you can not expect a statue until you are dead, and we shall all be dead soon.

Yes, these ultra rich people are really and truly charitable. No one, he says, would suspect that these gay ladies who sit laughing around the dinner-table, brilliantly gowned, gay and witty, have spent their mornings soothing the pillows of the sick and poor. Truly no one would, and this makes us thank God for our Frederick Townsend Martin. At the same time we do not see why pillows need to be soothed, but let us not be hypercritical. No one would suspect, he says again, how ardently these people have been devoting themselves to charitable works or that their frivolity is but the mask of a tender philanthropy. Once more, no one would but for the revelations of Frederick Townsend Martin.

Of course the book has an object—in fact, several of them. First of all, Mr. Martin would do justice to a section of the community now laboring under a sense of injustice and writhing under the imputation of idleness. Actually these people are ministering angels in disguise, and if it may sometimes happen that they seat monkeys at their costly dinner tables—real monkeys—or conceal a chorus girl under a pie-crust, it is only that by such innocent diversions they may relieve the otherwise intolerable strain of philanthropic duties. Therefore, says Mr. Martin in effect, let there be no more capricious criticisms of the luxurious homes, the palatial yachts, or the sumptuous automobiles. These things are but the legitimate compensations for the mornings spent in soothing pillows and ministering to bed-quilts. They are well earned and well deserved.

From all of which it would seem that Mr. Frederick Townsend Martin has been seeing visions and dreaming dreams.

The trouble with the modern news item is its lack of positive and direct statement. Now here is a report from Chicago to the effect that a man who has been sentenced to imprisonment has been living for years as a horse thief while devoting his spare time to the writing of hymns and sacred songs. But there is absolutely nothing to show for which offense he was punished.

It is strange how ready we are to erect statues to men no one ever heard of, while we neglect the real benefactors of the race. There is a man in New York who has compiled a sort of dictionary to the French menu. It contains every one of the weird French

words that appear upon the ordinary bill of fare and explains what that word really means from the point of view of the chef. It need hardly be said that the book is a boon and a blessing to men, but no one will think of erecting an effigy of the author in the statuary hall at Washington. Isn't it a shame?

A publication of this kind is a new declaration of independence launched against the perspiring head of the restaurant waiter. No longer will that pampered menial be able to exercise his accustomed tyranny and compel us to eat things that make our gorge rise upon the flimsy pretense that we ordered them. Perhaps we did order them in our infantile ignorance of the French language, but to order a thing and to eat it are quite different propositions. We had no means of knowing what it looked like or smelled like, not to speak of its composition. The waiter, of course, exults in our discomfiture. He knew very well that we were ordering on the hit or miss plan and that we had simply no notion of what would be forthcoming. And now when we tell him that we can't possibly eat what he has brought us he says, "Well, neither could I, but I didn't order it. You ordered it. Yes, you did. You put your thumb right there on *bourguignonne sauté* and you've got it. That's *hourguignonne sauté*." Of course there's no remedy. Who ever heard of a remedy against a waiter? If you try anything of the kind you had better stay away from that restaurant forever after if you don't want to have your food tampered with in ways that may be imagined but not described. A remedy against a waiter! You might as well talk about a remedy against a policeman.

But the new book will put this matter right. It can be held under the table and consulted rapidly while you seem to be engrossed with the menu. It tells you in plain words of one syllable what all the glibberish means and what sort of a concoction you may

reasonably expect to follow your order. This way you will avoid the humiliation of ordering the first number on the musical programme under the fond delusion that you would get some soup.

It would not be at all surprising if this little book should lead to reform in the matter of menus. Why are they written in French except for purposes of mystification? Remove the mystification and there is no reason why we should not all dine in our mother tongue.

King Edward is said to have shown a great improvement in his shooting this season, and has brought his birds down with all his skill. During the past few years the king's powers declined somewhat, and he found it impossible to keep up with the guns for a length of time. His autumn visit to Marie had had, however, a wonderful effect upon his general health, and not only does he discard his shooting cob for quite long periods but he shows a welcome ability to walk considerable distances. In his younger days the king was one of the finest shots in Europe, and he won many matches against his friends, and a considerable portion of his ability has fallen upon the Prince of Wales, who, at the present day, is probably the most deadly shot in the royal family.

Three saloon-keepers of Indianapolis who have been prosecuted for keeping illegal hours have been sentenced to attend church and to bring a certificate to that effect from the clergyman. No doubt the intention of the judge was excellent, but how about that clause in the Constitution that forbids cruel punishments?

Vienna possesses a unique orchestra. All the members, from the honorary president, the acting president, the conductor, to the ecclesiastics, are doctors of medicine.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Among applicants for service as a general housemaid in a Pittsburg family was a raw-boned Irish girl of rather forbidding aspect. "Do you love children?" asked the mistress of the house, when satisfied that the girl would suit with respect to most requirements. "Well, mum," responded the Celt, with a grim smile, "that all depends on the wages."

A clerk in Belgrade, Servia, named Velislav Simonovitch, on the strength of an increase of salary recently telegraphed to a young woman of Losnitsa and asked her to share his fortunes. The regulation tax allows ten words for the minimum fee, and her answer ran: "Yes, gladly, willingly, joyfully, delightedly, gratefully, lovingly, yes, yes, yes."

William Travers Jerome, when district attorney of New York, went down to Georgia to address the Georgia Bar Association. Colonel Peter Meldrim was showing Jerome around. "You see that man," said the colonel, pointing out a distinguished person who sat on the hotel porch. "I do." "Well, suh, that is a man in whom our State takes great pride. He is Judge —, suh, the only man in Georgia who can strut sitting down."

M. Paul was a grocer. Rats overran his city, and a price of two sous a head was placed upon them by the town council. M. Paul's errand boy, working early and late, managed to slay ninety rats in the cellars and attics of the shop. The boy took his prey to the city hall, and, returning to the grocery jubilant, showed M. Paul the nine francs he had gained. The grocer held out his palm. "Hand the money here," he said. "You know very well those rats were mine, not yours."

Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, was entertaining a group of magazine editors at luncheon in New York. To a compliment upon his fame Mr. Le Gallienne said lightly: "But what is poetical fame in this age of prose? Only yesterday a schoolboy came and asked me for my autograph. I assented willingly. And today at breakfast time the boy again presented himself. 'Will you give me your autograph, sir?' he said. 'But,' said I, 'I gave you my autograph yesterday.' 'I swopped that and a dollar,' he answered, 'for the autograph of Jim Jeffries.'"

The teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over." One bright afternoon she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an "eponge pour la bain," but did not know what to ask for. "Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug store. A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely. "Please," she said, smilingly, "will you kindly take me home and give me a big sponge bath?"

He was a doctor and was patiently waiting for his first patient. Thought he: "If the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. And as patients will not seek me out I must needs seek them out." He strolled through the cheap market and presently saw a man buy six nice cucumbers. "Here's a chance!" said he, and followed him home. Patiently he waited for four long and lonely hours and about midnight the front door quickly opened, and the man dashed down the steps. He seized him by the arm and cried earnestly: "Do you want a doctor?" "No!" replied the man roughly. "Want more cucumbers!"

The dark monarch from sunny Africa was being shown over an engineering place in Salford by the manager, who, in explaining the working of certain machinery, unfortunately got his coat tails caught in it, and in a moment was being whirled round at so many revolutions per minute. Luckily for the manager, his garments were unequal to the strain of more than a few revolutions, and he was hurled, disheveled and dazed, at the feet of the visitor. That exalted personage roared with laughter, and said something to his interpreter. "Sah," said that functionary to the manager, "his majesty say he am herry plased with de trick, an' will you please do it again?"

William, a little country boy of six, was snowbound with his mother at the house of an aunt, twenty miles from his own home. The two, who had driven over in a sleigh just to spend the day, were forced to remain three nights and were supplied by the hostess with garments to sleep in. There being no small boys in his aunt's family, William was put to bed in one of his little cousin Deborah's nightgowns, very indignant at having to wear anything with so many frills and lace trimmings around the neck and on the sleeves. "I won't stand it, mummer," he loudly protested on the second night. "I won't wear

anything so girly! I'll run away, you see if I don't, and perish in a snowdrift before I'll put that thing on again. Why, rather than wear that—that valentine nightgown—I'll sleep raw!"

Briskly enters the sleek-looking agent, approaching the desk of the meek, meaching-looking man and opening one of those folding thingumajigs showing styles of binding. "I believe I can interest you in this massive set of books containing the speeches of the world's greatest orators. Seventy volumes, \$1 down and \$1 a month until the price, \$680, has been paid. This set of books gives you the most celebrated speeches of the greatest talkers the world has ever known and—" "Let me see the index," says the meek man. The agent hands it to him and he looks through it carefully and methodically, running his finger along the list of names. Reaching the end, he hands the index back to the agent and says: "It isn't what you claim it is. I happen to know the greatest talker in the world, and you haven't her in the index."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Maud Muller's Heyday.

Maud Muller, in the far away,  
Was busy raking meadow hay,  
She had no time for social din,  
Because the hay had to go in.  
Her father had no boys to call,  
So Maudie had to do it all.  
She raked it early, raked it late,  
And had no time to make a date.  
The village boys came now and then,  
And saw the rake, and left again.  
Alas! For Maud, she saved the hay,  
But lost a husband ev'ry day.

Maud Muller's not the same today,  
She doesn't go out raking hay,  
She sits upon the porch so cool,  
When she has left the boarding-school,  
And nails the judge, when he is spied,  
To take her for an auto ride.  
Her father has no hay to rake,  
They're living on ice-cream and cake;  
They do not have to rake, they say,  
Because an auto eats no hay.

Discovered.

My Soul!  
The Pole  
Is at last in captivity,  
After good men of most every nativity  
Proze to death making an annual dash for it,  
Never receiving a dollar in cash for it;  
Starting with nothing more than a "Hooray" or two,  
Ending presumably in a frappe or two.  
However,  
Since so much mystery seemed to surround the thing  
I'm very glad that they've finally found the thing.  
But,  
Now that the dashing is done, and they're through with it,  
What in the deuce are they going to do with it?

The Old-Fashioned Bonnet.

How dear to my heart is the old-fashioned bonnet,  
The old-fashioned bonnet that Nell used to wear;  
Without any plums and red cherries stuck on it—  
The bonnet that didn't require phony hair.  
The dish-pan effect may be stylish and stunning,  
The waste-paper basket that's lately come in  
May be quite the rage and recherché and cunning,  
But give me the hat she tied under her chin.

Why She Cried.

Miss Muriel Million was sitting alone,  
With a very disconsolate air;  
Her fluffy blue tea gown was fastened awry,  
And frowsty and rumpled her hair.  
"Oh, what is the matter?" I said, in alarm,  
"I beg you in me to confide!"  
But she buried her face in her kerchief of lace  
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.  
"Come out for a spin in the new motor-car,  
The motor-boat waits at the pier;  
Or let's take a drive in the sunshiny park  
Or a canter on horseback, my dear."  
"Twas thus that I coaxed her in lover-like tones  
As I tenderly knelt at her side;  
But, refusing all comfort, she pushed me away,  
While she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

"Pray whisper, my darling, this terrible woe;  
You know I would love you the same  
If the millions of pepa had vanished in smoke  
And you hadn't a cent to your name.  
If you came to the church in a garment of rags  
I would wed you with rapturous pride."  
She nestled her cheek to my shoulder at this,  
Though she cried, and she cried, and she cried.  
"You know," she exclaimed, in a piteous wail,  
"That love of a hat that I wore—  
The one with pink roses and chiffon behind  
And a fluffy pink feather before!—  
I paid Madame Modiste a fiver for that,  
And our parlor maid, Flora McBride,  
Has got one just like it for fifteen-and-six!"  
And she cried, and she cried, and she cried.

A tourist in rural Scotland took refuge for the night in the cottage of an old lady. He asked her to wake him early in the morning, warning her that he was quite deaf. Upon awakening much later than the appointed hour he found that the old lady with strict regard for the proprieties had slipped under his door a slip of paper upon which was written: "Sir, it's hauf past eight."

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Reserve and Contingent Funds.....1,529,978.50

Deposits December 31, 1909.....38,610,731.93

Total Assets.....41,261,682.21

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The opening of the Lambardi Opera Company Sunday evening, February 27, for an eight days' engagement at the Columbia Theatre, started another musical week, for the last one might almost be called that, in spite of its other amusements and entertainments. The Schubmann-Heink and Langstroth concerts on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and the chamber concert on Friday, February 25, at Kohler & Chase Hall, were among the musical treats enjoyed. And at the Bohemian Club Saturday night, February 26, the songs of the "Neapolitan Trio"—known in every-day life as Mr. Charles Dickman, Mr. Mackenzie Gordon, and Mr. William Hopkins—delighted a large audience after a dinner given in their honor. Teas, luncheons, and dinners for the Easter brides have been numerous. Mi-Careme was celebrated with bouse parties and other gayeties, and dancing being permissible to all, this was one of the distinctive features. Bridge has its devotees, among young and old, at all seasons. The meeting of friends at the sewing clubs has been a practical form of enjoyment combining sociability and charity. There have been tennis parties several times a week for the lovers of outdoor sports.

A "smoker" was given at the Officers' Club on Thursday evening, February 24, by the officers at the Presidio to the officers of the First Cavalry, who recently returned from the Philippines.

The Ivan Langstroth concert took place in the St. Francis ballroom on Thursday evening, the 24th. Besides being a musical event, the dinners before the concert and the suppers given after it made it partake of a social nature as well. Miss Dorothy Baker gave a supper for Mr. Langstroth, and his ushers, Mr. Fred Tillman, Mr. Fred Woods, Mr. Ernest Maillard, Mr. Harry McAfee, Mr. Andrew Cassel, and Mr. Loring Pickering, made him the guest of honor at a "stag party." Among the hostesses of the evening were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. William Mintzer, and Mrs. Charles F. Baker.

The patronesses for the chamber concert gave the second recital Friday afternoon, February 25, at Kohler & Chase Hall. The patronesses are Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard, Mrs. Mary E. Huntington, Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. J. J. Brice, Mrs. C. W. Clarke, Mrs. Tiley L. Ford, Mrs. William Gerstle, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Frank Lamson Brown, Mrs. George Caswell, Mrs. Clinton Day, Mrs. James Monroe Goewey, Mrs. Ralph Harrison, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. Clarence Martin Pann, Mrs. Oscar Maurer, Mrs. Frank Howard Payne, Mrs. Florence Porter Pungst, Mrs. Mezes Phillips-Wynne, Mrs. Frederick Stratton, Mrs. William T. Seson, Mrs. Henry Clay Taft. The patrons are Mr. Raphael Weill, Mr. Richard Tobin, Dr. Arnold Genthe, Mr. Richard Hotelling, and Mr. Beylard.

In honor of Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Sebree a dinner was given at the Fairmont by Rear-Admiral Harber the early part of last week. About fifteen guests were invited to meet Admiral and Mrs. Sebree.

Another dinner in honor of Admiral and Mrs. Sebree was given by Mrs. John McMullin on Saturday evening, February 26.

General Thomas H. Barry and Mrs. Barry entertained at dinner on Thursday evening, February 24, at Fort Mason. Among their guests were Admiral and Mrs. Sebree, Admiral and Mrs. Harber, and Admiral Barry.

Mrs. Eleanor Doe was hostess at a dinner on Tuesday of last week at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Henley, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Moran, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Mrs. Florence Pungst, Mr. Samuel Murphy, and Mr. George Tewksbury.

A dinner early last week to about twenty guests was given by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin. A luncheon in honor of Mrs. Drummond MacGavin was given by Miss Agnes Tillman on Friday, February 25.

Miss Viola Page and Miss Florence Bell, both visitors from the East, were the honored guests at luncheons last week given by Miss Marguerite Doe and Miss Jane Hotelling.

Mrs. Gordon Blanding was hostess at a luncheon in her apartments at the Fairmont on the 22d.

Mr. William Bourn introduced Mr. Arthur R. Vincent to a number of friends at a dinner given in his honor at the Palace Hotel on the 25th. Among the guests were Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Richard Tobin, Dr. Beverly MacMonagle, Mr. Frederick Kohl, Mr. Thomas Berry, Mr. Edward Eyre, Mr. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. Frank Michaels, Mr. Willis Polk, Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Truxton Beale, and Mr. James Tucker.

In honor of Miss Maud Bourn, Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl gave a dinner at her home in San Mateo on the evening of the 26th.

A tea was given by Mrs. Wellington Gregg and Miss Enid Gregg in their apartments at the St. Regis on Friday afternoon, the 25th. Among the

guests were Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Frank Preston, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Mrs. Laura Pike Fuller, Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Miss Elyse Schultze, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. George Sperry, and the Misses Joliffe.

A luncheon in honor of Mrs. Timothy Hopkins was given at the Fairmont on Thursday by Mrs. Batcbelor.

On Thursday afternoon an informal bridge party was given by Mrs. Henry St. Goar.

In honor of Mrs. Robert Mackenzie a tea was given by Mrs. I. Lowenberg at the Palace Hotel Thursday afternoon, February 24.

Mrs. Edwin Breyfogle's tea at the Fairmont last week was in honor of Miss Morrison-Fuller of St. Louis, who is visiting Miss Sara Collier.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean was hostess at a tea at the Fairmont on the 25th and her daughter, Mrs. Henry Kierstedt, also had a group of friends, who joined her mother's guests after tea had been served.

Mrs. James Otis gave a bridge party at her home on the afternoon of February 25 complimentary to Mrs. William Harrington.

At the Friday reception of Mrs. Thomas Barry at Fort Mason Miss Ellen Barry assisted her mother in receiving, and also Mrs. Davis.

Miss Kate Stone had a few guests at tea on Wednesday of last week at the Town and Country Club. Among them were Mrs. Wilfred Chapman, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. Horatio Livermore, Mrs. William Mintzer, and Miss Ruth Loring.

A luncheon was given by Captain Jesse Langdon at the Presidio on Friday of last week in honor of the English polo team. A number of the officers of the post were invited to meet the British team.

A dinner was given by Major and Mrs. Frederick Day at their home at Fort Mason on Thursday evening, February 24. Among their guests were Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Sebree, Admiral and Mrs. Giles Harber, Admiral and Mrs. Edward Barry, General and Mrs. Thomas Barry, Captain and Mrs. Robert Davis, Miss Alice Enright, and Lieutenant George Kelly.

Miss Elva De Pue was hostess at a dinner on Friday evening, February 25, in honor of Miss Ruth Richards. Among Miss De Pue's guests were Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Anna Olney, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, Mr. Fred Baker, Mr. Frank Kent, and Mr. Bernard Ford.

Miss Edith Pillsbury was hostess at a farewell luncheon in honor of Miss Virginia Vassault on Monday, February 28. Miss Vassault expects to leave for New York very shortly.

Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a luncheon on Saturday, February 26, complimentary to Mrs. Frank Preston.

Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden entertained a number of friends at a dinner at the Fairmont Hotel Tuesday evening, March 1.

Mrs. Eugene Freeman gave a bridge party at her home on Pacific Avenue Saturday, February 26.

On Monday, February 28, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel was hostess at a bridge party. Among her guests were Mrs. Cyrus Walker, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. William Prentice Morgan, Mrs. J. Eugene Freeman, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. William R. Smedburg, Mrs. George Boardman, and Mrs. Hopkins.

Mrs. Marguerite Doe was hostess at a dinner to a dozen friends in the main dining-room of the Fairmont on Wednesday.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Marie L. Walton entertained at a theatre party and later at a supper at the St. Francis in honor of Princess Kawanakoa. Mrs. Walton's guests included Princess Kawanakoa, Mrs. George Martin, Miss Mae Perkins, Captain George Martin, U. S. A., Mr. Lansing Mizner, and Mr. Gifford Smith.

Thursday Mr. Fred Greenwood was host at a dinner at which he entertained Miss Francis Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., Miss Dorothy Draper, Miss Elsa Draper, Mr. Anson Howard, and Mr. Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. A.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

The bungalow of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ashe is completed and they will soon leave for the ranch near Turlock, where it is situated.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier have gone to Australia, where they expect to spend several months.

Miss Vassault will be in the East with her brother, Mr. Ferdinand Vassault, for some time. Colonel Charles Hammond and Mrs. Hammond have been at the St. Francis for a brief stay before returning to their home at Clear Lake.

Mrs. A. A. Pennoyer has been living in Paris, but lately has been staying in the south of France.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville C. Pratt will spend the summer in San Mateo.

Dr. H. B. de Marville and his daughter have been living in Paris for a year.

Mrs. J. H. Covode has been visiting in Honolulu for the past two months and has gone on to the Orient for a trip.

Mrs. Cleveland Baker, who is known to Californians as Miss Pansy Perkins, has been in Washington with her father. Her home is at Tonopah.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, Mrs. John Bidwell, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, Miss Frances Martin, and Miss Harriet Alexander have all been in Cairo lately.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Heller are spending several weeks at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. William Cluness have returned to their home on Washington Street, after a visit to Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and their daughter, Miss Jeanne, will spend the summer in Paris. The Misses Shusser have gone to Europe, where they expect to remain some time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Franklin Babcock have returned to San Francisco, after a stay of some length in Paris.

Miss Katherine and Miss Alice Herrin are traveling through the British Isles.

Mr. Arthur Vincent has arrived from England

and has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William H. Bourn. The wedding of Miss Bourn and Mr. Vincent will take place in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. E. de Saba and Miss Vera de Saba are at the Fairmont prior to the reopening of their country home at San Mateo. Miss de Saba will not go to Victoria until later in the summer when she will be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Clem Tobin, and her parents, who will be the guests of Lady Hope.

Mr. and Mrs. James Jenkins are staying at the Cushing home in Blithedale until the cottage which they are having built for them is finished.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bowles, with their daughter, Miss Amy, have returned to Piedmont, after a winter in San Francisco.

Miss Edith Cheesebrough will leave San Francisco shortly to spend several months abroad with Mrs. Walter Hobart and Miss Mary Eyre, who are in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., have opened their country home in San Mateo. They have been spending the winter at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Louis Sloss expects to spend a month in Pasadena visiting her sister, Mrs. Gerstle.

President Wheeler of the University of California has been in Germany recently. He is expected back in California shortly.

Dr. Benjamin P. Brodie and Mrs. Brodie will leave Detroit and come out to their new home in Santa Barbara in the spring.

Mrs. William Tevis has taken a house at Montecito, and so has Mrs. James A. Robinson.

Captain and Mrs. William Holmes McKittrick will be in Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope are planning to go abroad in May. They have opened their house in Burlingame and will be there until they start on their trip.

Mr. William Coleman has returned here from Europe, where he has spent the last year.

Mrs. George Doubleday has arrived from the East and is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Moffet, in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. L. P. Fuller, who recently returned from New York is living at the Lafayette apartments. Miss Margery Knight, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight at Burlingame, has sailed for the Orient, to be gone several months.

Mrs. Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., has come here from San Diego to visit her mother.

Mrs. John McMullin has gone to her ranch in the San Joaquin Valley. On her return she will be joined by her granddaughters, Miss Eliza McMullin and Miss Anna Weller, and with them will go to Coronado for a couple of months.

Mrs. Henry Ashe Tighman, who has spent the past year with her father, Captain William Merry, has gone to Europe with her sister, Miss May Merry.

Some well-known Californians at Vevey, Switzerland, are Mrs. Osgood Hooker, Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howard, and Captain and Mrs. William T. Bull.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith will spend the summer in Europe.

Miss Ruth Tisdale is traveling in the East and will spend March in Washington, D. C.

Miss Mildred Lansing has been spending the winter in Detroit.

Captain Douglass McCasky, who was stationed here several years ago and who has been at the Presidio for several weeks, will leave in April for a trip abroad.

Mr. William Chapin, who has been the guest of his sister, Mrs. Tubbs, left for his Eastern home several days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle have gone to their country home at Menlo.

Mrs. Peter Cook of Rio Vista has been visiting her sister, Mrs. B. F. McNear, at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Sterling Postley are settled in Paris and do not expect to return to San Francisco for some time.

Mrs. Peter Martin will spend a portion of the summer in Newport with her sister, Mrs. Leonard Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King, who have been living at Annapolis, where their son is a student at the Naval Academy, will spend a summer in Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle have returned to their Fair Oaks home, after a winter in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hayne, who have been in Europe for the past year, are expected in their San Mateo home in April.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace, who has spent the winter in Boston, expects to return to San Francisco in June, with her son.

Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson, Mr. Hopkins, and Miss Helene Irwin, who went to Mexico in a party together, are expected in San Francisco about the 5th.

Mrs. Charles Cooper Barrows of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld at their home on California Street.

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FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Grand opera is attracting large audiences to the Columbia Theatre this week, and many regret that the season of the Lambardi Company is so short. Appreciations of the artists appear on another page of this issue. The final announcements include the production of "Iris" at the Saturday matinée; "Il Trovatore" Saturday evening; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci" at the Sunday matinée; and "La Bohème" Sunday night.

At the Van Ness Theatre, beginning next Monday night an engagement of two weeks, Robert Edeson will appear in his latest stellar vehicle, a play of modern American life, "A Man's a Man," by Anna Steele Richardson and Henry Leslie Friedenberg. This new drama is said to be a better medium for the display of Mr. Edeson's talents than even "Strongheart," in which he scored so great a success. Differing radically from recent dramatic offerings, "A Man's a Man" treats of the evils of modern divorce from an entirely new viewpoint, and introduces Mr. Edeson in a brand-new line of characterization. The scenes of the play are divided equally between New York City and the capital of a Western State, and the story has as its basis the attempt of an unscrupulous mining magnate to debauch the legislature that he may gain success for the social and political ambitions his newly found riches have aroused in him. As is his custom, Mr. Edeson brings with him a supporting company of unusual excellence, including Menifée Johnson, Joseph Rawley, Howard Hall, Lawrence Windom, James Grady, Josephine Lovett, Grace Henderson, Helen Macbeth, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Cordelia Macdonald, Eleanor Sheldon, and Elsa Lorimer. The scenic investiture is said to be elaborate. The only matinées will be given on Saturdays.

The last performance of Rex Beach's drama of Alaskan life, "The Spoilers," will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinée Sunday that always welcome musical fantasy, "The Gingerbread Man," will be presented in San Francisco for the third time. This is one of the red-letter events of the season. "The Gingerbread Man" is a man of quality, as his cohorts of vocalists and comedians, the dainty music of A. Baldwin Sloane, and the clever lines of Frederick G. Rankin, will attest. The piece will hold its own with anything on the road. The story is packed full of fairies and unusual characters and is treated in such a unique way that it is a travesty of the highest type, and the clever badinage, the satirical turn of the dialogue, and the comic epigrams appeal to the intelligent class. The cast includes Ross Snow, the comedian; Wally Helston, an acrobatic dancer; Garrick Major, a splendid baritone and actor; Inez Girard and Helen Keers, prima donnas; Rose Murray, the dainty soubrette, and important others, with a large and comely chorus. The usual matinée will be given on Saturday, with a bargain matinée on Thursday.

Henry W. Savage's splendid production of "The Merry Widow," which comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday for an engagement of two weeks, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays, is acknowledged to be the most sensational musical success in the history of the stage. It has been the rage of Europe for three years, and every part of the United States where it visited the past season have voted it the best light opera in memory. The piece has not succeeded merely because the music is new, catchy, and good, but also because the play is a real play and the comedy is crisp, bright, and accurate. This combination of a connected plot, an interesting story, real fun, and good music, is so absolutely exceptional that there is no doubt whatever of its great and long continued success of any piece that has it.

Such emphasis has been laid upon the allurements of the famous waltz in "The Merry Widow," upon the transcendent charm of Franz Lehar's melodies, and upon the whimsical appeal of the operetta's humor, that relatively minor consideration has been accorded her work's rare dramatic strength. It is a welcome announcement that we are to get the same massive production that was seen here last season, because it is the most beautiful of all "The Merry Widow" equipments. Miss Lottie Williams, who has won a conspicuous success in the part of Sonia, possesses the ideal temperament for the heroine of this romantic story. George Damerel is still the Prince Danilo. In the hands of these young artists, the world-famed waltz loses none of its fetching qualities. Others who will be warmly welcomed are Oscar Figman, William V. Strunz, Charles E. Wright, Harold Blake, Arthur Vooley, Louida Hilliard, and Sophie Barnard. The company is, as ever, a very large one.

Lottie Williams, for some time past a successful star in the East in such popular plays as "Only a Shop Girl," "My Tomboy Girl," "Josie the Little Madcap," and "Tennessee," will appear at the Orpheum next week in Edmund Day's one-act play "On Stony Ground." The little drama illustrates a pathetic incident in the life of a girl who has

to maintain a great struggle for existence. Miss Williams as Katie, a slangy, happy-go-lucky waitress in a cheap restaurant, has a rôle which exhibits her at her very best. The Charles Ahearn Cycling Comedians, who came direct to the Orpheum Circuit from the Hippodrome, London, will be included in the novelties. Their act is a combination of skillful wheeling and comedy, with an original finale called "A Mile in Thirteen Seconds." Charles and Lily Charlene will present their drawing-room entertainment. Mr. Charlene is an expert juggler, and Mrs. Charlene is not only a skillful xylophonist, but also a beautiful woman who costumes handsomely. Mank's All-Star Trio, which consists of Harry W. Cline, the world's champion billiardist, Calvin W. Demerest, ex-champion, and Albert P. Cutler, who has challenged Cline for the world's championship trophy, will be a special feature of the new programme. They will introduce a unique, scientific, and amusing sketch called "A Night in a Billiard Parlor," which is an excellent vehicle for fancy exhibition shots, which are made apparent to the audience by glass mirrors. The act is enlivened by witty dialogue, and a diverting incident of it is the appearance of Burton L. Mank, a clever black-faced comedian, in the rôle of a negro porter. Next week will be the last of Winona Winter, Felix and Barry, Reynolds and Donegan, and Clara Belle Jerome, assisted by William Seymour and her Eight Dancing Toodles.

The Myrtle Elvyn Concerts.

The young American virtuosa, Miss Myrtle Elvyn, will give her first recital at the Garrick Theatre this Sunday afternoon, March 6, presenting an unusually varied and interesting programme which will include the Leschetizky arrangements for left hand alone of the sextet from "Lucia," Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques," some Chopin and Mendelssohn numbers, the Schubert-Liszt transcriptions of "Hark, Hark the Lark" and "The Erlking," and some novelties by Claud Debussy and Erich J. Wolff.

The second concert will be given Thursday night, when Schumann's "Scenes from Childhood" will be given complete and works by Bach-Tausig, Brahms, Chopin, MacDowell, Moszkowski, and Wagner-Liszt will be included in the offering, and by request the artist will play the Schulz-Evler "Arabesques" on "The Blue Danube Waltz."

Miss Elvyn's farewell recital will be given Saturday afternoon, March 12, when a special programme for students will be given. Among the works to be played are the Chopin "Sonata" in B flat minor (the one with the famed funeral march), Schumann's "Toccata," Brahms's "Rhapsodie" in B minor, and numbers by Mendelssohn, Schumann-Liszt (Widmung), Schubert-Liszt, "Du bist die ruh," Moszkowski, Dvorak "Humoresque," and Liszt.

Seats and complete programmes at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the Eilers Music Company. On Sunday the box-office will be open at the theatre at 10 a. m.

Next Friday afternoon, March 11, at 3:15, Miss Elvyn will play at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, repeating the splendid Thursday night programme.

Maud Allan's Dances.

Maud Allan, the most graceful and charming of the classic dancers, will be the first to introduce that new phase of art to this city. It seems a strange fact that the three most successful dancers are from San Francisco, viz., Maud Allan, Isidora Duncan, and Gertrude Hoffman.

Miss Allan has appeared with the Boston Symphony, Chicago Philharmonic, Russian Symphony, and Cincinnati Symphony orchestras, and her work is said to be really beautiful. She will appear here and in Oakland about Easter time, and to present her dances as they should be Manager Greenbaum is already organizing a symphony orchestra of fifty under the capable leader, Paul Steindorff.

Associated with Manager Greenbaum in the exploitation of this new phase of art is Martin Beck, the general manager of the Orpheum Circuit.

In Germany punch is the national drink for the night of St. Sylvester, when Germans finish the year by drinking punch, a usage observed by the Kaiser himself. Punch is what they drink when they have colds. Moreover, we are told that the English brought punch from India. It takes its names from pancha, a Sanscrit word for five, because such is the number of the ingredients, arrak or rum, tea, sugar, lemon, and hot water. It was in 1695 that the English first celebrated the New Year with punch. A contemporary relates an amusing story in connection with punch. When Frederick VII came to Flensburg, in Schleswig, he gave a banquet to the notables of the district. After the dessert he desired a court official to inquire how the guests had enjoyed his hospitality. They hesitated to express an opinion, but at length one, holder than his fellows, resolved to speak freely. Everything was excellent save the punch. The magnates of Schleswig had drunk for punch the warm water charged with perfume which had been placed before them for ablutions.

Morris Meyerfeld's Latest Coup.

Morris Meyerfeld, Jr., president of the Orpheum Circuit, who has been absent in the East for the past two months, returned home Sunday and announced that he had succeeded in the object of his visit. "From the moment," said Mr. Meyerfeld, "Mr. Martin Beck and myself became aware that Mr. Alfred Butt of London, managing director of Europe's finest music hall, the Palace, had secured what is known abroad as 'The Barrasford Tour,' we determined if possible to obtain a part of it, and as I have already stated we have been successful. By the new arrangement we become part owners of 'The Barrasford Tour,' consisting of the Alhambra, Paris; the Hippodrome, Liverpool; the Hippodrome, Leeds, and the Hippodrome, St. Helena, with joint booking associations with the Palace, London; the Palace, Manchester; the Alhambra, Glasgow; the Empire, Sheffield; the Empire, Nottingham, and other important British provincial music halls. Our affiliations with the Kohl and Castle, Frank Tate, and Anderson and Ziegler theatres of the Middle West, and the important vaudeville houses of B. F. Keith, F. F. Proctor, Percy G. Williams, Hammerstein, and M. Shea in New York, and other large Eastern cities permit us to book acts from coast to coast and we shall now be able to continue them direct to England and France, and to give them time in all the best music halls there.

"To the list of theatres already secured, in the near future several other European music halls will be added, including one in Berlin, where Mr. Beck already holds a desirable location in Schiffbauerdam Strasse. Gradually the Orpheum will extend its field to Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Havana, Cuba, and the principal capitals of the South American republics. We have theatres in Winnipeg and Duluth approaching completion, and intend to erect immediately a beautiful Orpheum at Salt Lake City. The contracts for the New Orpheum, Los Angeles, are now being let and it will open its doors this fall. We have purchased the Auditorium, Kansas City, and intend to devote it to popular-priced vaudeville."

Mr. Meyerfeld will leave for London early in May to confer with his new business associates. It is a distinction for the Orpheum management and for San Francisco that the first American to invade the European vaudeville field as a proprietor and manager should go from this city. The Orpheum Circuit is now able to book its star attractions for three consecutive years in an unbroken stretch.

Any one who was familiar with the appearance of the Niagara Falls before the present power installations were built and opened can settle the question as to whether the appearance of the falls has been affected by going to see for himself. Small though the total amount of water taken for power purposes, in proportion to the total amount passing over the falls, may be, it has been sufficient to cause the shallower portions of the overflow at the edges of the falls to become entirely dry, thereby greatly reducing the total length of the crest line.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"So he's a bore! Does he tell old jokes?" "Oh, worse than that. He tells original ones."—*Life*.

*He*—I dreamed last night I proposed to a pretty girl. *She*—And what was my answer?—*Comic Cuts*.

"Did you ever hear Gadby say anything particular about me?" "No; he never was very particular what he said about you."—*Stray Stories*.

"Good heavens! What is the matter?" "The people on the second story have gone away and left their autophano playing."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"How do the apples get into the dumplings?" "I give it up. How do the peaches get into these tight gowns?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"What kind of a man would you like for a husband?" "Oh, either a bachelor or a widower. I'm not particular which."—*Universalist Leader*.

*Mistress*—Anna, you've been wearing my patent leather shoes again. *Anno*—So sorry, ma'am, but I always mistake them for my rubbers.—*Meggendorfer Blätter*.

"Didn't they have anything to drink at the Brookline assemblies?" "Oh, yes; lemonade." "Nothing stronger than that?" "Well, yes; ice-water."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

*Willie*—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen. *Mother*—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Do you give your wife an allowance?" "Yes." "How much do you allow her?" "Don't you think it is rather impertinent for you to ask what my salary is?"—*Houston Post*.

*First Lady*—Did you notice Mrs. 'Awkes' ad a black eye? *Second Lady*—Did I not! And 'er 'ushand not out of prison for another week. I don't call it respectable.—*London Opinion*.

"Ah, sir, we do enjoy your sermons," remarked an old lady to a new curate. "They are so instructive. We never knew what sin was until you came to the parish."—*Sacred Heart Review*.

"Died in poverty!" cried the philosopher, scornfully. "Died in poverty, did he, an' you expect me to sympathize? Gorstooth, what is there in dying in poverty? I've got to live in it."—*Sparting Times*.

"There is Nehuchadnezzar eating grass like an ox!" said one courtier. "Let's hope for the best," replied the other. "Maybe he's trying to get even with the Babylonian beef trust."—*Washington Star*.

"Yes, I was fined \$500 for putting coloring matter in artificial butter." "Well, didn't you deserve it?" "Perhaps. But what made me mad was that the judge who imposed the fine had dyed whiskers."—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Miss Sweet*—It is just the sort of engagement ring I preferred. None of my others were nearly so pretty. How thoughtful of you! *George*—Not at all, dear. This is the ring I have always used.—*Kansas City Journal*.

*Polly Pinkights*—Somebody has stolen the leading lady's jewel case, with all her jewelry in it. *Fanny Faotlights*—Is she up in the air about it? *Polly Pinkights*—Sure; she says the case cost her \$2.98.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"Please, ma'am," said the servant, "there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs." "Why, Mary," answered the mistress, in a reproving tone, "what can we do with wooden legs? Tell him we don't want any."—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

"I am told that King Edward sends a daily message to his chef complimenting him on his dinner." "Yes," answered Mr. Crosslots, "we are all of one common humanity. Even a king has to go out of his way to jolly the cook."—*Washington Star*.

*Muriel* (letting him down easy)—I should advise you not to take it to heart. I might prove a most undesirable wife. Marriage is a lottery, you know. *Molcolm* (bitterly)—It strikes me as more like a raffle. One man gets the prize and the others get the shake.—*Smart Set*.

*Dying Plumber* (to son)—You'll find I ain't hin able to leave you much money, Bill; it's all got to go to yer mother and sisters. But I've hequeathed you that there job at Mugley's we've hin at such a time. Don't 'urry over it, Bill, and it'll always keep you out of want, anyway.—*Tin-Bits*.

*Grout Author*—Did you tell that magazine editor that I was too husy to see him? *Boy*—Yes, sir; but he says he can't understand it; that you have been writing for his magazine for years. *Grout Author*—Well, I may write for a magazine, but that's no reason why I have to associate with the editors of it.—*Life*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Mr. Roosevelt and the Tariff.

The Roosevelt myth has now spread to such an extent that a good many worthy but imaginative people seem to believe that if the ex-President were only among us we should find him girding up his loins to attack the tariff. It may be so, and he would indeed be rash who would try to predict what Mr. Roosevelt would or would not do under any conceivable circumstances. But if the record is of any value, if the past is at all indicative of the future, we may well doubt if Mr. Roosevelt would be found among the insurgents on the tariff issue. He never gave any signs of a reduction policy, and if we are to be forced into detestable comparisons between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft it must at least be conceded that Mr. Taft has resolutely declared himself in favor of lower schedules and even secured some of them by his own vigorous initiative. The tariff reformers owe nothing to Mr. Roosevelt either for his precept or his example, and probably the country has received far more in this respect from

Mr. Taft than would ever have come to it from his predecessor.

It would be hard to imagine anything more absurd than the expectation that Mr. Roosevelt will return from South Africa belted and spurred for a crusade against the tariff, seeing that no one ever showed more dexterity in evading that issue at its every presentation. Disappointment at the tariff result is admittedly wide, and it is probably growing, but those who look for denunciatory fireworks from Mr. Roosevelt must have particularly bad political memories. If precedents have any value, the tariff reformers should thank the fates that Mr. Taft was at the White House instead of Mr. Roosevelt. They did at least get some sincere declarations upon the subject, and this is more than Mr. Roosevelt ever gave them.

### Philadelphia Day by Day.

The situation in Philadelphia is confused by the biased nature of the reports. The police assert that only some eighteen thousand men are actually on strike, although they seem to discriminate between those who have struck on their own account and others who are unwillingly out of work as a result of the strike. The men, on the other hand, maintain that one hundred and twenty thousand workers have dropped their tools in obedience to union orders, and so we may take our choice between these varying estimates. In spite of optimistic assurances that the movement has collapsed there does not seem to be any actual break in the clouds at the moment of writing. There seems to be a diminution of the violence that attended the first outbreak, but that may be due to a more rigorous suppression. It certainly does not point to discouragement.

If the participants to this quarrel were sane human beings there would have been an appeal to arbitration long ago. All the reputable elements of the city, and they are not over numerous, have joined in the demand that the differences be submitted to an impartial tribunal, but the company returns the stereotyped formula that it "has nothing to arbitrate." To the mere onlooker it would seem that there is a good deal to arbitrate, and this view is probably shared by the innocent people, including women and children, who have been assaulted and wounded, the public that is needlessly drawn into the horrors of a battlefield, and the commercial interests that find themselves in danger of ruin from the dislocation and paralysis of the transit system. Seeing that the company holds monopoly franchises in return for a public service which they have agreed to render and are not rendering, it might seem that a less arrogant tone would be becoming.

On the other hand, the contention of the union leaders that they are not responsible for the street disorders will hardly hold water, and in this connection there is at least one incident that deserves more than a passing notice. Fearing that an interference with the mail would lead to Federal action, the strike organizers sent a communication to Washington to the effect that they were willing to supply men for the mail cars and would guarantee that no molestation would be offered under such conditions. But how can these labor leaders give any such guaranty except on the admission that the stone and dynamite-throwing brigade is under their orders? If they can promise a cessation of mutilation and murder in one instance they can in all. If they can control the mob while their own men are on the cars they can control the mob at all times. The letter to Washington, in other words, is an admission that the thugs who began a reign of terror in the streets of Philadelphia were acting under orders, or at least with consent, and this seems to be confirmed by the testimony of eye witnesses, who say that the attackers moved to their criminal work of destruction with all the precision of a company of military sappers.

It is just as well that we should know where we

stand in this and similar cases. In a general way we knew it already, but this frank assumption of authority over a murderous mob helps to clear the ground. We now know that an organization without legal standing, clothed with no vestige of legal authority, with no other credentials than stones and dynamite, may dictate to the government of the United States the conditions under which the said government may or may not move the mails. If the cars containing the mails are driven by men approved and labeled by the aforesaid organization they will be permitted to proceed in safety. On the other hand, if the men driving the cars are not acceptable to the organization they will be disabled or assassinated in the streets of the city. This is certainly democracy with a vengeance. Whether it is civilization is another matter.

The affront to the government is different in degree, but not in kind to the affront offered to the individual, who is threatened with the same penalties if he shall dare to do any of half a dozen or so perfectly legal acts. To be beaten to death in the street is the punishment for riding in a car, or for doing honorable work that no one else is willing to do, or for expressing the usual sentiments of freedom in a free country. No man shall dare, under penalty of death or disablement, to live, or move, or have his being except according to the formulas laid down by a small minority of bloodthirsty savages who seem able to terrorize alike the private citizen and the municipal government. And all this because the authorities of a city whose first duty is to preserve order find it more to their benefit to cringe and crawl on their bellies before a cowardly mob who would scatter like chaff if a real man so much as frowned at them.

There is no doubt that the faster we go the quicker we shall get there. The situation in Philadelphia may yet be blessed to us exceedingly if it help to hasten the day when municipal authorities all over the country must face the alternatives of an open surrender to anarchy or the resolute assertion of a civilized state of order and decency.

### The Coming Primary.

It seems that the Republican State Central Committee is not to be summoned either to nominate an "organization" candidate for the governorship or to raise funds for his election. So far as the central committee is concerned, Republicans all over the State will be left without guidance in the disposition of their votes, and so the intention of the new primary law will be respected as well as its letter.

So far it would seem that the only party with the old familiar lay-out of conventions, caucuses, and bosses is the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. The clatter of their electoral machinery filled the air for weeks to the exclusion of everything else, and although they were careful to avoid the old terms and to preserve the mantle of sickly sanctities that is their stock in trade, the only perceptible difference between their procedure and the system that they were supposed to have supplanted is that while there was only one boss under the old plan there are half a dozen under the new. No one seemed to stand any chance of anything unless he would first "see Pardee," and after experiencing this optical joy he had to "see Rowell" and perhaps half a dozen other dearly beloveds who had distinctly seen the finger of Providence beckoning them to the salvation of the State. It is true that the mountain finally produced Mr. Hiram Johnson, who seems a small enough justification for so much travail, but then Mr. Johnson was a last resort, a kind of least common multiple of the political forces, the largest figure that could get through the combined meshes of the Pardee-Rowell net.

It is a pity that Mr. Curry can not see his way to stay where he is as secretary of state. He is as well fitted to be secretary as he is ill-qualified to be governor. But the gubernatorial bee has been in Mr.



Curry's bonnet for a long time, and while he is naturally popular he has lost no opportunity to increase his hold upon the good-will of the electorate. If he persists in running, as now seems certain, and if Mr. Stanton also sticks to his guns, there will be at least four Republican candidates in the field, with the probable result that a minority representative will have to make the running against the Democrat. The Democrats nearly secured the election last time, and would have done so but for the providential interposition of Mr. Langdon, and it seems a pity to run a needless and very considerable risk upon this occasion.

As for the Democrats, they seem to be still searching for a standard-bearer. Naturally enough, they do not find that Mr. Bell satisfies the highest human aspirations, and while the northern Democrats do not want him at any price the southerners are by no means enthusiastic. The San Francisco Democrats are said to be determined that there shall be no party nomination and that the spirit of the primary law shall be observed. If any attempt is made to nominate Mr. Bell or any one else at the forthcoming Los Angeles meeting the San Francisco delegates will walk out by way of protest. So that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League seems to be the sole upholder of the old bad system of nominating conventions.

### The Professor's Folly.

It is possible to feel some sympathy with Professor Gayley's attack upon our educational methods, but it is impossible to feel anything but detestation for the ridiculous manner in which he expresses it. That a professor of a State university should be capable of such a misuse of the language, of such affectations of style, and of such hysterical verbirosities is itself a condemnation of our teaching establishments that needs no supplement. It is to be hoped that the Berkeley students will not take Professor Gayley as their guide in literary composition or in that moderation of thought and expression which the professor himself so absurdly lacks.

That there is something gravely wrong with our educational methods is hardly open to discussion. It is a matter of common concern to the chief educational authorities all over the country, and has been productive of more critical literature during the last few years than any other subject of its kind. There is no need for any one to be in doubt on the subject who is in a position to ascertain the actual mental equipment of the average high school boy or girl. A large proportion of them can neither spell, nor write a decent commercial hand, nor compose a grammatical letter, nor do a sum in simple business arithmetic in the way that it should be done, while as for that special formation of the character that comes from discipline they are wholly without it. The problem has become so serious in some parts of the country that the municipal authorities have taken steps to drive out of the schools the cranks and faddists that have taken possession of them. Reports from Chicago, for example, speak of some such action as this, and one of the Chicago newspapers printed a letter from an aggrieved father who had done his best to find out if his son knew anything whatever, and had eventually discovered that the boy knew how to make paper elephants—nothing else. Similarly an employer writes that a young clerk whom he had taken into his office could not arrange documents in alphabetical order, owing to a fad of his teacher that the ordinary arrangement of letters is arbitrary and unreasonable and should be disregarded, while one of the great teaching authorities of the country asks why it is that after two or three years' study of French the pupil seems to know nothing whatever of the language. The current criticisms of our educational method are innumerable and from the highest authorities, and to speak of it as "the best yet devised in the history of mankind," as Mr. Roncovieri did, is nearly as ridiculous as Professor Gayley's rodomontade, and shows that Mr. Roncovieri does not know much about the "history of the world." It is legitimate to believe that the village school of our infancy was better. It certainly turned out better men than we are doing nowadays.

It is time to kill the superstition that our educational system is a passport to success in life. It is more often a passport to comparative failure. During the last half a century it seems that only one-quarter of the students at Yale have graduated, and in nearly every department of public activity it is the non-graduates who carry off the palm and the graduates who are left behind. During the Boer War the "asses" who led the British

army—to quote Von Moltke—came from the military colleges, while the successful generals were largely self-taught. And so it is everywhere, and being so, it is time to surrender our stupid self-complacency, to abandon our equally stupid platitudes and set ourselves to the more useful work of mending our educational fences lest we actually do more harm than good.

The education that does not fit the boy for life is a failure, no matter what it includes. It is a failure unless it teaches him the things that will be essential to him, and it is doubly a failure unless it gives him the self-control, the discipline, and the patience to overcome what awaits him. To the boy who has character all other things will be added, but if there is no character we may as well spare ourselves the labor of mental education. He will be better without it.

We have made a fetish of education, and because we have left the centre of sanity we have thrown open the doors to every crank with a new patent medicine. We have forgotten that nearly all the great men and women of the world had no educational advantages in their youth, and we may well suspect that they were so great because of this and not in spite of it. The stimulus of deprivation is a rare character builder. We do not make a man a useful citizen by educating him past a certain point, and perhaps by making education too easy we rob him of a needed stimulus. There was much virtue in the old idea that the State owes to every child a knowledge of the three R's and that everything above that point he must earn for himself. Let us add to that the theory that the State owes to every child the knowledge of a manual trade. Education used to be the result of individual effort and self-sacrifice, and the effort and the self-sacrifice were far more valuable to him than the education. We may have to come back to some such plan, and in the meantime we may as well avoid the crude absurdities of Professor Gayley upon the one hand and the uninformed complacency of Mr. Roncovieri upon the other.

### The Corporation Tax.

One at least of the objectionable features of the corporation-tax law will be removed if Congress shall fail to pass the necessary appropriation with which to carry out the publicity provisions that were originally intended. Such an appropriation would have to come by means of a special bill, and there is not much likelihood that such a bill can be passed. In the first place it is recognized that publicity would be an odious invasion of private rights, while a lesser consideration is the fact that the introduction of such a bill would give an opportunity to raise the whole tariff question, and the opportunity certainly would not be lost.

It is impossible to disguise the fact that the corporation-tax bill is an unpopular measure. It is an income tax pure and simple, and the spirit of American taxation has always been opposed to inquisitorial investigation into private affairs. Then again the bill is an unfair discrimination between different ways of doing business, the difference in a large number of cases being simply a matter of convenience. There is no necessary or essential difference between the business of a corporation and an individual, and as a matter of fact there are many individuals who prefer to conduct their business upon a nominally corporate basis. To tax one form of business and not another lends color to the popular superstition that there is something malign about a corporation that does not attach to other methods, and it seems a pity to stimulate a wholly illogical prejudice. The only possible justification for such a tax is the dire need of money, and here once more we find ourselves at the tariff. Lower schedules would mean larger importations and increased revenue, but as Mr. Aldrich decided otherwise the corporation tax or some similar impost becomes necessary.

Although there is to be no general publicity, it seems from the order that has just been issued that any person who wishes to examine a return other than his own may make application to the authorities for permission to do so, and that such application may be granted if the reason assigned seems to be a sufficient one. This places a large discretionary power in the hands of some individual who may or may not be qualified to exercise it. This sort of unspecified authority in the possession of more or less unspecified people seems to involve a vicious principle and one likely to be prolific in abuse. It is hard to imagine any legitimate reason for a desire to examine another man's balance sheet, and such a provision will certainly cause uneasiness among those who have a right to regard their private affairs as private and who

might be seriously injured by publicity. That there are doubts as to the constitutionality of the law shown by the many appeals now filed with the Supreme Court, and an adverse decision might save a good deal of friction in the future and possibly some scandals.

### War Talk Again.

It would be interesting to know who is responsible for the sudden revival of the war talk, Japan of course being the objective. First we are told that Major General J. Franklin Bell has said that war between America and Japan may break out at any moment. General Bell of course denies having said or thought any such thing, but the report had already been telegraphed all over the world, and he must indeed be sanguine if he supposes that his denial can ever overtake the original lie. For a lie it must have been, deliberate and purposeful. What General Bell did say was that at some time or other America would find herself at war with some one and that therefore in general way it was well to be prepared, which is very much the same as saying that two and two make four. Then comes a report that Mr. Leslie M. Shaw believes war between the two countries to be "inevitable." Now Mr. Shaw may perhaps believe this, and on the other hand he may not. With all due respect to Mr. Shaw it does not matter much what he believes, except in so far as a number of politically superstitious people may suppose that because Mr. Shaw was once Secretary of the Treasury his opinion upon international politics has some peculiar weight. It has no such weight. Mr. Shaw is a financier and possibly has a tender spot in his heart for war bonds, but there is no reason why he should know more of the situation with Japan than any other intelligent citizen. Last of all comes a story that Mr. Schiff—also a financier, by the way—believes that Japan could capture the Philippines. Perhaps she could if she were so foolish as to want them. Probably the United States could capture Winnipeg or Montreal, but we don't hear any war talk from Canada upon that score.

Now if Mr. Shaw and Mr. Schiff actually said these things it would be interesting to know why they said them, and it would be equally interesting to know who invented the story about General Bell and why it was invented. Is it all part of a scheme to enlarge the army and navy or is there really a war party in the United States that is trying to produce a bellicose sentiment or at least to familiarize our people with the idea of an approaching struggle?

That there are points of friction between America and Japan is true enough. There is Manchuria, the immigration treaty, and a few such matters that need and will receive careful handling. But there are points of friction all over the world. There was the tariff dispute with Germany that is now settled. There is another tariff dispute with France and still another with Canada, and there is said to be hard feeling with Mexico over the Nicaragua affair. But no one talks about war with France, Canada, or Mexico, and why should there be such suggestions regarding Japan? Nevertheless such talk is dangerous and a heavy responsibility rests upon those who use it in public. War is a senseless business at best, and it may be produced by working on the sentiment of senseless people. Those who know the facts are seldom guilty of alarmist speech, and we may therefore assume that Mr. Shaw and Mr. Schiff are drawing upon a heated and exuberant imagination.

### Postal Reform.

The country would like to be assured that some tangible fruits will come from the House inquiry into the working of the postoffice that was held in January and from the many subsidiary inquiries and discussions that have been directed to the same end. All these proceedings have come to pretty much the same conclusion, that the postoffice is intended primarily to benefit the nation rather than a political party and that it ought to be managed as a business concern and by the ordinary business rules. If the methods of the department store had been applied to the postoffice there would today be no deficit and consequently no irritating demands for higher rates, while the establishment of a parcel post would long since have become a matter of business expediency and consequently accomplished fact.

If local postoffices are to be removed from the political sphere, and upon this point there seems to be no practical difference of opinion, there is no reason why the chief appointments should not be similar



freed from an incubus that goes a long way to hamper efficiency. To a large extent it has been a matter of luck that our Postmasters-General have been men of an all-round efficiency who have given themselves earnestly to the work of administration. But they were appointed because of their talents for political organization and because the vast patronage of the office demanded men who could be trusted to use that patronage to the best party advantage. When Mr. Roosevelt had to appoint a Postmaster-General he selected Mr. Payne, who was an intimate friend of Mark Hanna, and the intention behind that choice needs no indication. The same may be said of the appointment of Mr. Cortelyou, while Mr. Hitchcock of course owes his present position to the fact that he was Mr. Taft's campaign manager. It is vastly to the credit of all these men that the misuse of their chances has been so small and that the efficiency of the postoffice has not retrograded under the vicious system that they were compelled to follow.

And yet the evils are evident enough. They could hardly be otherwise in an atmosphere saturated with political feeling. Probably no one will ever know where Mr. Hitchcock obtained the false statistics as to the loss upon second-class matter that he handed on to Mr. Taft. It is not likely that he evolved them for himself. Doubtless they reached him along a chain of subordinates not one of whom had practical experience enough to know that they were fallacious. As a result the President is placed in a position from which he should have been saved and an acrimonious and needless dispute is allowed to break out. The President has a right to ask that the facts presented to him shall be undisputable facts, and Mr. Hitchcock has the same right, but the preparation of elaborate statistics and complicated facts requires a business capacity that is not necessarily the concomitant of political error.

#### Taxing the Women.

What is to be done with a woman who will not pay her municipal taxes? Of course if she were a poor woman whose refusal was based upon a mere paltry excuse of inability the problem would be simple enough. The usual legal machinery would start into automatic action, she would be dispossessed of her property, and we should look with equanimity upon a vindication of the law that is the same for the rich as for the poor—and especially the poor.

But there is a woman in Chicago, a Miss Belle Squires, who refuses to pay her personal taxes on the ground that she is not allowed to vote for or against the imposition of said taxes. The report makes no mention of any pains and penalties that have yet fallen upon the devoted head of Miss Belle Squires, and so we may suppose that these are still in abeyance. And at a meeting of women has been called to sympathize with her, from which we may infer that the path of surgery has not so far been a happy one. If the campaign had only reached the stage of non-payment there would be no need of sympathy. It would be an occasion rather for congratulation.

The meeting does not seem to have accomplished very much, although it was animated by a spirit of optimistic enthusiasm. A lady who said that she represented the school-teachers of Chicago, although she has no credentials to that effect, was all for a vigorous campaign. The first thing was to "stand back of" Miss Squires, the colloquialism under strong excitement being pardonable. If every woman taxpayer in Chicago were to refuse to pay her taxes until allowed to vote "something will happen." But just here the meeting failed to fall into line. It was evident that the secondary school-teacher would follow up a favorable vote by asking for personal pledges that might have embarrassing results, while sympathy was easy and expensive. The language of the report is strictly diplomatic, but there are suggestions—no doubt malicious—of unladylike conduct, and after a "typhoon of oratory" the meeting decided to be sympathetic, some effective action being left for future consideration.

It is by no means impossible that our militant suffragettes may yet resort to a policy of passive resistance to the payment of taxes. It would be much more logical and convincing than the behavior of their English sisters, who slap policemen, break windows, and use their breakfast food. No taxation without representation is a well understood cry and it has the dignity of great American historical precedents. Certain conformist sects in England, notably the Quakers,

refused to pay taxes in support of the Episcopal Church and the incessant scandals of the prosecutions caused a change in the law. Not a great many years ago there were hundreds of houses in London bearing the placard, "No rates or taxes paid in this house until the reform bill is passed," and the reform bill was certainly passed. If there should be anything like concerted action among women taxpayers it would create a difficult situation, but so far women have never shown any signal power of coöperation or of organization, and there is no particular reason why they should resort to strenuous measures to get a political vote that already they can have for the asking.

#### The German Franchise.

The new German chancellor, Bethmann von Hollweg, is not finding that his national dignity is exactly a bed of roses. He has already passed through a tempest of criticism in the Reichstag and there are no signs of an open political sea beyond the ugly rocks that threaten him with shipwreck upon every hand. Bethmann von Hollweg has a certain darkly mysterious reputation that is supposed to indicate a reserve of strength and resource, but it may yet be found that his habitual silence covers a barren rather than a fruitful mentality.

He certainly seems to have shown a lack of adroitness in his anti-suffrage speech to the Prussian Diet. His rôle was admittedly a difficult one. As chancellor of the German empire he is presumably in favor of universal suffrage, since that is the law in imperial matters. But as a member of the Prussian Diet he is hotly opposed to any extension of the existing and very limited franchise of the Prussian kingdom. From his official point of view a voter may be intelligent enough to be allowed a voice upon the great imperial questions that concern the whole nation, while not wise enough to have an electoral share in the government of his own State. It is a position of much technical inconsistency, and had the chancellor been as astute as his friends believe he would have found some way to oppose an extension of the Prussian franchise without compromising his position toward the larger fact of the national franchise.

But when the chancellor does decide to speak it is evident that the floodgates of his oratory are not regulated by discretion. Of course he hates the popular franchise whenever and wherever it may be found, hates it with all the fervor of an old-time aristocrat who believes that irresponsible government by the few is a part of the divine order of things. And he practically said so in the Prussian Diet, for he denounced the franchise as exercising "an evil and degrading influence on political morals" and refused to consent to an extension of a mischief from which he could foresee only the direst results.

Naturally enough, this unlucky speech, intended only for local Prussian consumption, was brought up against the chancellor at the forthcoming meeting of the national Reichstag and he was asked by the Socialists to explain why he attacked a political principle that was a part of the imperial law. No explanations being possible he had none to give, except to say that the universal suffrage of the empire has not been endangered by him.

Then the Socialists had a successful innings, and they can hardly be blamed for taking advantage of so obvious a chance. Prussia, said Deputy Lebebour, would yet get the suffrage, whether the government willed it or not. If violence should result, as seemed probable, then a revolution would be justified. Kings of England and kings of France had lost their thrones, not to speak of their heads, by just such policies as were now pursued against the Prussian people, "and precisely so will any such attempt with us be crushed by the powers of the people." The speech is said to have created a painful impression, but we are not told who felt the pain.

Evidently the world does move, even in Germany, when a member of the Reichstag can refer so pointedly to the royal bloodstains upon the thrones of England and France. Nothing so sinister has occurred for years, and following so closely upon the desperate street rioting at Frankfurt and Neumünster the incident can hardly fail of grave significance. It seems to show that the German Socialists are being forced from the purely pacific policy that their present leaders have been anxious to cultivate. The founders of German socialism were avowedly revolutionary. They hoped to see an over-night introduction of the new order of things with the social chessboard swept clean

at one stroke in readiness for a vast reorganization from the ground upward. It took many disappointments and many defeats to persuade them that nations, like children, must walk before they can run. Taking the French Revolution as their model, they forget that times have changed since then and that ten men now have a stake in the existing order of things where only one had such a stake before. Enable a man to hold property securely and you give his mind a twist toward conservatism that may leave him still a reformer, but with a dislike for violence. France made her revolution out of the hordes of men who owned nothing nor hoped to own anything but the rags that could not hide their nakedness, men who had nothing to lose. There are no such hordes today either in France or Germany, and not until the most persistent agitation has failed, not until every resource has been exhausted, could armed revolution become even a possibility. It is a pity that rank official stupidity should cause even the extremists to regret their constitutional policy of agitation or that there should be a bandying of dangerous threats at a time when public feeling is fretful and alarmed.

#### Editorial Notes.

Secretary Knox had the best of intentions when he suggested that the prize court established by The Hague Conference be enlarged into an international court of arbitration, but he made his old mistake when he omitted a preliminary and unofficial inquiry as to the way in which such a proposal would be received. Great Britain objects emphatically, and a benevolent scheme therefore falls to the ground. But Great Britain's objection was a foregone conclusion, in view of the fact that she resisted the establishment of the original court or any other tribunal that would take from her own admiralty bench the disposition of war prizes. The attitude of Great Britain toward war is very different from our own. The idea of war is one that is received unwillingly by the American people, who are far more prone to believe in its impossibility than in its likelihood. The question of prize courts is therefore an academic one for us, and we can look upon it in a broad and detached way. But it is quite different in Europe, and especially in England, where the question of war is not a hazy possibility, but a more or less speedy certainty. Nine Englishmen out of ten are certain that the country will be engaged in a great war within a few years, and the conditions under which that war will be found are therefore matters of the first and most pressing moment.

It is to be feared that among the besetting sins of our worthy mayor must be counted a certain intemperance of language that may have a picturesque sound but that looks ugly in print. His vituperation is not even well chosen, and it might be made much more effective by a study of the available vocabulary of abuse and a selection of terms that have not become so hackneyed by over use. No doubt he spoke in the heat of the moment when he said that the city attorney would "get his jaw broken if he's not careful," but the expression is reminiscent of low life and among those to be avoided. When Mr. McCarthy refers to his opponents as "reptiles" and "foul sots" he shows a slight improvement, but he could do still better if he would really turn his attention to the pursuit of originality in invective. There are probably many heated moments yet to come in Mr. McCarthy's mayoral career, many occasions when he must speak without his manuscript, and while the public appreciates vigorous speech it has no admiration for the language of the Barbary Coast. Twice within a week the mayor has been guilty of what scientists would call a reversion to type, and so Mr. McCarthy would do well to remember that a fresh colloquial code is demanded by his new and remarkable political associations and that in moments of provocation he should count ten before replying. Henceforth the reporters will be on the watch for phraseology of the cast-iron variety from the mayor and he should remind himself that it does not look so well in headlines as it may sound to the excited ears of his political supporters.

New York is agitating herself for and against the practice of vivisection, of course with an abundance of extravagance on both sides. So far as the anti-vivisectionists have formulated a united demand it seems to be reasonable enough. They do not ask that there shall be no more vivisection, but only that it shall be so far supervised as to prevent needless and



wanton cruelty. There is no need to read the carefully prepared defenses of the vivisectionists so long as we are able to obtain their own reports of their experiments, and it may be said at once that some of these reports, written by themselves but not intended for public perusal, are enough to curdle the blood in their horrid and ferocious cruelty. No one objects to experiments upon animals carried out by responsible men with a reasonable hope of human benefit, but most intelligent and right-minded people do decidedly object to the issue of general letters of marque to half-baked medical students who like to flatter what they call their intellects by efforts to "advance science."

A number of absurd people in Philadelphia have banded themselves together into a "patriotic league," their object being to counteract the universal contempt in which the city is held. To remove the cause of the contempt is in no way a part of the plan, their expedient being simply to praise the city in season and out of season. The patriotic leaguers of Philadelphia must surely be related to those other leaguers in New York who sought to prove the morality of the metropolis by erecting a statue to virtue. It is easy to understand that Philadelphia would like the "corrupt but contented" designation to be forgotten, but it will not be forgotten so long as the city continues to worship at the shrine of Quay and to do homage to the name of Penrose. By the way, it would be interesting to know if Penrose is a member of the Patriotic League of Philadelphia. It would be fairly safe to wager that he is.

#### Thomas Collier Platt.

The death of Thomas Collier Platt, which occurred in New York City on March 6, marks the termination of a long public life. Never a statesman, Platt exercised a dominant influence in Republican party councils through his absolute rule of the organization in New York which continued for almost a quarter of a century. The stubborn determination of Platt to eliminate Theodore Roosevelt by consigning him to the political grave of the vice-presidency undoubtedly controlled the action of the national convention, and so in a way he was responsible for the career of the man whom he distrusted and feared. On the other hand, it was the influence of Roosevelt in New York State that contributed to the final downfall of Platt, although his domestic difficulties placed him before the nation in an unenviable and impossible light. While serving his first term in the Senate he acquired interests in the United States Express Company, which his family still controls, and it was this personal note which placed him in the van of the fight against the parcels post and postal banking bills, the one interfering with his interests as a common carrier, the other with the transmission of money by express and the issuance of express money orders. He was a bitter hater and a vindictive enemy. When Conkling resigned from the Senate on account of his quarrel with President Garfield, Platt also resigned, and was labeled "Me too." As a result of this both Platt and Conkling were retired from public life, Platt being defeated for the Senate in 1887, but such was his stubborn determination and so well did he devote himself to the concentration of his forces that he was afterwards reelected and served two terms, retiring on March 3, 1909.

In all the history of New York machine politics Senator Platt's hand is to be seen. During the insurance investigation he openly admitted that he took money from corporations "to see that the legislature did not enact legislation which was hostile." In the trial of Senator Jotham P. Allds of New York, now going on at Albany and which grows from a corruption fund of \$6000 raised by the "Bridge Trust" to influence highway legislation, the defendant's attorney declared that whatever was done contrary to law resulted from the direct orders of Thomas C. Platt.

With his death an historical figure in machine politics ceases to exist and one of the most consistent opponents of postal and other reform is removed. Few men have exercised a more potent influence in the affairs of the nation; few men have stood so consistently for personal profit at public cost.

During last year, according to the International Opium Commission, 444,121 pounds of crude opium were used for medicinal purposes in the United States. For smoking purposes only 151,016 pounds were consumed, although the data upon this phase of opium consumption is necessarily unsatisfactory, owing to extensive smuggling. Crude opium originates in Smyrna and the Levantine ports, while the smoking opium comes from Hong Kong and the island of Macao. There are estimated to be 150,000 opium smokers in the United States, 16 per cent of whom are habitual criminals. In the rural districts the morphine habit shows a remarkable and mystifying increase.

Senator John W. Daniel of Virginia has been reelected by the general assembly of his State, and will begin his fifth term with the next Congress.

#### CURRENT TOPICS.

The full significance of the New York municipal victory is now becoming apparent. Mayor Gaynor was the only Tammany candidate elected, and now Tammany wishes heartily that it had not elected him. In point of fact, it made the mistake of supposing that a moral reputation is only a convenient prelude to opportunity and that an avowal of civic righteousness would melt into disappearance before such a chance as Tammany had to offer to a mayor. Now the sachems are discovering to their cost that Mayor Gaynor actually means what he has been saying all his life, and that he is wholly undazzled by the opportunities that lie at his feet. Such a thing has never happened to Tammany before.

The mayor has been in office for two months and he has three years and ten months ahead of him. After two months Tammany Hall is deserted of its henchmen, for the good and sufficient reason that there is nothing to go there for. If the mayor continues as he has begun, the end of his term should see Tammany Hall razed from the ground and its site sown with salt.

The organization never had a worse experience in its whole history. The handwriting appeared upon the wall on January 1, when the mayor issued the following general order: "It has been understood," he said, "that every one appointed must belong to a political club and pay dues for its support. Let all that be stopped." And it was so, for Mr. Gaynor went on to appoint the heads of fifteen departments, and while some of them were Democrats and some of them were Republicans there was not a district leader or an important Tammany man among them. Then came a letter to the deputy police commissioner telling him that neither clergymen nor politicians were to approach him in the discharge of his duties, and another letter to the tax commissioner ordering that he show no favor to any one for "political influence, love, or money." But the final blow was the wholesale discharge of political pensioners and the consequent saving to the city of a million dollars a year. This was the final breaking of the patriotic heart of Tammany.

It is hard to see why so much amusement should be created by the farewell speech of Senator James Gordon of Mississippi, who took leave of the Senate after a short term of two or three months that satisfied the aspirations of his life. The only plausible explanation is that Senator Gordon is a gentleman and spoke with all the old-fashioned reminiscent courtesy that distinguished his expiring breed. The sight of a gentleman is always irritating to the mob, and perhaps for this reason the speech has been received with an outburst of giggling by newspapers of the lower rank throughout the country.

The only fault with which the senator could charge himself was the fact that he was a multi-millionaire through the accident of inheritance, but "most of it went to feed some hundreds of slaves I was also unfortunate enough to inherit. The rest I spent on my friends, as a gentleman should, and so got rid of the incumbrance." He described himself as a plain old Confederate who has captured many distinguished men, among them Captain Coburn of Ohio and General Shafter.

But General Shafter must have been a very poor shot, for I advanced on him with my sabre and he shot at me five times and never touched me once. He gave me his pistol then and told me it wouldn't do any good unless I got his cartridges from the baggage train.

Sure enough, three weeks after I went with General Forrest, and while the general took a drink at the station I went up and found the cartridges. I never used them though. I never fired a shot in the whole war. I was the kind of a soldier who makes other people do the fighting. If I had only had a little more sense I might have stayed at home and done it.

Turning to Senator Heyburn, who had been declaiming against the admission of Lee's statue to the Hall of Fame, General Gordon said:

I am an old Confederate and you, perhaps, an old Union veteran. We disagreed; you are the victor. But we still think our generals good people. That is all there is to it, though we have with us yet some blab-mouthed fellows who ain't worth cussin'.

Our generals on both sides were famous. We were conquered and took the oath of allegiance. I can raise my hand and say that I have never violated that oath, and I never saw an old Confederate who had violated it. There is no North or South. I stand here in my father's house and I am proud to be in it.

The Republicans of South Dakota have had their domestic differences, but insurgents and old-timers have at last come to an agreement on a platform that damns the tariff with faint praise and damns Mr. Aldrich without any praise at all and Speaker Cannon along with him.

The dominating issue in the coming campaign is the wresting of control of national legislation from special interests entrenched behind Speaker Cannon of the House and Leader Aldrich of the Senate and their supporters. It is not sufficient that Speaker Cannon be retired. It is essential that a successor he elected who is committed to and is a supporter of progressive principles. The progressive Republicans of South Dakota will not support a candidate for the primary who does not unequivocally stand on this platform.

An anonymous writer to the New York *Evening Post* reminds his readers of Benjamin Franklin's illustration of Protection and Retaliation. It is well worth the following reproduction:

Supposing a country, X, with three manufactures, as cloth, silk, iron, supplying three other countries, A, B, C; but is desirous of increasing the vent, and raising the price of cloth in favor of her own clothiers.

In order to do this, X forbids the importation of foreign cloth from A.

A in return forbids silks from X; then the silk workers of X complain of decay of trade.

And X, to content them, forbids silks from B.

B in return forbids ironware from X; then the iron-workers of X complain of decay.

And X forbids the importation of iron from C. C in return forbids cloth from X.

What is got by all these prohibitions?

Answer: All four find their common stock of the enjoyments and conveniences of life diminished.

Mr. Aldrich represents, of course, a far higher class political wisdom than Benjamin Franklin, but we may advantageously remind ourselves of the old opinions at a time when the principle of retaliation makes its appearance at the unchallenged dictate of our tariff medicine men.

What does Senator Aldrich mean when he says that could economize \$300,000,000 a year on the national expenditure? The country has no great faith in Senator Aldrich a tariff-maker, but it knows him to be a man of business experience and is therefore inclined to believe that he could do as he says. And, being so inclined toward faith, the country would like to know why Senator Aldrich has already done this thing, or at least taken some preliminary steps in that direction. Certainly his power has been great enough. It is not only in tariff matters that he says to come and he cometh and to another go and he goeth. If he knows that this vast saving can be effected will he not least tell us how? Would he propose to stop building ships or would he decrease the size of the army? Would he economize in postal matters or cry halt to the appropriations for harbors and public buildings? The senator seems forget that for some time now he has stood in the position disbursing of the public funds and is therefore in some measure responsible for whatever extravagance may exist. He admittedly the leader of the Senate, but it has not been noticed that expenditure bills have undergone any process reduction in that assembly. It seems "up to" Senator Aldrich to explain.

It is said that the President is keeping a cool head of the situation in Ohio. The matter of the senatorship resolved itself into one of the rival claims of Senator Dick, who was to succeed himself, and Harry Daugherty. The senator elected in May and the State convention is slated for June.

There may, of course, be other candidates for the senatorship, and among the names suggested are those of Governor Herrick and Charles P. Taft. James B. Garfield, formerly Secretary of the Interior, has been mentioned the governorship, and it is believed that Mr. Roosevelt will be willing to go to Ohio and campaign for him, but the leaders do not wish it to be said that the ex-President's was needed to save the party. Nor are there lacking those who openly scoff at such an idea and who say that Mr. Roosevelt may have other fish to fry than the advancement of Mr. Garfield, and that he would certainly refuse to touch such an issue the occasion of a reappearance into public life. Still another possibility for both the governorship and senatorship is Wade Ellis of the Department of Justice.

Senator Penrose will have no anti-Cannon talk in Pennsylvania. He hangs his hand upon the table and uses iron language and the insurgents wilt and silently steal away like the Arabs. "Why should any Pennsylvanian be opposed to Speaker Cannon?" he asks. "He stood by us nobly in tariff fight, and Pennsylvania owes him too much for member of the delegation to say a word against him." He evidently Pennsylvania *contra mundum*, and no matter suffers from the tariff Pennsylvania knows what she will and will have it. When Mr. Cannon was told that Pennsylvania would die in the last ditch for him, he said: "I better now. I tell you, I am pleased. Penrose is a fellow and I know he would not stand for anything like that. Bless old Pennsylvania and give my regards to the boys."

It is said that the exposures of legislative corruption in Albany may have the effect of causing Governor Hughes reconsider his intention to resign. The disclosures of regular and systematic bribery have had a damaging effect upon party, and every one is saying that Hughes is the only one who can save it from the wrath to come. Even the politicians are inclined to withdraw their opposition to all governor's pet schemes if he can but be persuaded to on board and bring the ship into some kind of port.

Every spring sees a renewal of positive assurances war among the eastern European principalities is only a few weeks. Now come positive assurances Bulgaria has 40,000 men three hours' march from the Turkish frontier and that the railway line has already been reserved for military purposes. It may be true, but the cry of has been heard so often that some amount of indifference may be pardoned.

Bulgaria has no grievances of her own, and it is a pleasant find that some one nowadays is willing to do for the grievances of some one else. Bulgaria got practically all she wanted after Austria's seizure of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and her present state of eruption is due to Turkish determination to uphold her sovereignty over Crete. Cretans and Bulgarians are Christians, and so are the Greeks. Crete wishes to throw off the Turkish yoke and Bulgaria wishes to see her do so. Hence the threat of Bulgarian invasion of Turkey, not for herself, but in furtherance of her aspirations.

Employees of the Krupp works can easily be distinguished, even when attired in their Sunday best. The workman, on his enrollment, is presented with a conspicuously fashioned scarfpin, composed of a miniature silver shell made of platinum and set in silver. After twenty years' service he receives a second pin, made on the same lines and mounted in gold. The higher grades of employees, including the engineers and those employed in the counting-house, wear their shells in the form of sleeve links. The workmen are very proud of this distinction, which they call the Order of the Shell and wear on every possible occasion.



# WHITE WOMEN WHO MARRY ORIENTALS.

Charles Lorrimer Conveys a Warning and Sustains It by Examples.

The Grand Council of China has just made a rule which will commend itself to thinking people all over the world. It says: "No Chinese diplomatic, naval, or army commissioners, or diplomatic deputies, shall be allowed to contract marriages with foreign wives."

Of course such a rule should not be necessary. White women should feel instinctively that Chinese gentlemen, however estimable, are not suitable for husbands. But, since their instincts can not be depended upon, and since our laws are framed on the principle that every individual shall have full liberty to damn herself if she pleases, we can only be thankful for the sensible view taken by China and wish that other Eastern countries—Japan, for instance—would follow suit. She is not likely to do so, however, because she is peculiarly sensitive about the slightest suggestion of inferiority, and he considers the right to inter-marry with white nations essential to equality, whereas it has really nothing at all to do with it. The lark does not go courting the nightingale; yet both are estimable birds.

I remember when news of the Emery case was stirring up the whole Far East an American friend of mine happened to discuss with an educated Japanese the relative merits of their two civilizations. The former praised the Bushido code and admired the virtues of the Japanese, their patriotism, self-sacrifice, and many other excellent qualities. His listener was delighted. "I can not understand, if those are typically American feelings, why there should have been such outcry in your press about marriages between your women and our men. Now, you are a broad-minded person, tell me if you do not approve of it in certain cases?"

"If you want to know what I really think," replied the American, "I like your people first rate. I admire them immensely in many ways, but I'd shoot my daughter rather than see her marry one of them."

This American had seen the tragedy of the mixed marriage as it can only be seen in the Far East. The Oriental, so long as he remains in the West, is adaptable enough to disguise all his Oriental characteristics. White girls can never be made to realize that—at least at times. They see a "dark-complected" little fellow with good manners, in a dress-coat and a white tie—such, as Oscar Wilde cynically remarked, makes "even stockbroker look like a gentleman." If he is a Korean or a Japanese he may not even appear Oriental. A strain of Malay blood will easily allow him to pass for a Mexican, a Brazilian, or even a Portuguese, and now and then a young Easterner is surprisingly handsome. Moreover, he is almost certain to belong to the ability of his own country—or to say he does. There is the well-known case of the Japanese "baron" who married an English lady in an Australian inn where he was acting as "boots." He assured her that he was bona fide baron in disguise, and she, being of the coming type, believed him. Accordingly they married and went to Tokio, where the baron's first aristocratic tendency appeared in a dislike for work. He spent most of his time hiding to avoid military duty, as war was going on and he found himself within the age. Finally, when his wife upbraided him for idleness, he struck her so brutally that she had to be taken to the hospital in a dangerous condition. Afterwards she appealed to the police for protection. But they said they could do nothing and advised her to advertise in the papers for another husband—which she did. I remember she received candidates at the Imperial Hotel for a week for some months.

Imagine for a moment the position of a white woman when she is first set down among her husband's clan. She finds herself suddenly face to face with the grim fact that all his blood relatives stand highest in his regard—his father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, brothers, and sisters—while she, as what Japanese call "artificial relative," is considered last and has the least say in the management of the household and even her own children. Imagine her feelings when she gradually realizes also that for her the order is reversed and she must consider her mother and other blood relatives after her husband's—must love, or make outward show of loving, her mother-in-law more than her own mother, her sister-in-law more than her own sister, and her brother-in-law more than her own brother.

Very soon the control which these new relatives give the legal right to exert over her becomes intolerable to a white woman of spirit. She finds that they will even divorce her during her husband's lifetime and cut her off from the family after his death. Apropos of this right, a very sad tragedy happened near Tokio the other day when a devoted husband and wife—both Japanese this time—were torn apart by his family because the wife was in delicate health. "She is useless; she can bring no sons to worship at the ancestral altars—get rid of her," said the heartless family council; and they did, while the husband sat by helplessly watching them do it. Finally, driven to desperation and in an agony of loneliness, the pair determined to live, separated from one another, was useless, and accordingly committed suicide by throwing themselves in front of a train.

Western young women who know nothing about life in the Far East would do well to read the famous Japanese novels "Namiko" or "The Golden Dragon"—the latter translated—before finding their "twin soul"

on a battleship ending in "saki." The first, by the "Zola of Japan," gives a most excellent picture of the utter dreariness of the "daily round" of a Japanese lady. "Apart from the chill of horror with which the idea of marrying an Oriental strikes the normal white woman, the practical side of the partnership would deter her if she appreciated what it really meant." Feeding the tame gold fish or arranging two branches of flowering cherry in a three-hundred-year-old vase are supposed to amuse the wife of an aristocratic Japanese and to fill her afternoons, while her husband enjoys dinner parties outside at fashionable restaurants with his men friends.

The white woman who marries a Chinese suffers just as much from the family system and is still more cut off from the society of her own kind, because the prejudice against marriages between foreign women and Chinese men is stronger in the foreign communities of China than the prejudice against mixed marriages is in Japan. I have been told quite seriously that the pigtail makes the difference. But the truth is Chinese, being still more rigid in their idea of family control than the Japanese and being less eager to make matrimonial sacrifices for the sake of learning English, and being more repelled by the Aryan type of face and manner, descend less often to mixed alliances, and those men who do are usually of an inferior class. The same sense of personal incongruity which we feel towards the Oriental as regards marriage, the self-respecting Chinese generally feels towards us. Occasionally, of course, it happens that an individual is without this prejudice. We have had two or three Anglo-Chinese households in Peking—and all failures. In one case the husband and wife did not actually disagree, but they soon found that their union made the position impossible for both, and parted with some shreds of mutual respect still left. He, as an official, was hampered in his career by the incongruous partnership; she was shunned by her own people and, as the wife of a man ineligible because of his nationality for club membership, was denied the amusements enjoyed by all the other white women of the community.

I knew another young Chinaman who had studied in England and frequented foreign society. One evening at a dinner party he happened to be speaking to an English lady about his wife. "Let me show you her picture," said he, and he drew out of his pocket a portrait of an English girl, very sweet and fresh, with a black-haired, almond-eyed baby on her knee. The English woman instinctively turned from him in disgust, and he noticed the change in her manner. "My marriage strikes you as odd because I wear Chinese dress and have a pigtail," he said. "You should see me in foreign clothes. Then I take off my pigtail, which is only sewed into the inside of my cap, and which I would never wear were it not for these official dinners where I am likely to meet the conservative class of Chinese." Two years afterwards this same lady met the young wife, who described the horror of her sensations when she first saw her husband in Chinese dress. "We were married in England, and there he looked just like anybody else," she said, "but here how different it all is! Oh, there ought to be a law against these marriages; girls don't know—they won't believe others and nobody can realize the true position for herself till she has been in her husband's country. I want to tell you of a little occurrence which has just happened in my husband's family. One of his sisters, a nice young Chinese lady educated in America, is married to a well-to-do man who lives in a small town. This man is often away on business. One evening lately he returned from a trip sooner than he expected, and found her speaking to a cousin—a man—alone in a room. There seems no doubt that they were discussing some harmless family matters together, and that the meeting was quite accidental. But her husband did not wait to inquire. Seizing a heavy iron kettle he attacked the man and killed him. Then he attacked his wife, but she escaped by good luck. The most significant part of the affair, however, is that public opinion entirely justified the husband's savagery. Nothing will be done to prosecute him. No one even cares to inquire if the poor woman was innocent or guilty. The Chinese are so strict about the relations of men and women—you know how Confucius says it is improper for a man even to hang his coat on a peg on which a woman's garment has been hung—that the poor wife can not hope for a hearing, and though she is probably innocent his family will never allow her to come under his roof again."

A Chinaman's white wife would certainly be allowed to see her cousin, still examples of unhappy mixed marriages could be cited indefinitely. There was the gentleman who in a moment of absent-mindedness married his Parisian music teacher and beat her; there was the gentleman some years ago who made a pretty scandal by marrying a German lady and calmly deserting her, and there was the little colony of men who, after marrying white women when they were working in London laundries, settled with them near Canton. The ladies complained that they were made to plough, and their consul, considering it was an unfair demand for a lady to have made upon her, raised such a disturbance that the Chinese government ordered the husbands to send their wives home again.

It is the result of all this bitter experience that has made the Grand Council issue its famous order. The gulf between East and West is too wide to be bridged by matrimony, and the sooner everybody realizes it the better.

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, January 28, 1910.

# INDIVIDUALITIES.

William W. Sewall, just reappointed collector of customs at Aroostook, Maine, by President Taft, is "Bill" Sewall, the famous old guide who piloted Theodore Roosevelt on a very successful hunting trip and was shortly afterwards named for the position he now holds.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the Irish parliamentary leader, is in the United States establishing a depot for the sale of the products of the Irish Industrial Association. The object of the society is to secure employment to the Irish peasantry. Mrs. O'Connor is an American woman, but thoroughly in sympathy with her husband's people.

Victor Murdock, member of Congress from the Eighth Kansas District and chief of the insurgents, is a newspaper man. After working as a reporter in Chicago, he became editor of a paper in Wichita, a position held by him until 1893, when he was elected to Congress. He is thirty-eight years old, a Kansan by birth and a fighter by preference.

John Wanamaker, now in his seventy-second year, is still at the head of the great Wanamaker stores in New York and Philadelphia and is to be found in his office almost any day between eight o'clock in the morning and six at night. He is now planning an arrangement whereby his employees who so desire may attend school without any cost.

Queen Alexandra has a little pearl brooch which she greatly values. It was the gift of her majesty's intimate friend, the late Lady Cadogan. The brooch contains a single pearl of great size which was discovered in an oyster taken from the oyster beds at Clifden, County Galway. It is of wonderful lustre and was beautifully mounted for her majesty by a Dublin jeweler.

The Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Hapsburg is a nephew of the aged Emperor of Austria and heir presumptive to the imperial throne. He is a son of the late Archduke Karl Ludwig and is married to the Princess of Hohenberg. As, however, his wife was not of a royal family, their children can not ascend the Austrian throne and the archduke was forced to formally renounce the throne on behalf of any of his descendants before he could obtain permission to marry.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler of the University of California was recently a guest of the German emperor. President Wheeler is a man of wide educational experience, a graduate of Brown University and Heidelberg and has received degrees from Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other universities. He has served as an instructor at Brown University, at Harvard, and at Cornell, and in 1896 was professor of Greek at the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, Greece.

Mr. August Belmont is actively engaged in stimulating the work upon the Cape Cod canal, which is to save sixty-five miles in distance between New York and Boston, a week in time for sailing vessels and barges, and many thousands of dollars in the annual wreckage in storms and fogs along the treacherous coast. The canal is to be wide and deep enough for passenger steamers, so that it will be possible in all weathers to leave New York in the evening and arrive in Boston before business hours the next morning.

Miss Amy A. Bernardy, the representative of the Royal Italian Commission on Immigration, who has been investigating the condition of the Italians in the large cities of the United States, says that many Italian immigrants make the mistake of abandoning their national ideals when they become American citizens. She thinks they need to maintain those ideals and to add to them the terms of the codes of honor of all the other nationalities which help to make up our heterogeneous population. Our educational system, Miss Bernardy finds, is well suited to the needs of our new citizens of whatever nationality; but what the foreigner in the United States needs more, she says, is a correct understanding of his rights and duties as a citizen.

The ex-Queen of Naples, the Emperor Francis Joseph's sister-in-law, is the only woman who has received the Russian Cross of St. George, which is only conferred for acts of conspicuous bravery under fire, and the ex-queen received it in recognition of the courage she displayed in connection with the magnificent defense of Gaeta against the armies of Garibaldi and King Victor Emmanuel. One day during the siege a bomb fell into the room where King Francis and Queen Sophia were dining. King Francis retreated to the cellar, trembling with fright. Queen Sophia rose from the table and walked to a looking-glass that hung on the wall and, noticing that her hair was whitened by the plaster dust raised by the bursting bomb, said quite calmly: "What a pity it is that powder is no longer fashionable. Don't I look quite an eighteenth-century queen with my whitened hair? I must keep it so while the garrison is being reviewed." Queen Sophia conducted the entire defense of Gaeta, which was so magnificent that the garrison was permitted to march out with all the honors of war. Every day she visited the ramparts and encouraged officers and men. She sighted the guns and her example shamed those who were disposed to surrender into an appearance of courage.



## THE MILL OF THE GODS.

By Marguerite Stahler.

The See Yup was the strongest tong on the coast and Huie Kee the strongest See Yup in the tong. Many were the rumors of his far-reaching inter-tong polity, but the rumors could not be crystallized into a proved fact. Even the Chinatown squad, after the mysterious taking off of some troublesome rival tong-man had been traced as far as Huie Kee's henchmen, got no nearer the bull's-eye than the suspicion. Huie Kee, his gimlet eyes boring his meaning through their frontal bones, merely had to say, "I do not know," whereupon the squad reported to their chief, "We do not know."

Other would-be leaders had arisen in their time who had sought the head of the mighty See Yup, but they had come and gone, leaving the sway of the mighty See Yup strengthened by their downfall. The price upon his head being now a coveted sum to every one but himself, Huie Kee made few trips from his own cellar in the daytime, but there were also other reasons for that. The great See Yup, in the hope of solacing his declining years by the presence of his young daughter, had imported the little Sun Toy, which may or may not have accounted for his reluctance to leave his own domain.

At this point, if little Sun Toy had stopped to consider that what may be mere amusement for a man is prompt damnation for a woman, she might have been here now to tell the tale of her woes, and the See Yups have had one less score against the Suey Sings; but Toy's experience of life having been limited to rising suns and rice fields, afforded no premise from which to deduce this conclusion. Although now transported to our west-world shores, Toy's limited scope still satisfied the capacity of her little yellow soul. A four-by-six hole in the wall is no larger in San Francisco than in Chee Foo, and a handful of rice leaves as much to be desired here as there. Toy ate and slept and dreamed vague, half-formed dreams, from which she awakened to eat and sleep again like the guinea-pigs at home until chance flung the shadow of Ok Ick Ying across her path.

In her father's august presence little Toy saw only the usual slant-eyed, pig-tailed autocrat who owned her, body and soul, and in whose hands lay the issues of life and death. Filial love meant only respecting his wishes here and a subsequent burning of incense to his memory hereafter. While Ying, on the contrary, wore no pig-tail, his hair stopped off at his neck like American hair and his eyes always so wide open to the moves of the See Yups, seemed even less almond-shaped than those of his countrymen.

Ying, moreover, upon discovering Toy, had called her a beautiful little lotus flower blooming in the underground slime of Sacramento Street, and was fired with a determination to get her out of her slimy setting to the upper air. To this end Ying set about translating himself into a means of escape for Toy, with the double purpose of making her his own and evening the score he cherished against Huie Kee.

That the sidewalks over her head blossomed with wistaria and rang with the call of the nightingale Toy did not doubt, because Ying had described them to her. It was only the six minutes a day Huie relaxed his vigilance that Ying had a chance to whisper through Toy's grating the wonders of the upper world, but under his tutelage her slimy setting grew slimmer, the dampness grew damper, and her scant rations, notwithstanding her father's wealth, much scantier than ever before. At last her guinea-pig existence was no longer possible to her. The American microbe of discontent had penetrated even her iron cage and she was ready to risk her life to flee to the world of wistaria and singing birds overhead.

Bolts and bars, however, made of stronger stuff than heart-strings, remained impassive both to the prayers and curses leveled at them. At this point Toy took a hand in the game of fate; this was her moment of destiny, and with an unsuspected resilience of soul she was up to meet it with a bound. The yellow tint of her blood took on a reddish hue as the meaning of her emancipation grew upon her until it began to riot through her constricted veins in the good old west-world way.

It was no easy thing to wait patiently and bide her time until Huie Kee had smoked himself into indifference to all the petty cares of life and his opium pipe had crashed upon the floor without his noticing it. It was still less easy to climb the rotten stairs that creaked under every footfall, but, flattening herself against the wall and holding her breath, Toy found it could be accomplished with no more suspicion on her father's part than was evidenced by curses on the rats in the wall.

With Huie's advancing years the occasions of Toy's trips into the upper world became more frequent, and when she fled to Ying she evolved from the quiescent complacency of the guinea-pig status to the purring comfort of a cat. Ying, the while in the possession of what inside secrets of the See Yups that had been picked up by Toy, in the councils of the Suey Sings found himself a man of great power. His star of potency arose to wage successful war with the great See Yup. Meantime his little lotus flower—to use his own mixed metaphor—purred contentedly on her mat with no qualms of conscience that could not be settled by promises of punk-smoke after her father's death.

But the lotus, having purred and dozed and eaten until no longings for the unattainable remained, began to pine for new worlds to conquer. The unquestioning obedience to her father's lightest wish irked her emancipated soul. Visions of what life might mean to her as the favorite wife of Ok Ick Ying, himself the supplanter of the mighty Huie Kee, arose in her mind, more promises of punk-smoke balancing the debt she owed her parent for life and protection. With the heart of a humming-bird she darted from one side to the other sipping prospective benefits from both factions until Ying's cause hung heavy in the balance and the downfall of the mighty See Yup was decided upon.

Many pipes and hours elapsed as the doughty Huie Kee grasped the fact that Toy was her father's own daughter. A grim sense of humor might have stolen through his mind as he watched her following his own life-long policy as nearly as she could in her limited sphere, but the appeal of the humorous side was lost in the need of a course of action.

While Huie Kee remained apparently blind to his daughter's treachery the Suey Sings waxed stronger and more confident of their rising power. Ok Ick Ying grew insolent to the old man and gave out the report that at last he was shorn of his strength. Even some of the See Yups who knew something of the affairs of the inner wheel felt the sway of their great leader weakened by his blindness to his daughter's dual life.

Seeing which, the next time the lotus flower sprouted on the pavement an agent of the See Yups, by a wife of his own, kidnaped the lost property of Huie Kee and restored it to its owner. When Toy came no more to Ying there was blood upon the moon. Ying, his overthrow of Huie all but sure, now sought to inflame his tongsmen against the feeble old man who held his See Yups by tradition of what he had been. The Suey Sings, feeling the strength of a vigorous young leader, fell in with the idea of the easy overthrow of a man in his dotage and rallied for a final stroke.

Meanwhile Toy remained a prisoner. In vain Ying waited and hoped; the lotus flower came no more, the glory was gone from the gutter, the pride of the pavement was fled. This fact was uppermost in his mind when, loitering under a waterspout hoping against hope for the return of Toy, a messenger approached him with a missive.

"I am," he admitted when asked if he might be the great Ok Ick Ying.

"I do," he responded when asked if he knew one Toy Sun.

"I will," he agreed when requested to keep the existence of this message secret from the See Yups.

A grace of mind he had never suspected of his beautiful Toy was the ability to write, but here in a fairly good Chee Fooese he found an outpouring of heart and tears telling of Huie's rage upon discovering their harmless little flirtation. She had no mat at all to sleep on now and not enough rice to keep a mouse alive.

The trifling fact that her father had been betrayed into the hands of his enemies was obliterated by prospective clouds of punk-smoke. Added to her own woes and quite incidental thereto she remembered to mention that Huie Kee had gotten wind of the rising of the Suey Sings and was going to make his escape that night. At eleven o'clock he was to leave his cellar disguised in Toy's clothes, such a bent little old figure could easily affect the disguise of a woman.

Old Huie Kee, a graven image of barbaric hideousness, sat and smoked, his yellow mask hardening into a cast of fell determination. This was the time for the See Yups to strike. Now was the time for the Suey Sings to be taught another lesson of their impotence and to crush the life out of them. The twitching of the muscles around his mouth betokened the smile in his heart—here was the one and only ground on which he could wipe out Ok Ick Ying and all his yapping tong, and the means lay within his grasp. The twitching muscles broadened into a grin of satisfaction.

The street was quiet as eleven o'clock approached, and the narrow alley leading to Huie Kee's cellar dark and deserted. An innocent-looking pile of baskets had been left at the corner, giving no sign of the lithe figure crouched beneath.

At the stroke of eleven a skurrying little figure emerged from the cellar stairway. A moment it seemed bewildered in the dark, the next started down the alley. A quick flash of steel and a deft thrust, and the figure lay writhing on the cobbles while a skulking shadow dropped through a trap in the pavement.

Huie Kee still sat and smoked as he heard the scuffle of flying feet overhead. The body had been discovered and the police called he knew by the hurrying tread.

The council of See Yups that met that night was the memorable one that preceded the slaughter of the Suey Sings for slaying the cherished and beautiful daughter of Huie Kee, the strongest See Yup in the tong.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1910.

The Duchess of Bedford is an enthusiastic ornithologist. In an article on British birds she gives some remarkable instances of longevity among birds in her own collection. A Barbary dove which has been in the duchess's possession for fifteen years was left her by an old woman who also owned it for fifteen years and who always said it was an old bird when it was given to her.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Oft, in the Stilly Night.

Oft in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Fond Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me;  
The smiles, the tears,  
Of boyhood's years,  
The words of love then spoken:  
The eyes that shone,  
Now dimmed and gone,  
The cheerful hearts now broken!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
The friends, so linked together,  
I've seen around me fall,  
Like leaves in wintry weather;  
I feel like one,  
Who treads alone  
Some hanquet-hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose garlands dead,  
And all but he departed!  
Thus, in the stilly night,  
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,  
Sad Memory brings the light  
Of other days around me.—Thomas Moore.

Address to the Unco Guid.

Then gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,  
To step aside is human;  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving why they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord, its various tone,  
Each spring its various bias,  
Then at the balance let's he mute,  
We never can adjust it;  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

—Robert Burns.

Highland Mary.

Ye hanks and hraes and streams around  
The castle o' Montgomery,  
Green he your woods and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie!  
There summer first unfauld her robes  
And there the longest tarry;  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,  
As underneath their fragrant shade  
I clasped her to my bosom!  
The golden hours on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my dearie;  
For dear to me as light and life  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow and locked embrace  
Our parting was fu' tender;  
And pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore ourselves asunder;  
But O! fell death's untimely frost  
That nipt my flower sae early!  
Now green's the sod and cauld's the clay  
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips  
I aft hae kissed sae fondly!  
And closed for aye the sparkling glance  
That dwelt on me sae kindly!  
And mouldering now in silent dust  
That heart that loved me dearly!  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.—Robert Burns.

Let Erin Remember the Days of Old.

Let Erin remember the days of old,  
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;  
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,  
Which he won from her proud invader,  
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,  
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;  
Ere the emerald gem of the western world  
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,  
When the clear cold eve's decbning,  
He sees the round towers of other days  
In the wave beneath him shining;  
Thus shall memory often in dream sublime,  
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;  
Thus, sighing, look thro' the waves of time  
For the long-faded glories they cover.

—Thomas Moore.

She Is Far from the Land.

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her, sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which she loved awaking;—  
Ah! little they think who, delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking.

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him;  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country he dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West  
From her own loved island of sorrow.

—Thomas Moore.

In the vicinity of Concepcion and Taltahuano, Chil there are more than 80,000,000 cubic metres of so coal of fair quality within an area of 80,000 square metres, or about 30.7 square miles. The vein is 3 metres, or about 11.5 feet thick.



# THE CANADIAN NORTHWEST.

Miss Agnes Deans Cameron Shows Some of the Possibilities of the Northern Territory.

The lure of the Canadian Northwest finds an appreciative follower in Miss Agnes Deans Cameron, whose book, "The New North," pictures a land of peace and promise for a century to come. From Winnipeg to where the waters of the Mackenzie River pour into the Arctic Ocean is a devious way, as traveled by the author, but in her journeyings she finds solution for the economic problem of over-population which fronts Europe. And the purpose of the book is a laudable one, for the author says: "My great desire is to call attention to the vast, unoccupied lands of Canada; to induce people from the crowded countries of the Old World to use the fresh air of the New."

Undoubtedly the land through which we follow the author is predestined to play a mighty part in the world's development. With millions upon millions of fertile acres waiting for the husbandman on the one hand and the steadily increasing cost of foodstuffs on the other a natural drift of those who barely eke out an existence in congested city places is bound to ensue. Already this drift has set its westward way. Edmonton, the capital of Alberta, has become a thriving centre where the government and the business interests are in the hands of young people and where all the optimism of youth holds sway. Edmonton is the end of steel. Here three railroads focus, bringing in settlers by the thousand and gathering freight by the railroad for transmission to the more settled East. Beyond the railroad is the valley of the Saskatchewan, where wheat grows in enormous crops. Here the settler is making fields from forests and here Miss Cameron finds that the steam plough is contributing to the rapid upgrowth. After setting forth some surprising figures relative to wheat growing, she draws a picture of a man whose example is inspiring and who typifies the class that builds the way into the frontier lands. She says:

Going into a hardware store to get a hatchet and a copperettle, we cajole the proprietor into talking shop. He has orders for six hundred steam-ploughs to be delivered to farmers the coming season. We estimate that each of these will break at least fifteen hundred acres during the six months that must elapse before we hope to return to Winnipeg. This will make nearly a million acres to be broken by the steam-ploughs sold by this one concern, and practically the whole number will be used for breaking wild land. A peep to the ledger of this merchant shows in the list of his plough-buyers Russian names and unpronounceable patronymics of the Finn, the Doukhobor, and the Buckwinnian. It is to be hoped that these will drive furrows that look straighter than their signatures do. "But they are all good pay," the implement man says. Looking at the red ploughs, we see in each a new chapter to be written in Canada's history. The page of the book is the prairie, as yet inviolate, and running out to flowers to the skyline. The tools to do the writing are these ploughs and mowers and threshers, the stout arms of men and of faith-possessed women. It is all new and splendid and hopeful and formative!

We get in Winnipeg another picture, one that will remain with us till we reach the last Great Divide. At the Winnipeg General Hospital, Dr. D. A. Stewart says to us, "Come, want to show you a brave chap, one who has fallen by the way." We find this man, Alvin Carlton, stretched on a cot. Tell him that you are going into the land of fur, whispers the doctor, "he has been a trapper all his life."

Crossing soft ice on the Lake of the Woods, Carlton broke through, and his snowshoes pinned him fast. When dragged out he had suffered so with the intense cold that he became utterly paralyzed and was sent here to the hospital. Hardly a day later, the misfortune was tempered with mercy. Within these walls Carlton met a doctor full of the mellow ice of life—a doctor with a man's brain, the sympathy of woman, and the heart of a little child. The trapper, as he is introduced to him, has one leg and both hands paralyzed, with just a perceptible sense of motion remaining in the other leg. His vocal cords are so affected that the words he makes are to us absolutely unintelligible, more like the mumblings of an animal than the speech of a man. Between patient and doctor, a third man entered the drama—Mr. Grey, a convalescent. Appointed special nurse to the trapper, he studied him as a mother studies her deficient child, and now was able, to our unceasing marvel, to translate these dumb mouthings of Carlton into human speech.

The doctor guessed that under that brave front the heart of the trapper was eating itself out for the cry of the moose, the smell of wood-smoke by twilight. We are happiest when we create. So he said to Carlton, "Did you ever write a story?" The head shook answer, "Well, why don't you try?" You must know a lot, old chap, about out-door things, that body else knows. Think some of it out, and then dictate to Grey here."

The outcome was disappointing. The uncouth sounds, instilled by Grey, were bald, bare, and stiff. Soon the fitness worked off. With half-shut eyes Carlton lived in the woods. He lifted the dewy branch of a tree and surprised the mother deer making the toilet of her udder, saw the heaven busied with his home of mud and twigs, heard the coyote scream across the prairie edge. Silly the thought flowed, and the stuff that Grey handed was a live story that breathed. In that brave heart the fire of the creator stirred, and with it that feeling which makes all endeavor worth while—the thought that somebody cares.

Carlton's short stories, submitted to a publisher, were pronounced good, were accepted, and brought a cash return. They struck a new note among the squabbles of the nature-writers. Favorable comment came from those who read them, or, reading, knew naught of their three authors. Before Miss Carlton had never written a line for publication; but he had been a true observer. He had felt, and was able to project himself into the minds of those living things he had seen and hunted.

That the congested East End of London is contributing to the creation of this vast domain Miss Cameron shows by the relation of an amusing incident which happened at Edmonton:

The Sunday before we leave Edmonton I find another of the tents, put up by the immigration department, where the East End Londoners are housed pending their going out upon land. In the first call I make I unearth a baby who cries in the name of Hester Beatrice Cran. "H. B. C.," I

remark, "aren't you rather infringing on a right, taking that trade-mark?" Quick came the retort, "Ho! If she gets as good a 'old on the land as the 'Udson's Bay Company 'as, she'll do!"

Another lady in the next tent proudly marshaled her olive branches. "Disy and the baby were born in the Heat Hend. They're Henglish; please God they'll make good Canadians. They're little me, miss, there'll be five 'undred more of us on the 'igh seas comin' out to Hedmonton from the Heat Hend, all poor-people like ourselves. I often wonder why they don't bring out a few dukes to give the country a touch of 'igh life—it's very plain 'ere."

In her travels the author finds occasion to admire the splendid organization and widespread influence of the Hudson Bay Company, and to illustrate the regard in which the natives hold it she relates a happening of the girlhood days of Mrs. Leslie Wood, a resident of Athabasca Landing:

"What are the two greatest things on earth?" Mrs. Wood, as a young girl, asked the dusky disciples of her Sunday-school class. "The queen and the company," was the ready response. "And of these, which is the greater?" Little Marten-Tail rubbed one moccasin over the other, and the answer came thoughtfully in Cree, "The Company. The queen sometimes dies, but the company never dies."

"The company" of which the little girl spoke, "The Governor and Company of Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay," deriving its charter in 1670 from the Second Charles of England, is the oldest chartered concern in the world, with a present-day sphere of influence as large as Great Britain, France, Spain, and Germany combined. From lone Labrador to the Pacific littoral and from Winnipeg to the Frozen Ocean are scattered the two hundred and fifty fur-trading forts of this concern in charge of its two thousand strong silent servants. Last year it paid to its stockholders a profit of 45 per cent on the invested capital, and for two hundred and thirty-nine consecutive years it has been declaring dividends. The motto of the company, *Pro Pelle Cutem*, is prominently displayed at Athabasca Landing. Literally translated, the phrase means "Skin for skin"; but why the promoters should have chosen as a war-cry the words which Satan used when fighting with the Lord for the soul of Job is not so apparent.

In the settlement of this new frontier there is little of lawlessness to be chronicled. The incoming settler finds that justice and law are already in control, thanks to the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and to this fine body of men the author pays a well deserved tribute:

There is but one thing on this planet longer than the equator, and that is the arm of British justice, and the Mounted Police, these chaps sprawling at our feet, are the men who enforce it. The history of other lands shows a determined fight for the frontier, inch by inch advancement where an older civilization pushes back the native—there are wars and feuds and bloody raids. Not so here. When the homesteader comes down the river we are threading and, in a flood, colonization follows him, he will find British law established and his home ready. The most compelling factor making for dignity and decency in this border country is the little band of red-coated riders, scarcely a thousand in number. Spurring singly across the plains that we have traversed since leaving Winnipeg, they turn up on lone riverway or lakeside in the north just when most wanted.

Varied indeed is this man's duty—"nursemaid to the Doukhobor" was a thrust literally true. His, too, was the task on the plains of seeing that the Mormon doesn't marry overmuch. He brands stray cattle, interrogates each new arrival in a prairie wagon, dips every doubtful head of stock, prevents forest fires, keeps weather records, escorts a lunatic to an asylum eight hundred miles away, herds wood bison on the Slave, makes a cross-continent dash from Great Slave Lake to Hudson Bay, preserves the balance of power between American whaler and Eskimo on the Arctic edge!

At one time the roll-call of one troop of Mounted Police included in its rank and file three men who had held commissions in the British service, an ex-midshipman, a son of a colonial governor, a grandson of a major-general, a medical student from Dublin, two troopers of the Life Guards, an Oxford M. A., and half a dozen ubiquitous Scots. Recently an ex-despatch-hearer from De Wet joined the force at Regina, and although the cold shoulder was turned on him for a day or two, he soon made good. One of the young fellows stretched before us, now going to Fort Smith to round up wood bison, was born in Tasmania, ran away from school at fourteen, sheared sheep and hunted the wallaby, stoked a steamer from Australia to England and from England to Africa, and in the early days of bicycles was a professional racer.

Constable Walker, lying lazily on his back blowing blue spirals into the air, has in the long winter night made more than once, with dogs, that perilous journey from the Yukon to the Mackenzie mouth (one thousand miles over an unknown trail), carrying to the shut-in whalers their winter mail. On one of these overland journeys he cut off the tips of his four toes. His guide fainted, but Walker took habiche and, without a needle, sewed up the wound. On this trip he was fifty-seven days on the trail, during five days of which the thermometer hovered between sixty-two and sixty-eight degrees below.

Far up toward the Arctic shore we find Great Slave Lake, a magnificent body of water surrounded by fertile lands. Thousands of acres are open to settlement and fortune smiles kindly upon those who have followed her up into this almost unknown land. The shores of Great Slave Lake make splendid farming land. Speaking of this part of her trip, the author says:

Great Slave Lake, lying wholly within the forested region, is three hundred miles long, and its width at one point exceeds sixty miles. At every place on its banks where the fur-traders have their stations ordinary farm-crops are grown. Barley sown at Fort Resolution in mid-May reaches maturity in a hundred days; potatoes planted at the same time are dug in mid-September. The gardens of Fort Rae on the North Arm of the Lake produce beets, peas, cabbages, onions, carrots, and turnips. As Fort Rae is built on a rocky island with a bleak exposure, this would seem to promise in some future day generous harvests for the more favored lands in the south and west.

Miss Cameron presents the Eskimo in a very favorable light and shows that he is endowed with many fine attributes of character. We are told that the Eskimo is neither heathen nor barbarous:

The Eskimo is generous, and his word is worth its full face value. What we have done for the Eskimo is a minus quantity; what he has done for us is to point a splendid moral of integrity, manliness, and intrepid courage.

Indians beg and boast, the Eskimo does neither. With no formulated religion or set creed, he has a code of ethics

which forbids him to turn the necessity of another to his own advantage. Amundsen's farewell to his Eskimo friends sets the thoughtful of us thinking, "Good-bye, my dear, dear friends. My best wish for you is that civilization may never reach you."

It is the Eskimo who brings both missionary and trader to Fort McPherson. Are these Eskimo Christians? Are they civilized? These are the questions that confront us when we speak of these Farthest North Canadians. It is an age of classification. You can not find a flower now-a-days that some one has not tacked a Latin name to, and it goes by inverse ratio—the smaller the flower the longer the name. Every bird you hear sing, even though it stop but an hour to rest its tired pinion on its northern migration, has an invisible label pinned under its coat. How can a man, a tribe, a people, hope to escape? In the northeast of Canada the Eskimo is a disciple of the Moravian missionary. In Alaska, on the extreme northwest of the continent, the Greek Church takes him to its bosom. In between these two come the people we are studying. The Episcopalians through the years have made some sporadic attempt to influence these people, but so far as I know these Eskimo are not Episcopalians. What, then, must we call these splendid fellows so full of integrity and honor, whose every impulse is a generous one? Heathens? The question sets us thinking.

The Century Dictionary defines a heathen as "Any irreligious, rude, barbarous, or unthinking class or person." This Eskimo is not "irreligious," for he has a well-formed conception of a Great Spirit and an Evil One, he looks to a place of reward or punishment after death, and he accedes to Kipling's line without ever having heard it—"They that are good shall be happy." He is not "rude," but exceedingly courteous, with a delicacy of feeling that is rare in any latitude. "Unthinking" he certainly is not. Six months' darkness within the igloo gives him the same enviable opportunity of thinking that the shoemaker has in his stall, and the whole world knows that the sequestered cobbler is your true philosopher.

There remains but the one ear-mark, "barbarous." The dictionary declares that barbarous means, "not classical or pure," "showing ignorance of arts and civilization." On the first of these indictments our poor Kogmolyc must fall down, for he is not classical. And what man dare pronounce on the purity of another? Then we come to "arts" and "civilization." In arts, this Eskimo can give cards and spades to every European who has visited him. The stumpling-block in this honest search for a tag to put on my people is the term "civilization." One is reminded of the utterance of the member of the British House of Commons: "Orthodoxy is my doxy, heterodoxy is the other man's doxy." Was it not Lowell who at a Harvard anniversary said, "I am conscious that life has been trying to civilize me for now seventy years with what seems to me very inadequate results?"

If "Christianity" with the Eskimo means taking him into the white man's church, and "civilizing" means bringing him into close contact with white men's lives, then he has not yet attained the first, and has but little to thank the second for. Two years ago eighty of these people in one tribe died of measles, a white man's disease. A stray chaplain wandered into an encampment of Eskimo, finding his way from a whaling ship. He told the people of Heaven, its golden streets, pearly gates, and harp-songs, and it meant nothing to these children of frost. They were not interested. Then he changed his theme, and spoke of Hell with its everlasting fires that needed no replenishing. "Where is it? Tell us, that we may go!" and little and big they clambered over him, eager for details.

In furtherance of its plans for upbuilding, the Dominion maintains experimental farms and the results attained are truly surprising, as the author shows:

I happened to be at the garden of the Church of England Mission when the potato-crop was being harvested, and found that seven bags of seed planted in the middle of May produced one hundred bags by the end of August. Five potatoes that I gathered haphazard from one heap weighed exactly five and one-half pounds. I photographed and weighed a collection of vegetables grown by Robert Jones on the Dominion Experimental Farm. One cauliflower weighed eight pounds, half a dozen turnips weighed nine pounds each, and twenty table beets would easily average six pounds each. The carrots and onions were sown in the open in mid-May and were as inviting specimens as I have ever seen. Tomatoes ripened in the open air on this farm on July 13. Peas, sown on May 23 and gathered on August 12, weighed sixty-four pounds to the bushel. Experimental plots of turnips gave sixteen tons to the acre, and white carrots twelve tons. Apple trees and roses we found flourishing on this farm, with twenty-five varieties of red, black, and white currants. The wheat story is of compelling interest. Preston wheat, sown on May 6 and cut on August 22, weighed sixty-four pounds to the bushel; Ladoga wheat, sown on the last day of April and cut on September 5, ran sixty-four pounds to the bushel also, and early Riga weighed sixty-three pounds. In the garden of the R. C. Mission we were presented with splendid specimens of ripened corn and with three cucumbers grown in the open air, which weighed over a pound each.

Concluding, a picture is given us of the vastness of this new frontier country, and after accompanying the author throughout her travels, seeing the progress that has already been made, we are forced into the belief that in this far northern dominion many of the vital economic problems of the day will find solution. The ever-growing congestion in cities and the poverty that is incident thereto drives people into the open for the breath of life, and the tide that is thus made up is flowing toward the Canadian Northwest. There is land a plenty for all, and all the peoples of the world are represented—just how much land and how many different peoples we will let Miss Cameron relate:

Canada has two hundred millions of arable acres south of the Saskatchewan. North of this river, in the pleasant valleys of the Peace, are one hundred million acres more. If Canada were as thickly populated as the British Isles it would have a billion people. The mind reels and the imagination staggers in thinking of the future of this rich land. God has intended this to be the cradle of a new race, a race born of the diverse entities now fusing in its crucible. Most of these people in time will intermarry—Germans and Latins, Celts and Slavs, and with these the Semitic peoples, in varying proportions and combinations. Physically, what will be the result? Mentally and morally, what type will prevail? Drawn by the lure of the wheat, all pour themselves into the melting-pot. What of the new Canadian who will step out?

This valuable book subserves a double purpose in that it leads us through a pleasant journey and at the same time shows us a nation in its infancy, a land that will in time exert a tremendous influence upon world affairs.

"The New North," by Agnes Deans Cameron. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$3.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Tower of Ivory*, by Gertrude Atherton. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Mrs. Atherton's literary reputation would be sure even though it rested upon this one story. Nothing else so good has come from her pen, whether we look at the wide sweep of interest that it includes, its contempt of moral conventions, or the skill and variety of its character depictions. Mrs. Atherton gives us no suggestion of the superficiality of knowledge that usually comes from a purposive study of the ground. She writes with the broad and fluent ease of long and intimate acquaintance, and nowhere is there the mark of inadequate knowledge or of scanty experience.

Most of the scenes are laid in Munich and a Wagnerian atmosphere pervades the story. Although every character in the book bears the mark of clear conception and careful chiseling there are two that may be ranked as artistic creations. John Ordham is an aristocratic young Englishman who is studying for the diplomatic examinations. He is a younger son and equally lacking in money as in a knowledge of its value, and so a wealthy marriage becomes a dim but hateful necessity. Perhaps he would have accomplished it the less unwillingly had he not fallen under the spell of Margarethe Sty, the strangely mysterious prima donna whose marvelous voice was almost the only relaxation of the mad King Ludwig of Bavaria. But marriage to an actress is impossible, and almost before John Ordham realizes the extent of his infatuation he is manoeuvred into the net spread before him by two ambitious mothers and becomes the husband of Mahel Cutting, whose American millions solve at least the financial puzzle. Then Ordham awakens to the fact that he has been snared and his distaste for the process is only partially modified by his sincere love for his beautiful wife and her love for him.

We know at once that Ordham and Mahel will never agree. She has no intelligence to speak of, while she has inherited the American conviction that all husbands can be managed by feminine diplomacy of which tears and blandishments are the chief weapons. They fail absolutely with Ordham, and then we see the slow and at last triumphant pull exercised by Margarethe Sty, who is Ordham's counterpart in intellect and character. Some phases of the story reach the level of genuine tragedy and the author shows more than once that she can appreciate the strength of a passion that makes nothing of duty, of reputation, or of career. When Margarethe tries to show Ordham all that is implied by a relationship with her she tells him that in her American girlhood she was a street courtesan, and he thanks her casually for the information and begs that the matter be not mentioned again. Even the starched and immaculate aristocracy of the young diplomat is unafraid of such a revelation as this, for these two in their mutual passion are the peers of the great classic models.

We are not likely to forget either Margarethe or Ordham. It takes no ordinary courage and skill to clothe Margarethe in the double veil of genius and of sublimity, to take her from the abyss and to raise her to the clouds. Nor is a less dexterity needed for the depiction of Ordham, who is the most helpless of children in financial and domestic affairs, but with the calculating intellect and resourceful aplomb of an elder statesman. We do not like Ordham. We are inclined even to detest him, but that we hesitate between the white and the black labels and finally discard them both shows the author's insight into a common human nature that is nearly always both admirable and detestable.

*Madame, Mother of the Regent*, by Arvéde Barine. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.

Arvéde Barine has done more to extend our intimate knowledge of the French court, and especially that of Louis XIV, than any other author. Writing avowedly from the lighter point of view, indulging rather in causerie and gossip than in weighty affairs of state, she blows away the historical cobwebs from the more conventional records and so peoples her stage with living men and women who seem still to move within our sight.

Her story of Madame is a masterpiece. It is worth a hundred of the old-fashioned histories because it displays not so much events as the psychology of the actors. She has a genius for recognizing the significance of trifles, and as a result her picture is moist with vitality and with energetic action.

Madame was a German, the granddaughter of Frederick V, who provoked the Thirty Years War, and the daughter of Carl Ludwig, who returned to his capital at Heidelberg to find that his people were openly eating human flesh; that it was sold undisguised in the markets, and that families were eating their own relatives and pickling in brine the bones of their own children. Such was war three hundred years ago.

When Madame was nineteen she was mar-

ried to the Duke of Orleans and so joined the court of Louis XIV. She hated France, but she was desperately poor, and the reproach that she was "shiftless" meant no more than that she had no underwear. Then began the memoirs and the correspondence that the author edits for us with such refreshing candor. Madame was accustomed to write what she thought without thought of the pruderies that were yet to become fashionable. She was a good lover and a good hater. She adored Louis XIV with an almost religious fervor and she detested Mme. de Maintenon. Every detail of her new life is frankly committed to these memoirs. She did not like the French food. The soup made her "sweat," while the odor of the coffee "is like nothing but that of stinking breath." The late Archbishop of Paris had the same smell, "which was like to make me vomit." Tea was no better. It suggested hay and dung; in fact, "it constipates me." Madame had a sensitive nose and the Palais Royal "stinks abominably," and for good and sufficient reasons, too. Personal cleanliness did not at that time come next to godliness. Madame more than once describes her own ablutions. On rising in the morning "I say my prayers, wash my hands." Perhaps she would have extended the area of purification but for the fact that the gentlemen of the court assembled to watch the remainder of her toilet, although this is an imputation of squeamishness that Madame does not merit. She was virtuous, but she was never a prude.

And so on, day by day. We see the French court from its every facet. Madame does not like the gambling, for the players are like "raving maniacs" and "frightful to behold." Nor, on the other hand, does she like going to church. Indeed her sense of religion is embryonic. She can not listen to a sermon without sleeping—"to me, it is like opium." She used to sit next the king in church, who allowed her to sleep, but when she snored too loudly he nudged her with his elbow. Then she insisted upon sitting elsewhere, so that she might snore undisturbed. Although she loved the king he was "a fool" in matters of religion, but in nothing else.

Undoubtedly Madame is a woman whom it is good to know, and after reading this book she becomes a next-door neighbor. Louis XIV appears as both human and lovable, and the whole court world becomes a reality after Madame has helped us to inspect it in public and also with a judicious eye to the domestic keyhole.

*In the Grip of the Nyika*, by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Patterson, D. S. O. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.

The object of this remarkable hunting record is to give an account of the "trials and adventures which befell me on two recent expeditions through the nyika, or wilderness of British East Africa." From the sportsman's point of view the book is certainly one of the best of those that deal with African hunting, and in these days of exploration it seems hard to imagine a country so teeming with game of all kinds, from the lion to the antelope.

The author begins his lion stories upon his second page, and from there onward we have an almost unbroken succession of well-told yarns calculated to make the sportsman's heart rejoice. Some of them indeed would seem almost incredible but for the guaranty of the writer's name. On the first trip there were three members of the expedition, and they all returned in safety. On the second occasion there were also three Europeans, but only two came back, while the trip was fatal to several of the author's native followers. The book contains over a hundred illustrations from original photographs and a number of maps drawn by the author that should be useful to those whose hunting instincts may lead them along the same path.

*Old Boston Days and Ways*, by Mary Caroline Crawford. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; \$2.50.

This is the third volume of New England personalia given to us by the author, who now takes up her parable pretty much where she dropped it in "St. Botolph's Town," as Boston was about to develop into a municipality with a real live mayor of her own. The period covered by the present work is perhaps still more interesting, dealing as it does with the formation of the civic individuality which gives Boston the right to be described as a state of consciousness rather than a geographical area. The author deserves congratulation upon the industry of her research and upon her success in vivifying the old historical figures and in persuading them to tell the story of their day. Much of the historical matter seems to be new, while the eighty-six illustrations are carefully chosen.

*San Celestino*, by John Ayscough. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

It is to be wished that Mr. Ayscough would devote his unusual talents to the problems that lie nearer the horizon of the average man. Devotion to ideals, fidelity, a sense of duty, even piety, are needed much more in the street than in the convent, while the ad-

vantages of contrast should not be without their appeal to so ripe a literary artist. Mr. Ayscough can be religious without preaching, he can be devotional without being unctuous, and we should like to feel a closer kinship with the material that he selects.

San Celestino is a story of Celestine V, who was Pope for five months and then returned to the meditative seclusion from which he had been taken. His life is sketched from his boyhood. We see him leave his father's home for the university town and we follow his surprising career, in which the possibilities of sainthood stand out as the one central fact of character. Then comes his unwilling elevation to the Papacy and his recognition that sainthood is an end in itself needing no adventitious setting. "San Celestino" will not be a best-seller, but it will have its appeal to the lover of graceful literature, and especially to those who can appreciate a story so full of sincerity and of a lofty purpose successfully accomplished.

*The Church and Labor*, by Charles Stelzle. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; 50 cents.

This is the latest of the attempts to bridge the chasm that exists between the churches and the masses of the people. It is clear, concise, sincere, and impartial, but it may be regarded as futile by those religious thinkers who believe that the churches need make no overtures to any classes of the community had they confined themselves strictly to the preaching of spirituality in human life and without their customary genuflections to various castes. The church that preaches a personal holiness, that is to say, a personal unselfishness, without reference to creeds, to measures, or to men, will never lack adherents, but we are still waiting for this best of all "appeals."

Incidentally the author makes some good points. He tells us the church practices while it condemns some of the labor-union methods, and that it has its "minimum rate" and its "scale." The ministers' associations, we are told, "guard more jealously the rights of their membership than does the average labor union," and probably the same may be said of other professions. But we should like to know what he has to say as to the limitation of apprentices, opposition to trade schools, and similar national evils.

*The Isle of Whispers*, by E. Lawrence Dudley. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The author is to be congratulated upon his courage in selecting an island close to Martha's Vineyard as the home of a gang of burglars and murderers who throw the disguise of a pastoral simplicity over their nefarious deeds. Mr. Renfrew, a New York stockbroker, is wrecked while upon a yacht excursion and finds himself thrown upon the island just when his presence in Boston is most urgently needed to save his firm from bankruptcy and himself from a charge of fraud. The gang includes a haughty and innocent young girl, and to protect her and for other reasons of his own Mr. Renfrew pretends to throw his lot with the desperadoes, and so we have an exciting story of piracy and violence that ends with wholesale bloodshed and wedding bells. It is well written in spite of many and glaring impossibilities, and it may be permissible to express surprise that so much imaginative capability does not complete its good work by preserving a perfect verisimilitude.

*The Trial of Christ*, by John Brayshaw Kaye. Published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

This is a poem in blank verse occupying 136 pages, preceded by a preface of thirty pages, the latter occupied mainly by the contention that Judas was mainly actuated by a desire to witness a great and vindictive display of superhuman power upon the part of his victim.

The poem itself leaves much to be desired, although its composition is accurate and often dignified. The author says that he has approached his subject from the standpoint of a lawyer, and this fact seems to be an aggravation rather than a mitigation. The only account of the trial of Christ in which the average reader need be at all interested is to be found in the Gospels, not, it is true, in blank verse, but in language that has been acceptable for centuries. Our gain from a fanciful and imaginative amplification is a doubtful one, especially to those who rejoice in a scriptural brevity that permits of spiritual interpretations consonant with individual perceptions.

*Chats About Astronomy*, by H. P. Hollis, B. A., F. R. A. S. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, New York; \$1.25.

The author is the president of the British Astronomical Association and is therefore well equipped to write a book that presupposes no more than ordinary information on the part of the reader and that answers in clear language the astronomical questions that are most usually asked. The author shows a large toleration for theories that are

not his own and he never adopts the lofty and superior air too much in vogue among scientific experts who write for popular uses. For example, in speaking of life upon other planets and of Professor Lowell's theories, he says: "Though it may be shown that because of certain conditions of climate or physical peculiarities any or all planets could not support the life of a human being such as those we know, there seems no reason to think that there may not be creatures in the scheme of creation to which such conditions are suitable." This admirably scientific spirit pervades the whole volume.

*Humphrey Bold*, by Herbert Strang. Published by the Bohhs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This is a rather long-drawn-out story of an English boy of the last century who runs away from his home in Shrewsbury and finds himself eventually on an English warship engaged in the war with France. The ship is taken and then comes a French prison, an elaborate and rather an absurd escape, return home, and other series of adventures elsewhere. The story might be much curtailed with advantage.

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published "Ein Nordischer Held," by Roth, edited by Helene H. Boll, with exercises and vocabulary. Price, 35 cents.

"Flutterfly," by Clara Louise Burnham, is a volume of fairy tales for young children. There are four of these tales, printed in bold type and with delicately tinted illustrations. The price is 75 cents.

From Henry Holt & Co., New York, comes a collection of six one-act plays by Beulah Marie Dix. They are arranged for amateur performance and all of them centre around some war episode. Historical accuracy is well preserved and the dialogue is brisk and energetic. The price is \$1.35.

B. W. Huebsch, New York, has published "The Substance of Socialism," by John Spargo. The book is made up of an address delivered at a Socialist conference in Boston, a paper contributed in 1909 to the *North American Review*, and a lecture delivered in Cooper Union, New York. The price is \$1.

"Elson's Pocket Music Dictionary" has been published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. The little volume contains the important terms used in music with pronunciation and concise definition, together with the elements of notation and a biographical list of over five hundred noted names in music.

From the Arroyo Guild Press, Los Angeles, comes a "California Birthday Book," made up of prose and poetical selections from the writings of living California authors, with a brief biographical sketch of each. The editor is George Wharton James, who contributes an introduction. The book is tastefully bound in mottled gray.

Two finely decorated little volumes come from Brentano's, New York. The first is "The Wisdom of Ralph Waldo Emerson," being extracts from his prose and verse arranged with introduction by William B. Parker, and the second being "The Wisdom of Shakespeare," with similar good offices by Henry Copley Greene. The books are bound in chocolate and gold and present an attractive appearance.

The California Classics series, issued by the Arroyo Guild Press, Los Angeles, now contains a tastefully prepared little volume on "Charles Warren Stoddard," the appreciation being by George Wharton James. The reproductions are "Apostrophe to the Skylark," "The Bells of San Gabriel," with five pages in facsimile from manuscript, "Joe of Lahaina," and "Father Damien Among His Lepers." The typography and binding make a creditable piece of work.

Those who believe that dietetic salvation is to be found in the use of uncooked food should read "Scientific Living," by Laura Nettleton Brown. We learn with surprise that "food values are destroyed" by cooking, inasmuch as organic elements become inorganic. At a time when dietetics are demanding ten times more attention than they deserve it would seem unkind to exclude any particular fad, and so this book will doubtless find its hypochondriacal audience. It is published by the Health-Culture Company, Passaic, New Jersey, and the price is \$1.

The series of "Life Stories for Young People" now being issued by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco, should prove attractive to parents who are searching for wholesome literature for their children. The series now contains twenty-four volumes, the latest to appear being "Louise, Queen of Prussia," "Emperor William First," "Youth of the Great Elector," and "Elizabeth, Empress of Austria." The little books are nicely bound in green cloth with medallion portraits in gilt, the letterpress in these instances being translations from the German. The price is 60 cents each.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## The Childhood of a Queen.

*The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth*, by Frank A. Mumby. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York: \$3.

An age that delights in historical research will hardly allow such a book as this to pass unappreciated. Elizabeth was the first of the English queens with the exception of her insignificant sister Mary, who immediately preceded her. She was not only the greatest figure that ever sat upon the English throne, and it is strange that we have to wait until now for an intimate acquaintance with her girlhood. That she was an object of intense jealousy to Mary, who imprisoned her in the Tower, is nearly the sum total of the information vouchsafed by the average history, and in this connection the author is to be congratulated upon the full treatment accorded to the incident and upon the facsimile reproduction of Elizabeth's letter of protest, a memorable letter even from so accomplished a letter-writer.

It is indeed a strenuous life unfolded for us in these pages. Elizabeth as a girl gave full promise of her remarkable womanhood. Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, writing to Somerset, says of her: "I do assure your Grace she hath a very good wit and nothing is gotten of her but by great policy." She was then fifteen, and so we are prepared for the opinion expressed soon after her coronation by the Count de Feria, who wrote to Philip of Spain: "She seems to be incomparably more feared than her sister, and gives her orders and has her way as absolutely as her father did." Later on we have an account of her coquetry with Philip and her final plea that her "heresy" would render the match impossible, and when Feria subsequently spoke to her about the king's betrothal to the French princess we read of her "now and then giving little sighs which hindered upon laughter."

But Elizabeth's love affairs began at a much earlier age. Admiral Lord Seymour of Sudbury wanted to marry her and failed, consoling himself with Queen Catherine Parr, the divorced wife of Henry VIII. Latimer said of the admiral: "He was a man the farthest from the fear of God that ever I knew or heard of in England," and perhaps this was true, for when Catherine Parr was dead—and it is said that nature was assisted toward her end—Seymour once more laid siege to Elizabeth's heart, and we hear of strange liberties that were taken and of how the two were surprised, "he having her in his arms." Then, too, we hear of gay doings upon the Thames at night and "other light parts."

That Elizabeth was allowed to live is one of the perplexities of history. She must have been the cause of incessant dread to her formidable sister, and it would have been easy and safe to dispose of her. Probably no one knew this better than Elizabeth herself, who must have been surprised at her own safe passage through the quicksands that lay so thickly around her. It may be said in conclusion that the author needs no apology for his translation of the letters into understandable English. Historical accuracy is a virtue, but we may waive such niceties when it comes to Elizabethan spelling.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Maurice Maeterlinck, who has just produced in London the successful drama, "Bluebird," is a delightful talker to one or two friends. When faced by half a dozen or more he becomes as shy as a schoolgirl and is not driven into speech.

Gladstone's literary aims never failed to annoy Sir Robert Peel. That literature would educate Gladstone from politics was his fear. Lord Houghton, for instance, related how he was at Drayton when "Church and State" reached Sir Robert. Peel hastily turned over his pages and threw the book on the floor with the exclamation: "That young man will win his fine political career if he persists in writing trash like this." And on another occasion he marveled that a man with a career before him should want to write books.

Temple Scott, author of "In Praise of Gardens," is a newspaper man of wide experience, having served in that capacity on both sides of the Atlantic.

Some of the troubles of a novelist have been revealed in a recent correspondence between Charles Major, the author of "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg," and the literary editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*. The *Eagle* discovered that the Gentle Knight had referred to Pope's "Essay on Man" a year before it was written.

Algernon Charles Swinburne labored hard and unsuccessfully to become a playwright. He poet told Forbes-Robertson finally, when he gave it up, that his efforts had inspired him with profound respect for the man who could write even an indifferent farce.

The extraordinary shyness of Emily Dickinson, the recluse poetess, is well brought out in Thomas Wentworth Higginson's collection of essays. Speaking of his first meeting with her, Colonel Higginson says: "I heard an extremely faint and pattering footstep like that

of a child in the hall and in glided, almost noiselessly, a plain, shy little person, the face without a single good feature, but with eyes, as she herself said, 'like the sherry the guest leaves in the glass.'"

The literary efforts of William Jennings Bryan, while not regarded seriously in the United States, have resulted in an imbrolio in the Punjab. In January last one Lal Chand Falak was arraigned on the charge of distributing seditious literature, and in making his charge specific the government advocate states under oath that while the author is declared to be one Ajit Singh, as a matter of fact the person really responsible is Mr. Bryan, "candidate for the United States presidency." It is therefore prayed that Lal Chand Falak, for the distribution of such literature, be prosecuted under Section 124A of the Indian Penal Code.

Professor William James has been elected an honorary associate of the Academy of Moral and Political Science at Paris.

Professor Martin Schütze of Chicago University has been invited to the University of Münster to deliver two courses of lectures in next summer's semester, on "The Naturalistic Movement in Literature" and "Modern American Literature." It may be remembered that Professor Schütze's poetic drama, "Hero and Leander," was recently chosen among the representative modern dramas read in a course given by distinguished authors, including Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie and Mr. Percy MacKaye.

Of Longfellow Mme. Modjeska writes in her memoirs: "The presence of this true, great poet, this man endowed with the finest qualities a man can possess, was a spiritual feast for me."

The recent fatal illness of Björnsterne Björnson was not needed to show the estimation in which he was held by his fellow-countrymen. An incident which took place last summer, when the army, after its summer manoeuvres, was on its way back to Christiania, is illustrative of this fact. The line of march led past Björnson's house, where, with his guests and family assembled about him on the veranda, he stood with hared head. As each regiment passed in review there went up a deafening shout of personal welcome from each of the soldiers, who then joined in singing the national hymn, to whose author they were thus offering a spontaneous salute. The spectacle was unique, a private citizen being accorded a demonstration that a king might envy.

Publishers, like other people, sometimes make mistakes. "East Lynne" was rejected by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and the loss they suffered thereby is estimated to have reached \$150,000. Edna Lyall's "We Two" was rejected by half a dozen publishers. Clark Russell's "Wreck of the Grosvenor" was declared by a publisher to be nothing but "a catalogue of ship's furniture." Rider Haggard's "Dawn" was hawked from publisher to publisher before it found final acceptance, while many other successful books have been rejected time after time.

Miss Edith Abbott of Hull House, Chicago, has supplied much valuable information relating to the business status of women in her book recently published. Her investigations reach back into colonial times and deal with every phase of woman's work.

## New Books Received.

"A Married Priest," by Albert Houtin. Sherman, French.  
 "An Interrupted Friendship," by E. V. Voynich. Macmillan.  
 "Belief in a Personal God," by A. v. C. P. Huizinga. Sherman, French.  
 "Chats on Astronomy," by H. P. Hollis. Lipincott.  
 "Ein Nordischer Held," by Helene H. Boll. Amer. Book Co.  
 "Elson's Pocket Music Directory." Oliver Ditson.  
 "Flutterfly," by Clara Louise Burnham. Houghton Mifflin.  
 "First Folio, Shakespeare—Pericles," "Troilus and Cressida," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," "A Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Comedy of Errors," "The Misanthrope," "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," "The Beggar's Opera," "The Fair Penitent," "The Fair Quaker," "The Fair Maid of the Inn," "The Fair Child of the Inn," "The Fair Maid of the City," "The Fair Maid of the Tower," "The Fair Maid of the Temple," "The Fair Maid of the Palace," "The Fair Maid of the Court," "The Fair Maid of the Chamber," "The Fair Maid of the Bedchamber," "The Fair Maid of the Closet," "The Fair Maid of the Wardrobe," "The Fair Maid of the Kitchen," "The Fair Maid of the Larder," "The Fair Maid of the Pantry," "The Fair Maid of the Cellar," "The Fair Maid of the Storehouse," "The Fair Maid of the Barn," "The Fair Maid of the Mill," "The Fair Maid of the Forge," "The Fair Maid of the Smithy," "The Fair Maid of the Blacksmith," "The Fair Maid of the Farrier," "The Fair Maid of the Saddler," "The Fair Maid of the Shoemaker," "The Fair Maid of the Hatter," "The Fair Maid of the Draper," "The Fair Maid of the Weaver," "The Fair Maid of the Spinner," "The Fair Maid of the Dyer," "The Fair Maid of the Tannery," "The Fair Maid of the Currier," "The Fair Maid of the Upholsterer," "The Fair Maid of the Joiner," "The Fair Maid of the Carpenter," "The Fair Maid of the Miller," "The Fair Maid of the Baker," "The Fair Maid of the Cook," "The Fair Maid of the Butcher," "The Fair Maid of the Fishmonger," "The Fair Maid of the Grocer," "The Fair Maid of the Vintner," "The Fair Maid of the Brewer," "The Fair Maid of the Distiller," "The Fair Maid of the Apothecary," "The Fair Maid of the Physician," "The Fair Maid of the Surgeon," "The Fair Maid of the Lawyer," "The Fair Maid of the Judge," "The Fair Maid of the Priest," "The Fair Maid of the Minister," "The Fair Maid of the Bishop," "The Fair Maid of the Cardinal," "The Fair Maid of the Pope." Houghton Mifflin.  
 "The Duke's Price," by James Moffatt, D. D. Houghton Mifflin.  
 "Sally Bishop," by E. Temple Thurston. Kennerley.  
 "The Church and Labor," by Charles Stelzle. Houghton Mifflin.  
 "The Day of Souls," by Charles Tenney Jackson. Bobbs-Merrill.  
 "Paul and Pauline," by Demetra and Kenneth Brown. Houghton Mifflin.  
 "The Earliest Sources for the Life of Jesus," by F. Crawford Burkitt. Houghton Mifflin.  
 "The Facts of Faith," by Charles Edward Smith. Sherman, French.  
 "The Inspiration of Poetry," by George Edward Woodberry. Macmillan.  
 "The Isle of Whispers," by E. Lawrence Dudley. Henry Holt.  
 "The Philosophy of Happiness," by R. Waite Joslyn, LL. M. Normalist Pub. Co.  
 "The Poet of Galilee," by William Ellery Leonard. Huebsch.  
 "The Unknown Quantity," by Gertrude Hall. Henry Holt.  
 "The Wisdom of Ralph Waldo Emerson," edited by William B. Farker. Brentano's.  
 "The Wisdom of Shakespeare," edited by Henry Copley Greene. Brentano's.  
 "With the Professor," by Grant Showerman. Henry Holt.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## A Voice in the Forest.

I heard a voice in the forest  
 When the world was thrilled with morn;  
 And its sound was the sound of waking  
 And vision a moment born.  
 And it said to my soul, "Behold me!  
 But let thy heart beware:  
 For I am she, the deity,  
 Who slays men with despair."

And I opened my eyes and saw her,  
 As Actæon saw of old;  
 The perilous virgin presence,  
 With the gaze of green and gold.  
 As Actæon saw I saw her,  
 White-limbed of the wind and light,—  
 And the bound-like sense of that insolence  
 Pursues me day and night.

I heard a voice in the forest  
 When the earth was bushed with eve;  
 And its sound was the sound of slumber  
 And dreams that none perceive.  
 And it called to my soul, "Behold me!  
 But let one look suffice:  
 For I am she, the divinity,  
 Whom none shall gaze on twice."

And I looked as looked Endymion,  
 And saw her glimmering there,  
 With limbs of pearl and shimmer,  
 A crescent in her hair.  
 As Endymion saw I saw her,—  
 Like the moon on Tempe's streams,—  
 And the light of her look and the kiss I took  
 Have blinded my soul with dreams.  
 —Madison Cawein, in *Harper's Monthly*.

## The Night Express.

It comes at nightfall, serpentine and lithe,  
 Described afar; and stings with headlight fangs  
 The unsuspecting dark, whose shadows writhe  
 Quivering as if gripped with mortal pangs.

Uncoiling from a town's incipient sleep,  
 It shoots into the night with dragon thunder:  
 Plains totter; even hills that stand like sheep,  
 Huddled in fright, make haste to spring asunder.

Sometimes when on my dormitory pines  
 Cloud-alien lightnings from its furnace flare,  
 I see the land one mass of wriggling trains,  
 And fury-like the globe with snaky hair;

And quail amid the universal hiss,  
 Till, gazing up toward reappearing skies,  
 I think how some far-off Metropolis  
 Will charm these pythons with her morning eyes.  
 —Gottfried Hult, in *Literary Digest*.

## The Singer Goes Home.

Where went the Song that was clear, that was  
 pure as a flame  
 When swift from the burning heart of the Singer  
 it came?  
 O well do ye know how it kindled and quickened  
 again—  
 How the Song went home—and its home was the  
 hearts of men.

And where went the Singer when quenched was  
 that fire in his breast  
 And the last of a thousand songs had gone on its  
 quest?  
 O now must ye know—by the way invisibly trod  
 The Singer goes home—and his home is the  
 Heart of God.

—Edith M. Thomas, in *Putnam's Magazine*.

## After Copying Goodly Poetry.

O words, strong, lovely words, would ye were  
 mine,  
 And not another's! I am covetous  
 Of your slow cadences and flight divine.  
 Would that my verses cried and murmured thus!  
 For as my hand moved over you I knew  
 How beautiful you were. I loved you well,  
 As the lips love rose-petals cold with dew;  
 As fingers love the flutings of a shell.

And as the heart loves one so very fair  
 She must be always distant, like the moon.  
 So did I love you, delicate verses, rare  
 And wondrous with the dawn-wind's throbbing  
 tune.

O words, strong, lovely words, would ye were  
 mine.  
 I know I am too vainly covetous,  
 For if I die without one singing sign,  
 What matters it while ye can echo thus?

And yet my heart is faint and hot in me.  
 As childless wives for stranger-babies pine,  
 My heart cries out, oh, very hungrily.  
 Words, words, strong, lovely words, would ye  
 were mine!  
 —Fannie Stearns Davis, in *Century Magazine*.

Margaret Deland says that cant phrases about the hand that rocks the cradle being unfit or unable to cast a ballot are as silly as they are unconvincing. If the hand is so foolish or so incapable as that, it is more dangerous to the state to trust a cradle to it than to trust a ballot. No: her objection is only on the ground of expediency: all things are lawful—to go back to St. Paul—but all things are not expedient. If there could be a qualified suffrage for men and women, the case might be different. But the unqualified men won't give up what they have got, and the unqualified women are trying to get what they don't deserve—so there you are!

Authors of romantic novels are not forced to invent the superlatively elegant names which they bestow upon the characters in their tales. They can find them in the directories. Arundel Esdaile, Esq., is the honorary secretary of the Malone Society in London, which publishes exact reprints of early English plays.

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## BEHIND THE SCENES.

It is a moot question with many dramatic critics as to whether or not they should get in behind the scenes, both literally and figuratively, and meet players out of character—*en deshabille*, as it were—in order to learn something of their personality, their struggles, and their professional conquests.

Xavier was on the anti side, and sometimes argued the question out with Young, who stood for the pro. Young was under thirty, and a Bohemian—or said he was. Heaven only knows what a real Bohemian is out of Paris. But at any rate he used to sup with parties of players sometimes, and found them to be very jolly people, their jollity often being perfectly reconcilable with refinement and good manners. He learned all about them, and being young and impressionable and warm-hearted, rather exaggerated his sensations of admiration upon hearing certain things to their credit. The result was that when he wrote of such an one—we will say Charley Smith—he was not able to forget the edifying spectacle of Charley after the performance partaking of a frugal, non-alcoholic supper and wending his way afterwards to his eyrie in a respectable family hotel in which he was wont to sit up until four o'clock in the morning reading Herbert Spencer, and Emerson, and Marcus Aurelius, and other intellectual worthies with whom Young had not even a bowing acquaintance.

So Young when passing verdicts upon Charley Smith's latest histrionic achievements would temper justice not only with mercy, but with undeserved eulogy. Xavier, on the contrary, knew no Charley Smiths, nor Dicky Joneses, nor Flossy Flimsies. He went on the even tenor of his calm, unbiased, middle-aged way, and wrote of plays and players in a tone of dispassionate criticism. Being but mortal and therefore frequently bored by what he saw at the theatres, he often wrote perfunctory notices, which bored in their turn. In these he sometimes became slightly caustic in his comments on the ladies and gentlemen whom he considered had the effrontery to appear before the public in the light of people who were warranted in suing for its favor; but he always carefully refrained from stinging personalities, and generally when his opinion was unfavorable he avoided expressing extremes of dispraise. Xavier, be it known, was not wholly a journalist. He earned the greater part of his living expenses by working for a corporation, and incidentally took in and wrote up the theatres a couple of times a week. He was a family man, of quiet tastes, and except for a dim recollection of some few junketings in the greenrooms of the theatres of his youth and at restaurants neighboring those same theatres, where he had come, seen, and had neither conquered nor been conquered by the Thespians of that date, he of personal knowledge knew absolutely nothing of players apart from their roles.

Nor, he argued in occasional discussions with Young, should he. What their private lives were he neither knew nor cared. They did not interest him any more than did the man in the street. If he met them, perhaps they would; possibly he would form friendships, or strike up a love affair with some beauty who would have an eye to favorable notices, he remarked with a grim smile.

But Young declared that Xavier was too cast-iron in his judgments, too absolute in his verdicts. To him a thing was, or was not; there was no middle ground. "Go to a few rehearsals," said Young earnestly, "and meet these people on their own ground. Just learn from them something of what they are trying to get at. To you they are nothing but painted figures galvanized into life by the machinery of the play. But to me, who know them so well, and everything they contend against and strive for, the sitting through of a play is never dull or perfunctory. I often sit out there in front during the *première* of a new play with as anxious and solicitous a feeling as though the players who are in the performance are my own relatives."

Xavier held out for a long time against the urgent advice of his junior in the craft. But one day he suddenly succumbed. He had gone sound asleep a few nights before at a first-night performance and was realizing that it was incumbent upon him to do something to dissipate a dawning ennui that would swoop down upon him while at the play and that had lately assumed larger proportions and threatened to be chronic.

Shortly afterwards, in pursuance of a new policy, he found himself viewing an afternoon rehearsal at an uptown theatre. Young had introduced him to both the business and the stage manager, and the former sat beside him in the stage box, giving, with an eye to business, various items of information that would redound to the honor and glory of his theatre. He was a fine-looking, intelligent, university educated man, and Xavier found himself enjoying the talk, which became discursive, but finally wandered back to the subject of the players in the company. The manager was interested in hearing Xavier's verdict on their work, and the two were exchanging opinions with considerable freedom on account of Duff's tolerant attitude. "I notice you don't particularly like our leading lady," he remarked in the course of the conversation. Miss Belmont was at that

moment rehearsing a love scene in a rather perfunctory way.

"No," said Xavier, "personally I have no feeling one way or the other, but in the matter of her work I find it lacking in—well, simplicity, naturalness, genuine sympathetic understanding."

"Yet she has a big following," said Duff. "Yes," replied Xavier, "and I can understand it, only, naturally, I think her following deficient in the finer understanding. She has, I admit, plenty of good points; beauty, style, a good stage presence, a fine, resounding voice, but she never makes the character she represents seem sweet and womanly. They are always inflated and artificial, and, in fact, she almost puts me to sleep as soon as she begins to act." Duff was silent a moment. "How would you like to meet her?" he asked.

"Charmed, of course," replied the other, "but I doubt if she would reciprocate. I have never written one review of straight praise about her."

"Ob, pshaw!" said Duff. "Stage folks don't fear malice for that sort of thing. You'd hear her a refined, charming, intellectual woman," he added, with a side glance at the unconscious Xavier, "and if you mention her children you'll see her face light up in a way that shows she is womanly all right."

"My dear sir, I believe you thoroughly," replied Xavier, "but it's the acting of the woman that goes against my grain. Never, for a moment, has she given me a sense of illusion. What she needs," he added, "is to stop thinking about herself and get down to the heart and soul of the character she is impersonating, but I don't believe she'll ever get there."

"Well, perhaps you're right," responded Duff, peaceably, and the conversation began to include other members of the company.

To his surprise, Xavier found as he looked at the group of earnest, well-mannered people on the stage going in business-like method through the routine of the rehearsal under the guidance of a perfectly courteous stage director, that they had, indeed, ceased to be pieces of machinery and had become living, breathing men and women. The enjoyment he had experienced in his conversation with Duff and the exhilaration of being switched out of his routine put freshness into his response to the public performance of the play he had seen being rehearsed and into his written review of the same representation.

Shortly afterwards he met Young and related to him, among other details, his conversation with Duff about Miss Belmont. Seeing a growing dismay in Young's eyes, he stopped short. "What's the matter?" he said. "You almost look as if I had been telling you sad news about your wife."

"No, it's about the other fellow's wife," replied Young. "Didn't you ever hear that he and Miss Belmont had been married and divorced?"

"Never on this earth," responded Xavier vehemently. "But since 'some one has blundered,' he added feelingly, 'I'm glad at least that they're divorced.'"

"Man, man," said Young with a look that was humorously rueful, "they've made it up and are going to be married over again next week."

Since then Xavier has done penance in public print for his candor. He has combed Miss Belmont's art with a fine tooth comb, in order to discover merits that escaped him, and has metaphorically taken back everything he said, for his heart was soft to romance, and he admired Duff's gallant stand.

But he has concluded he will stick to his colors and forswear the mingling of social and professional aspects in the world of actor-dom. There are, he thinks, too many traps for the unwary, and he has concluded on the whole that the jewel of consistency can be better found in unbiased rather than in biased praise.

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Negotiations are in progress to establish in New York a bank of a novel character—that is, an institution where a quantity of radium will be kept in stock and loaned out to medical men. There already exists a radium bank in Paris, and London recently saw the inauguration of the "Radium Bank of Great Britain," with temporary premises in Moorgate Street. The projectors purpose to acquire \$250,000 worth of radium and to loan 100 milligrams of it to duly qualified practitioners at the rate of \$200 or 2½ per cent of its value for the first day, and half of 1 per cent per diem for subsequent days.

A meeting was held recently at Marseilles, France, when the beggars and street singers got together and formed an organization for the protection of their interests and to resist the encroachments of pretenders. A regular organization was effected, with constitution and by-laws, and limitations were placed upon membership.

In the Russian campaign the personal baggage of Napoleon's brother, Jerome Bonaparte, contained sixty pairs of boots, 200 shirts, and 318 pocket handkerchiefs. The transportation of his wardrobe entire required several heavy wagons, while his whole campaigning kit stretched over half a mile.

## Luxurious Life of Swiss Convicts.

Prison life in Switzerland is a luxury instead of a punishment (says the *London Express*). The comic opera jail at Thornburg, where the inmates did as they pleased, has only recently been suppressed by the Berne authorities, yet details are published today of a similar institution at Sarnen, in the Canton of Oswald.

Sarnen is apparently an ideal penal resort, for the happy criminals who are sentenced to terms of "detention" in that institution have a far better time than hundreds of Swiss citizens who are forced to earn their bread.

A correspondent of a Lausanne paper states that he was passing through Sarnen, when he saw a number of men, dressed in dark blue clothes with white stripes, walking about the village, smoking and joking. Others were seated in a café, and some were working in a leisurely manner, carrying bricks for the construction of a new building. To his astonishment the correspondent found that the men were convicts from the cantonal prison close by.

These convicts are permitted to leave the prison early in the morning and find work around Sarnen, or walk about the country until nightfall, when they return of their own accord to the prison. They are unaccompanied by warders, and there is nothing to prevent their escaping, but they are far too comfortable to think of relinquishing their quarters, for they have as much liberty as other men, and are, moreover, fed and lodged for nothing.

The money earned by those convicts who choose to work can be spent as they like. One convict, who is employed as a gardener by a local magistrate, sends his monthly salary to his wife and children. Two or three convicts "escaped" some weeks ago, but they eventually returned to the prison in a half-famished condition, and after being severely reprimanded they were allowed to return to their apartments.

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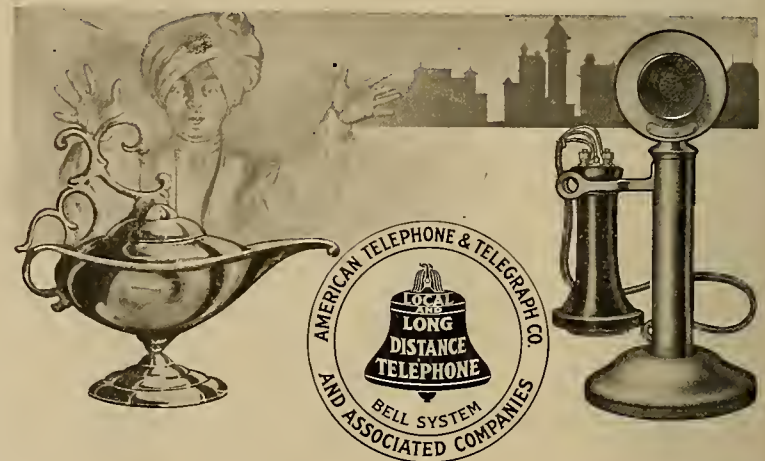
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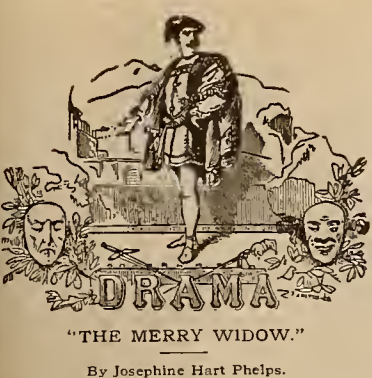
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By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Merry Widow" is a sort of mania. This is a world of manias, and the odd thing is that when a piece like "The Merry Widow" becomes the vogue, quiet, conservative people who ordinarily pay comparatively little attention to passing theatrical attractions take fire like everybody else and feel that it is absolutely imperative that they, too, should see this thing that the whole world is talking about. The babies do not exactly cry for it, but girls in their teens demand it, and grandmothers to a unit taste its spicy savor.

As it happens that "The Merry Widow" is having its second presentation in San Francisco, there is but a small proportion of theatre-goers who have not already heard it. And that proportion means to hear it, or they'll know the reason why. So every seat in the Columbia was sold on Monday night, and all those who had heard it before have been demanding feverishly of those who had not what they thought of it.

In spite of the almost universal enjoyment all opinions do not correspond. Some consider it very risqué, while this opinion arouses impatience in those who merely regard it as a charming spectacle with musical setting.

Recently there was printed in a leading Eastern journal a frank and open description of the trials that beset a chorus girl who is possessed by a firm but inconvenient determination to avoid the primrose path of dalliance which winds alongside of champagne suppers and temporary "establishments." The writer of the article is a chorus girl and knows whereof she speaks. She tells not only of the skepticism of the average man as to the morals of a chorus girl, but, also, of the determination of the general run of theatrical men with whom her occupation throws her in business contact that those morals shall not remain impregnable. And she winds up by very sensibly declaring that a theatrical entertainment of the nature of musical comedy, which is based entirely on the pleasures of the senses, making no appeal whatever to the intelligence, or to the better feelings, is naturally destructive of a belief in the innate pure-mindedness of the women who are the essential features of it.

Do not be annoyed or impatient, "Merry Widow" enthusiast. I am not condemning, or exhorting, or complaining. We who go to the theatre regularly become inured to all kinds of motives, and our ideas regarding the ethical aspects of the drama fall into a state of coma. I, for one, enjoyed "The Merry Widow" hugely. It is a Savage production, and therefore put on in first-class style. As to the merits of the piece itself, it is needless to go into that because they have been passed on numerously in every city in the country, and all the world knows now that Franz Lehár's score offers one of the best examples of comic-opera composition that we have known in a couple of decades.

It has gaiety, sparkle, seduction, intoxication. Where is the being whose pulses will not throb in response to the lure of the waltz? And added to the remarkably superior character of the music—as comic-opera or musical-comedy music—there remains the dramatic interest of the story evolved by Victor Leon and Leo Stein which tells so sparkingly the tale of the tangled-up loves of the fascinating Marsovians who wear their graceful costumes and pursue their spectacular amours with such unimpeachable charm and distinction. The comedy is sustained and sparkling and delicately gay from start to finish. The love interest is piquant, because the lovers, with many provocative approaches to a perfect understanding, are kept asunder till the very end.

And all this bright-hued mingling of romance and comedy is set in the richest, most gorgeously devised background. An embassy hall in the first act, a Marsovian garden affair in the national costume in the second, and a scene of gaiety at Café Maxim's in the third keep the sense of novelty and pleasurable interest up to the highest pitch. And the piece is so skillfully put together that the action—which is continual and never palls—seems to work out as plausibly as in a play, instead of having that fatal familiarity of plan about it which always admonishes us, in the ordinary musical comedy, when it is time for a dance, a topical song, or a love duet to have its turn.

The whole atmosphere of the piece is very European, in spite of having been made over

for English-speaking audiences. And the Europeans are so frankly sensuous, so carnal in their appeal, that I found my thoughts reverting to the chorus-girl article. Because there were a number of dashing girls on the stage, who, particularly in the Café Maxim scene, had to be as tough, from a Parisian point of view, as pretty girls who earn their living in the precarious manner practiced by the champagne-thirsty female haunters of such places as the Café Maxim would naturally be expected to be.

And there we sat, a huge audience of men and women, of all kinds of brains, temperaments, and occupations, absorbed and profoundly amused, enjoying ourselves to the top of our bent in watching the queer love affairs, the married flirts, the lovers stalking their pretty game, and the rotating dancers, especially that rubber-kneed, cork-toed imp in gaslight green and silver who pirouetted and leaped and revolved until our palms hammered together in involuntary applause of that muscular expression of youth-inspired champagne-stimulated gaiety.

And then, the dance! There is not a bar of the music of it but wins a response. It is full of lure, of intoxication. And when the handsome prince and the bewitching Sonia, aesthetically a delight as they appear robed in the gold-embroidered splendors of the national costume, young, and loving, and charged with the wine of life, glide to and fro in the strange, sliding movements of that celebrated dance, the eyes sparkle and the pulses beat in involuntary response to its sensuous charm.

"The Merry Widow" is an example of the best kind of musical comedy. The management has mounted and costumed it as a whole with taste and splendor. The chorus is excellent, the principals first-class. They are distinctive, and much above what we are accustomed to. Mabel Wilber is a beauty, with a figure that is enough in itself to make a merely good-looking girl counted as lovely. She has unusual grace, abundant temperament; she has an arch, bewitching, mignonette face with an Alice Nielsen smile. Also she has a sweet singing voice, in spite of the break between the registers of her speaking voice. And, as a contrast, pretty Sophie Barnard is a bewitching brunette with some acting ability, a delicious figure, and an effective although slightly hollow contralto.

Oscar Figman as the ambassador, George Damerel, the prince, Arthur Wooley (Nish), and somebody else, whose name in the play I lost and who for convenience we will call the fat man, are excellent comedians of refined method. Messrs. Figman, Damerel, and Blake fitted into the perspective, too, with a certain character and distinction particularly apt in the personages they represented. They seemed to be what they were personating, men of the world in European society, thinking, talking of women, apostrophizing them, joking about them with a side glance and smile of wicked appreciation, analyzing them, speculating about them, guessing over their love affairs, pursuing them. And such pretty women they are, too; such appetizing baits as they would make on the end of the devil's fishing line.

Yes, we all enjoyed "The Merry Widow" enormously. Its songs have been sung and its waltzes danced—and will be again and yet again—at church entertainments and amateur performances for worthy charitable performances. And nice old spectacled ladies, and approving fathers, and authoritative, convention-ruled mothers will look on calmly, serenely approving; and, in the background, as with performances of "The Devil," Satan will rub his hands and laugh noiselessly. For pieces like "The Merry Widow" do not tend to inculcate conventional austerity, or dull matrimonial constancy; or, in lovers, that reserve which was once practiced by our Puritan maidens.

Louis James, the well-known actor, died suddenly of heart disease, in Helena, Montana, March 5. He was attacked by illness just before the curtain was to be raised the night before his performance of "Henry VIII." Mr. James was sixty-eight years old. In his youth he was a member of many notable dramatic companies and early gained a reputation for versatility, grace, and vigor. He was leading man with Lawrence Barrett, and played with him during a visit to London. For some years he was a co-star with Frederick Warde in Shakespearean productions. Recently he had headed his own company, and had played the two Dromios, Falstaff, and Shylock. His last appearances in San Francisco were only a few weeks ago. He was married three times, his first wife being Lillian Scanlan, who died in 1871; Marie Wainwright was his second wife, and they were divorced. His widow, Aphie James, was Miss Hendricks, of Philadelphia. She had been leading woman in his company for the past four years. Mr. James will be remembered as a comedian, with gifts much above the average, but which he did not use to the best advantage.

The famous artist, Vesta Victoria, has been engaged for a twelve months' tour of the Orpheum Circuit, beginning April 19, and she will shortly appear in San Francisco.

Tilly Koenen, Dutch Contralto. Tilly Koenen, of Holland, who in Europe is considered one of the world's very greatest concert singers, and who has established the same reputation wherever she has appeared in this country, will give three concerts at the Garrick Theatre during the coming week, opening Sunday afternoon, March 13, at 2:30. Not only is Miss Koenen a great singer, but she has a wonderfully beautiful voice and interprets the meaning of both composer and author with the authority of Dr. Wüllner.

This is the programme for the opening concert: In German: "Der Unendlichen" and "Die Krahne," Schubert; "Saphic Ode," "Wehe so willst du," Brahms; "Wiegen lied," "Die Wasserrose," Richard Strauss; "Die Ziegeunerin" and "Er ist's," Hugo Wolf. In Italian: "La Zingarella," Paisiello; "Ah se tu dormi," Bassani; "Ridondami la calma," Tosti; and "Furibondo spira il vento," by Handel. In English: "Sunbeams," by Landon Ronald, and "Baby," by Mallinson. In Dutch, three "Children Songs" by Catherine van Rennes.

At the second concert, Thursday night, March 18, works by Carissimi, Beethoven, and Schubert will form the first group, the second being devoted to four novelties by the Dutch composer, Heinrich van Eycken, and the third group to four songs from the Malay, arranged for Koenen by Constant van de Wall. The eight beautiful "Gypsy Songs" by Brahms complete the offering.

At the farewell concert, Sunday afternoon, March 20, works by Schubert, Hugo Wolf, Strauss, Humperdinck, and half a dozen other composers will be given.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the box-office on Sunday will open at the theatre at ten a. m.

On Friday afternoon, March 18, at 3:15, Mme. Koenen will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, repeating the opening programme above given.

Maud Powell, Violinist Extraordinary. W. J. Henderson, the music critic, said, "It is not a case of 'Ladies first, please,' when we place Maud Powell's name on top. This American woman stands at the head of her profession today. Maud Powell is the Sembrich of the violin."

Manager Will Greenbaum announces that Mme. Powell will appear for the first time in this city at the Garrick Theatre for a series of three concerts, commencing Easter Sunday afternoon, March 27. The artist will offer programmes of violin literature such as we have rarely heard in this city, including some of the great duets for violin and piano, for Mme. Powell is bringing with her as accompanist Waldemar Liachowsky, a famous Russian pianist, who came to this country with Mischa Elman. With such a combination we will hear such works as the César Franck "Sonata" and Schubert "Duos" which are almost unknown here.

Complete programmes for the Powell concerts may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats will open Wednesday, March 23.

On Friday afternoon, April 1, Mme. Powell will play in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse, and while in this city she will appear as the star at the fifth concert of the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

When Fritz Kreisler was here he told Greenbaum that he could without hesitation promise one of the world's greatest artists when Maud Powell played.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues on "Hawaii," "Japan," "Java," and "More About Paris," at present being given at the Lyceum Theatre in New York under the Daniel Frohman management, are said to be the finest offerings that Mr. Holmes has yet shown in the way of beautifully colored views and motion pictures. As usual the talking is being done by Wright Kramer, who for many years has been Mr. Holmes's traveling companion and associate lecturer.

Will L. Greenbaum announces that he has arranged with the management to bring the interesting series of Travelogues direct from New York to the Garrick Theatre, where three courses will be given, commencing Monday night, April 11. By special request one of the courses will be matinee performances.

It is also being arranged to present a course of matinees at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland.

When Maud Allan, the dancer, appears here during the week of April 5 she will be supported by a magnificent body of forty-five symphony players under Paul Steindorf. To accommodate this big aggregation of players three rows of seats must be removed from the theatre. In Oakland Miss Allan will appear Wednesday night, April 6, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Bishop having promised to lay off his entire stock company on this occasion.

Klaw & Erlanger's production of Edmund Day's "The Round-Up" will be the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks beginning Monday, March 21, and Maelyn Arbuckle will appear in the stellar rôle.

**BISMARCK CAFE**  
Commencing Monday, February 28, Grand Opera features and other interesting novelties in addition to Herr Ferdinand Stark's Orchestra. Daily at 3, 8, and 10:30 p. m.  
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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phone Douglas 70.

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Crowded Full of Great Features  
Prices, 25c to \$1.50. Bargain matinee Thursday, 25c to 75c. Regular matinee Saturday.  
Com. Sun. mat., March 20—"The Red Mill"

**Garrick Theatre Ellis and Fillmore**  
Will L. Greenbaum presents  
**Tilly Koenen**  
The Dutch Contralto  
This Sunday aft., March 13, at 2:30; Thursday eve, 17th; and Sunday aft., 20th  
Seats \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

**Oakland Concert Ye Liberty**  
Friday aft., March 18, at 3:15

**Maud Powell**  
Violinist Extraordinary  
Sunday aft., March 27; Thursday eve, 31st; and Sunday aft., April 3  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, ready Wednesday, March 23.  
**OAKLAND**  
Friday aft., April 1  
MAUD ALLAN, Classic Dancer, with GRAND SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA  
Tuesday, Thursday, Friday eve, Sunday aft. Commencing April 5.  
In Oakland Wednesday eve, April 6  
Coming—The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

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## VANITY FAIR.

What would be the fate of the opera in America if it should suddenly become unfashionable? The opera stands apart from all other society resorts in that its claim is wholly artificial. The restaurant can never become unfashionable because people must eat, and the occasion for eating is a pleasant opportunity for display, gossip, and intrigue. So long as rich people get hungry, or think they do, so long will the fashionable restaurant remain in favor. The same may be said of the horse show, Newport, yachting, and Europe. All these minister to some natural appetite, a love of animals, of the sea, or of foreign sights. The element of the society function has been grafted on to something more legitimate, an artificial superstructure is reared upon a natural basis.

But with the opera it is quite different. Fashionable people gather around the fashionable dinner-table primarily because they wish to eat, because they must eat, fashionably or otherwise. But they do not go to the opera because they wish to hear music, and certainly not because they must hear music. The food upon it is the central fact of the dinner-table, disguise the fact as we may, and if there were no food, or if the food were ill-cooked, the whole business would become absurd, for even the most fashionable of dinner-tables would be shunned if the food were objectionable. But the music at the opera, so far from being the central fact in importance, is actually the subsidiary one. It is not so much enjoyed as tolerated, for the swarm of society favorites who rattle and rustle into the boxes when the first act is half finished regard the music as a necessary drawback and would much rather that there were no such interruption to their self-surveys, their plummings, and their gossip. If they liked music they would come at the beginning and stay until the end, but of course they do not like music or know anything about it. Not one languid head would be turned in surprise or curiosity if an Italian barrel organ or a Salvation Army band were unobtrusively to take the place of a Campanini orchestra. Society goes to the opera because it is a convenient place to see and to be seen, because it gives prominence, proximity, and illumination. The music is a part of the price that they pay for these things. If the boxes were so arranged as to command a view only of the stage they would be empty. And so it would be an ill day for opera if society should change its mind and cease to make a function of the theatre. The music of paradise would be helpless as an attraction.

Of course the theatre offers advantages to society that are not to be found elsewhere. St. Augustine is supposed to have said that the chief delight of the saved would be to exult over the tortures of the damned, and in the same way the chief delight of society is to display its privileges to the unprivileged. A sense of contrast is the acme of pleasure, and silks, satins, diamonds, and insolence are never so much enjoyed as in the presence of those who have little or nothing. That is why society is always late at the theatre. By a violent intrusion upon the rights of others they secure an attention that would otherwise be much less. A theatre made up entirely of similarly priced boxes would be a failure, because there would be no contrasts. One of the secrets of success in public entertainment is in its provision for grading fortunes and doing it in full public view. But for this, society, with its secret indifference to music and art, would not tolerate the opera for a week.

It seems that not all of the art masterpieces of Europe are coming to America. Dr. Bode, the director-general of the Royal Museum in Berlin, says that there is still hope for the European galleries and that the millionaire who buys pictures by the yard is contemptuously passing over the really great paintings. The American millionaire, says Dr. Bode, wants something showy and with a big name attached to it. It must be showy to be salable, as the big name alone is not enough. Dainty bits by Rembrandt and Rubens do not attract the transatlantic purchaser, who can not understand why these painters did not use brilliantly gaudy colors rather than quiet and subdued ones, seeing that the former were quite as cheap. Dr. Bode says in effect that it is mainly the tawdry rubbish that is going across the Atlantic and that the really great pictures are quite safe for the present.

A promised reform of the New York custom-house shows that Mr. Loeb is not so entirely impervious to the strictures of public opinion as might have been supposed. A few months ago the cry of the visitor and the tourist was loud in the land at the indignities visited upon them by the customs inspector. Mr. Loeb had taken office under the fixed obsession that as much as 30 cents a week was diverted from the revenues of the United States by false declarations, and "by the nine o'clock" he swore that the remedy should be found. For a few months there was a long succession of strenuous scenes upon the ar-

rival of the liners. Women were outraged and bullied and officialism held high and unchecked carnival. Mr. Loeb's paternal eye was not only fixed upon the revenues of the country, but upon its morals. A lady tourist who was found with a few cigarettes was confined as a dangerous suspect, while there were other affronts of a kind that hardly bears mention. Now it seems that a better day has dawned. A special order has been issued to the effect that women may not only smoke and keep their characters, but that they are to be allowed 300 cigarettes or fifty cigars free of duty. Moreover, an invitation has been issued to all passengers to make known their complaints, and women who are traveling alone are to receive a special consideration. Mr. Loeb's intention is to make the port of New York a model one and Secretary MacVeagh is said to share it.

An "Indian lady" living in Bombay advertises for a maid "who also understands thoroughly the mechanism of motor-cars and can drive them well." It would be interesting to know how many replies to this advertisement were received, for there are certainly not many lady's maids who combine a knowledge of the mysteries of the toilet with the lesser mysteries of the automobile.

But the advertisement suggests a new occupation for women and one likely to be remunerative. An English newspaper says that there is a distinct demand for maids who can manage an automobile, and this seems reasonable enough when we remember the number of women who now use automobiles and who would rather be accompanied upon their solitary excursions by a maid than by the less desirable male chauffeur. Then, too, it often happens that a special car is provided for the children of the family, and then a combination of nurse girl and chauffeur has its advantages.

But there is a difference between driving an automobile and thoroughly understanding its mechanism, as is required by the Indian lady who advertises. Any woman can learn to drive, but not one in a hundred can master its interior. It is doubtful if one woman in a dozen understands even a sewing machine or could give a verbal explanation of why it sews when the wheel is turned. Women have a curious lack of sympathy with machinery, and the machinery knows it, by some curious occult process of nature, and refuses to behave itself. Very few women can understand why a watch must be wound every day at approximately the same time or why it should not be over-exposed to extreme variations of temperature. Consequently a woman's watch has become a synonym for the lowest abyss of ignorance. Women may have a career as drivers of automobiles, but we may doubt if they will ever shine as mechanicians.

A good story has just come from Washington. It is related by the correspondent of the New York American and concerns a celebrated statesman rather on years who wears glasses. While trying to adjust them to his aquiline nose a few nights ago they slipped from his fingers—not to the floor, but down the low-cut gown of a young navy matron who was standing in front of him.

The statesman was in despair, and finally appealed to the lady's husband to recover his property. With the usual thoughtlessness of married men, Mr. Husband reached down his wife's hack and fished out the glasses before all the guests.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont has her little weekly complaint to make on the manners of the day, and once more it is those selfish men. The vast majority of women, she says, get no social help from their husbands, who take it for granted that all social duties belong exclusively to the women and pay no heed to the heavy burden that is thereby laid upon the weaker shoulders. They think they have fulfilled all the law and the prophets so long as they supply the necessary funds and present themselves immaculately attired at the correct hour. "Too often they fail to appreciate the wife's intense ambition to represent adequately their name, their fortune, and their standing in the community."

Now this is distinctly ingenious. There is nothing like carrying the war into the enemy's camp and ingeniously confusing the rôles of plaintiff and defendant. After all, very few men care much about society as Mrs. Belmont understands society. They look upon it as a hideous nuisance and an infliction, a part of the price that must be paid for a pleasure-loving love. And now they are told that what they had supposed to be a pet luxury is actually a burdensome duty, and that they are ungallantly neglecting their own duty by merely paying for it, tolerating it, and being punctual. It is the woman, it seems, who is playing the unselfish part. Thinking not at all of herself, or her own pleasures, her vanities, or her caprices, she is devoting herself to the adequate representation of her husband, his "name," his "fortune," and his "standing in the community."

Evidently we have not appreciated the strenuous life of the society woman. She is a veritable busy bee and always intent upon noble works, and we should never have known

it hut for Mrs. Belmont. There is simply no end, she says, to the demands of a suffering world, and no sooner is the church meeting disposed of than there are charities clamoring for attention, reforms, "and every kind of philanthropy." Modern life has brought a "new demand for ceaseless intellectual culture through lectures on art, music, science, and literature." To this has been added the "desire to keep abreast of current events," and then, too, there is the need of physical culture, and so we have a last wall of distress from over-driven femininity on the ground that "golf, tennis, riding, shooting, driving a motor, have now absorbed any fragments of leisure that might have been left to women." And the miserable and degraded men refuse to help.

Could anything be more deliciously funny or more deliciously impudent? What in the name of fortune does Mrs. Belmont mean by leisure, and was the world ever before treated to such a cry of misery because of the exacting requirements of "golf, tennis, riding, shooting, and driving a motor"? Perhaps if Mrs. Belmont were to deviate into work once in a while and by way of experiment she would get a better conception of leisure, and the various useless frivolities that she describes would no longer appeal to her as toil. The favored classes of society are certainly in a perilous state if their amusements appeal to them as exhausting tasks.

Some of the English newspapers are making a great fuss over the "snub" that Mr. Asquith, the premier, is supposed to have administered to the king. It is customary for the leader of the victorious party after a general election to spend a few days as the guest of the king, and this is not only a social amenity, but an opportunity for political discussion. But Mr. Asquith, being either unaware of the custom or indifferent to it, had already made arrangements for a few days' vacation on the continent, and he therefore replied to the royal invitation in conventional terms of refusal. The king is said to have been angry and to have expressed himself in forcible terms, and as a result there are strained relations in high political life.

The old rule of searching for the woman is said to hold good in this case. When Mr. William Watson attacked Mrs. Asquith as the "woman with the serpent's tongue" he committed a breach of good manners for which only one tragical excuse could be given, but it is none the less true that Mrs. Asquith is not temperamentally fitted to be the wife of a statesman. She writes a good many of her husband's private letters and is said to

be singularly wanting in tact and to have a propensity for meting out curt treatment to important people. Certainly nothing short of physical incapacity should have prevented Mr. Asquith from accepting the king's invitation, not only as a matter of courtesy, but as a matter of business. Mr. Gladstone was always punctilious in this respect, and often undertook long journeys to Balmoral in Scotland when his great age and infirmities would have been a more than sufficient excuse.

The forthcoming fashion show at Chicago will contain devices for both sexes that are designed for the salvation of life and limb and for the lessening of profanity. First and foremost comes a guard for the hatpin in the form of a disc that is attachable to the business end of the pin, but inasmuch as there is no provision for its compulsory use its value seems to be doubtful. It is now some years since the first man surrendered his eye to the hatpin, while the number of excoriations, scratches, and lesser injuries can not be estimated. A cry for pity has gone up from defenseless males all over the world, but it is probable that not a single woman has discarded the murderous weapon or lessened its length by one inch. Women are much more selfish than men in these minor matters. Indeed, their self-sacrifice rarely passes the limits of the home. The man who carried his umbrella under his arm was shamed out of his evil practices long ago, and the umbrella was far less lethal than the hatpin. Nothing can be easier than to regulate the hatpin to the size of the hat, but the woman is yet to be found who will do it, and it is to be feared that nothing but the policeman can persuade her to this small concession to the safety of her fellow-creatures.

Another invention that is to be shown is a collar stud so designed that when it falls to the floor it will ring a bell and hoist a flag.

A report from the East says that the board of health of St. Louis is conducting an investigation into the sale of false hair because of the claim that there are two girls suffering from leprosy caused by the wearing of "rats" made of Asiatic hair. It is said that the victims bought Chinese hair because curls and other contrivances made from it sell for about one-fifth the price of hair not Asiatic. It is further stated that Chinese hair is clipped from the heads of Malays, Siamese, Koreans, and other Asiatics, among whom leprosy is frequent. If women must wear hair that does not belong to them it would be well to ascertain to whom it did belong.



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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Alderman Smith's baby was being christened, and everybody present was complimenting the happy parents. "I believe," said the proud mother, "that he is going to be a great politician some day." "Why?" asked the ruddy-faced father. "Well, because he crawls out of everything so easily," said the wife, smiling up into her husband's face.

He had just declared that a woman could not keep a secret, opposing a statement. "Oh, I don't know," contradicted the fluttry lady. "I've kept my age secret ever since I was twenty-four." "Yes," he replied, "but one of these days you will give it away. In time you will just simply have to tell it." "Well," she replied, with confidence, "I think that when a woman has kept a secret for twenty years she comes pretty near knowing how to keep it."

Generally speaking, a waiter's life is not a particularly happy one. A fussy individual entered a restaurant the other day. "Waiter," he said, "I'll begin on oysters. One dozen—Blue Points, mind; I like them on the deep shell, not too large nor yet too small. Choose them carefully, and remember you must not bring me any that are not fresh and plump." "Yes, sir," said the waiter, sardonically, "an' would you like 'em with pearls in 'em or without, sir?"

A small boy in Yonkers recently became the proud possessor of a donkey—not so handsome or so young as it might have been. However, it answered the purpose of its acquisition, which was to afford back rides. One day the urchin was enjoying a ride when the minister of the parish met him. "Hullo, sonny!" greeted the minister. "Quite a rare beast you have there." "Yes," replied the boy; "hut I suppose there are a great many of 'em in the theological gardens."

A Boston physician tells a story of a man who moved into a dilapidated old cottage, and was found by the doctor husily whitewashing it inside and out. "I'm glad to see you making this old place so nice and neat," said the physician, "it's been an eyesore in the neighborhood for years." "Taint nothing to me about eyesores," was the reply. "The last couple what lived here had twins three times, and I hear whitewash is a good disinfectant. Ye see, we've got ten children already."

A teacher in one of the lower grade schools was instructing a class in the departments of the national government recently and came finally to the customs department. "When an ocean liner reaches Philadelphia," said the teacher, "a man all dressed up in uniform meets the passengers and takes all they have and inspects it. Now, can any one in the class tell me what that man is called?" A ready hand in the last row flew up. "Well, Tommy?" "Please, ma'am, he's called a pirate."

A young lawyer was perambulating the courts with an air of scarcely being able to find time to do anything—when his hoy tracked him down in one of the corridors. "Oh, sir!" said the boy, "there is a man at your office with a brief, sir." "What, a brief! Great heaven!" And the young fellow began to run through the passages as fast as he could for fear the prey should escape him. "Stop, sir, stop!" cried the hoy, who could scarcely keep pace. "You need not hurry, sir; I've locked him in!"

The men in the Pullman smoker were arguing as to who was the greatest inventor. One said Stephenson, who invented the locomotive and made fast travel possible. Another declared it was the man who invented the compass, which enabled men to navigate the seas. Another contended for Edison. Still another for the Wrights. Finally one of them turned to a little man who had remained silent: "Whom do you think?" "Vell," he said, with a hopeful smile, "the man who invented interest was no slouch."

Dr. Rohert Wood of Johns Hopkins University was complimented by a young lady at a dinner in Baltimore on the artificial mirages that he had succeeded in making in his laboratory. "It is by attention to the least details," said Dr. Wood with a smile, "that one succeeds in experiments of this kind. One must look after details like—er—the landlord's wife. 'Tommy,' said the landlord's wife to her little hoy, 'who is that talking on the doorstep to your father?' 'It's a divinity student,' Tommy answered, 'who is looking for a furnished room.' 'Hurry, then,' said the mother, 'and walk up and down the hall whistling a hymn.'"

When Consul Boak of the Woodmen of the World was traveling through the South some time ago the train stopped for a lay-over in a small town, and he went to a nearby store to make a purchase. The storekeeper could not make the correct change for the bill

handed him; so Mr. Boak walked out in search of some one who could. Beside the door outside was an old negro sitting on a box whittling a stick. "Uncle," he said, "can you change a twenty-dollar bill?" At first the negro looked up in surprise; then, seeing the earnest look in Mr. Boak's face, he hastily rose, took off his slouch hat, bowed, and said, "Deed an' Ah cain't, boss; but Ah 'preciates de honor you has confu'hed on me, jis' de same!"

A professor from the University of Oxford, at a banquet one night drank several glasses of port. The professor did not know this wine's extraordinary strength, and in all innocence he took too much. When he rose to leave the table his legs, to his dismay, tottered and the room seemed to sway slightly. The horrified professor got to the parlor in safety. He sat down in the most distant corner. But soon his young hostess, leading a maid who carried her two beautiful twin babies, came to him for his approbation. The professor sat up very erect. He gazed at the twins glassily. Then he articulated carefully, in a hoarse, thick voice: "What a bonnie little child."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Woman.

Oh, woman, you are charming,  
And poets long have sung  
Their sweetest verses to you  
In every written tongue;  
But none of them has ever  
Told why it is that you  
Will always leave a street car  
ot dne gnorW  
—Success Magazine.

The Difference.

My neighbor eateth lobster;  
He eateth rabbit, too;  
He loveth hrie and edam  
And hideth them from view.  
My neighbor wakes at midnight  
And shrieks with sudden pain.  
Quick comes the costly medic  
And treats him for ptomaine.

I eat my humble dinner,  
My chop and beans and pie.  
Perhaps with indigestion  
I suffer by and by.  
The good old family doctor  
My case in hand doth take,  
And as he spreads a plaster  
He calls it stomach-ache.  
—New York Telegram.

An Overrated Harm.

In almost anything we do  
Some dangers lurk.  
But one thing kills hut very few,  
That's overwork.  
—Detroit Free Press.

Deserted.

The only girl I ever prized  
Deserted me one day.  
She left me for a neighbor  
Who offered her more pay.—Life.

New Lamps for Old.

"When all of the jokes are written  
And all of the stories are told,  
What shall we do?" sighed Pessimist,  
As tears from his eyelids rolled.

"What shall we do?" grinned Optimist.  
"Just what we've done before.  
We'll change them around a little bit  
And grind them out once more."—Chicago Daily Socialist.

Just Shopping.

O'er the pages of the Pcerage a maiden likes to pore,  
Such an amount  
Will buy a Count;  
A Duke costs something more.

She flutters o'er the pages and here and there she'll stop.  
She can't afford  
A noble Lord,  
But can't a damsel shop?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Self-Denial.

Now there comes the startling rumor that the ultimate consumer, in a grim and surly humor, rising up his piece to speak,  
Says, h'jings, he's getting tired, the commandment has expired, and no longer he's required to present the other cheek!  
So with gracious condescension you will kindly give attention while he makes his little mention of his purpose, which, in brief,  
Is to make a speedy trial of a bit of self-denial, and, despite the trust's decial, quit the vice of eating beef!—Chicago Tribune.

T. P. O'Connor, during his recent visit to America, told many a story about absentee landlords. "One of these men," said Mr. O'Connor at a dinner in New York, "wrote to his Kerry steward from a Piccadilly club, in the trouhous days of land league and moonlighters: 'Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will frighten me.'"

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Polo at El Cerito last week was the key note for gaiety of every description, including house parties, dinners, luncheons, and teas. The players, both English and Burlingame, were given a dinner by the Burlingame Club. Many town people have been down to see the sport, which seems more popular this year than ever. Polo has not crowded out the riding and walking parties nor the golf games, and there were many present at the Burlingame Club to see the final match for the ladies' cup.

It is usual nowadays to see at the fashionable cafes and restaurants little groups of friends at lunch or dinner, for the cafe has become a part of social life here and we no longer have to travel to see this feature, once peculiar to the Parisian. The Lamhardi Opera Company has been the *motif* for many theatre parties preceded by dinners and succeeded by suppers. A pastime of the Lenten season has been the swimming parties which a bevy of girls have enjoyed. More sober enjoyment has been in the classes formed for study and the clubs that have been sewing for the poor.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Mount, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Mount, and Mr. Newton A. Johnson, which took place Wednesday at the home of the bride's parents in Berkeley, is of interest here, where both young people are known.

The marriage of Miss Alice Doe and Mr. Allan Green took place on Tuesday, March 1.

Another wedding of the week was that of Miss Florence Hammond and Mr. Norman Whiteside, which took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond on Thursday, March 3. Among the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. Oakes, Mr. and Mrs. W. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Mrs. Fred Fenwick, the Misses Fenwick, Miss Bernice Wilson, Miss Julia Langhorne, Mr. Busch, and Mr. Stewart.

The Birthday Party Club gave a dinner in honor of Mr. Joseph M. Quay the early part of last week at the Fairmont Hotel. Among those present to celebrate the anniversary were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Richard Bayne, and Mr. Frank King.

One of the smaller bridge clubs has for its members Mrs. George Page, Mrs. George Hellman, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, and Mrs. Frederick Tallant.

Mrs. Irving Moulton was hostess at two bridge parties during last week.

Mrs. Boswell King held the meeting of the bridge club to which she belongs the early part of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue. Those who joined in the game were Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Floride Hunt, Mrs. Covington Pringle, Miss Edith Treanor, Miss Brewer, and Mrs. Russell Bogue.

Among the other bridge hostesses of last week were Mrs. H. Osterman, Mrs. Alden Anderson, Mrs. Eugene Freeman, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Dorothy Boericke, Mrs. Kate Voorhies Henry, and Mrs. William Porter.

A reception was given by the Francesca Club Thursday afternoon of last week at the club rooms on Sutter Street. This was the first time the club had included men among its guests and the reception was a large one. On the committee to receive were Mrs. James Athearn Folger, Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle, Mrs. Latham McMullin, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. George A. Pope, Mrs. Philip Bowles, Mrs. William Breeze, Mrs. Spencer Buckbee, Mrs. William Pentz, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. Frank E. Anderson.

A concert was given on Thursday evening of last week by Mr. Frank Carroll Griffin, in which he was assisted by Mrs. Worthington Ames in interpreting the songs. This was one of a series of concerts of which the patronesses are Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mrs. Edward Eyre, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. Truxtun Beale, Mrs. E. W. McKinstry, Miss Flora Low, Miss Marguerite Casserly, Miss Ella Morgan, and Mrs. Gertrude Atherton.

On Friday afternoon, March 4, a tea was given in honor of Mrs. Thornburgh Cropper of London by Mrs. F. G. Sanborn.

Miss Maud Bourn was hostess at a luncheon on Wednesday of last week at her home in Burlingame. Her guests were Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. Raoul Duval, Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mrs. Hobson, Mrs. Lee, the Misses Vincent, and Miss Eleanor Sears.

Mrs. Joseph Sefton gave a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Thursday of last week and her guests were Miss Janet Coleman, Miss Helen Ashton, Miss Bessie Ashton, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Mrs. Cyrus Pierce gave a luncheon in honor of Mrs. Frank Allen of Portland at the Francesca Club on Wednesday, March 2.

Miss Agnes Tillman entertained a house party over the week end at her country place at Aptos, in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

A garden party was given by Mr. and Mrs. C.

W. Clark at their Burlingame home last week. Tennis was played by Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Nora Brewer, Miss Eleanor Sears, Miss Amy Brewer, Mr. Arthur Chesebrough, Mr. Douglass Grant, and Mr. George Bush.

On Wednesday evening, March 2, the officers of the Presidio gave a dance at which many of the younger people were present. Several dinners preceded the evening at the Presidio.

The members of the Theatrical Club that are at present rehearsing for a series of three plays are Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer, Dr. and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. H. E. Brownell, Mrs. Henry Lund, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Vincent Whitney, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mrs. Frank Mathieu, Mrs. Fred McNear, Miss Olga Atherton, Miss Kathleen de Young, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Mr. Royden Williamson, Mr. A. C. Ford, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. Richard Hotelling, Mr. Willard Barton, Mr. Joseph Eastland, Mr. Alfred McKinnon, Mr. W. B. Smith, Jr., Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. Emerson Warfield, Mr. Joseph Rosborough, Mr. J. B. White, and Mr. Frank Mathieu. Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. McDonald Spencer, and Miss Kathleen de Young have the principal roles.

A dinner was given on Friday evening of last week in honor of the polo teams by the Burlingame Club. The dinner was followed by an informal dance. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Pringle, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence I. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mr. and Mrs. George Cameron, Miss Sears, Miss De Sahla, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Joliffe, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Walter S. Hobart, Mr. Cyril Tobin, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Douglass Grant, and Mr. George Parsons.

In furtherance of the cause of the Columbia Park boys, Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale gave the first of a series of teas which will be given during the next two months at different San Francisco homes to swell the funds of the organization. A vaudeville performance was given by a number of the Columbia Park boys during the afternoon at Mrs. Hale's. Mrs. Hale was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, Mrs. Frances Lucas, Mrs. Marshall Hale, and Mrs. H. L. Fisher. Among those present at the reception were Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. James Jordan, Mrs. Julius Reis, Mrs. Julian Sonntag, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. George Toy, Miss Murison, Mrs. C. W. Clark, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Charles Deering, Mrs. Robert Devlin, Mrs. Fred Woods, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. William Seson, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Gale, Mrs. Charles Fee, Miss Carroll, and Mrs. Griffen.

A farewell tea was given by Mrs. McKenzie in the Palace Court on Friday of last week. Among the guests were Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. George Moore, Miss Lalla Wenzelberger, Mrs. Charles Dunphy, Mrs. William Ralston, Miss Callahan, Mrs. Bradley, Mrs. Clement Bennett, Miss Emily Fish, Mrs. William Lemon, Mrs. Griffen, Mrs. Lindley, and Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Homer Davenport was guest of honor at a supper given by the Family Club Saturday evening, March 5.

Mrs. T. T. Williams was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday of last week at her home on Pacific Avenue in honor of Mrs. E. K. Johnstone, who expects soon to leave for Honolulu, where Captain Johnstone is to be stationed. Among those at the luncheon were Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. A. H. Fields, and Miss Allen.

A musicale was given by Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl on Saturday of last week at which both she and Mrs. John Casserly sang.

Miss Marion Zeile was guest of honor at a theatre party given by Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor on Monday evening, March 7.

A banquet in honor of Major Peixoto of the Pacific Association of the Amateur Athletic Union was given by the Columbia Park boys on Thursday of last week at the St. Francis.

The "Spook" group of the "Professor Napoleon" cast were given a bridge party by Miss St. Goar at her home on California Street on Thursday evening of last week.

Mrs. Horatio Livermore gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Dorothy Baker on Wednesday, March 2. Those invited to meet Miss Baker were Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, the Misses Ashton, Miss Ruth Boericke, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, and Miss Dorothy Boericke.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicken was hostess at a bridge-dance at her home on Broadway on Wednesday of last week.

A dinner was given by Mrs. Vincent Whitney on Wednesday evening of last week, and after dinner Mrs. Whitney took her guests to the Lamhardi Opera Company to see "Aida."

Midshipman Edward Olney was host at a dinner on board the *West Virginia* the early part of last

week at which were present Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, the Misses Draper, Miss Frances Stewart, and several others. A theatre party ended the evening, as Mr. Olney took his guests to the Princess.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Clem Tobin took a party of friends to the opera.

Mr. Andrew Welch, Jr., was host at a dinner at the St. Francis Tuesday evening, March 8, in honor of the visiting polo players.

On Monday morning, March 7, the first meeting of a singing club was held, organized by Mr. Louis Eaton and joined by musical members of the younger set, who are planning to give a concert after Easter. Among the members are Miss Dorothy Baker, Mrs. Kenneth McDonald, Miss Dorothy Chapman, Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Julia Thomas, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Marjorie Page, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Gertrude Perry, Miss Edith Slack, Miss Ruth Slack, Miss Van Sicken, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. James Sperry, Mr. Paige Montague, Mr. Kirk Allen, Mr. Percy Hannigan, Mr. Edgar Zook, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. Gerald Halsey, Mr. Bernard, Mr. Ivan Langstroth, Mr. Sherwood Coffin, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Herbert Woods, Mr. Herbert Baker, Mr. Cyril Winn, Mr. Spencer Kales, and Mr. Harry McAfee.

The friends of Dr. de Marville will be pleased to hear that he did not have to suffer from the inundation in Paris. No. 35 rue de Chaillot, where he resides, is one of the most elevated parts of the city, where it is impossible for the Seine to reach.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin entertained a score of friends on Tuesday at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Alden Anderson gave a bridge party in her apartments at the Fairmont on Tuesday evening.

Loring Club's Third Concert.

The third concert of the thirty-third season of the Loring Club will be given Tuesday evening, March 15, at Christian Science Hall. On this occasion the club will have the assistance of the Pasmore Trio. The most important instrumental number will be Tchaikowsky's Trio in A minor (op. 50), interpreted by Miss Mary Pasmore, violin; Miss Dorothy Pasmore, violoncello; and Miss Suzanne Pasmore, piano. Miss Mary Pasmore and Miss Dorothy Pasmore will each be heard in solos. Four of the numbers by the club will have their first hearing on this occasion, these being "The Beleaguered," by Arthur Sullivan; "The Patriot," by C. H. Lloyd; and two Swedish folk songs for men's voices. By special request the club will repeat at this concert William G. Hammond's choral ballad "Lochinvar," which is a setting of Sir Walter Scott's poem, and Schubert's "The Night Is Cloudless and Serene." The solo part in this has been assigned again to Mr. J. F. Veaco. The concert will be directed by Mr. Wallace A. Sabin, the accompaniments being in the hands of Mr. Frederick Maurer, piano, and Mr. W. Fletcher Husband, organ.

Elaborate preparations are under way for the four weeks' Shakespearean festival at Stratford-on-Avon, which opens on April 22. The assistance is promised of Sir Herbert Tree, Mr. Martin Harvey and Miss N. de Silva, Miss Genevieve Ward, Mr. Otto Stuart, Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanhugh, Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. Lewis Waller, Miss Winifred Emery, Mr. James Carew and Miss Ellen Terry. The *Era* says the programme will include in all sixteen plays of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," and the prize play, the latter being the winning play out of the 315 sent in for the competition recently announced for a prize of £300. "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" will be played on the anniversary of Shakespeare's birth and death, April 23.

The Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra now consists of 81 players, its instrumentation being as follows: first violins, 14; second violins, 12; violas, 8; cellos, 7; basses, 7; French horns, 4; flutes and piccolo, 3; oboes, 3; English horn, 1; clarinets, 3; bass clarinet, 1; bassoons, 3; contra bassoon, 1; trumpets, 4; trombones, 3; tuba, 1; harp, 1; percussion, 4; organ, 1. The concerts of the orchestra in its home city are given in the Auditorium, a beautiful, modern, fire-proof building with a seating capacity of about 2600. The home season lasts from early November to late in March, during which period a formal symphony programme is given every other Friday evening. Every Sunday afternoon a popular programme is given at popular prices.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Van Sicklen and her daughter Miss Hilda will return to Alameda the first week in April. Miss Dorothy Van Sicklen expects to leave here for New Orleans the latter part of March.

Mrs. A. B. Nihlack had planned a visit to San Francisco in the spring, but has decided to remain in New York during the absence of Captain Nihlack, who is with his ship at Nicaragua.

Miss Katherine Callahan will accompany Mrs. J. H. McKenzie on her trip around the world. They expect to return next October.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook left for Colorado the early part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton are planning to go to Colorado shortly.

Mrs. William H. Crocker expects to go East about the last of April. Mrs. Crocker and her daughter, Miss Ethel Mary, have planned to travel on the Continent during the summer months.

Mrs. Philip Van Horne Lansdale and Miss Bertha Sidney-Smith will leave for the East in about a month to visit their sister, Mrs. George Pillsbury, at West Point.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, Miss Enid, and Miss Ethel expect to leave San Francisco in April for a trip abroad.

Rev. Edward Morgan of St. Luke's has planned to sail for Naples in April and to return here in September, after a tour through the European states.

Dr. and Mrs. Hopkins will soon leave for Europe.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder have deferred their departure to Germany until June, when they will sail with their daughters for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Rosenstock and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall were delayed, but arrived here Saturday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Hamilton Hart have returned from Europe and will be at the Palace until their home at Claremont is completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith and Miss Cora are in Constantinople for a stay during their trip abroad.

Mrs. Edward J. Pringle and Miss Nina contemplate leaving soon for the East and will be away the greater part of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook have gone to Colorado for a visit.

Mr. Louis Sloss and Mr. E. R. Dimond left here on Wednesday, March 2, for New York, where they will join Mrs. Dimond, and the party will sail for Europe the middle of the month.

Miss Sidney Davis expects to leave shortly for Boston to visit Mrs. Warren Childs.

Countess de la Lande, after a visit in San Mateo with Mrs. A. M. Parrott, has returned to her home in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett, who have been spending the winter in New York, are planning to return to San Mateo the latter part of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Montague expect to spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. James Blair and Miss Jennie will be among the travelers abroad this summer.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, with Miss Martha and Miss Margaret, have gone for a two months' trip East and will visit relatives in New York and in South Carolina.

Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., have returned from New York.

Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. Harold M. Sewall, and Miss Elizabeth Ashe left on Tuesday, March 8, for a trip through the southern part of the State. Mrs. Sewall will go on East and join Mr. Sewall, later returning to their home in Bath, Maine.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left for Los Angeles the early part of last week to spend a couple of weeks in the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt have gone to Burlingame, where they have rented a cottage for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent are planning to spend the summer in the mountains and will not open their home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Anderson are expected home from the East shortly and will open their country home in San Rafael upon their return.

Mrs. Frank Allen of Portland has been here visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Alice Enright of Virginia, who has been the guest of Mrs. Frederick Day at Fort Mason, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Parks has returned from Honolulu, where her husband, Captain Parks, was in charge of construction work at Pearl Harbor, and is stopping at the Palace until the return of Captain Parks from Washington, D. C.

Captain and Mrs. Joseph Castner, who have been in Honolulu for the past year, will return this month and Captain Castner will be stationed at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf are at Colorado Springs.

Mrs. William Hincley Taylor, after a trip through Mexico, has returned to her home.

Mrs. W. D. Leahy, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. W. B. Harrington, will leave shortly for Santa Barbara to join Lieutenant Leahy.

Miss Emilia Hinselwood, who has been spending the winter here visiting her sister, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, postponed her departure for her home in Paris until Wednesday, March 9, when she started East.

Mrs. E. A. Selfridge expects to leave San Francisco during March for a visit in the East.

Miss Abby Parrott, who has spent the past three years in Europe, is expected home shortly.

Miss Julia Langhorne expects to visit her sister, Mrs. Richard Hammond, at Colorado Springs during the summer.

Mrs. Gaston Ashe and Miss Constance Borrowe of Sausalito will leave for Florida in a week or two. They expect later to visit Cuba and will be in New York about May.

Mrs. William Kalston and Mrs. Lucie May Hayes left on Tuesday for Europe, where they will spend the next four months in travel.

Mrs. John Barton, after a tour of Normandy and Brittany, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Talamen Cuyler, at her home on the Avenue des

Champs Elysées, Paris. Mr. Cuyler sailed for New York on January 29 for a short visit.

Mr. W. B. Bourn has engaged apartments at Del Monte for himself and daughter, Miss Bourn, and has with him his friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent and Miss Vincent, all of San Francisco. They will probably be at Del Monte for a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Mintzer are at the Hotel Potter, Santa Barbara, and their many friends will be glad to know that Mrs. Mintzer is slowly recovering from an illness that has confined her to her bed during their whole stay there of over two weeks.

Miss Jennie Crocker has planned to go to Colorado with a party of friends the end of this month.

Among San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mrs. Estella Bachman, Mr. and Mrs. Grove L. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Cullinan, Mr. W. E. Osborne, Mr. James Scott, Miss Alice Scott, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Chadbourne, Dr. George C. Pardee and Mrs. Pardee, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Welby.

Among San Francisco registrations at Del Monte are Mr. J. A. Haste, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. F. A. Greenwood, Mr. A. C. Cheney, Mr. L. T. Payne, Mr. and Mrs. Z. L. Coney, Mr. R. Davis, Dr. and Mrs. William C. Voorsanger, Mr. A. H. Griswold, Mr. Eldar Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Helgeden and son, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Baer, Miss Baer, Mrs. and Miss Vincent, Mr. A. H. Vincent, Mrs. W. F. Morris, Mr. J. B. Coryell, Mr. Leon De Wolf, Dr. Frank R. Dray, Mr. J. W. Byrne.

**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.**

On account of railway delays Robert Edeson and company did not reach the Van Ness Theatre till Wednesday night, but his season opened auspiciously after all. In his new play Mr. Edeson, instead of impersonating a sturdy and fearless youth overcoming obstacles to win the conventional stage heroine, as in the past, is seen in the far more thrillingly dramatic situation of a man battling desperately to regain the love of his wife and at the same time shield from dishonor the wife of a man to whom he is irreconcilably opposed. As Townsend Hewitt, the dominant figure of an intense conflict which threatens four lives, Mr. Edeson has a rôle of greater possibilities than even the Indian hero in "Strongheart," and that its worth is recognized by local playgoers is evidenced from the enthusiastic reception that greets the star at the finale of every act of the portrayal. The play has a semi-political value as well, as it shows potently the evils of the existing divorce conditions, exposing in a mild manner legislative corruption as it exists in many of the Western States. Henry B. Harris has surrounded his star with an exceptional company, including such well-known players as Menfee Johnson, Josephine Lovett, Helen MacBeth, Howard Hall, Maggie Holloway Fisher, Grace Henderson, Joseph Rawley, James Grady, Lawrence Windom, Elsa Mortimer, Eleanor Sheldon, Cordelia MacDonald, and others. The scenic surrounding is well set, and the entire environment of the production creates an air of lavish expenditure. Edeson continues for another week. Matinées are scheduled for Saturdays only, and Sunday night performances are included.

The last performances of the pleasing extravaganza, "The Gingerbread Man," will take place at the Savoy Theatre this Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing at the Sunday matinée, "Wine, Woman, and Song," described as a riot of life and gaiety, feminine beauty and tuneful melody, will begin a week's engagement.

So great was the success of "Wine, Woman, and Song" in New York that it ran for four hundred consecutive performances at the Circle Theatre, and it comes to this city with the original cast, headed by Bonita, one of the most beautiful women on the American stage. There is no plot to this "musical review," it being composed principally of Bonita, rollicking comedians, and pretty show girls. It is described as a show loaded with new and original features from beginning to end. Bonita will appear in a bewildering array of French gowns, fourteen in number, and each one a revelation of the modiste's art. Impersonations of the most prominent footlight favorites will be given by the "Wine, Woman, and Song" company. Lifelike characterizations of David Warfield as the Music Master, Robert Mantell as Richard III, Mlle. Genée, the famous danseuse, Enrico Caruso, Blanche Bates, George M. Cohan, Fay Templeton, Maude Adams, Chauncey Olcott, Jan Kubelik, and other celebrities will be presented. All these characters are introduced in the first act, which is entitled "Going into Vaudeville."

"The Merry Widow" at the Columbia Theatre is drawing as well as on its first visit, as was to have been expected. The operetta and the company are reviewed at length on another page. Another week will be given to the production here, with matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Out of the eight acts to be presented at the Orpheum next week, five will be entirely novel. Arthur Dunn, the diminutive comedian, in conjunction with Marie Glazier, a clever young actress, will appear in the farce, "The Messenger Boy," which is one of the best in vaudeville. A particular feature of the coming engagement will be Ida Fuller's electric sensation, "La Sorcière," which con-

sists of three scenes of beauty. In the first Miss Fuller's graceful movements are performed amid a shower of silver rain. In the second scene her draperies show the outlines of butterflies of varied hues, realism being given to the picture by reason of the performer being enabled by mechanical appliance to float gracefully in the air. The third scene is a cave, where the dancer disports herself amid the roar of thunder and the flash of lightning. Miss Fuller's engagement will be limited to next week only. Elsie Faye, Joe Miller, and Sam Weston present "The Act Dainty." This trio of agile dancers made a great hit when they were last here, particularly Miss Faye, who created quite a furor. William Gould, a raconteur and entertainer of popularity, will introduce his quaint and original compositions. Mr. Gould's stage career goes back to his appearance with the Emerson and Reed minstrels in this city. Violet King, the brilliant violinist and clever entertainer at the piano, who is highly eulogized by the London press, will make her first appearance in this city. Next week will be the last of the Charles Ahearn Cycling Comedians, Cbarlene and Charlene, and of Lottie Williams and her company in "On Stony Ground."

On Sunday afternoon, April 3, at the Van Ness Theatre, a benefit performance will be given, which is for one of the most worthy causes that have been brought before the public in a long while. The receipts are to be devoted to the Bush-Street Synagogue and to the Eternal Home Cemetery Association, and the affair is being directed by Charles David, treasurer of the Columbia Theatre. Gottlob, Marx & Co. have donated the use of the Van Ness and all its attaches. The performance to be given will be an attractive one, as it will be furnished by a picked coterie of associate players who will render Shakespeare's pretty comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," preceded by that tragic little playlet, "The Old Guard." Tickets are now on sale at the Van Ness and Columbia Theatres, the Emporium, and the Palace and St. Francis hotels.

Once again San Franciscans will have the opportunity to witness the delightful Aunt Mary of May Robson, when she comes to the Van Ness with "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" shortly. The comedienne is now on her farewell tour, she having signified her intention of retiring from the stage at the conclusion of this season's work.

Grace George has just closed her Chicago engagement in the new play, "A Woman's Way," and has started West on a limited tour of the Pacific Coast, which will bring her to this city next month. Miss George won particular favor here on her first appearance playing "Divorçons."

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

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Mrs. Knackit—Indeed! When did she de-  
cide?—*Milwaukee News.*

"Man was made to mourn." "May be so,  
but you will observe that there are no public  
weeping stations."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Daughter—Did you have to fish much,  
mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—  
Fish, my dear, fish! I was bear bunting.—  
M. A. P.

"How is the water in the bath, Lisette?"  
"Cold, my lady. It turned baby fairly blue."  
"Then don't put Fido in for an hour or so."  
—*Pittsburg Post.*

He—Why are you so sad, darling? She—  
I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the  
last evening we can be together till tomor-  
row.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Wiggs—How do you know he's a foreigner?  
He has no accent. Wiggs—No, but he knows  
so many ways in which this country could be  
improved.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Yes; she threatened to go home to her  
mother." "And how did you keep her from  
doing it?" "I refused to button her gown  
for her."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"Which is the barder to write, verse or  
jokes?" "Verse comes easier," replied the  
press humorist. "You have to have an idea  
for a joke."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mrs. A.—There goes Mrs. Green. They say  
she is such a quiet dresser. Mrs. Z.—Quiet!  
You should bear her carrying on when her  
husband is buttoning up her waist in the back.  
—*Chicago Daily News.*

"What do you suppose, Algernon," the  
young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean  
is salty?" "I am sure I don't know," drawled  
Algy, "unless it is because there are so many  
codfish in it."—*Success Magazine.*

The Manager—I've got a new idea for a  
melodrama that ought to make a hit. The  
Writer—What is it? The Manager—The idea  
is to introduce a cyclone into the first act  
that will kill all the actors.—*Tit-Bits.*

"Why don't you get an automobile?" "I  
don't know whether I could manage one or  
not." "A poor argument. You took the  
same chance, didn't you, when you acquired  
a wife?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"I've got to go to Philadelphia," said the  
buried traveler, who was fumbling for his  
pocketbook. "Well," answered the New York  
ticket-seller, "are you huying transportation  
or just telling your troubles?"—*Washington  
Star.*

Ebenezer—Them skeeters makes me think  
of them city visitors we had the week before  
last. His Wife—How's that, Eb? Ebenezer  
—They come pretty near bein' the worst  
singers and the biggest eaters I ever see.—  
*Illustrated Bits.*

Hungry Guest—Afraid I'm a bit late, but I  
hope I haven't kept breakfast waiting?  
Hostess—Oh, I forgot to mention that we're  
trying the "No breakfast" plan, and feel so  
much better for it. We do trust it will have  
the same effect with you.—*Punch.*

"They tell me," said the innocent maid,  
"that your marriage was the result of love  
at first sight. Is it true?" "It is," answered  
the round-shouldered man, sadly. "Had I  
been gifted with second sight I'd still be in  
the bachelor class!"—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

"I hope you will be interested in yonder  
gentleman," said the hostess. "I have as-  
signed him to take you out to dinner." "I  
shall be," responded the lady addressed.  
"That gentleman was formerly my husband,  
and he's behind with his alimony."—*Louis-  
ville Courier-Journal.*

"How did that man come to be regarded  
as an authority on the tariff? He never im-  
pressed me as much of a student." "No,"  
answered Senator Sorgbum. "He didn't spend  
his time reading books or theorizing. He  
found out what his constituents wanted, and  
got it."—*Washington Star.*

"The court does not see the necessity for  
according you time to speak on behalf of  
your client, since he has formally confessed  
his guilt." "Only a moment, your honor,"  
insisted the lawyer. "I only want to call  
your attention to the fact that my client is  
an awful liar."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Magistrate—Officer, what is this man  
charged with? Constable—He's a camera  
fiend of the worst kind, yer worship. Magis-  
trate—But this man shouldn't have been ar-  
rested simply because he has a mania for  
taking pictures. Constable—It isn't that,  
yer worship; he takes the cameras.—*Boston  
Globe.*

"Who is that swarthy man watching the  
gyroscopic car?" asked the inventor. "That's  
a Nicaraguan," whispered his assistant. "In-  
deed! Does he contemplate using our car  
down in the tropical jungles?" "Oh, no. He  
is only astonished at seeing anything that has  
more revolutions than his bome country."—  
*Chicago Daily News.*

## The Reporter's Envoy.

When earth's last paper is printed, and the forms  
and the metal are cold,  
When the newest scandal is ancient, and the  
latest extra is sold,  
We shall loaf—and, Lord, how we need it!—with  
nothing at all to do  
Till the boss of the perfect paper shall call us to  
work anew.

And then we shall work as we'd like to, each on  
his own machine;  
And the truth shall be in our copy and nothing  
shall intervene;  
We shall write real stories about them—heggars  
and millionaires—  
For an editor keen and fearless, a paper that's  
on the square.  
We shall work in a rush and a hurry, for that  
is the goodly Game,  
But we shall not dig in the gutter for stories of  
filth and shame;  
And the copy-readers above us shall leave our  
"features" alone,  
And the stories that fill the columns we shall  
recognize as our own!

We shall have no fool assignments, no cruel mis-  
sions of pain,  
To torture the broken-hearted or blacken the  
sinner's stain;  
We shall scoop and he scooped a-plenty, we shall  
love the flurry and noise,  
We shall fight with the business office and fuss  
with the copy-boys;  
But each of us shall be human, and each of us  
shall be free  
To write the thing as he sees it for the Paper  
That Ought to Be.

—*Berton Bracey, in Puck.*

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## THIRTY-THIRD YEAR

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Remember the "Maine."

It is a matter for congratulation that the House Committee on Naval Affairs has reported favorably on an appropriation for raising the wreck of the *Maine*, now lying in Havana harbor. The immediate cause of this action was a report that the wreck is a danger to navigation, and it is a little unfortunate that this should have spurred to action while considerations of decency have failed these many years. The annual decking with flags of the melancholy debris that projects above the water has been little more than a sardonic farce, edifiable though it is to those that have undertaken it but a poor recognition of the fate of those whose bodies lie by scores entangled in the wreckage. We have heard a good deal lately in Congress and elsewhere on the status of the soldier and the sailor and the scanty respect paid to the uniform. It could hardly be otherwise with so flagrant an example of neglect has been furnished by the *Maine*, which for twelve years has been allowed to remain in sight of the world

as a disreputable scarecrow and the shabby tomb of those who met their death in the performance of a national duty. The wreck of the *Maine* has been left untouched through an apprehension of what the daylight might disclose, and those whose theories have been the most positive have seemed also the most unwilling to put them to the proof. It is time for the scandal to stop.

### Mr. Ballinger and Hetch Hetchy.

Secretary Ballinger's action in revoking the grant to San Francisco of the Hetch Hetchy Valley has been received with a prodigious outcry by the municipal ownership party that succeeded in snatching a favorable bond issue vote through the electoral apathy of a large number of citizens. At the moment when Mr. Ballinger is resisting a frontal attack at Washington for a supposed hostility to the policy of conservation he is made the victim of a flank attack from California for a most notable act of conservation, an act urged by weighty authorities all over the country and applauded by those who have the interests of the whole country at heart. Hetch Hetchy is in a national park whose integrity should be a matter of peculiar solicitude. If San Francisco could obtain water from no other source it is certain that she ought not to be debarred from the Yosemite by a too great rigidity of the conservation policy. But she can obtain water from many other sources that are equally advantageous in every respect, and in spite of the tangle of technical testimony it may still be said that the determination to secure Hetch Hetchy and no other has not been explained, and can not be explained without a grave and damaging exposure of private motives.

Mr. Ballinger has abundant precedent for the opinion that he holds. It is the same opinion that was expressed by Mr. Hitchcock in 1903 when he said that if the attractions of Hetch Hetchy "are not of the class which the law commands the Secretary to preserve and retain in their natural condition, it would seem difficult to find any in the park that are." The Committee on Public Lands refused to consider a bill contrary to Mr. Hitchcock's ruling, and when the matter was referred to Mr. Metcalf he also adhered to the same view. The grant extracted from Mr. Garfield has no finality about it and is not a law. Failing a sustaining act of Congress, it is revokable at any time, and Mr. Ballinger has done no more than act within his unquestionable rights in demanding that the city show cause for its invasion of a reserve and for the establishment of a dangerous precedent that goes far to annul the whole policy of national parks.

It is unfortunate that the question has become ensnared in the mesh of municipal politics and confused by party prejudices. If it were now being mooted for the first time and if all the interests of individual beneficiaries were excluded there would be a recognition of difficulties and dangers that are now wholly overlooked or obscured by sectional bias. For example, how many even of those who voted for the bond issue have acquainted themselves with the exact conditions that the city must encounter in its acquisition of Hetch Hetchy, the rival rights that must be acknowledged, and the innumerable thorny questions that must be settled? How many are there who suppose erroneously that this is simply a question of building a dam at Hetch Hetchy and proceeding to use the waters thus impounded? Is there anywhere a general or popular recognition of the fact that there is a gap of many miles between the proposed dam and the city's intake; that there are riparian rights over a large part of that gap, and that exhausting litigation must inevitably ensue if those rights are in any way tampered with by a dam? It may be asked, too, and with some emphasis and significance, who are the present owners of those riparian rights that exist between Hetch Hetchy and the city's intake? Are they, are any of them, in any way whatsoever, directly or indirectly, associated with

any of the promoters of the Hetch Hetchy scheme? And finally, are these owners of riparian rights likely to profit, or the reverse, by the construction of a dam or by any of the problems that will thereby be created? These are questions worthy of careful attention, and it may be necessary to refer to them even more pointedly upon a future occasion.

Mr. Ballinger's action would have been rendered impossible by an act of Congress, but Congress has passed no such act, although urged to do so. Only those surprisingly ignorant of the law can have supposed that Mr. Garfield's grant constituted a warrant in common sense for an active procedure of the work. The law under which Mr. Garfield acted expressly states that such grants are revokable at any time, and it is thus evident that such grants were never intended to comprise a permanent change of conditions such as the flooding of a valley, which by its very nature is irrevocable. Mr. Metcalf expressly says that a Secretary of the Interior has no power to issue such a grant and that it can be done only by Congress. It may therefore be fairly said that Mr. Ballinger acted not so much under discretion as under compulsion in revoking a grant that was illegal and in demanding a presentation of the whole case. He was doubly under compulsion in view of the report of his commission of inquiry to the effect that there are other available sites that can be used without an invasion of a national park and with no loss of advantage to the city. That there are such other sites is a matter of unchallenged expert opinion of many years' standing, and it would be well for those who wish to be clear of prejudice to ask themselves why there is this determined adherence upon the part of a few to a plan whose general disadvantages are notorious and whose accomplishment can not fail to be prolific of costly embarrassment.

### Does Not Believe in Arbitration.

Mayor Reaburn of Philadelphia seems determined to convince us that the wheels must have slipped a cog when he was born and that his proper sphere of influence is among the head-hunters of Borneo or the cannibals of Central Africa. The newspapers of Philadelphia report him as saying: "I am against arbitration; I am not a believer in arbitration even among nations. I believe that if you and I have a dispute we alone can settle that satisfactorily."

To argue with the mayor of Philadelphia would be to concede to him the possession of an intelligence of which it is evident that Providence has deprived him. It is unfortunate that Providence did not also deprive him of the power of speech with the rest of the brute creation, although that might have hindered Philadelphia in her search for a man so entirely representative of her political wisdom. But he is at least consistent. The Traction Company and their workmen, being unable to agree upon the various points at issue, have been given a nearly free hand to fight in the streets for brute mastery, and this it seems is precisely as it should be. Mayor Reaburn's opinions upon international arbitration are of no interest to any one, unless it be to Mr. Carnegie, who might be persuaded to stop at Philadelphia on his way back to Skibo and try the effect of a free library on the mayor's civilization. But so far as domestic arbitration is concerned it is surprising that the mayor does not go the whole way and call off the police altogether. For after all the police and judicial tribunals in general are no more than compulsory arbitration courts and as such are out of place in the knock-down-and-drag-out method favored by this aboriginal mayor.

We have come to a pretty pass when such abominable anarchy as still reigns in Philadelphia arouses no other interest than which side is likely to win. If two individuals were to fight each other in a crowded street with dynamite bombs, spreading death and destruction around them, we should hardly concern ourselves with their respective prospects in the great



emergency of laying them both by the heels, but when thousands of men do the same thing to the defiance of law and order we look upon it as an interesting athletic competition with which it would be a pity to interfere. Every pettifogging jack in office who has sworn to uphold the law must first count the heads of the possible voters to estimate the profit and loss that may come from a performance of elementary duty. Every big strike that occurs brings us nearer to a day when some fierce contagion of passion will run right through all the big cities of the nation, and then may come the realization that whereas before we lacked the will to enforce the law of public decency we now lack even the machinery to do it.

### The Sugar Frauds.

There is too much reason to fear that we are not intended to hear any more about the sugar frauds and that the scandal is to be wiped off the slate merely because a few underlings have been sent to prison. Friends of the administration will wish heartily that such a suspicion may prove to be unfounded. A sum of \$2,000,000 was stolen by a piece of mechanical trickery at the weighing machines. That the system has been going on for years is undeniable and undeniable. Its beneficiaries have so far confessed their guilt as to make restitution, but they ought to be prosecuted criminally so long as lesser thieves are required to give up their plunder as well as go to jail. President Taft in one of his recent messages asked on the grounds of public policy that there be no congressional investigation, which might have an immunizing effect in favor of the guilty. But if the guilty are to escape in any case, as the guilty usually do, there is no reason for resisting a public inquiry that will at least define the area of the fraud, its exact methods, and its beneficiaries. As a matter of fact, there are already two or three resolutions to this effect that have been presented to Congress and that are now undergoing the usual chloroforming process in one of the committees. A criminal prosecution would be vastly better than a congressional inquiry, but if the sugar thieves are actually beyond the reach of the whip it will hardly be surprising if Congress should insist upon knowing the facts and all the facts.

The sugar tariff and fraud have been convertible terms for years. A sort of half-hearted inquiry was made by Congress sixteen years ago, but it was stopped as soon as it became evident that something might be found. It will be remembered that Senator Quay—still the idol of Philadelphia—admitted that he had speculated in sugar and had been specially well placed for the purpose, inasmuch as he had inside information as to the future tariff. He was not ashamed to make this admission, and indeed seemed rather proud of the opportunity to display his business acumen. Another point in the same investigation was the statement of Mr. Havemeyer that the sugar trust had always contributed to the funds of both political parties. The sugar importing trade was a festering garbage heap even then, and apparently it is to be left still undisturbed except for the sprinkling of disinfectant involved in the prosecution of a few understrappers.

### The Nicaraguan Insurgents.

It would be possible to make some interesting, although gruesome, speculations as to the fate that awaits the insurgent leaders in Nicaragua. It will be remembered that these leaders were encouraged by our State Department and aided in every way in their struggle against Zelaya. But for the wisdom of the President, which fortunately prevailed against the unwisdom of Mr. Knox, the deposed Zelaya would have been caught by United States warships and brought, a portentous white elephant, to this country for impossible trial. Zelaya escaped this fate, fled to Mexico, where he was feted and honored, and is now waiting around the corner somewhere until it shall be advisable for him to return. In his place he left Madriz, who must be very much of the same stripe, otherwise he would not have been favored by Zelaya nor resisted by Estrada. Now Madriz is triumphant over the rebels, and it will be curious to see what he will do with his foes, who were once the protégés of the State Department. No doubt the usual assurances will be given, but these will be no guaranty that the luckless wretches will not be tortured to death in the ways approved by Nicaraguan custom.

In point of fact we have gained absolutely nothing by our interference with Nicaraguan affairs, while we have lost a good deal, including the good-will of

Mexico and the confidence of the other Central American republics. Nicaragua is precisely where she was before except that she is ruled by a Madriz instead of by a Zelaya, and there is small consolation in that fact. Madriz has no particular reason to love us, seeing that he has just crushed a revolution encouraged by us. The insurgent party will hold us in no particular esteem, seeing that they are disappointed in their undoubted expectations of practical aid, while the banana interests of the East, who are said to have done their full share in fomenting the trouble, will be no better off than they were before.

There ought to be intercession in favor of the insurgents. Otherwise their doom is as certain as the sunrise. There is no law in Nicaragua other than the will of the dictator. There are no private rights there and no liberties. Zelaya was in the habit of ordering the immoral servitude of any girl upon whom he cast his eyes, and there was no one who dared to deny him. This is only one illustration out of many of the ferocity of a government system that impudently calls itself republican and that is now under the unchecked and absolute domination of a nominee of Zelaya. Whatever influence Washington possesses ought to be used to prevent the perpetration of atrocities upon the insurgents, and to this end the mere suave assurances of moderation ought not to be accepted without guaranties.

### Mr. Patten's Optimism.

Mr. James A. Patten, the grain speculator, admits that he has more money than he knows what to do with and more than is good for his children. No wonder that he should be an "optimist, first, last, and all the time," but let him look out for Emerson's law of compensation, which has tripped up many a rich man just as the future began to take on its rosiest tint. But Mr. Patten's optimism is confined to himself. He says that within five years our wheat production will be less than the demand, and then we shall have to go to Canada for the staff of life, after insisting that the duty be taken off wheat. While fully agreeing in the capacity of Manitoba as a wheat-growing centre, it is hard to say why Kansas, for example, should not grow quite as much, seeing that it is considerably larger and nearly as undeveloped. Let Mr. Patten make his mind easy. He has drawn a vast fortune from the wheat fields of the United States without causing a single wheat ear to grow. He has collected immense wealth for himself without adding a cent to the wealth of the country. That he should predict misfortune to the country over and above the misfortune of breeding such wildcat speculators as himself seems to be adding insult to injury.

### Wanted, a Humorist.

One of the great needs of the day is a humorist who will turn his attention to events of general public interest rather than to the insignificant sillinesses of individual life. Mr. Dunne is such an one, but then what is Mr. Dunne among so many? If the inimitable Dooley should work overtime for a year he could hardly cope with the many things that ought to be attacked with laughter and buried beneath an avalanche of ridicule.

Take, for instance, the case of Professor E. A. Ross of the chair of sociology of Wisconsin University. The professor, it seems, has been "granted a leave of absence," which is a polite way of saying that he has been punished for acquainting his students with "dangerous doctrine" such as the teachings of socialism and of Emma Goldman. The professor can hardly be charged with a sympathy for both these incendiary doctrines, seeing that they are as mutually antipathetic as the devil and holy water, but then the authorities of a university can hardly be expected to know that or indeed anything else of a practical kind. Seeing that Professor Ross is paid to teach sociology, it is not easy to see how he can keep quite away from socialism, but perhaps he can devise some way during his temporary retirement or else consult his own dignity by making his retirement a permanent one.

But how can the young men of Wisconsin University be taught to shun the demon of socialism unless they are instructed in the peculiarities of his hoofs and tail. Surely they ought to be told what to avoid, and if Professor Ross can actually give a definition of socialism he ought to be rewarded and not punished, for he is the only man alive who can do so without challenge. Moreover, ought not these tender shoots of the Wisconsin University to be protected from the corroding socialist tendencies of modern legislation?

They can hardly open a newspaper without reading postal savings banks and so being inoculated with collectivist heresies. In fact, the postoffice itself should be kept from their observation.

It is the lash of the humorist that is needed to put the fear of God into the hearts of university governors and other such by-products of civilization. By the treatment of Emma Goldman the police of America have done more to spread anarchy than all other agencies combined, and now we have the young men of Chicago University eager to study socialism, whereas a month ago it was only a tiresome part of a tiresome curriculum to be classed as a weariness to the flesh with the forty-ninth proposition of Euclid and the binomial theorem. It is only a humorist who can deal with such a situation.

### Taxation in England.

Mr. Carnegie says that the English land system is bad one, and those among us who have taken trouble to find out what it is will be heartily of his opinion. It is not easy to understand, because it is fundamentally different from our own, while the principles of land taxation which are among the commonplace of the American ownership system are denounced by the landlord party in England as revolutionary and confiscatory—words that are commonly used everywhere in denunciation of any new plan that touches our pockets. The English conservative who fulminates against the land clauses of the budget as being "pure socialism" means no more than that they are an approach to the American methods of taxation.

The English system is best explained by an illustration. Let us suppose that John Smith leases a piece of property for the space of twenty years at a stipulated rent, the rent of course representing its value. Now John Smith pays taxes upon that property computed upon a percentage of his rent, and so long as his rent remains unchanged so will his taxes. But at the end of his lease he will want to renew it, or some one else will wish to take it, and then he will find that conditions have changed. He himself has made improvements. The locality has been developed and made more valuable by municipal efforts, public parks, electric lines, and the fluctuation of population. The property for which he has paid a rent of say \$1000 a year during his twenty-year lease is now worth \$2000 a year and some part of this increase has been created by himself. Other parts have been created by the ordinary processes of development, but none have been created by the landlord, who thus sees his property doubled in value without any contribution from himself. John Smith, wishing to renew his lease, finds that he must henceforth pay \$2000 a year rent, instead of \$1000 a year as heretofore, and by way of adding insult to injury the tax collector doubles his demand, inasmuch as the rent is now doubled. The unfortunate Smith must now pay rent on his own creation of value and he must pay the higher taxes based upon that rent. The contemplated change that requires a landlord himself to pay taxes on the increased values that he has no hand in creating is denounced as pure socialism.

It is just in this way that the vast revenues of great English landlords have been built up. Originally owning properties of relatively little value, these properties have slowly become imbedded in the heart of great cities and their values multiplied a thousandfold. By granting short leases it has been easy steadily to increase the rents, and with the increased rent comes the increased taxation, which is paid by the tenant. The fabulous value of Covent Garden in London is a case in point. Originally outside of the city and of comparatively little worth, it has been slowly swallowed by the metropolis, while its lordly owner had nothing to do but sit at his ease and "watch it grow," collecting in rents its increasing value, while he has not raised a finger to promote, while the luckless tenants whose presence and energies have helped to create those values have been regularly taxed upon the basis of a percentage on the steadily increasing rent. It is strange that a system so flagrantly unjust should have been allowed to continue for so long. It is stranger that it should find defenders or that its beneficiaries should be able to make any kind of a successful appeal to the popular suffrage. And yet we are told that its abolition means confiscation and socialism and that Great Britain depends for her traditional fare upon such a system of "Heads I win, tails I lose."

The rearrangement will be one of great difficulty. It implies the valuation of all the land in the country.



a discrimination between its site value and the value of the buildings upon it, and an allowance for fixed charges, public rights-of-way, and the limitations that have been imposed upon its use.

It will be seen that the fundamental differences between the English and American systems are very great. Our own still leaves much to be desired, but it is at least an attempt to reach a yearly valuation and so to demand from the owner a contribution to the public exchequer proportional to the enhanced value of his property. That any one should be found to challenge the equity of such an arrangement simply goes to show the peculiar sanctity that attaches to immemorial custom.

#### A Warning from Gompers.

There is no false modesty about Mr. Gompers. When he does not like a law that was passed by both houses of Congress, that received the presidential assent, and that has been in operation for several years, he says so, and goes straight to the Attorney-General for the purpose. He is no less backward when he professes to think that a law has been wrongly interpreted, and from the Gompersian point of view a law is always wrongly interpreted when it fails to recognize the supremacy of labor unionism over all law.

The latest incident to arouse the ire of Mr. Gompers is the application of the Sherman law in the Danbury hatters' case. The finding of the court will still be fresh in the public mind. It was to the effect that a boycott carried out against interstate trade is illegal, and the penalty inflicted against the organizers of this particular boycott amounted to a very formidable sum. Mr. Gompers was so troubled in his spirit at this identification of an honorable labor union with the wicked trusts and trash of that kind, that he interviewed the Attorney-General and explained the law to him with that combination of pedagogy and bluster that he has usually found to be effective. "The labor union," he asserted, "is not a trust. None of its achievements in behalf of its members and society at large can properly be confounded with the pernicious and selfish activities of the illegal trust."

No one said that they could, Mr. Gompers. No one has suggested that the labor union is a trust. Perish the thought. Neither has it been claimed that the Sherman Act was aimed against trusts alone. On the contrary, the law states that "every contract, combination in the form of trusts, or otherwise, or conspiracy in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States" is illegal. It was aimed at all combinations in restraint of trade and not only at the form of combination known as a trust. Therefore a boycott comes under the act, seeing that it is undoubtedly a restraint to threaten tacitly to break a man's head if he work for a particular hat company doing an interstate trade or if he wear the hats made by that company. Indeed, it would be hard to imagine any more effective "restraint of trade." The Supreme Court had already decided that a combination to prevent the working of an interstate railroad was a violation of the Sherman Act. It is just as much a violation to prevent the making or wearing of interstate hats. Whether the legislature when it passed the Sherman Act really intended the revolutionary proposal that labor unions would be included in its scope and whether labor unions ought to be amenable to any law whatsoever is of course another matter. Mr. Gompers thinks not, and he delicately suggested to Mr. Wickersham that if the present labor movement, which is "constructive and conservative," should be embarrassed by the impertinent intrusion of law, either ancient or modern, it will be followed by another movement which will be neither constructive nor conservative. No doubt Mr. Wickersham was impressed and proceeded at once to see midnight visions of secret drills and the storage of arms.

Not only does Mr. Gompers feel aggrieved at the inclusion of labor unions within the scope of the Sherman Act, but he strongly disapproves of the new injunction bill, which strikes every one else as being eminently fair and reasonable. That, indeed, seems to be the fault that he finds with it. It is so fair and reasonable as to give no room for grievance, and where would Mr. Gompers be without a grievance? By removing the present grounds for complaint the injunction could be more firmly settled than ever as a part of our legal procedure, and this is just what Mr. Gompers does not want. His conversation with Mr. Wickersham is said to have been an amicable one, but he made it clear that there must be no sort or kind of

interference with the policy of intimidation and terrorism that he has made his own. If his followers are found to be breaking a law the remedy is obvious. The law must be changed.

#### The Expense of Being Alive.

No one ever seriously supposed that the congressional inquiry into the high cost of living would give birth to anything worth the labor, but the ill-concealed mental procedure is typical of all such insincerities. The essential preliminary is a determination of what the result is to be and a careful obliteration of all trails that lead to undesired destinations. The tariff, of course, is so obviously impeccable that its inclusion would be a mere waste of time, so out it goes. Every one knows that there are no such things as trusts since Mr. Roosevelt excommunicated them with bell, book, and candle and dissipated them by verbal dynamite, so why should Congress indulge in historical research when current affairs press for attention? The retail trader might possibly do for a scapegoat, and so a trial balloon was sent up to ascertain the direction of the wind, but the retail trader began to answer back, and there are so many of him and with so many votes that the plan was evidently dangerous. Gold seemed to be the only thing that would suffer in silence, and even here there might be unwelcome opportunities for the captious to compare financial theories of today with those of a few years ago. But gold was certainly the line of least resistance, and so the congressional inquiry may be defined as an investigation into the effect of the enhanced value of gold upon the cost of living. There will of course be efforts to break through the yellow fence and to escape from the reservation, as Senator Elkins puts it, but it will be an act of insurgency to do so and the crack of Mr. Hitchcock's whip will have its usual menace.

It would be absurd to make light of the gold theory, and it would be equally absurd to attribute to a movement many years old a responsibility for prices that have jumped alarmingly within the last few months. The production of gold has increased to the extent of 300 per cent during fifteen years, and it can hardly be maintained that the demand has increased in like ratio. Gold is a commodity that is exchanged for other commodities, and it is evident that if the value of gold has fallen it can not be exchanged for so much of other commodities as when its value was higher. Gold must certainly take its share of blame unless we contend that the additional production has been absorbed by an increased use of jewelry and by an enlarged population. But to ask gold to bear the whole of the blame may have its advantages from the factional point of view, but it will convince no one.

How would it do for both parties to surrender their prearranged verdicts and to look for the facts wherever they exist? The proposal will be startling to those whose ideas of politics are confined to evasion and circumlocution, but there is a certain neglected merit in telling the truth that ought not to be wholly overlooked. A natural unwillingness to adopt a radical innovation may be excused on the ground that the consumer is getting tired of beating his wings against bars and impatient of governmental proceedings that are abortive and that are intended to be abortive. Suffering has sharpened his political wits and he no longer sits like a newly fledged bird waiting to be fed with the wisdom of his so-called representatives. The principle of taboo in governmental investigations excites first ridicule and then disgust.

#### Editorial Notes.

Lietutenant Peary seems to be a little bashful about his proofs. Surely he could get an indulgence from his publishers to produce the necessary documents for the satisfaction of a group of scientists and it would be a pity if suspicion should spread among the Gentiles that they have been handed two gold bricks instead of one. If the lieutenant had not been so insistent in the case of his discredited rival it would hardly have occurred to any one to demand proofs at all, but as he has created the public appetite for verification the least that he can do is to satisfy it so far as his own particular claims are concerned. There is no need to put the demand offensively, but it should be put and it should be answered.

Mr. Carnegie is a boon to the reporters if to no one else. During his visit to San Francisco the ironmaster was in his best form and ready to solve upon the spot any or all of the problems that afflict humanity. No

one asked him for an opinion on the concealed side of the moon or the effect of the comet upon the wine crop, and these omissions must be counted as opportunities lost. But upon most other questions Mr. Carnegie was simply bursting with information and wisdom. From the American tariff to the English land laws nothing came amiss to his agile mind. Like a statesman of the last generation who was said to be equally ready to take command of the army or of the navy, Mr. Carnegie approaches every question with indestructible self-confidence and disposes of it with athletic rapidity. Upversality of knowledge is a rare gift nowadays, and when it happens along we do well to take notice lest we entertain angels unawares.

The elaborate piece of nonsense known as weighing the mails for the purpose of adjusting the railroad contracts has just been carried out again after the usual lapse of four years. Let us hope that this is for the last time and that it was done without the concealment of grindstones, stray messenger boys, and other unconsidered but weighty trifles of a like kind. The system may have been all very well when the mail consisted of a few bags piled up in a mail car, but that it should survive to the present day goes a long way to prove the immortality of foolishness.

It will surely be a piece of unsurpassable irony if Mr. Asquith, the British premier, should be "kicked upstairs" to the House of Lords and so become a member of the unrepresentative chamber that he is pledged to destroy. How long would it be before his voice was heard in defense of the "immemorial privileges" belonging by divine right to the sons of their fathers? But what a commentary upon the House of Lords it would be if the premier's fall and consequent "elevation" should actually be due to overmuch indulgence in the cup that cheers as well as inebriates. Most legislative assemblies are now nearly free from such a reproach as this, and it is a long time ago since Mr. Gladstone rebuked a similar dereliction on the part of Mr. Disraeli by the caustic suggestion that "the honorable gentleman has sources of inspiration from which her majesty's ministers are debarred."

According to Mr. Thomas E. Hayden, member of the board of education, who has just delivered his soul before one of the women's clubs of San Francisco, the benefits of our school system will be nullified unless children are taught aesthetics. They must be "grounded in the inspirational forces that make the race," they must be shown that "there is a solace, a comfort, and a delight in the contemplation of the beautiful." So at last we know what it is that our children need and incidentally we see how easy it is for the lay mind to be misled. In our ignorance we had supposed that the crying need of the modern child—grammar and high school, too—is a knowledge of spelling and the allied arts and a general disposition to obey his parents and teachers. This, it seems, is wrong. What he needs is aesthetics and the contemplation of the beautiful.

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

##### The Postal Rates.

UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM  
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

CHICAGO, March 11, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: The *Argonaut* is always so correct and fair in its views on public matters that I venture to call your attention to a material error in your editorial of March 5 on "Postal Rates," wherein it is said: "The mail matter pays the railroad company 9 cents a pound," following which comparisons of this rate are made with express rates.

You were doubtless misled by a similar error in the President's message of December 7, 1909. On referring to the authority for his statement, which is the Postmaster-General's report of 1909, it will be found the figure of 9 cents includes not only payments to the railroads, but payments for transportation over star routes, steamboats, on electric and cable cars, cost of rural delivery, cost of city delivery, salaries of postmasters and clerks in cities and towns, and, in fact, every item of expense incurred by the Postoffice Department.

Of these total expenditures only a little more than one-fifth are made to the railroads. Instead of paying the railroads 9 cents per pound for hauling second-class matter, the government really pays only 1.83 cents for an average haul of 610 miles, which rate compares favorably with the express rates you mention, especially when it is considered that express can be handled in ordinary baggage cars, whilst the transportation of mail requires the furnishing and hauling of special equipment fitted up as traveling postoffices, including carriage of mail clerks, distributing mail, and various special facilities.

Because of reductions in railway mail pay, already inadequate, this service has become less remunerative to railroads than express, passengers, or freight, and the railroads' payments for service rendered to the government have been very largely reduced during the last decade. For example, in 1898, of each \$1000 earned by the railroads from the movement of passenger trains, \$106 came from the mails, \$79 from express, and \$815 from passengers. In 1908, of each \$1000 earned by railroads from passenger trains, only \$72 came from mails, \$87 from express, and \$841 from passengers. This represents a decrease of 32 per cent in the case of mails, an increase of 10 per cent in the express ratio, and 3 per cent in passenger. Yours very truly, W. A. WORTHINGTON.



CURRENT TOPICS.

Very rarely can a congressional report come properly under the head of sensational literature, but sometimes the diligent searcher of its pages will find a ray of light through the crannies or stumble across some fact to illustrate the real inwardness of things.

The Senate debate upon the cost of high living is a case in point. The country as a whole remained astonishingly calm under the announcement that the Senate would direct its august intellect to the solution of the problem. Even the credulous housewife emitted no audible sigh of relief nor did she proceed to rearrange her household budget in expectation that the upper house would find the diseased spot and lay upon it an alleviating finger. In point of fact, the country preserved its accustomed attitude of hored indifference. It could not conceive that the Senate intended to do anything but talk and with a skilled avoidance of such points as might seem to have a dangerous relevance.

Let it be understood that two resolutions on the cost of high living were submitted to the Senate. The first was by Senator Elkins, who can hardly be described as an insurgent or as habitually waving the red flag of senatorial anarchy. Nevertheless he really wanted to know why living was so high and was positively discontented with the orthodox assurance that the American hen had been trained to lay smaller eggs and fewer of them for the purpose of conserving her natural resources. His resolution was therefore of a business-like kind and covered all the ground that might possibly be fruitful. Here is the part that shows its scope:

If, in the judgment of said committee, such articles have been increased in price by reason of the increased production of gold throughout the world, the expansion of the currency in the United States, or by legislation by Congress.

Now the phrase "or by legislation by Congress" obviously includes the tariff, and therefore we need hardly be surprised to find that the resolution was "consigned to one of those lethal chambers known as committees. It stayed there for a month, although Mr. Elkins made repeated efforts to secure action.

He might even have been persuaded to forget its existence except for the fact that Senator Lodge introduced a similar resolution which also was referred to a committee, but which ran the gauntlet inside of twenty-four hours and was then reported favorably. The resolution was similar save in one respect. Mr. Elkins had included the tariff, while Senator Lodge had excluded it.

Then Senator Elkins was indignant and began to say things, things of a confessional nature, indiscreet things. He asked: "Why this difference in treatment of senators, this discrimination in favor of a resolution introduced by one senator and against one introduced by another, both covering the same subject?" Was it the tariff? And if so "Why do the Finance Committee and the senator from Massachusetts want to avoid that question?" He understood the exact purport of Mr. Lodge's resolution—"it means just what the Finance Committee wants it to mean, nothing more":

I introduced the resolution in good faith to have an investigation; I made the language as broad as I could to cover all these questions and show to the country that the Senate was not afraid to investigate the tariff and monopolies and trusts and combinations. It seems the Finance Committee is determined to control this investigation just as it did the tariff.

Then Mr. Elkins became pathetic. Such treatment should not be meted out to one who had been so faithful. "I voted for nearly everything that was proposed by the senator from Rhode Island to get what I did for my State." He had submitted to Mr. Aldrich "gracefully, as I have done in many occasions," and behold the result! The tariff bill was Mr. Aldrich's "own child. . . . It was nearly his production in the Senate, for whatever he said, I think, controlled what went into the bill and what was left out." And so on. The Senate held its breath for fear of what would come next. Not for a generation had there been such a domestic disclosure or such washing of soiled linen in full light of day.

Then Mr. Bailey took a hand. He explained to Mr. Elkins exactly where the trouble lay:

It was not that the majority distrusted the senator from West Virginia that moved them to take this matter out of his hands; it was the very well-defined fear that they could not trust him to go around the tariff question. It was a belief in their minds that if the senator from West Virginia finds the tariff responsible for any of these hardships and these high prices he will frankly say so, because the senator from West Virginia has more than once exhibited an inclination to get off of that reservation over there. I would not be very much surprised to see the senator from West Virginia within the next fortnight in agreement with some of the most conspicuous and useful insurgents in this body. I think he is getting tired of belonging to the anarchists. I think he is getting ready to belong to the insurgents.

Mr. Elkins appreciated Mr. Bailey's benevolence. He could not get off the reservation during the consideration of the tariff. He was "afraid to try," and Mr. Aldrich "knows why":

I was on the reservation. I do not have to stay there always. The tariff is considered only once in about six or seven years. Some senators have freedom the balance of the time. I am somewhat in fear we will have no investigation. I do not know why this method and this procedure should obtain in respect to my resolution. I can not find out the reasons for this unusual course. I generally go to my friend, the distinguished senator from Rhode Island (Mr. Aldrich), when anything is not going right, and I ask him what is the matter. He generally puts me right, or he says—"when the tariff bill is under consideration—"You had better keep right where you are, if you know what is good for you." But, Mr. President, seriously, I do not believe that this whole proceeding is the kind of treatment that a senator should have in the Senate of the United States.

The railroad companies feel that an injustice has been done to them by that part of the President's special message of December 7 which states that the cost of transportation of second-class matter "is more than 9 cents per pound." This statement was evidently taken from the report of the

Postmaster-General, which says: "The cost to the government for its handling and transportation averages 9.23 cents a pound," and this figure is elsewhere shown to include "transportation, handling, administration, and all items in connection with the operation of the postal establishment." The rate of 9.23 cents a pound for second-class matter is said to represent not only many items other than railroad transportation, but to ignore the weight of the equipment and packages containing the mail. This last item is represented as constituting 43.09 per cent of the total weight carried, the actual mail matter weighing only 56.91 per cent. The railroad committee publishes statistics designed to show that after deducting the payments that do not reach the railroads at all the amount received by them is only 1.83 cents per pound of mail and equipment, or 3.19 cents per pound for mail matter exclusive of equipment.

The dinner given a few days ago by the President to the Speaker has caused some comment in Washington, owing to the fact that while many Democrats were present not a single insurgent received an invitation. After dinner the Speaker obliged with a *pas seul* and acquitted himself so admirably that the President himself was persuaded to take the floor and "the two executed several steps of an old-fashioned hoe-down that delighted every one. Now it will be in order for malicious tongues to say that the Speaker sets the tune and the President dances to it.

The rapidity with which China learns to imitate the ways of civilization is remarkable and gratifying. The Shanghai correspondent of the London *Times* says that at the present moment there is hardly a newspaper worthy of the name in China which is not owned or subsidized by the mandarins, and the result, as shown in their columns, is that the outspoken criticism of two years ago is generally replaced by a spirit of comfortable acquiescence in the established order of things. This control has been established by means of the postal regulations and it is clear that, where official registration of a newspaper is required before postal facilities are given, the existence of any journal in Chinese hands can be made to depend on its attitude towards the officials; and even where a nominal foreign ownership is introduced, for the purpose of protecting a newspaper from injustice or oppression, experience has shown that the Chinese editors and staff can be, and are, exposed to serious difficulties and dangers.

The chief newspapers take very divergent views as to Mr. Roosevelt's probable attitude toward politics on his return from Africa. The New York *Herald* has no doubt that his attitude will be a pronounced one: "He will try to be the Republican candidate in the next presidential election, and again the people will be offered the choice between Caesarism and constitutionalism. The people for the country of more Rooseveltism may be gauged from the crippled condition in which Rooseveltism has left the historical Republican party.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* and other newspapers of a similar hue believe that the danger of another era of Rooseveltism is imminent. The Florida *Times-Union* is particularly portentous and remarks that "if we want Roosevelt again we do not want the law nor the Constitution behind the law, but A Man on Horseback, and we will get him." The Chicago *Record-Herald* has a word of unsensational common sense which is so rare that it may be quoted:

Let it be noted that Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft are warm personal friends, and that each of them has always been very loyal to the other. Taft gave Roosevelt splendid support when Roosevelt was President, and Roosevelt had an outspoken admiration for Taft and believed that he was preëminently the man to carry on the progressive policies. The *Record-Herald* can say positively that the friendship between the two is as strong as ever, and when Roosevelt does return from Elba there will be abundant evidence of the fact.

The Omaha *World-Herald* is sure of only one thing—that Mr. Roosevelt will fight, but it has no idea whom he will fight for or against, for the "voice of T. R. has always been for war, never for peace—and it is still in good condition." The New York *World* and the Hartford *Times* believe that Mr. Roosevelt will throw his whole weight upon the side of the present administration, the latter newspaper remarking that with all Mr. Roosevelt's sinuosity he would never "go back on a disciple who is following his example so closely as the President is now doing."

A German genealogist, Professor Otto Forst, a leading authority on mediæval lines of descent, has tried to demonstrate that two emperors—the German Emperor and the Czar of Russia—and four kings—those of Spain, Portugal, Italy, and Saxony—also Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, are descended from a fifteenth-century barber named Babou, who was born about 1450, and who earned his living as a barber in Paris, where he was a skilled beard trainer.

Turkey has but a single university, that of Constantinople, with faculties of medicine, law, theology, science, and letters. In this last department the literatures studied are the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and French. In time the study of German and English will be added.

Princess Victoria Louise of Prussia, Emperor William's only daughter, has an exquisitely beautiful string of pearls, which her mother has been collecting for her ever since her birth.

New York's subway leads all others in the matter of extent and expense. It is larger than the subways of Boston, Berlin, Paris, and Buda-Pesth combined.

OLD FAVORITES.

God Save the People.  
When wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?  
Not kings alone, but nations!  
Not thrones and crowns, but men!  
Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;  
Let them not pass, like weeds, away—  
Their heritage a sunless day.  
God save the people!

Shall crime bring crime forever,  
Strength aiding still the strong?  
Is it Thy will, O Father,  
That man shall toil for wrong?  
"No," say Thy mountains: "No," Thy skies:  
Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,  
And songs ascend instead of sighs:  
God save the people!

When wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?  
The people, Lord, the people,  
Not thrones and crowns, but men;  
God save the people; Thine they are,  
Thy children, as Thine angels fair;  
From vice, oppression, and despair,  
God save the people!—Ebeneczer Elliott.

Sir Patrick Spence.  
The king sits in Dumferling toune,  
Drinking the blude-reid wine:  
O quhar will I get guid sailor,  
To sail this schip of mine?

Up and spak an eldern knight,  
Sat at the king's richt knee:  
Sir Patrick Spence is the best sailor,  
That sails upon the se.

The king has written a braid letter,  
And sign'd it wi' his hand;  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,  
Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,  
A loud laugh lauched he:  
The next line that Sir Patrick red,  
The tear blinded his ee.

A quha is this has don this deid,  
This ill deid don to me:  
To send me out this time o' the year,  
To sail upon the se?

Mak hast, mak hast, my mirry men all,  
Our guid schip sails the morne.  
O say na sae, my master deir,  
For I feir a deadlie storme.

Late, late yestreen, I saw the new moone  
Wi' the auld moone in hir arme;  
And I feir, I feir, my deir mastir,  
That we will com to harme.

O our Scots nobles wer right laith  
To weest their cork-heil'd schoone;  
But lang owre a' the play wer play'd,  
Their hats they swam aboon.

O lang, lang, may their ladies sit  
Wi' their fans into their hand,  
Or sit they see Sir Patrick Spence  
Cum sailing to the land.

O lang, lang, may the ladies stand,  
Wi' their gold kems in their hair,  
Waiting for their ain deir lords,  
For they'll se thame na mair.

Have owre, have owre to Aberdour,  
It's fiftie fadom deep:  
And their lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,  
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.  
—Percy's Reliques.

The Leveler.  
The king he reigns on a throne of gold,  
Fenced round by his "right divine";  
The baron he sits in his castle old,  
Drinking his ripe red wine;  
But below, below, in his ragged coat,  
The beggar he tunceth a hungry note.  
And the spinner is bound to his weary thread,  
And the debtor lies down with an aching head.  
So the world goes!  
So the stream flows!  
Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,  
Who maketh all free  
On land and sea,  
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee!

The lady lies down in her warm white lawn,  
And dreams of the pearled-pride;  
The milkmaid sings, to the wild-eyed dawn,  
Sad songs on the cold hillside:  
And the bishop smiles, as on high he sits,  
On the scholar who writes and starves by fits;  
And the girl who her nightly needle plies  
Looks out for the summer of life, and dies!  
So the world goes!  
So the stream flows!  
Yet there is a fellow, whom nobody knows,  
Who maketh all free  
On land and sea,  
And forceth the rich like the poor to flee!  
—Barry Cornwall.

Suffrage in the United States counts the past year as its most important. Among the achievements recorded was the establishment of a Men's League for Woman Suffrage in New York State. The National College Equal Suffrage League gained 1309 new members. Women voted for the first time in Michigan on questions of local taxation, with the same order and quiet at the polls that is seen in the suffrage States of the Rocky Mountains.

The largest diamond mine in South Africa yields on an average half a ton of diamonds a year. To the end of 1892 ten tons of diamonds had come from this mine valued at \$300,000,000. It would take a box five feet square and six feet high to hold this mass of diamond.



## THE ACTRESS AND THE AMERICAN.

"Piccadilly" Describes a Lawsuit in Which a Pearl Necklace Is a Cause of Contention.

An action that has just been brought in the King's Bench Court shows that sometimes there are two sides to the international marriage, and that occasionally the husband may come off second best in the financial scramble. Incidentally, it throws light upon the charming ways of some popular actresses who are not content with a princely salary and who supplement their professional earnings by excursions into matrimonial fields.

The trouble arose, or rather it came to a focus, over a pearl necklace which had been given to his wife by Mr. Melville S. Bagley, who is largely described as "a young American gentleman." The wife, Mrs. Margaret Edith Bagley, is more generally known as Miss Maggie May, who has been dazzling Gaiety audiences for some little time and drawing a salary of \$500 a week for parts in "The Geisha" and "The Country Girl." Miss Maggie May was now called upon to play the most difficult rôle of her life and to explain to an unsentimental judge and a prosaic jury why the said necklace, worth \$10,000, should not go toward the liquidation of her husband's debts.

The action was brought by Miss May herself against her husband, from which it may be inferred that the two hearts no longer beat as one. Mr. Bagley, the young American gentleman, had given the jewels to his wife as a wedding present. Subsequently borrowing them under a promise to return them he had failed to do so, and so the wronged wife was forced into the courts of her country to obtain justice against the young American gentleman who had thus deceived her. It all seemed delightfully simple, and without question the plaintiff was delightfully pretty.

But even beauty has its limitations, and under the adroit questions of Mr. Bagley's counsel the case slowly assumed another appearance. Mrs. Bagley believed that her husband was a rich man when she married him, but it might be true that within a year she had helped him to spend the whole of his fortune. Yes, it was true that he had settled \$50,000 upon her and that she still had it. It was also true that she had spent \$15,000 of his money in the course of two months and most of it had gone in dresses and "little presents." She had bought the best of everything, and "if people give me things I can't help it."

But the worst was to come, and Mr. Bagley's counsel was pitiless. Was it, or was it not true that the pretty actress had treated others as she had treated the young American gentleman? Mrs. Bagley was coy. She was not aware of having done so, but when counsel suggested that he might aid her memory by mentioning a name, she relented somewhat and seemed to admit that there was a lurking recollection of something of the sort at the back of her mind, but if people would spend money on her what was she to do? But was there not still another gentleman with a fortune far larger than Mr. Bagley's, and had not Miss Maggie May gone through that also? She deprecated the expression "gone through," but there had been such a gentleman, and as always she had the "best of everything" from him. There had even been a fourth gentleman with a fourth fortune somewhere in the lawn of time, and the fair Maggie was now so frightened that she answered up "yes" without any prevarication or excuse. The historical knowledge of Mr. Bagley's counsel was something appalling. It was at his point that Mr. Justice Coleridge emitted his joke. His lordship said, "It is clear Venus was not the goddess of wisdom," and the court officials laughed comically as in duty bound.

Then Mr. Melville S. Bagley took his wife's place in the witness stand. He admitted that he was an American; that he had met his wife in Paris, and that they had spent between \$75,000 and \$80,000. His fortune then produced an income of \$10,000 a year, and he now had nothing and was in debt. The necklace was his only asset, and he wished to apply it to the payment of his creditors. He had intended the necklace or his wife, but he had never actually given it to her and he had not even allowed her to retain possession of it while he was away from home, but had locked it in the hotel safe. In any case it should go to their joint creditors, and he wished it to go there and not to the possession of his wife.

The jury had evidently made up their minds during the hearing of the case, for they returned a verdict in favor of the husband without leaving the box and the judge refused to allow a stay of execution, remarking that it was a story of folly and extravagance.

The satisfaction to Mr. Bagley will be of the negative kind. He had made his fortune in business and had come to Europe to have a good time. It can hardly be supposed that his few months of wedded bliss were static enough to compensate for the complete loss of his money, the acquirement of heavy debts, and an action brought by an affectionate wife who was at that very moment in possession of \$50,000 that he had settled upon her and who had evidently spent his money just as fast as she could lay her hands upon it. Mr. Bagley may now have the gratification of returning to America in order to compile a fresh fortune, and he need not be afraid that he will be troubled by wifely intentions until he has done so.

It is an old story here in London, but it is usually some nobleman with blue blood instead of brains who

is the victim of designing stage beauties. That an American business man should thus be winged at the first shot is distinctly a novel feature, and if pretty Maggie May had only been a little less mercenary and a little less heartless there might be more sympathy for her than now exists. There are other actresses who have played their matrimonial cards equally successfully, and while some of them have failed to "live happily ever afterwards" there are others, many others, who have been model wives to aristocratic husbands and who have been slowly welcomed to a high life circle that they have learned to adorn.

LONDON, February 28, 1910.

PICCADILLY.

Dr. John F. Anderson of the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service has just announced the discovery of a new malady, prevalent in the Rocky Mountain region, which is said to be one of the most deadly diseases known to medical science, and is designated "tick fever." At first it was believed that the new disease was similar to the ordinary but usually fatal typhus fever, which kills thousands of persons every year in the United States. Later investigations, however, upset this theory, and in order to investigate the strange disease more fully, Dr. Anderson went to Mexico, in which country he spent much time studying typhus fever, that country being considered the most fertile breeding-ground for typhus, owing to poor sanitary conditions. After a thorough investigation, Dr. Anderson became convinced that typhus fever was altogether different from the new disease, and after exhaustive experiments with the bacilli of the recently discovered malady his belief was confirmed. In experiments with guinea-pigs an injection of blood drawn from patients suffering with typhus fever failed to produce the same conditions which prevailed in the animals when the bacilli of "tick fever" were injected. Similar inoculations of monkeys, rabbits, and rats produced identical results. These results were conclusive evidence of the dissimilarity of the two maladies. The new disease exists in a considerable number of cases in Montana, Nevada, Idaho, Oregon, and Wyoming. A strange thing about it is that it is found only at high altitudes, and does not prevail south of forty degrees or north of forty-seven degrees latitude. It is prevalent exclusively in the spring and early summer. The theory is that the disease is contracted through the bite of a tick which infests the horses and cattle on Western ranges. The crisis of the fever is reached about the twelfth day, with a temperature ranging at 106 degrees. A violent eruption of the skin is one of the certain symptoms. The mortality is fully 70 per cent. Now that the disease has been classified, search for a remedy has been instituted.

The majority of the centenarians have been poor people who led a very simple life. A few rich men, as Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to be 101, have reached a very high age, but they are very exceptional. In spite of the enormous difference in numbers of the rich and which makes comparison difficult, one may nevertheless affirm that wealth does not tend to promote a long life. Poverty carries with it sobriety, especially in old men, and it has been settled that sobriety tends to prolong life, and that most centenarians have been men of very sober habits. They have not all followed the example of the famous Cornaro, who ended by consuming only twelve ounces of solid nourishment and fourteen ounces of wine, and who in spite of his poor health lived to be 100 years old. A number of centenarians are known indeed to have been drunkards, as the surgeon Politman, who died 110 years old in 1795, and who "was in the habit of being drunk every night after spending the day performing difficult surgical operations." Another example is the Irishman Brown, who lived 120 years and who had the inscription placed on his tombstone that "he was always drunk, and while in this state looked so terrible that even death was afraid of him." From all this it is seen that when you are tempted to attribute long life to a certain factor you discover your mistake as soon as you look into a sufficient number of cases. It is, nevertheless, certain that a good constitution and simple habits promote long life, but there is besides these some mysterious hidden factor.

A most important archaeological discovery has recently been made at Taranto, the ancient Tarentum, the most flourishing city in Magna Grecia, where extensive excavations have been undertaken for the building of a large naval dock. Just outside the modern city and quite near the sea two wide ancient streets have been unearthed. These two streets have been found practically intact with pavements, sidewalks, and gutters admirably preserved, and on each side remains of houses have been discovered, besides traces of mosaics and porticoes which probably belonged to temples. The streets were undoubtedly the most important of Tarentum, as one connected the city with the harbor and the other with the seacoast, and their discovery is of great topographical value. Besides, the find is unprecedented, as well-preserved ancient streets are never discovered except at Pompeii, and even there they are more or less damaged.

A French scientist says the rays from incandescent lights are beneficial to human health, destroying bacteria, stimulating circulation and cellular activity, and reducing pain.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Anna Rogstad, the first woman member of the Storting, which is the lower house in the Norwegian Parliament, was a teacher in one of the primary grades of the public schools in Christiania when elected.

Herr Van Huytens of Amersfoort holds the unique post of scissors-grinder-in-ordinary to the court of Holland. He calls each day at the palace to sharpen the royal cutlery and has held this appointment for twenty-five years.

The new chief forester, Professor Henry S. Graves, was the director of the Yale Forestry School and has expressed himself as fully in sympathy with the programme of conservation. Like his predecessor, he studied forestry abroad.

Alfonso Zelaya, son of the deposed President of Nicaragua, has arrived in Washington from New York to make the capital city his permanent home. Young Zelaya is a musician, and his wife, who was Margaret Lee Baker, is a grand niece of General Robert E. Lee.

Mme. Katherine Breshkovska, who is popularly known as the "mother of the Russian revolution," is more than seventy years of age. She served twenty-three years as a hard labor convict and exile in Siberia and for two years has been confined in the fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, in St. Petersburg.

Mohammed Abdullah of Somaliland, the "Mad Mullah," is again on the warpath with his dervishes. The "Mad Mullah" has caused England no end of anxiety for years, defeating several of the commands sent against him. In 1905 he made an agreement with Great Britain and Italy to keep quiet, but those who know him best have always feared another outbreak.

Emil Pataud, who as head of the governing committee of the Paris Electricians' Syndicate twice plunged the city into darkness to enforce his demands, recently incurred the displeasure of his Socialist comrades by his acceptance of theatre tickets and his appearance at first nights among the fashionable world of Paris, and at an election a short time ago he lost his leadership.

Joseph Fels, who made millions as a manufacturer and now lives in Philadelphia and London and devotes \$50,000 a year to the single-tax propaganda here and in England, is lecturing in this country. Mr. Fels has had a large part in organizing single-tax sentiment, and he declares that the single tax will be a pressing issue in this country as well as in England from this time forth.

Dr. Jean M. Charcot, who said in an interview at Punta Arenas, Chile, that he had discovered land in the antarctic regions which he believed to be part of a continent, is returning from a trip which began with his sailing from Havre August 15, 1908. His vessel, the *Pourquoi Pas*, was specially fitted for scientific exploration and is reported to be laden with a rich collection of the vegetable and animal life of the antarctic world. Dr. Charcot commanded an expedition in 1904 that explored the west coast of West Antarctica with brilliant results. He has a fine corps of scientific assistants on his present voyage.

President Armand Fallières of the French Republic, who is reported to have resigned his office because of ill-health, the resignation to take effect May 15, after the general election, has been at the head of the republic since 1906. He and his wife are of simple tastes and habits of living, and frequently have displayed the thrift and prudence that mark the French middle classes. The president was born near Agen, in southern France, in 1841. He early settled at Nerac as a lawyer, and in 1880 became undersecretary of state, after which he held office as minister of the interior, minister of justice, minister of education, and prime minister, and eight terms president of the senate.

Lady Constance Lytton was the chief speaker recently at a meeting of the Women's Social and Political Union held at the Queen's Hall in London. She gave an account of her prison experiences, and how she got into prison without her identity being known. She merely cut her hair and parted it in front, removed the initials from her clothing, and put on glasses. When some articles which had been taken from her at the police station were handed to her she saw among them a handkerchief from which she had forgotten to remove her name. She thought that would betray her, but she simply threw the handkerchief into the fire, and the authorities were so little suspicious that they allowed her to do so. She was fed by force.

John W. Roache celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday recently. Mr. Roache, so far as is known, is the only survivor of the Seminole War, in which 20,000 soldiers took part. He is in fine health and as vigorous as he was thirty years ago. Mr. Roache had an exciting and perilous career in the Florida swamps. He served under Colonel Worth and was one of those who took a leading part in the capture of Co-a-Coo-bee, a famous Indian warrior chief in the Florida swamps in those days. His regiment went to Florida, marching from Palatka to Tampa, a distance of 130 miles. With his comrades in arms Mr. Roache spent two months in the Florida swamps, suffering untold hardships, and for three days going without a mouthful of food. With others he helped bury 106 of 108 whites who were slaughtered in Dade's massacre.



## DON FELIPE'S MARRIAGE.

By Bob Foote.

Sitting on the porch of his huge wooden mansion Don Felipe Waggoner and I involuntarily overlooked the movements of the two young people in the rose garden below. The ardent glances of the man, and the coquettishness with which the girl received them were not lost upon us. A frown passed over the Don's strong face, and he spoke openly to me from the fullness of his heart.

"I don't like it!" he exclaimed in his soft, almost effeminate voice. "In the old days this was the most democratic country on earth; we asked no man's record when he came to us, and in return it was an unwritten rule that he should ignore our daughters. We married among ourselves, and at least till marriage a man's life was as open a book as his pedigree."

The young man was my good friend, and as the Don had first spoken I frankly answered:

"But, amigo, Wilshire's pedigree will stand comparison with yours and quite likely his record also. Your own father, you remember, was a foreigner to the Californians, and I know of no wild oats that are worse than the crop you natives sow."

The German blood, for Don Felipe was but half Spanish, had tempered the warmer southern stock and the Don merely laughed at my sally.

"There is this difference between the races," he answered. "You sow your wild oats before marriage and we do not. No doubt the boy is honorable in his intentions toward Melisenda, and he is a fine fellow. It is simply my antagonism to the new. One thing only worries me; there must have been a girl 'back home' as you call it—one of those surprising American girls—and women do not soon forget a handsome man like Wilshire. Do you know if he was ever engaged for marriage there in the States?" In spite of the fact that he had been a loyal subject of "the States" all the days of his life, the Don never failed to thus refer to his sovereign power.

Five years of Teddy Wilshire's life I knew nothing of, but I answered as best I might. True, there occurred to me a picture that had not so long ago graced the boy's watch-case, but upon that I was silent.

"Never, to my knowledge, Felipe. And if so you have only to watch him now to see that he has safely forgotten."

Melisenda was reaching up to place a rose in her lover's hat and he had allowed one arm to encircle her waist. She was a plump little figure of good-natured loveliness and she jerked away and led him a merry chase about the garden.

"Aye, dark eyes will call a man from any vow, but women do not forget so easily," Felipe replied. "Come, it is four o'clock; let us ride over to the newest grove. If these Americans do not stop buying my grain land for orange orchards I shall be hard put to spend the money as fast as it comes in." Which was only a sly joke, for the thriftiness of the German had blended in him strangely with the indolence of the Spaniard, and Don Felipe Waggoner alone of the descendants of the original owners of the Fernando Valley possessed riches still.

It was the remembrance of the picture rather than Don Felipe's forebodings which led me to take the intending bridegroom to task.

"Of course I've had girls before," he protested, "but they did not really count."

Laughingly he showed me that there was no picture there, and then finally seeing that I was not thus to be put off, he said:

"She was only a girl I used to know back East. Mighty clever girl, too; could do most anything," he added in vindication of his previous choice.

"And now you are going to throw her down?" I chanced.

"Don't be so brutal in your language," he flared up. "She understands how it is; she has no more than I and I have no right to monopolize her and make her wait for me," he virtuously declared, and then, detecting a touch of amusement in my face, he went on, "A fellow gets tired of intellectuality as a steady diet. Melisenda is such a cute, lively little chunk a fellow can't help preferring her." There was a challenge in his eyes that restrained me when I would have asked him if Don Felipe's wealth had anything to do with his preference; and so we dropped the subject.

The wedding of the only child of Don Felipe Waggoner to Theodore Wilshire of Boston was such as befitted the daughter of the "King of Fernando Valley." And when the dancing was over and the young couple had departed I said to Felipe as I myself boarded a city-bound train:

"Now that you have an assistant manager right in the family, you must devote more time to your own pleasure. Come down and see me often."

Just what was Margaret Hall's reason for coming to California was to the family something of an enigma. She was a second cousin of whose very existence we had lived in ignorance till she appeared upon our horizon. But relationship, coupled with the fact that Margaret was a beautiful and dignified blonde, induced me to show her some attention and to see that my sisters made her a welcome house guest.

At first it seemed to me that Miss Hall entertained a feeling of distinct and ill-concealed boredom toward all the world, her Western cousins included. Only upon the subject of "Old California" did she display any

enthusiasm, and as beauty covers many sins I went out of my way frequently to gratify this one interest of hers. It was one day when I was about to start on a trip to the Fernando Valley that Sadie, my sister, said:

"Why not bring Don Felipe back with you and spring him on Margaret. He is an animated bit of 'Old California' that ought to amuse her."

In justice to Felipe be it said that important papers which must be executed, and not handsome ladies who must be amused, was the excuse which I used to toll him to the city.

Had Margaret been coached she could not have met the Don with a manner more calculated to catch his attention. Felipe was frankly critical of the "modern girl" as he called her; the trouble was that his gallant speeches were apt to disconcert her. But to his, "Señorita, this is indeed a grand surprise," Margaret merely bowed and replied,

"I thank you, señor."

It was all so different—he, the famous beau of other days to be thus coldly treated by a fair-haired American! I could see indignation wrestle with astonishment and determination finally win out.

While two days would have sufficed for the business I had improvised to bring him to the city, Don Felipe remained five and departed, after a wild course of automobile rides and theatres, with urgent invitations to us all to visit the Fernando Rancho.

"Melisenda is so anxious to meet more of her husband's country-women," he said, with a courtly bow to the ladies.

Margaret, at whom we instantly felt the invitation was directed, replied:

"It is kind of you to ask us, Don Felipe. I hope some day to visit your home, but fear it may not be for some time. But we hope you will not forget the way to the city."

Nor did he. Four times in the next three months the papers chronicled the presence in the city of Don Felipe Waggoner. Margaret maintained her half-distant, half-inviting, and wholly puzzling attitude till the last; certainly no girl ever appeared less to throw herself at a rich man or to conceal her own extravagant tastes less.

With his old-fashioned conservatism Don Felipe felt it wise to consult with his attorney regarding the wisdom of his second marriage.

"My only child is well married. I am a rich man and can afford to enjoy the balance of my life with less confining endeavor. Of course I shall have a town house, Margaret demands that, but Teddy can look after the ranch." It was almost as though he were anxious to justify himself to me.

"But she is years younger than you, scarcely older than your own daughter. She may lead you a merry pace," I objected.

"She is years older than Melisenda, in mental attitude at least. As to the merry pace, perhaps I am not such a 'dead one' myself." Musical comedy slang was having a sad effect on the purity of the Don's language.

"You know American women are extravagant." The streak of penury in Felipe's nature had always puzzled me and I felt the caution a wise one.

"Is Teddy Wilshire the man who is likely to preserve my fortune intact? That is why I have come to you. I have saved for my daughter, who has married a gringo, and I do not intend that that gringo shall enjoy all my wealth. I want you to arrange a trust fund which will give the Wilshires a comfortable income for life; I will also provide therein for their possible offspring. This is to be kept an absolute secret even from my future bride and beneficiaries." The figure he named was a generous one. "The rest," he went on, with a whimsical smile, "my own gringo bride and my Spanish self (eliminate for the moment the consideration of the Dutch in me) shall enjoy as we see fit."

But in spite of the laughing inference the Don probably little anticipated to what an extent they would "enjoy" the ample remainder of his worldly goods.

To give Dona Felipe Waggoner her due, it was the Wilshires who first precipitated hostilities by a refusal to attend the Don's wedding, which was solemnized in the city. Teddy honored me with a letter which one did not need to read between the lines to discover whom he considered responsible for the match. He "devoutly hoped Felipe would not let that woman make too big a fool of him." "That woman," in the light of the facts, was not as insulting a term as I at first construed it—I later learned Teddy, not having met her, did not even know his new mother-in-law's name till some time after the ceremony.

The honeymoon trip was taken in the magnificent automobile which had been Felipe's wedding gift to his bride and was in the opposite direction from the Fernando Rancho. When they returned to the city a few days were consumed in purchasing a town house. Then with my coldly observing self as guest the couple ran out to give the bride her first view of the ancestral Waggoner acres. On the road as we glided smoothly along, Margaret riding in the seat beside the chauffeur, her eyes a-sparkle and her fair hair blowing willfully out beneath her veil, the Don found opportunity to say to me: "You have no idea how fine it is to spend money without a second or calculating thought. I had not done so before since my glorious boyhood."

For the moment I quite envied him for having cut loose so completely from all his carefully prepared rules of life.

The Wilshires met us where we dismounted before the brick gateway of the rose garden. It was idle curiosity rather than premonition that caused me to watch Teddy so closely as he took his first look at the new Dona, but the start which he gave and the paleness that suddenly overspread his comely features must have attracted the others' attention. While "mother and son" shook hands cordially, I could not detect that Teddy let his eyes meet the lady's. This meeting puzzled me, and the one reason for a puzzle is that it may be solved. I tried my hand at it that afternoon. It suddenly occurred to me that Teddy and Margaret were from the same State, near the same city.

"Massachusetts is not such a large place; I've heard that every one around Boston knows every one else," I ventured to say to the young gentleman later in the day. Sometimes I allow my own personal consciousness of my shrewdness to show too plainly in my eyes. Apparently this was one of those occasions, for Teddy irascibly answered:

"Don't have such an egotistical idea of your own smartness! I was simply startled to see what a handsome creature she is. No wonder the Don is blowing in so much on her. How long do you calculate it will take him to get through the whole pile at the present rate?"

"Did you marry Melisenda for her money?" I brutally replied.

"Melisenda is the sweetest little woman that ever lived. I grow happier every day to think that I got her," and with this evasive answer he went away to join her.

That same evening Margaret looked across the huge living room at her son-in-law and his wife together at the piano and whispered to me:

"He is very much in love with her, isn't he?"

"I fear he has had considerable experience at being 'very much in love,'" I answered.

An elevation of her fine eyebrows was her only answer and voluntarily I went on:

"There used to be a picture in his watch-case; I never saw it at close range, but I've often seen him wistfully looking at it—before—you understand. I wonder where he keeps it now?"

"Do pictures in watch-cases signify much? Most men carry them—I have even sometimes suspected you of one," she replied, and my disclaimer turned the conversation into safer channels.

For three years the "merry pace" continued at an even livelier gait than I had dared to predict. While Margaret was invariably the sponsor for each new method of making the money fly (what Spanish-Californian ever thought of a steam yacht?) she had an assenting second in the Don. To an observer—an observer whose fee grew less as the estate diminished—it seemed that Dona Waggoner's only aim in life was to dissipate the heretofore carefully preserved fortune and certainly she was a fine shot at such a target.

It was a horse—the mount of his youth and not the automobile of his age—that dismounted Don Felipe from his journey through this vale of tears. He and I were at the ranch on a business trip and Margaret was in San Francisco. Felipe had had some word with his indignant son-in-law—that it concerned the rapid diminution of the Waggoner fortune I had no doubt—and had rushed out to the stables, saddled the most unmanageable colt there, and started on a wild ride from which he never returned alive. The quarrel must have been a very bitter one, for Teddy said as we carried the Don's lifeless body into the house of his nativity:

"I suppose there will be something left to bury him with."

There was quite a considerable "something" left, a I duly reported a few months later to the beautiful woman gowned so becomingly in black.

"Though less than half what it might have been it is probably twice what would have been left had the Don lived a few more years," I added reprovingly. "He was good to me. If I had a desire he was no happy till he had gratified it. And I tried to be good to him," she said.

"Undoubtedly you were. Don Felipe passed a happy youth, before the old Dutch Don died. And he was not happy again till you came into his life and taught him to throw the cloak of responsibility to the wind. Hereafter you can gratify your own desires with your own ample means."

"I never intended that he should leave me a cent, she answered, looking dully out across the dingy roof. "I wanted that we should spend it—spend it all. An he had provided for the Wilshires, before he married me?"

"Yes, though they knew nothing of it."

"I am glad they did not; I wanted to spend it all—their's as well as mine. They were afraid I was going to, Teddy was afraid, and he had many a bad hour over it, didn't he?"

"These last three years have been a hell on earth for him," I answered.

"I'm glad. For me they have been so gay I could not suffer—continuously. But oh! if I could only have spent every cent Felipe Waggoner ever had!"

"But why? Why did you wish to leave those young people as well as yourself penniless?"

She turned from her intent study of the city roof regarded me thoughtfully for a moment with a puzzling smile upon her lips, and then slowly answered:

"Because I was the original of that picture in Teddy Wilshire's watch-case."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1910.



## THE PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

The Master Builder of a Great Commonwealth Is Sketched in Some Vivid Pages.

When it becomes the duty of some future historian to chronicle the men of today, to appraise them as individuals and to measure up their accomplishments, Porfirio Diaz, President of the Republic of Mexico, will occupy a unique position. As a military leader he has disclosed a brilliancy of genius which places him among the great generals of history and as a statesman his unselfish patriotism has been crowned by the reclamation of a republic from chaos.

The wonderful career of this man can not fail to be of interest, and in his book, "Porfirio Diaz," José F. Godoy gives us an intimate picture of his life:

He lost his father at a very early age, and as his family, consisting of his mother and several brothers and sisters, was not in affluent circumstances, he had to assist with his labor in attending to their necessities, while he was at the same time acquiring his education.

He received his primary instruction in one of the municipal schools of his native city, and there he showed from the first a desire of obtaining knowledge and of taking part in all kinds of athletic sports.

Afterwards he entered the National and Pontifical Seminary of the city of Oaxaca, and remained there from 1845 until 1849. Although his mother first intended that he should become a priest, she yielded to his desires, so that he pursued the studies then required to qualify a student for a lawyer's career. It is said that he was always found in the front rank of the best scholars of the seminary.

At that time a student had, in order to attain a degree, to meet great expense, and was obliged to contribute to the outlay necessary for the public exercises to be held in the institution. The pecuniary circumstances of Porfirio Diaz revolted him from meeting such expenses, and he therefore decided to forego the attainment of a degree.

While pursuing his studies, the invasion of the national territory by the American troops occurred, and young Porfirio Diaz, with other fellow-students offered his services to the then governor of the State of Oaxaca. The governor accepted their patriotic offer, but did not require the young students to go into the battlefield.

It was in 1849 that he entered the Institute of Sciences and Arts of his native State, in order to complete his law studies. In all his classes he showed a desire to master the intricacies of that science and to give heed to the advice and teachings of his professors, one of whom was the renowned Benito Juarez.

While Diaz was a student at the Institute of Sciences and Arts, Mexico was in the throes of a conflict between the Liberals and Conservatives, and we find him taking such an active part among the Liberals that orders were issued for his arrest by the Conservative forces, which happened to be in power. He, however, sought his way through his assailants and joined the liberals in December, 1854. The author says:

The contest between the Liberals and Conservatives, which is known in Mexican history as the "War of Reform," was then carried on with great fierceness, bringing about much bloodshed and suffering. Porfirio Diaz from the first took a most prominent part in that struggle, and in December, 1855, he was appointed subprefect of the district of Ixtlan in his native State. As such he reorganized the public administration of that district, and raised troops to oppose the Conservative forces, which, under the command of the prefect of the department, were sent to crush him. Speaking of that period of his life, the president himself has said: "In my youth stern experience taught me many things. When I commanded two companies of soldiers, there was a time when for six months I had neither advice, instructions, nor support from my government. I had think for myself. I had to be the government myself."

It was then that Porfirio Diaz for the first time showed, in a limited degree, his great qualifications as a military leader and as a public official.

It would take too long to describe the vicissitudes of the campaign in which he took part. It is sufficient to say that in all the various encounters with his opponents he showed great military skill, unflinching courage, as well as commendable humanity towards his enemies. While defeating a large body of the Conservatives on the 13th of August, 1857, he was severely wounded, but as soon as he was able to be on his feet again, and even before he had fully recovered, he entered the field and fought bravely against the enemy.

Finally in January, 1858, the power of the Conservatives in the State of Oaxaca was thoroughly crushed, for the time being, and the capital was taken by the Liberal forces, among them the troops led by Porfirio Diaz took a most prominent part. He had not yet been entirely cured, but insisted on leading his soldiers to the assault. Afterwards he was placed at the head of affairs in the district of Tehuantepec and joined in the pursuit of the Conservatives who had not surrendered: they were met at Jalapa, near the capital of the district, and were routed.

After the Liberals had triumphed and peace once more prevailed in Mexico we find Porfirio Diaz still active and still occupying a distinguished place in contemporary affairs. Having achieved fame as a soldier, he straightway set about acquiring equal fame as a statesman, but when France interfered in the affairs of Mexico we find him resuming his military life. This he serves to call attention to the most striking portion of his career as a soldier, and his hairbreadth escapes parallel the adventures of Dumas's Gascon, captured by Field Marshal Bazaine and thrown into a dungeon, Diaz spent several months in digging a tunnel toward freedom, but discovery rendered his attempt of no avail, and he was transferred to another place of confinement, where he was guarded with doubled vigilance. Eventually he escaped, creeping out of a window along perilous gutters, and the author notes for us Diaz's own account of the exploit:

I had to cross two sides of the courtyard, and this I did to do carefully, in order to make no noise while stepping on the loose pieces of tile and glass which were scattered over the roof. While I was doing this, the lightning at times brightened the sky, making it possible that my presence would be revealed.

Finally I came to that portion of the wall where the sentinel, standing on the church parapet, could no longer see me, unless he looked down very low. I continued walking erect and slowly, trying to find out if any alarm had been issued. It was then that I encountered the greatest danger,

for the masonry sloped and was very slippery, especially after the heavy rains that had fallen. In fact once my feet slipped, and I was carried along towards some window panes, which could have offered little resistance to my weight; but fortunately I did not fall.

In order to reach the roof on San Roque Street, where I wished to descend, I had to go over to the side of the convent where the chaplain resided. This chaplain some time before had denounced several political prisoners who, while trying to escape, had cut their way through his rooms, and owing to his evidence they were taken out and shot soon afterwards.

I came to the roof of the chaplain's residence almost out of breath. Just then a young man, who resided there, opened the street door and entered; he seemed to have come from the theatre, for he was humming a lively tune. He went into his room, and then came out with a lighted candle and started to walk in the direction where I was. I hid while he was passing, and fortunately he did not see me; finally he went again into the house. All this probably took a few minutes, but those minutes seemed to me hours. When it appeared to me that he had been in his room some time, and had gone to bed and perhaps was sleeping, I stealthily went along the roof opposite to the place where I had ascended, and finally reached the San Roque corner.

There was at that corner of the roof a stone statue of Saint Vincent Ferrer, and it had been my intention to secure my ropes around it, but unluckily when I touched the statue it seemed about to fall. Although I imagined that it might have an iron support to make it stand erect I thought it safer to secure the ropes around the base of its pedestal, which formed the corner of the building and appeared to be strong enough to bear my weight.

Fearing that if I went down directly at the corner of the street I might be seen by some passer-by, I decided to descend by the side of the house which was further from the main street, thereby having the advantage of being in the shadow. Unfortunately, when I got to the second story, my foot slipped from the side wall, and I fell quite a distance into a pigsty in a garden. My dagger dropped from my belt and fell among the pigs, and when I stumbled over them they set up a terrible squealing, as perhaps one of them had been wounded. This circumstance might have led to my discovery if anybody had been aroused by the noise they made. I concealed myself again as soon as I got up, but had to wait until the squealing had subsided, before venturing out of the garden. I went over a low fence and reached the street, but had to beat a hasty retreat, as a policeman was just passing by in his round, to see whether the doors of the houses were properly fastened. Much to my relief he went away, and then perspiring and nearly exhausted with fatigue, I hastened to a house where I knew I would find my horse, a servant, and a guide.

Having arrived safely there, we three loaded our pistols, jumped on our saddles, and after avoiding a mounted patrol which was passing by, we went to the outskirts of the city. I was nearly sure that we would be stopped at the city gates by the sentinels, and it was my intention to fight my way out. However, we found the gate open, the guard seemed to be asleep or away, so that we went through at full trot, and then galloped along the road.

Having regained his freedom, Diaz at once set to work to raise an army, and so much of success attended his efforts that he soon had sufficient force to front the enemy. Then in 1866 followed the brilliant victories he obtained at Nochistlan, on September 23, at Miahuatlan, on the 3d of October, and at La Carbonera on the 18th of the same month; the latter being such a well-earned and glorious triumph over the enemy that General Diaz was often styled the hero of La Carbonera. That he was active in military affairs the fact that he took part in forty-four sieges and battles is ample proof, and we may let the author relate some of his military triumphs:

During the month of December he defeated the enemy in different localities near Tehuantepec, and then he prepared his forces for the onslaughts on the so-called empire, which were to take place at the cities of Puebla and Mexico, while the final and last act of the tragedy of the French intervention in Mexico was being enacted at the city of Queretaro, and terminated with the execution of Maximilian and his two generals, Miramon and Mejia, at the Campanas hill near that city.

We do not wish to use language that might be considered exaggerated in any degree, but the taking of the city of Puebla by General Diaz on April 2, 1867, must ever remain one of the most brilliant pages in Mexican history.

Two circumstances render the surrender of Puebla at that time as most remarkable and interesting. In all other instances when that city had been besieged, it had fallen into the hands of the victors after incessant and daily combats, lasting through weeks and months, but in this case Puebla, after a few days of siege operations, was taken by the energetic and vigorous onslaught of the Mexican patriots led by their leader General Diaz, and a few hours of bloody struggle brought about the unconditional surrender of the garrison. The other circumstance to which we may refer is that, although the Imperialists about the time when the taking of Puebla occurred had cruelly shot many of the prisoners who had fallen into their hands in various encounters, General Diaz, with his customary humanity and magnanimity, spared the lives of all those who surrendered.

Without loss of time he gathered his forces and fell like a thunderbolt on the hosts of the enemy. He thoroughly routed his opponents, who were under the command of General Leonardo Marquez, at San Lorenzo, on the 10th of the same month, April, 1867.

Immediately he marched on towards the City of Mexico, to which he laid siege. At first he had not sufficient forces to thoroughly establish the field operations and surround the capital; but gradually fresh troops came, and with the guns and ammunition captured at Puebla and San Lorenzo, he was able to prevent any successful sortie from the capital. The capture of Maximilian and his generals at Queretaro on May 15 became known to the besieged and proved most disheartening news. Still General Marquez would not surrender, and on the morning of June 9 he tried to cut his way through the lines of the besiegers, but General Diaz, ever watchful, thwarted his purpose.

Finally the city capitulated. The siege had lasted from the 12th of April till the 21st of June, 1867.

Even after the defeat of the French and the restoration of the republic, Mexico was a hotbed of plot and counterplot, and in the centre of the stage Diaz was always to be found, fighting for the establishment of a stable government with many ups and downs. Dwelling upon this portion of his history, the author tells of another hairbreadth escape:

At one time President Diaz left the country and went over to the United States, and after having been in New York and other cities, embarked at New Orleans for Vera Cruz. During that trip one of his many hairbreadth escapes occurred. He entered the steamer in disguise, because the ports

of Vera Cruz and Tampico, for which it was bound, were in the hands of the partisans of Lerdo de Tejada. While at the latter port some government troops took passage for Vera Cruz. Several of the officers recognized him, and began to watch him closely. He therefore decided to elude their vigilance and threw himself overboard, providing himself with a dagger as a defense against sharks. His escape became known, and thereupon boats were lowered and started in his pursuit. He swam with great skill, but the boats at last gained on him and he was captured. When taken on board he was well-nigh exhausted. Thereupon the officer commanding the government troops attempted to court-martial him on the spot, but the ship's captain would not consent to this inhuman and arbitrary proceeding, and merely permitted that he should be held a prisoner until the steamer's arrival at Vera Cruz, there to be delivered to the authorities of that port. A close watch was set upon him, but during the next night, which was very dark, and while a storm was threatening, he left his cabin unperceived, and sought refuge in the office of Mr. A. K. Coney, the purser, who had befriended him.

Thereupon he threw a life preserver into the sea, and this led the government officers to believe that he had again jumped overboard. A fruitless search in boats then ensued, while he hid in the locker or warboe of the purser's cabin. There he had to endure great suffering, having to remain crouched and not being able to sit down. He even experienced the immediate fear of being discovered, as on more than one occasion Lerdo's officers entered the purser's cabin, stayed conversing there, and even played cards. His self-imprisonment lasted several days, during which time he lived on some crackers and water, which the purser gave him from time to time.

At last Vera Cruz was reached, but there he was still in great danger, as the city was in the hands of the government forces. Fortunately one of the friends of Porfirio Diaz was able to smuggle a disguise for him on board, and in that costume he contrived to leave the ship's side in a rowboat, which landed him far from the city, where some of his followers awaited his arrival.

After a civil and military career as romantic as that of any of the great heroes of fiction, Diaz was chosen to rule the country which he had helped build into a world-power, and to show his enormous capacity for work we will let the author tell us how this eighty-year-old statesman disposes of his time:

He generally rises at six o'clock in the morning, and after his bath he takes a slight repast, and is ready for work. He then devotes one or two hours to his private correspondence and to the reading of the press, sometimes noting with pencil some of its most striking passages.

All the winter and spring he remains in the City of Mexico at his private residence in Cadena Street, while he spends the summer at Chapultepec Castle, although then he comes down to the city regularly on the days set aside for public receptions or for any private or public functions at which he may have to be present.

When in the city he is usually at the palace at nine o'clock, and at that hour either there or at Chapultepec he attends to his private correspondence with his efficient private secretary, Mr. Rafael Chousal, whose many years of constant service at the side of the president peculiarly fit him for the prompt dispatch of his correspondence. At ten or half-past ten o'clock he begins to confer with his ministers, each one of whom has separate days of the week to meet the president for the resolution of public matters entrusted to the appropriate department, although he usually receives daily for such purpose the secretaries of finance and war.

At about half-past one in the afternoon he returns as a general rule to his private residence on Cadena Street, and takes lunch with his wife and some members of his family, and afterwards enjoys a slight rest.

He returns to the national palace at four o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, to receive all persons with whom he may have a special appointment, and whose names have been inscribed in a register. From the list thus made he selects the names of those whom he is able to receive according to the time that he may have at his disposal. He does this also when residing at Chapultepec Castle.

It is sometimes eight and even nine o'clock when his task of receiving visitors is terminated, and then he returns to his home, and after supper, when not going to the theatre or to fill some other engagement, he converses with his family and receives a few friends who perhaps may bring some public matter to his attention.

On the afternoons when he does not receive the public he visits some public establishment or attends to some other matter of importance.

He usually devotes Sunday afternoons to visiting his intimate friends.

In concluding the author quotes from an interesting work of the late Mexican ambassador, Matias Romero, published ten years ago. The extract chosen shows that there has been under Diaz a steady national advance and that in building for the present he has also looked toward the future, has tried to fashion a governmental fabric that will endure. The author quotes:

Mexico for nearly twenty years [now thirty years] has been free from political disturbances and enjoying all the advantages of a permanent peace. Those who took part in former revolutions have either died off, disappeared, or are now interested in the maintenance of peace, because they are thriving in consequence of the development of the country. Even in case President Diaz's guidance should fail Mexico, I am sure peace would still be preserved, because there are very strong reasons in its favor. Railways and telegraphs are great preservers of peace. In case of insurrection it was not long ago that it took months before the government could reach the insurgents, and in the meantime they could organize and fortify themselves and make considerable headway before they were confronted by an enemy. Now the government can send troops at once to quell an insurrection. Peace in Mexico is as assured as it is in any other country, and life and property are as safe there as anywhere else. Public opinion seems to share this view, and capital, especially foreign capital, which is so conservative and timid, is now freely invested in Mexican enterprises.

The book is frankly a biography, but dealing with such a man as Porfirio Diaz it can not help but entertain as well as instruct. In an appendix the battles in which he participated are given to prove his military worth, while nearly two hundred pages are devoted to giving the opinions of the greatest men of our times relative to him. A second appendix relates the recent meeting of Presidents Taft and Diaz and gives the author an opportunity to prophesy perpetual friendship between Mexico and the United States. The book is one that is well worth reading and that will grow in value with passing time.

"Porfirio Diaz," by José F. Godoy. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$2.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Spirit of America*, by Henry Van Dyke. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

To read this light and lively book with understanding it is necessary to remember that it is made up of lectures delivered to audiences of Frenchmen in Paris and in other parts of France. Therefore it deals with matters that to the average American are commonplace, but there will be none the less pleasure in noting the method followed by a cultured and informed mind in an effort to explain to foreigners the phenomena of national life and their conformity with national ideals. The Parisian knows of America through the American tourist, who, because he is a tourist, is unrepresentative. A feeling of irresponsibility comes with travel, a loosening of the tongue, a breaking away from reserve and convention. The traveler must be interpreted by a sympathetic tongue. He must be pictured, not as he is abroad, but as he is at home.

It is easy to understand the interest that these lectures aroused. To a great extent Europe feeds upon what the author calls the "postal-card view of America." It deals in aphorisms and in generalizations of a dozen or so words, and when it reads a cabled report of a lynching or a riot it comprehends the whole American nation in its judgments. Dr. Van Dyke tries to show his auditors that there is an American ideal and that some of the wide tolerances of American life that seem to be scandals, and even that are scandals, are due to an unwillingness to depart from standards that have been chosen carefully and that are not lightly to be cast aside because of their ugly excrescences.

But the author's task is not wholly defensive. When he finds phenomena that are not consonant with ideals he says so. The treatment of the colored races, for example, is not consonant with the ideal of fair play which Dr. Van Dyke would place close to the foundations of the American character, but then he suggests that consistency as a virtue may be over-praised, and it is conditions and not theories that must be faced. The author is less concerned that Frenchmen should admire Americans as that they should understand them. Admiration and esteem in due measure must follow comprehension, and a recognition of vast problems, of successes, of failures, and of mistakes is the best possible basis for international sympathy.

*Shell Fish Industries*, by James L. Kellogg. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$1.75.

The author somewhat pats himself on the back for his courage in writing a book designed for three classes of readers, for those who eat shell fish, for those who are interested in their culture, and for those who study them from the scientific point of view. Riding three horses in the circus ring is, he thinks, a light and easy task in comparison.

All the world and his wife are interested in shell fish, and especially in oysters, and so the larger part of the book is devoted to the oyster, and with a very satisfactory division of interest between the three classes mentioned. Professor Kellogg uses no technicalities and writes always within the comprehension of the layman. He seems to tell us everything that is known about shell fish, their growth and culture, their varieties, their value as food, and the dangers supposed to be associated with them. Some few superstitions, too, he pleasantly knocks on the head, as, for example, the theory that oysters go "out of season" at any other command than that of fashion. Nothing is more irritating than the conscious superiority of the oyster expert who pretends to a taste more discriminating than that enjoyed by lesser mortals, and so the author remarks that "it is always interesting to hear comments on the fine flavor of the oysters, when canned 'New York Counts' or oysters of a similar brand are served on shells saved for the purpose," and while he by no means maintains that all oysters taste alike he delicately suggests that there is a good deal of innocent humbug upon the point.

A valuable chapter is that upon disease germs in shell fish, and while the author by no means minimizes the danger he points out usefully that the healthy body is largely immune to such attacks. A structure of divine carelessness reared upon a basis of common-sense precaution may well be the rule of life toward the disease germ.

*The Comfort of the Hills*, by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., LL. D. Published by the Century Company, New York.

No one is likely to become a malefactor of great wealth through the writing of poetry. Dr. Mitchell is obliging enough to lift the veil of poet's profits and to tell us that his first six volumes of verse averaged a sale of about fifty copies each. Of another volume, published at his own expense in London, eighteen copies were sold during the first year and none since, but Dr. Mitchell shows no curiosity as to who bought the eighteen

copies. And now after these tribulations the author has found a publisher who will take the risk, so that if literary appreciation has faded from the earth courage at least still remains.

But there ought to be a demand for these poems, handicapped though they are by their purity and exalted motive. They are not only faultless in workmanship, but they show a delicate fancy and an enviable ease in communicating a visualized imagery. The best of them all is "The Comfort of the Hills," from which the volume takes its name. A few lines may help to show its calibre:

Among the hills I know a dreaming lake  
No wind disturbs, and drowsily it seems  
The pictured stillness to itself to take.

All day it sleeps, and then at evening dreams  
Brown twilight shadows—till it dreams at dark  
A silver dream, the pale moon's crescent bark.

Also notable is "The Pure in Heart," while the lesser fragments are nearly always worth while.

*The Song of Songs*, by Hermann Sudermann, translated by Thomas Seltzer. Published by B. W. Huebsch, New York; \$1.40.

It is hard to see what good purpose is served by the publication of such a novel in America. The career of a prostitute is not editing reading, although it may be tolerated in the elucidation of a moral law, but here we have nothing but a story of debauchery, told with unpardonable grossness, suggestive of neither penalties nor penitence, and with no redeeming feature but a literary fluency.

"The Song of Songs" is a biography of Lily Czepek, a young girl who is reared in poverty, who marries a wealthy and infamous old soldier, betrays him through sheer wantonness, and is divorced. Then follows a succession of lovers, and with each one comes a recognition that another step has been taken toward the dreaded goal of promiscuity. If Lily had any real moral sense we might recognize a human tragedy instead of a new version of the rake's progress, but she has none. What the author wishes us to understand as a moral sense is no more than a certain animal coyness, and even that disappears under habitual debauchery. Lily is, in fact, no more than a beautiful young animal, and when we get rid of her at the end of six hundred pages we can hardly even wish her well.

*The New June*, by Henry Newbolt. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

The historical novel has fallen somewhat into ill-lavor, perhaps because so few writers nowadays will take the trouble to study a background that has grown dim, and sometimes uninteresting, with age. Then, too, the dialogue is a problem usually compromised by a sort of bastard language that is neither ancient nor modern. In "The New June" Mr. Newbolt very sensibly tells his story in the language of today, and such incongruity as exists is very seldom apparent. The story is of Richard III of England, and it ends with the deposition of that King by Henry of Lancaster. We may take the author at his word when he says that the history of England has nowhere been tampered with and that the heraldry and genealogy are strictly correct. Perhaps those points are of lesser importance from the popular point of view than the romantic interest of the incidents related. These are all as they should be, from the great tournament with which the story opens to the sound of wedding bells to which the curtain falls.

*One Day and Another*, by E. V. Lucas. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

Mr. Lucas well expresses the purport of his essays by the introductory motto—"The book of life has wide margins; lend me a pencil." He gives us twenty-six of his marginal pencillings with no thread of connection between them except a ruminative humor that never goes in search of a subject, but waits tranquilly for it to happen along. Mr. Lucas can find a surprising amount of philosophy in small things, and naturally enough, seeing that the only really great things are the small ones. Nothing is too insignificant for the play of Mr. Lucas's fancy or for the gilt edging of his humor.

*The Wistful Years*, by Roy Rolfe Gilson. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.50.

It is well that the ideal love story of ideal young people should be sketched for us sometimes, even though we may wonder where such romances are now to be found. "The Wistful Years" can hardly be called a novel. It is just an idyll of a girl and a boy who played together as children and so grew gradually into the larger life. It is very tenderly told and with much poetic imagery.

*Carlotta's Intended*, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.25.

This is a well-told story of a one-legged Irish cobbler who is also a gentleman and a hero. Pat Rooney lives with the family of a dago fruit-seller and learns to worship little

Carlotta, whom he calls "me swateheart" and "me intinded." And Carlotta reciprocates when she grows up, although Pat is twice her age and is willing enough to take him at his word. The match is so obviously unsuitable that we hope the kindly fates will benevolently interfere, and this because we think so highly of both Pat and Carlotta. And sure enough the fates do interfere and Carlotta finds a mate more of her own age and temperament, but she never forgets her staunch Irish friend, nor will the reader forget the chivalry and the honor of Pat Rooney.

*Dorrien Carfax*, by Nowell Griffith. Published by the John McBride Company, New York.

This is the story of a young man who is born in a Canadian shack, who manages to get a college education in England, becomes a tutor, falls in love with a wealthy girl, and finally clears up the mystery of his birth and the identity of his father, who died of drink and other things in the first chapter. The plot is not without its merits, but the story would be much improved by a direct telling and without the cynical vein that is either immature or else a weak imitation of Thackeray.

## New Publications.

"Echoes of Naples" is a collection of thirty Neapolitan songs, edited by Mario Favilli and published by the Oliver Ditson Company, Boston. Price, \$1.25.

"Our Rich Inheritance," by James Freeman Jenness, has been added to the What Is Worth While series, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. Price, 30 cents.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published an edition of "Lamb's Selected Essays of Elia," edited by John F. Genung. The price is 40 cents.

From the Government Printing Office at Washington comes the "Annual Report of the Librarian of Congress" and the "Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds."

Sherman, French & Co., Boston, have published "A Married Priest," by Albert Houtin, translated from the French by John Richard Slattery. It is the story of the Abbé Charles Perraud, who married Mme. Duval and yet maintained his official standing. By canon and French law the union was not, of course, a marriage, although the parties regarded their union as wedlock. The story is inter-

estingly told, although it leaves us with a certain sense of bewilderment as to the attitude of the church and the actual status of the abbé.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, have published "Stories of American Discoverers for Little Americans," by Rose Lucia. Price, 40 cents.

"The Death of Maid McCrea," by O. C. Auringer, a poem in blank verse, has been published by Richard G. Badger, Boston. The volume contains also "The Lover's Tragedy." The price is \$1.

Newsom & Co., New York, have published a brief but useful description of "Panama and the Canal," by Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester. It is freely illustrated and seems well adapted to school use.

The Oliver Ditson Company, Boston, have published a collection of "Old Time Songs," containing twenty popular selections that are old and yet as young as they ever were. The price is 50 cents.

"Anthonie and Cleopatra" has been added to the First Folio Shakespeare, published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. The edition is edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke and gives the text in its original spelling and punctuation.

All readers of London *Truth* are admirers of the contributions of "Marmaduke" and will be glad to know that a selection from them has been published by Brentano's, New York, under the title of "The Maxims of Marmaduke." The author is Charles Edward Jerminham.

"A-Roving He Would Go," by Milton Reed is a record of two extensive tours through Asia and Europe undertaken by the author in 1908 and 1909. Many of the chapters were originally contributed to a local newspaper and the author believes that they will now be welcomed in their expanded form. The publishers are Sherman, French & Co., Boston, and the price is \$1.25.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Anarchy in Central America.

*Central America and Its Problems*, by Frederick Palmer. Published by Moffat, Yard & Co., New York; \$2.50.

Books about countries are apt to be insupportably dull unless the author's point of view happens to agree with our own. Imagine, for instance, the kind of work that Mr. W. D. Howells would produce about Central America and how we should follow him in a merry dance over the flowery meadows with never a suspicion of either problems or tragedies.

But Mr. Palmer is of another calibre. The surface of things, the daisies in the grass, the foam fleck on the wave are good enough in their way, but with him for a guide we are likely to reach the heart of things. When he undertook the tour upon which this book is based he was told by foreign residents that it was useless to speak the truth, as he would not be believed. But our powers of credence of things South American have grown a good deal lately, and we are no longer in the mood to believe that a republican form of government or the pretense of it is in any way a guaranty of ideal political conditions.

Mr. Palmer traveled across the Rio Grande, through Mexico, Guatemala, Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Panama. It was a long journey, and he might have given to it much more than a modest 340 pages and without losing the attention of his readers. He shows a fine facility in snatching at the real mainspring of current affairs and in showing us the existing present as it has come from the lap of the past. He knows, too, how to illuminate a situation by an anecdote or a scrap of colloquy, and this gives to his pages a vivacity that tempts even the most light-minded to persevere. Speaking generally of the orgy of misrule that he encountered, he says that "the opera bouffe perspective was blotted out by the tragedy of proximity," and that barbarities exist worse than those which have excited our indignation in Russia and Turkey, "and for these the United States is responsible."

Mr. Palmer may be left to tell his own story of experiences, and it may be received with as much confidence as admiration. It is with his summaries and conclusions that we are chiefly concerned. Speaking of the average reports of South American progress that are circulated through the United States, Mr. Palmer says that these show no more than a desire to be in style. The assurance that education is compulsory is no more than a desire to be polite. "If you were equally polite you would say out of compliment to the customs of his country that Mr. Taft had secretly had Mr. Bryan tied up by the thumbs and made him confess he was still for free silver at heart."

It is largely to the Monroe Doctrine that Mr. Palmer attributes the iniquities of the South American republics. Rapine, murder, and degeneration "could not exist but for our position." The Doctrine has inclosed a field where friends "may play their bloody game free from interruption." Our choice of representatives has played directly into the hands of the tyrants. "Morally diseased and mentally defunct politicians" are hustled out of the way to South American embassies, there to continue the methods learned in the home school. If a good man by chance finds his way there his energy will be complained of and the State Department will caution him against aggressiveness. It is an ugly picture of violence, tyranny, and fraud, but since it exists under the American mantle it is as well that we should see it, and Mr. Palmer is to be congratulated upon the skill of its portrayal.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The eightieth birthday anniversary of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell fell on February 15, and the date was celebrated by the publication of Dr. Mitchell's new hook of verse, entitled "The Comfort of the Hills."

Dr. Jean Charcot, the leader of the French expedition to Antarctica, though he did not get to the South Pole, has made a substantial contribution to our knowledge of the circum-polar continent. An amusing error has crept into the translation of Dr. Charcot's account of his journey. He is made to say that he thinks the results of his journey compare very favorably with the explorations of Shackleton, Peary, and Dr. Cook. What he really said, according to the original French text of the dispatch from Mexico, was "captain" and not "doctor."

The history of Mlle. Yvette Guilbert's career is told in a volume by herself and Mr. Harold Simpson, soon to be published. Quite notable, almost romantic, is the story of how she climbed over innumerable obstacles to the unique position which she now holds on the stage.

Richard Watson Gilder had a dry wit of his own. He once received a call from a young woman who wished to secure material for an article of 3000 words on "Young Women in Literature." "It was a fetching subject, full of meat," explained the young woman afterward, "and I saw not only 3000 words in the story, but at least 6000. But I

never got any further than the first question. Mr. Gilder's answer took the very life out of me. I asked him: 'Now, Mr. Gilder, what would you say was the first, the chief, the all-essential requisite for a young woman entering the literary field?' I waited with bated breath, when he answered: 'Postage stamps.'"

Doubleday, Page & Co. are now the publishers of *Short Stories*, the monthly magazine of fiction.

An important literary find lately made at Rome in the Vatican library is a poem by Charlemagne which Cardinal Rampolla has brought to light. It is an elegy in Latin distichs written in memory of the great ruler's son, and is considered quite as important as Charlemagne's epitaph on Pope Stephen.

At Messrs. Sotheby's, in London, recently, a number of books dealing with America were sold, most of them being from the library of Christopher Marshall, "the fighting Quaker" of Philadelphia, who took a prominent part in the cause of American independence, and who, owing to his militant tactics, was excluded from the Society of Friends.

Lieutenant Sir Ernest H. Shackleton, the South Pole explorer, comes to this country about March 25 for a lecture tour, followed by a hunting trip in Alaska.

Hamlin Garland has delivered the manuscript of a new novel into the hands of his publishers, Messrs. Harper & Brothers, who will bring it out probably within a month. It will be a tale of the mountain West.

Sir W. S. Gilbert is understood to make an income of \$60,000 a year out of the Savoy operas. In this connection it is interesting to note that Sir W. S. Gilbert, Mr. J. M. Barrie, and Sir Arthur Pinero make more money than any other British dramatists. Mr. Barrie is reputed to have made \$240,000 out of "The Little Minister" alone, and to be making \$2000 a week out of "Peter Pan." Monsieur Rostand, the author of "Cyrano," is said to have made \$1,500,000 out of one play.

George Cary Eggleston, the author, was born at Vevay, Indiana, 1839, practiced law in Virginia; served in the Confederate army, was literary editor of the New York *Evening Post* for six years, editor of the *Commercial Advertiser* (now the *Globe*), and for eleven years editorial writer for the *World*.

Acting on a suggestion by Dean Kelly of St. Peter's, Athlone, the Westmeath County Council has decided to preserve the old home of Oliver Goldsmith at Lissoy from further decay. "Opposite its gate," the dean wrote, "is the ancient fort of Liss, of which Goldsmith wrote to his brother-in-law, Daniel Hodson: 'I had rather be placed in the little mount before Lissoy gate and there take in to me the most pleasing horizon in nature.' The capacious fireplace around which sat the groups depicted in the 'Vicar of Wakefield' and the 'Deserted Village' is gone. The ruin is now a mere shell, and a zinc-roofed shed has been erected within it."

- New Books Received.
- "A Fool There Was," by Porter Emerson Browne. H. K. Fly Co.
  - "A Message to the Well," by Horatio W. Dresser. Ph. D. Putnam's.
  - "Inclosed Territory," by Edgar Beecher Bronson. McClurg.
  - "Indian Dust," by Otto Rothfeld. John Lane.
  - "Indoor Gardening," by Ehen E. Rexford. Lippincott.
  - "John the Unafraid," McClurg.
  - "Maida's Little Shop," by Inez Haynes Gillmore. Huebsch.
  - "Manet and the French Impressionists," by Theodore Duret. Lippincott.
  - "Over the Quick-Sands," by Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown.
  - "Panama and the Canal," by Alfred B. Hall and Clarence L. Chester. Newson.
  - "Pepita Jimenez," by Juan Valera. Amer. Book Co.
  - "Porfirio Diaz," by Jose F. Godoy. Putnam's.
  - "Stories of American Discoverers for Little Americans," by Rose Lucia. Amer. Book Co.
  - "The Beauty," by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Bobbs-Merrill.
  - "The Climax," by George C. Jenks. H. K. Fly Co.
  - "The Danger Trail," by James Oliver Curwood. Bobbs-Merrill.
  - "The Education of the Child," by Ellen Key. Putnam's.
  - "The Message of Song," by William Gray Maxwell. Lippincott.
  - "The Snare of Circumstance," by Edith E. Buckley. Little, Brown.



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Help me to love  
With all the joy of springtime just begun;  
With all the warmth of shadeless summer sun;  
With all the glory of the autumn's glow;  
With all the purity of winter's snow.  
—Margaret Carolyn, in *Smart Set*.

The Clue.

Life is a clearing in a wood  
Where stays, mid-flight, the Soul—a thrush—  
Bathes in the beam and finds it good,  
Peoples with song the solitude,  
Then, singing, dares the dark, the hush.  
—William Roscoe Thayer, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

At Rest.

"Che Faro Senza Eurydice."



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# "CHANTECLER."

From the French of Francis Chevasu in the Paris "Figaro."

For any other than the illustrious poet of "Cyrano" and "L'Aiglon," it would have been a formidable test to meet the curiosity and expectations which his new play has aroused, and never did a dramatic author on the night of a first performance wage war under more trying circumstances.

Mr. Edmond Rostand won the battle magnificently. When the curtain of the Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin was lowered upon the fourth act of his exquisite and powerful work the victory assumed the proportions of a triumph.

"Chantecler" ended in the radiance of an apotheosis, and the "Cocorico" of Mr. Guity caused once more the sun to rise.

In "Chantecler" we find again the exceptional gifts which constitute the theatrical genius of Mr. Edmond Rostand: the sparkling lyricism and fascinating boldness, the prodigious verbal invention, the heroic fantasy which through Hugo joins Corneille and even Georges de Scudery. Thus the magician who twelve years ago dispelled the Norwegian mist from our stage, giving us instead a work of light and beauty—"Cyrano"—and restored the prestige of the drama in verse is now continuing the national tradition. He is French and Gallic, like the rooster which he has made the emblem of his new dramatic and poetic work.

Yet "Chantecler" does not only inspire the deep joy and contentment which a spectator experiences when brought in contact with a dazzling play. One is not satisfied in admiring it as a beautiful work of art, but also as a wonderful feat. It surprises us as much as it moves us, in the same way as would a paradoxical wager sustained by a virtuoso sure of his mastery, and who would take pleasure in gathering all the natural difficulties in order to show his virtuosity.

Was it not daring indeed to pretend to absorb during four long acts the interest of the public in a drama of which all the actors are animals? The fables of La Fontaine offer us, it is true, "a comedy in a hundred varied acts," but it is a performance viewed from one's armchair.

What danger would the scenic realization of such matter offer the author! To find an example for so much boldness we shall have to go as far back as Shakespeare—the Shakespeare of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But the fairies and spirits of Shakespeare still retain a human appearance and renew the interest with the help of forms in harmony with our daily habits. The bold attempt of Mr. Edmond Rostand can sooner be traced back to the mediæval times. Popular imagination delighted then in lending to animals a reflection of the human soul; no time and no space, no tyranny of habits, of clothes, or of laws; for a scenery—only the broad, immense, and varied nature. Mr. Edmond Rostand has made of the rooster the vibrating hero of his play. While still leaving him his proverbial arrogance, he has instilled in him the generous, palpitating, versatile, picturesque, noble, and candid soul of a marvelous lyric poet. Chantecler is the Cyrano and Geoffray Rudel of the fowl tribe—for the crest is also a "panache." He reigns over the valley for which he thinks he awakens the dawn, and he rules over the farm in which he represents order, cheerful labor, harmony. He possesses the authority of a master who commands, the bravery of a lord who protects. Chantecler in the poultry yard is the legitimate sovereign whose mysterious prestige awes and whose will rules.

Mr. Edmond Rostand has made of him the emblem of the active and fecund forces of life, opposed to the negative forces personified by the whistling blackbird and to the hostile forces of which the owls and other nocturnal birds are the factors.

This is the principal but not the only symbol of the symphonic poem where hymns of hope alternate with mocking cries. Mr. Edmond Rostand wished to find in nature an humble and inferior brother who would share his optimism and whose clear voice would with confidence herald the dawn every morning.

The prologue is a most ingenious preparation and a most harmonious rustic fancy.

Mr. Jean Coquelin, as the "Prologos," calls out all the rural sounds which are awakening behind the scenes.

The curtain rises upon a stream of light in which is seen the poultry yard of a farm. A blackbird whistles in his cage on the wall: a dog growls in his kennel: hens are picking and gossiping; they are talking of their lord and master, the rooster, who just then makes his appearance. He has filled and intoxicated himself with light, azure, warmth, and sunshine, and he sings. He sings, and it is the hymn to the sun. The sun, "without which things would only be what they are." This hymn is one of the gems of the play.

The hens listen with humble admiration, less moved by the beauty of the song than by the beauty of the singer. They admire him without understanding him, while fearing him a little. For Chantecler is a severe as well as a good master. Not only does he secure light for his subjects by regulating

the sun, but he also watches over the humble domestic labor.

Patou, the dog, is his friend and helper, while the blackbird represents frivolity, jealousy, and treachery.

So far Chantecler has not known any passion, but a beautiful female pheasant comes into his kingdom. She incarnates femininity in all its graces and splendor. Pursued by a hunter, she sought refuge in this poultry yard and begs for a shelter and protection. Chantecler, who is chivalrous and, besides, a colorist, an artist, gladly grants her his help. But how can he hide her? "Is it possible to hide the rainbow?" he says, in alarm. And all the while he gazes admiringly at the beautiful lady—naughty, as a conqueror who fully knows his power. The pheasant, who often heard him herald the dawn at the outskirts of the forest, looks at him with a curiosity intermingled with arrogance. She accepts the shelter offered her and will spend the night in the kennel of the dog Patou, who is obliging and does not mind sleeping in the open. Night falls, and while Chantecler gathers his tribe and enters the henry darkness fills the farm. But not alone darkness: phosphorescent eyes are sparkling. Here is a screech-owl, an eagle-owl: they do not like the rooster, because the rooster causes the sun to rise; here is the duck: he does not like the rooster, because the rooster is beautiful; here is the peacock, the turkey, even the blackbird who will join the conspiracy in mere amusement, pretending he does not fear danger. And the plan of a conspiracy is laid in the night. Whether violent or sly, each and every one murmurs or cries, "I do not like the rooster." "I am beginning to love him," murmurs a soft voice. It is that of the pheasant, who from her shelter has heard all.

The effect of that first act was prodigious. The characters are defined with perfect clearness, and the symbolical meaning of the poem stands out luminously among the various beauties which dazzle the mind. Will Chantecler, who awakens the sun and whose strong faith goes so far as to hope that some day perhaps night will be definitively conquered, will Chantecler, the proud, the valiant, be defeated by the nocturnal beings? Will hatred, perfidy, treachery, envy, triumph over his dream of idealism and generosity? When the curtain rises over the second act the conspiracy is shaping itself. The eagle owl appointed a meeting of all the conspirators and chose the spot from which Chantecler usually sends forth his "Cocorico" cry. The scene is Shakespearean like. All the owls, great and small, are there; hairy wings flutter, sparkling eyes shine in the dark, and heavily swinging bodies sing their songs of sombre greatness; they sing, and it is the "Hymn to the Night." Now here is what the hatred of the conspirators has conceived: Chantecler has promised the pheasant to appear at the guinea fowl "five o'clock reception." His enemies have decreed that he is not to shine there. They will gather there an infinite variety of gallinaceans: exotic roosters, roosters "de luxe," who will sing their new unedited songs with their many complicated modulations. What will poor Chantecler's "Cocorico" sound like as compared with these? So much, then, for his humiliation. As for his punishment, they have decided to choose for Chantecler's assailant a rooster whose spurs are armed with sharp blades. He is a new specimen of the fighting rooster, which man has created. But dawn rises, and the nocturnal birds take their flight. Chantecler and the pheasant appear. For the first time the herald of morn does not come alone. He wishes to offer, as an homage to his beloved one, the great spectacle of sunrise. He throws all his energy and soul into his song, "Cocorico." And the dawn awakens with its thousand sounds of hammers and anvils. Never was the sun more radiant. The pheasant admires—she is conquered. Was there ever a happier rooster? No—the rooster is not happy. Like all true artists, he doubts, he is uneasy. "Is it really he who causes the sun to rise?" He believes it, but does not know. His song remains even to him a mystery. And then will he find it again tomorrow, as pure, as brilliant, as magnificent, as triumphant? To begin over and over again, and always. To excel and surpass himself, eternal torment of the true artist! But time passes; the fickle, treacherous blackbird betrays the conspiracy and reveals it to Chantecler. Undecided at first, he finally is moved by love and heroism. He will meet his foes at the guinea fowl "five o'clock." The reception takes place, a brilliant one indeed, where numerous birds theorize on the art of singing. These are the symbolists, the "decadents," whom Chantecler easily defeats and crushes with his superiority. Even the hired assassin fails in the attempt and is a victim to his own weapons.

Chantecler, master of the field, stands for the triumph of traditional clearness and serious work over pretentious platitudes, the triumph of intelligence over buffoonery, of the candid simplicity of the heart over hypocrisy and envy. He is about to send forth his "Cockledoodle doo," but, oh! horror! he can sing no more! Through having heard so many theories about the way of modulating his "Cocorico" Chantecler has unlearned the song which instinctively he sang so well!

In the forest in which the fourth act opens Chantecler lives with his pheasant, forgetful of his farm, of his duties. He has again found his glorious cry and his belief in his mission, but the pheasant, jealous of his love, wishes to enslave him and make him sacrifice even his pride to her. She succeeds in lulling to sleep his usual watchfulness, and the dawn rises unnoticed and unheralded by Chantecler. Too late, he sings, too late! Poor, disillusioned Chantecler! Nevertheless he will not give up his mission. His task in the world is to sing and go back to his humble subjects. He goes.

The pheasant, caught in the net of the farmer, will adorn the henry, where she will live by the side of her lord.

One could perhaps discover in this last act one last symbol, from which it would result that woman's influence is not always beneficent to artists and thinkers. The intrigue of the pheasant offers one of the most beautiful episodes of Chantecler: the dialogue of the nightingale and the rooster. A hunter kills the nightingale up in his tree; immediately another nightingale succeeds him and continues his interrupted song. And it is while listening to this new melody which rises to the skies, as touching, as pure as the old one, that Chantecler, at last, understands his duty. —Translated for the Argonaut by Rebecca Godchaux.

## Tilly Koenen's Farewell Concert.

That glorious singer, Tilly Koenen, will give her farewell concert Sunday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre. Few artists who have visited this city have left as deep an impression as Koenen; she possesses every requirement of a great artist and should she elect to visit us again she will be sure of receiving a warm and enthusiastic welcome.

The programme will consist of four groups of songs, as follows: "Der Wegweiser," "Gretchen am Spinnrad," "Aufloesung," and "Erkonia," all by Schubert; "Sunbeams," Landon Ronald; "The Danza," Chadwick; "Cradle Song" and "Dame Swallow," Humperdinck; "Slow Horses, Slow," Mallinson; and "Ecstasy," Rummell. A group of Hugo Wolf's works will include "Lied vom Winde," "Gesang Weyla's," "Geb Geliebter, geh jetz," and "Trunken mussen wir alle sein," and the final group will consist of four gems by Richard Strauss.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. On Sunday the box-office will open at the Garrick Theatre at 9:30 and phone orders will receive careful attention.

Actresses of Germany met the other day to air their grievances and to protest, among other things, against the miserable salaries paid them. In the meeting it was disclosed that women of the German stage were paid from \$20 to \$60 a month and at that had to furnish their costumes. These dresses sometimes number ten or twelve, and the actresses, unable to hire seamstresses, made the gowns themselves, sitting up till daylight to do so. The pay given to actresses in this country is ridiculously inadequate to their expenses (adds the Chicago Tribune, feelingly). Many a chorus girl gets scarcely enough salary to buy gasoline for her motor, and how some of them pay their Japanese butlers we can not for the life of us make out.

New York's ferry service increased for 272 years, but it is now beginning to fall off, owing to the many tunnels under the rivers. The present great system of ferries grew from the single skiff Cornelius Dirksen had in 1637, which took people to New Jersey.

The New York Musical Courier has discovered one publication which has no music critic, although several ought to be on its staff. The paper is the Ohio Penitentiary News.

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"A MAN'S A MAN."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

After trying it on the Middle West and the Pacific Coast dog, it has been decided by Robert Edeson's manager that "A Man's a Man" will go all right in New York City. So it will probably, not because of its sense, or its foolishness separately, but because of the curious mingling of these two qualities in the play.

The play starts out with some appearance of an imminent thesis on divorce. The authors, apparently, have a Purpose. But as the play proceeds the purpose seems to fade gently and imperceptibly away, and we discover that the pivotal something or other of the play—you know what I mean—lies in the fact that a loving husband was so deeply immersed in business as to neglect saying to his wife, tacitly or otherwise, the regular number of times "I love you." So then Mrs. Wife went off East in a huff, and proceeded to make a first-class donkey of herself by getting all tangled up in the wild and woolly attentions of the multi-millionaire for whom her husband was acting as legal adviser; that is to say, manipulating the putting of his bills through the legislature, especially one particularly nefarious one for simplifying the securing of divorces. The point of the play is that the husband did wrong in stifling his conscience for the sake, not of money—for he is rich, presumably—but for power; for he enjoyed moving Mr. Millionaire's pawns around, and playing the game of leadership over men, even although he felt a repugnance to the ends his methods led up to. But this motive becomes mixed with that other one concerning the husband's omission of uttering the usual number of I love yous.

The wife is a poor, clinging, feeble, pitiless piece of femininity; presumably a New York exotic. She is weary of the dullness of the Montana capital where her husband is held by his absorption in State politics, and tries to coax him back to New York. It is at this point that the playwrights—Anna Richardson and Henry Fridenberg—get their motives slightly confused.

Most certainly a husband is not at fault if, held down by the pressure of his business affairs, he is not able to enter entirely into his wife's social pleasures. And most certainly a wife is at fault if, vexed at his apparent obduracy to her wishes, she flies off to the extreme limits of the continent, leaving him alone. Yet the husband is held to blame by the way the play works out.

His sins are several. In the first place he is in the employ of a man whom he despises; in the second, he tacitly uses bribery to kill the opposition led by a good and conscientious man; and, in the third place, he lets his wife wander away from his side. He does it through compassion for the extreme boredom induced in her by life in the Montana capital. But he does it; and for this his creators punish him by causing his wife to be talked about, hounded by reporters, and finally written up in the newspaper. The story works up well up to a certain point. The wife is piqued, and although she belongs to an exclusive New York set that, we infer, would turn down Mr. Millionaire with stinging promptness—and I wouldn't blame them, for Menefee Johnstone made him up to look like a cross between a faker and a gambler—yet she allows herself to become compromised.

At this point in the story the plausibilities become very much overstrained. The wife, we discover, is unconscious that Crane—the millionaire—is so deeply and guiltily enamored of her. She still loves her husband, and is deeply wounded at his apparent indifference. The husband, in fact, immersed in absorbing affairs, has been culpably inattentive to her letters. So she plans a trip to Europe in order to escape a reunion with a husband who has become indifferent. But she turns all her affairs, monetary and otherwise, over to Crane, acting like a double-dyed idiot in so doing, as she is woman of the world enough to know what inferences people draw. Well, of course, husband dawns upon the scene at the psychological moment, having become disgusted by a painful turn in Crane's affairs and thrown up his job. He finds things in a pretty tangle, Crane scheming to compromise the wife still further by going to Europe on the same liner, while pretending that he intends to return to Montana.

And then the playwrights strike the silly

season that is the reef upon which playwrights so often stave a hole in their taut vessel. Several kinds of foolishness are committed. The wife, although still blameless, consents to leave a reporter-belaguered house in the automobile of the man with whom her name is linked by the gossips. She allows him to secure her steamer berth under a false name. She refuses the plea of her bosom friend that she stay quietly and safely in her house in New York. When the husband appears, the bosom friend, with averted face and lowered eyes, tells him that his wife is going away with Crane. It is one of those stage misunderstandings that could never happen in real life, because a real friend would never look so vicariously guilty when she knew no real guilt existed.

So we begin to be impatient. We are being played with. We are being treated as if we were the fools, the gullible fools that will willingly swallow any old foolishness in the drama, and our self-love is affronted.

Yet, "A Man's a Man" will probably be a New York success financially. In the first place, Townsend Hewitt, the husband, is a pleasing specimen of a representative American; keen, dominant, a leader of men, a protector of woman, toward whom he feels the American chivalry that quickly wins a response; he is, in Robert Edeson's hands, well cared for. We like him because he is forceful, genuine, likable. Added to this, something can be made of the New Yorkishness of his wife and her friend. We see the two women respectively at a high-class hotel and a luxurious home; or at least it is supposed to be luxurious. Some rather good touches are put in illustrating the ready, luxurious service in the hotel, the accustomedness of wealthy New Yorkers to be looked after, and also an exposition of Mrs. Hewitt's peculiarly feminine conception of business and money values.

Besides this, there is a very good character study in the first act, in the rôle of the loquacious elderly virgin—admirably acted, by the way, by Maggie Halloway Fisher—who serves as stenographer in Crane's office.

Miss Lovett is not quite resplendent enough, physically, to play the rôle of the New York exotic that is Townsend Hewitt's wife. But she acts the rôle very well, and quite has the requisite air in the hotel scene. Other creditably done rôles were those of Crane by Menefee Johnstone, Moore, the legislator, by Howard Hall, and Crane's wife by Grace Henderson. Mr. Windom's sketch of the auctioneer, too, was an amusing hit.

The piece, dressed up in a more costly setting, and with a few gorgeously appareled, sumptuously handsome women to lend point to the story and color and tone to the New York atmosphere of the last two acts, will probably gain enough patronage to figure in the theatrical journals, with illustrations and all the et ceteras.

The best thing on this week's Orpheum bill, even if it is a left-over from last week, is "On Stony Ground," which means, of course, Lottie Williams in the playlet. She has just the right kind of face, and the right kind of personality for the rôle of Katie, the waitress in "The Fried Egg." One sits grinning ecstatically, following each bit of her slang-punctuated discourse with infinite appreciation to its ever felicitous climax. The dialogue is excellent, the Bowers argot a keen and savory joy. As for the play, up to a certain point it is a real little play, full of truthful humanity. James Cruze's plumber was earnest enough to fit in aptly with Miss Williams's waitress. True, when Lucile appeared, flanked by her solicitous young man, and Katie asked for that same time-worn old kiss that is so often demanded in drama, the realities became slightly faded. But the rich, juicy flavor of Miss Williams's Katie remains, a pleasant memory.

The two Charleses also gave an excellent entertainment. The man of the pair should call himself the fire king for a vaudeville title, for his torch-tossing was not only spectacularly a beautiful sight, but there was a real thrill, long sustained, in seeing the flaming missiles so lightly yet unerringly following their devious paths through the air. And the Charles young lady really beat the wood not only out of her xylophone solos, but out of the most wooden of her listeners as well.

The usual number of routine song-and-dance comedians pleased those who are always enthusiastic over this branch of vaudeville, and these were pleasantly diversified by the genuinely good music of Miss Violet King, violinist and pianiste.

Ida Fuller's "La Sorciere" is a very pretty spectacle, although the electric effects quite cut out the lady, who is hadly in need of some dancing lessons. But the color effects, the convolutions of electrically wind-blown drapery, the gorgeousness of flames produced

by throwing fire-colored lights on fluttering ends of drapery, all were incredibly beautiful, and, as ever, wonderful.

Prize for a Playlet.

Martin Beck, general manager of the Orpheum Circuit, and promoter of the newly organized international circuit, has announced a unique contest, by which he expects to procure the best one-act play ever written for the coming Actors' Fund Fair in New York City.

Unlike the other contests this provides for two tests. First, the six most promising plays will be selected from those submitted. These will then be produced at the fair by Mr. Beck, the entire proceeds going to charity. After all have been presented he will award a prize of \$250 to the author of the play voted most successful.

In entering the contest no author loses the right to royalties. The prize-winner will be put on the Orpheum Circuit and the usual weekly percentages will be paid. If any of the remaining five plays grip the audience sufficiently they will be taken under the same conditions. Never have the conditions for new authors been so auspicious. The plays will be acted at the fair by the best actors and actresses in America, from both the vaudeville and regular theatres. The only requirements that the plays must fulfill are that they be clean and not last over thirty minutes. The act may be comedy, farce, musical sketch, or tragedy.

The contest closes April 1, to allow time for the selection and preparation of the plays, the first of which will be presented on the opening day of the Fair, May 9. All manuscripts must be typewritten and sent to E. L. Sheldon, Actors' Fund Fair, 1432 Broadway, New York.

Mr. Beck has invited the following well-known critics to act as judges: Matthew J. White, Jr., dramatic editor of *Munsey's Magazine*; Adolph Klauer, dramatic editor of the *New York Times*; Louis V. DeFoe, dramatic editor of the *World*; Sam McKee, vaudeville editor of the *Morning Telegraph*, and Acton Davies, dramatic editor of the *Evening Sun*.

Tilly Koenen.

Tilly Koenen, the Dutch contralto, gave a good account of herself last Sunday at the Garrick Theatre, when in a programme well calculated to display the beauty of her voice she showed a fullness and richness of tone equaled by few concert singers of the day.

Nature has been lavish with Miss Koenen in point of vocal gifts and the fine power of her voice enables her to produce unusual crescendo effects. Yet some of the most entrancing moments of her art are to be found in her employment of the pianissimo. In her first group of songs Miss Koenen proved to her audience that she was an artist of exceptional merit, singing Brahms's "Sapphische Ode" with feeling, while in Tosti's "Ridomami La Calma" she employed the pianissimo with great skill.

A group of three little Dutch nursery rhymes gave the audience an opportunity to hear the artist in her native language, and these simple little songs she rendered inimitably. Although her audience was small, Miss Koenen had no reason to complain of a lack of warmth. Her first number, "Dem Unendlichen," by Schubert, was received with hearty appreciation, while at the conclusion of the concert so stormy and so prolonged was the applause that she was compelled to give a final encore, selecting Strauss's "St. Cecilia," which she rendered with rare intensity of vocal art. Miss Koenen will be heard again next Sunday afternoon. Her accompanist, Bernard Tahernal, was satisfying in every respect.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The subjects of the Burton Holmes Travelogues this season will be "Our Own Hawaii," "Old Japan Today," "New Japan Today," "Java," and "More About Paris." Three courses will be given at the Garrick Theatre, commencing Monday, April 11, and they will be so arranged that a subscriber need go but twice a week for two weeks and once the third week to hear all the subjects. There will be a matinee course on Wednesdays and Saturdays, the week-day matinee being arranged for 3:30 to accommodate teachers and pupils.

A beautifully illustrated and descriptive booklet will be mailed free to any address on application to Will L. Greenbaum at 101 Post Street.

In Oakland a course of five Travelogues will be given on Tuesday and Friday afternoons at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

A supplementary season of grand opera is now being arranged.

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**Tilly Koenen**  
The Dutch Contralto  
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**Maud Powell**  
The Violinist  
WALDEMAR LIACHOWSKY, Pianist  
Sunday aft., March 27; Thursday eve, 3:15; and Sunday aft., April 3  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s next Wednesday.

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## VANITY FAIR.

Nothing provokes so much indignant denial as the public statement of a notorious fact. We are always willing to disregard slander and to smile at malice, but when it comes to the truth we feel called upon to rise as one man in heated remonstrance. And the semblance of indignation would do credit to a veteran of the dramatic stage.

Look, for example, at the storm of obloquy that has fallen upon the devoted head of Mr. Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Smith might have said that New York was remarkable for the number of lepers to be met with on the street and no one would have troubled himself much about it. He might have said that the majority of New York men have red hair, and the remark would have passed almost unnoticed. These things would have been palpably untrue and therefore inoffensive. But what Mr. Smith did say was so palpably true that the metropolis is up in arms.

Now the whole head and front of Mr. Smith's offense is the simple statement that New York is an unmannerly city. He could hardly have used a triter truism or one more distinctly within the knowledge of the civilized world, and probably no one is more surprised at the size of the splash that his unpremeditated pebble has made in the society pool. From all sides he has been bombarded with expressions of pained and indignant surprise. Never before has New York been told that she has no manners. Street-car conductors may sometimes deviate momentarily from the standards of style set by the masters of etiquette of the last century, and it may happen that a policeman will club you on the head for interfering with his meditations by an irrelevant request for direction. But it must be remembered, as one critic points out, that these people do not know any better and are simply giving to the wayfarer the sort of treatment that he expects to receive. They do not represent New York, whose distinguishing mark is now, as it has always been, a suave and stately courtesy, a polished decorum, and an exquisite affability.

But Mr. Smith is undeterred. Recovering his breath after the first attack, he sticks to his guns and manfully says it all over again. He says it because it is true, and not because he is a Southerner, as one commentator suggests, and would like to revive some recent unpleasantnesses. "Manners," he repeats, "are non-existent in New York," and this does not mean that no one in New York has manners, but rather that the lack of courtesy is one of the distinguishing marks of the city, and especially of the new generation. John Bigelow has courtesy, the late Richard Watson Gilder had it to an unusual degree, but the desert is rendered more and not less apparent by the few oases.

The trouble is with the young men, and Mr. Smith knows what he is talking about, because there are frequent dances at his house and he has an opportunity to see their behavior:

Now, my house in Thirty-Fourth Street is full of young girls much of the time; they are the children of my old friends. I have held most of them in my arms when they were babies, and now a lot come to the house. And they know the conditions that prevail at our dances; indeed, we all know what happens pretty frequently. The young man that ought to be dancing, doing his share, doing what his hostess invited him for and helping to give the young girls a good time, is sitting upstairs in the smoking-room drinking Scotch and soda and refusing to come down, perhaps on the ground that "my girl is not here tonight and I don't want to dance anyhow." Now that young fellow has no manners; he is insolent, and you and I and everybody know it when we stop to think.

Mr. Smith thinks that young men should be taught to be courteous, for the sort of behavior that he finds in his own house permeates the city. The unlucky cub who accepts an invitation to a dance and then hides away in the smoke is not likely to be an ornament to the street or to the counting-house. He will be the same kind of an animal everywhere.

Let us put it all down to the *Zeit Geist*, to the spirit of the age. America is a land of liberty, and no man, and no child either, should be compelled to do anything that is personally distasteful or troublesome. Having got rid of tyrants, let conscience and a sense of duty go also, for how could there be a greater tyranny than these? What right have we to expect a young man to dance who does not wish to dance, even though he has come to the house upon an invitation to dance and a dozen young girls are disappointed and chagrined by his neglect? Long live liberty and down with duty!

The young men of the present day are brought up upon an exclusive diet of inclination. The schoolmaster comes to him cap in hand to know what subjects it will please him to study and what hours his mightiness will be graciously willing to keep. It was just the same thing when he was five years old, and when the administration of a dose of castor oil was a domestic problem if not a physical impossibility without the aid of the policeman and The Hague Conference. What we need is not an education in good

manners, but in a primitive sense of duty that may sometimes demand the doing of unpleasant things.

The German Socialists are exercised in their minds because the empress wears so much jewelry upon state occasions. At balls and banquets she decorates herself with gems said to be worth \$1,750,000, but with all proper sympathy for the democratic spirit it is hard to see what else the empress can do with the jewels except to wear them. She could not sell them and give the proceeds to the poor—a proceeding that the poor are always in favor of—because they do not belong to her. They belong to the German crown—that is to say, to the nation—and have come down a long line of queens and empresses to their present holder. The empress has very few personal jewels, and many of the court ladies surpass her in this respect, but she has the right to wear those belonging to the crown though they are not her personal property.

A lavish expenditure in jewelry seems far more tolerable than many other forms of personal indulgence. A jewel is one of the most beautiful things in nature, and it is indestructible. Even a picture will fade into dust, give it time enough, but a gem that adorned the person of an Indian prince two thousand years ago is as much a delight now as it was then. It is one of the world's imperishable possessions, and how can it be displayed to better advantage than on the person of a woman? The Socialists would have nothing to say against a collection of gems in a museum. Why, then, should they object to the collection of an empress? Rather they should demand that the lady wear them upon all possible occasions, so that she may share their beauty with the people. The only logical alternative is to destroy them.

The care that must be given to jewels is the chief disadvantage of their ownership. In Germany the crown jewels are kept in fireproof safes and guarded by soldiers. After the empress has used them they are removed from her person by four ladies in waiting who are specially appointed, and these ladies must sign a certificate to the effect that they have been returned to the safe.

Some of the universities have started movements to teach men the art of waiting at table, and now Columbia University is to do the same service to women. The course consists of ten lessons, but the managers must indeed be sanguine if they suppose that the average waitress can be taught much in ten lessons or in a hundred. The sins of the average waitress are congenital and inherited and not to be uprooted by any course of lessons. She labors constitutionally under the impression that a diner has all that should satisfy him so long as a glass of water and plenty of silverware are upon the table, although when she does bring him something to eat he will be lucky if he finds the silverware too. It will take more than a course of lectures to persuade her that a customer would rather have food than scraps of conversation about Sadie and her new friend, who is a heavenly waltzer. But the experiment is worth trying, and it should be encouraged.

Here is a letter contributed by "A Woman" to the *Chicago Tribune*. It speaks for itself, and it may be said that the defendant upon hearing the charge read pleaded guilty and threw himself upon the mercy of the court:

In your column devoted to miscellaneous contributions from correspondents is one in today's paper signed Eugene F. O'Riordan, scolding at women who, he says, love dogs and do not love babies. A few such women doubtless exist, but not enough to get worked up about. Is Mr. O'Riordan aware that for every childless woman who does not love or wish children there are ten who long for them and are denied them? Let him do his railing at the men who are directly responsible for this condition of affairs. Any physician can tell him that in the majority of childless marriages the reason is that the habits of the husband have made it impossible for children to be born to him. Let him read the articles on the black plague now appearing in one of the leading magazines. If he knew more about the subject he would write in a different way. If some of the women who hear a lifelong heartache because of the children that are denied them do at times act foolishly over a pet animal, it is a condition that should strike a man with its pathos. Reform your own sex, sir, and then you will not be troubled so much with the sights that so offend you.

The Chantecler hat has reached New York and we may expect to see it upon our own streets at any moment. For those who can not wait for the properly prepared article an improvisation is quite easy. You first catch your rooster. Then you immolate him upon the altar of fashion in any convenient way that will not interfere with his external appearance. The third stage is to remove those parts of his economy that are not mentioned in polite society but that may be blushing described as the "innards," and the hat is ready for wear. You simply plant the bird firmly upon the top of the head, holding it in place by hatpins and securing the neck in a graceful position. Of course a rooster is heavy and the weight will be an embarrassment, but this is a small matter when the results are considered. Moreover, the hat will

not "keep" for many days, but as soon as a faint odor makes its appearance the operation can be repeated and the first victim served up for the family dinner. It is a public duty to make this expedient known, as the regularly prepared hat may not be on the market for some weeks.

This procedure was actually carried out a few days ago at the rooms of the National Association of Retail Milliners. A lady hurrying on her way to the elevator was distinctly heard to squawk. The incident excited no particular remark, although the squawk was of a somewhat unusual kind and the lady was alone and consequently without the usual inducements to squawk. But when the lady entered the rooms of the association there was need for no further concealment, and she proudly drew from her muff a living rooster and demanded that he be then and there converted into a hat. She had brought a living one as she could not buy a dead one, the cold storage people being unusually active just at present.

It is only in case of dire need that the aforementioned expedient need be adopted. If time is not so very pressing the rooster can be properly skinned, loosely lined with cotton batting, and there you are. It is quite easy to arrange the head and feathers in a becoming way, and so it may soon be quite the fashion to step around to the poultry market to buy a hat.

King Edward has more thrones than any other monarch in the world. He has three in his London palace, one in the House of Lords, one at Westminster, and a sixth is at Windsor Castle (says the *Western Scot*). The most ancient is at Westminster, where each ruler of Great Britain is crowned.

The coronation chair is a massive throne of oak, in which seven Edwards have sat. Beneath the seat is a sandstone block known as the "Stone of Destiny," from Scone. The throne in the House of Lords is of Burmese teak and is carved and gilded and studded with crystals.

The throne in St. James's palace is large, with a canopy overlaid with crimson velvet, embroidered with crowns set with pearls. The most costly throne is at Windsor. It is composed entirely of carved ivory, inlaid with precious stones, especially emeralds. It was presented to Queen Victoria by the Maharajah of Travancore.

The Shah of Persia on his visits to Paris made many embarrassing demands. M. Paoli, who formerly looked after the safety of sovereigns visiting in France, relates this incident in *McClure's*: "One night when we

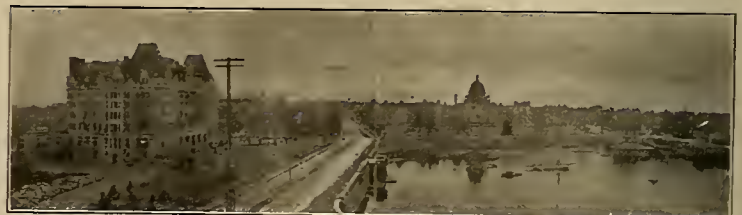
were at the opera, in the box of the president of the republic, we perceived with dismay that his Persian majesty, instead of watching the performance on the stage which chanced to be that exquisite ballet 'Coppelia,' with some of our prettiest dancers taking part in it—kept his opera glass obstinately fixed on a member of the audience the back row of the fourth tier, giving signs of manifest excitement as he did so. I began to wonder with anxiety whether he had caught sight of some suspicious face when the court minister, in whose ear he had whispered a few words, came over me and said, with an air of embarrassment:

"His majesty feels a profound admiration for a lady up there—do you see? The froufrou seat from the right. His majesty would be obliged to you if you would enable him to make her acquaintance. You can tell her, you like, as an inducement, that my sovereign will invite her to go back with him to Tehran."

"Although this sort of errand did not fall within the scope of my instructions, I regarded the worthy Oriental's idea as so comical that I asked one of my detectives whether he would care to go upstairs and, if possible, convey the flattering invitation to the object of the imperial flame. My Don Juan by proxy assented, and set out on his mission."

"The Shah's impatience increased from moment to moment. The last act had begun when I saw my inspector return alone a looking very sheepish. 'Well,' I asked, 'what did she say?' 'She boxed my ears.'"

If the gambler had ordinary intelligence he would listen to the words of Sir Hiram Maxim and be wise in time. Sir Hiram told of an acquaintance who for a whole season placed a bet of a pound every day on the favorite horse of three leading sporting newspapers. At the end of that time the bookmaker had made a profit of 32 per cent. Commenting upon this, the *New York Evening Post* says that nowhere are the chances more in favor of a player than at Monte Carlo. There the odds against him, at *tren et quarante* and roulette, are 1.28 per cent. So small is the banker's profit that playing for a small sum like five dollars actually involves a loss for the banker, in cost of service and maintenance. At this rate of gain, Sir Hiram Maxim estimates that to supply the banker's annual winnings of 60,000,000 francs at Monte Carlo, sixty times that amount must be thrown on the tables, or more than \$20,000,000. It is a proportion of loss to risk which makes playing at Monte Carlo a most a more commendable pastime than running an automobile.



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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

As Easter comes rather early this year, there will be more chance than usual for town gayeties before leaving San Francisco for the summer. Easter weddings, of course, hold the interest of every one, but in the meantime the fête which is being planned for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage of San Mateo is absorbing the attention of society, though not to the exclusion of all else, for Tag Day occupies a big share of hearts and thoughts, this in turn giving way to polo topics and the packing of trunks for Coronado, where the tournament is to be held.

April 5 and 6 are the dates set for the fête, which will be given at the St. Francis Hotel, one evening to be devoted to tableaux vivants of the French court and the other to be entirely English in character.

Enthusiasm over Tag Day is in proportion to the deserts of its object, which is to increase the funds of three worthy charities, the Children's Hospital, the Salvation Army Orphanage, and the Doctors' Daughters. Workers for Tag Day will be stationed in different districts of the city, and the districts will be in charge of Mrs. J. N. Walters, Mrs. Gavin McNab, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mrs. Breyfogle, Mrs. P. C. Hale, Mrs. Charles Slack, Miss Jean Pollok, Mrs. Wendell Easton, Miss Belle Smith, Mrs. William Wilson, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Angelo, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. William Fonda, Mrs. D. S. Lisberger, Mrs. J. F. Merrill, Miss May Colburn, Miss Howard, Mrs. L. Dunbar, Miss Grace Buckley, and Mrs. Pink.

The committee in charge of the fête for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage has among its members Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mrs. William A. Tevis, Mrs. William Minter, Mrs. James Flood, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mrs. Duplessis Beylard, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Miss Jennie Crocker. Among those who will take part in the fête will be Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mrs. Willard Drown, Mrs. Marcel Cerf, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mrs. George Pope, Miss Augusta Foute, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Arbolé McBean, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mrs. James Follis, Miss Newell Drown, Miss Helen Cherebrough, Miss Hazel King, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Alice Oge, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Elizabeth Newhall, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Frances Howard, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Eleanor Sears, Miss Mary Keeney, Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Mrs. Latham McMullen, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Frederick McNear, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Kathleen de Young, and Miss Innes Keeney.

A dinner was given by Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond on Wednesday evening, March 9, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Montague. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fenwick, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Connell of Los Angeles, Miss Julia Langborne, and Mr. William F. Herrin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson gave a dinner complimentary to Mrs. Judge de Louisville, Kentucky, who has been staying at the St. Francis, on Monday evening of last week. Among the other guests were Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carigan, Mr. and Mrs. Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Hawkes, Mr. Alpheus Bull, and Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Shotwell.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally was host at a theatre party and supper on Thursday evening of last week.

A musical recital at the Century Club Hall was given on Thursday of last week under the auspices

of Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. California Newton, Mrs. O. D. Baldwin, Mrs. John Scott, Mrs. S. Selden Wright, Mrs. W. C. Burnett, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. William Keith, Mrs. L. H. Coffin, Mrs. Virginia Beede, Mrs. Burnett Brown, Mrs. MacLaren, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. Francis Wright, and Mrs. John McGilvray. The singers were Scotch and Irish and their songs national.

On Tuesday evening, March 15, the Loring Club gave its third concert of the season at Christian Science Hall. The concert was under the management of Mr. Wallace I. Sabin, the director of the club.

On Wednesday of last week Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton gave a bridge party at the St. Francis, preceded by a luncheon. Her guests included Mrs. Frederick McNear, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. William Taylor, Jr., Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. William Newhall, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Edith Cooper, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Mrs. J. C. Welch was hostess at bridge parties on Thursday and Friday afternoons of last week. On Thursday among her guests were Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Walter Remington Quick, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. William Gale, Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel, Mrs. George Bolton, Mrs. Scott, and Mrs. Stevenson. At Mrs. Welch's Friday bridge party, which was given in honor of Mrs. Frederick Porter, the guests included Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mrs. Eugene Lent, Mrs. Walter MacGavin, Mrs. Frank Deering, Mrs. Agnes Mangels, Mrs. Fred Beaver, Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and Mrs. Henry Bohin.

Miss Nora Evans gave a bridge tea at her home in Berkeley on Saturday afternoon, March 12, in honor of Miss Ruth Boericke and Miss Helen Sutton.

Mrs. James Robinson was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party at her home on Scott Street on Thursday of last week.

Mr. Buckley Wells, who is here from Colorado Springs, gave a luncheon on Tuesday, March 8, at the St. Francis. His guests were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Meyer, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, Mr. Harry Scott, Mr. Walter Hobart, Mr. Prescott Scott, Mr. Perkins, and Mr. Bond. Mr. Wells has come to California to the polo tournament.

Among the hostesses giving small teas and luncheons at the different hotels last week were Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, Princess Kawanakoa, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Maude O'Connor, and Mrs. Louis Sloss. Mr. Henry T. Scott was host at a luncheon at which were present Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Laurence Scott, Mr. Duane Hopkins, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, and Mr. Walter Martin.

A tea was given by Mrs. Lawrence Harris on Thursday, March 10, in honor of Mrs. Laura Pike Fuller, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. George Baker of New York.

A tea in honor of Mrs. Louis Long of Santa Barbara was given by Mrs. L. H. Curtis at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday afternoon of last week. Among the guests of Mrs. Curtis were Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Clement Tobin, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Eugene Lee, Mrs. Harold de Wolff, and Mrs. A. M. Burns.

Mrs. Edith Blanding Coleman was hostess at a musicale on Saturday evening, March 12, at her studio in Recreation Hall.

Mr. Raphael Weill was host at a dinner on the evening of March 12 in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer, Jr., who were making a brief stay in San Francisco before proceeding on their trip around the world. Mr. and Mrs. Meyer left on the *Tenyo Maru* for the Orient on Tuesday of this week.

Mr. John Lawson gave a dinner on Thursday evening of last week at the Palace Hotel. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin and Miss Eleanor Sears.

On Friday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave a dinner at their Burlingame home in honor of Miss Maud Bourn. Mr. and Mrs. Scott's guests were Miss Maud Bourn and Mr. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Marjorie Josselyn, Mr. Horace Pillsbury, Mr. John Lawson, Mr. Templeton Crocker, Mr. Prescott Scott, and Lieutenant Hurdell.

A dance was given at the Claremont Country Club by Miss Janet and Miss Pauline Painter on Saturday evening, March 12. Many went over to the dance from this side of the bay.

Miss Donahoe gave a dinner in honor of Miss Abby Parrott on Friday evening of last week. Miss Parrott has recently returned from a sojourn of several years abroad. Another entertainment in her honor was given by Vicomtesse de Tristan at her home in San Mateo.

The wedding of Miss Ruth McFarland and Mr. Alexander Balfour will take place in Los Angeles in April.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland gave a luncheon complimentary to Miss Gertrude Joliffe on Wednesday of last week at the St. Francis.

Another luncheon hostess of last week was Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who entertained informally at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Sydney Rosenstock, who recently returned from a trip abroad, was guest of honor the early part of last week at a bridge club of which she was formerly a member, the club meeting on this occasion at the home of Mrs. Ira Pierce.

Mrs. Frank Deering was hostess at a bridge party and tea afterwards at her home the early part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale were hosts at a dinner on Tuesday evening of this week in honor of Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, who have recently returned from Los Angeles. Among the guests were Dr. and Mrs. Wilson Shiels and Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hale.

Tuesday, March 15, was ladies' day at the Army and Navy Club, with a programme of music, and tea in the club parlors from two until six. This was one of several afternoon teas to be held this month in honor of the ladies.

A dinner complimentary to Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, Jr., was given last week by Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Irwin Spalding of Hono-

lulu, T. H., have announced the engagement of their daughter, Alice, to Lieutenant George Cleveland Bowen, Twentieth Infantry, U. S. A. The marriage is to take place in June.

## Maud Powell, Violinist.

Maud Powell, the great violinist, and perhaps the foremost American woman in the world of music, will make her first appearance in this city at the Garrick Theatre on Easter Sunday afternoon, March 27.

Although this great artist has been heard in every important city of Europe and America we are about to hear her for the first time. With the assistance of her able pianist, Waldemar Liachowsky, she will on this occasion play the first movement of the concerto by Tschaiowsky, the rarely heard duo for violin and piano in A major by Schubert, and works by Bach, Fiorillo, Couperin, Beethoven, Chopin, Sarasate, and Wieniawski.

The second concert will be given Thursday night, March 31, and César Franck's sonata will be specially attractive, as will also the Vieuxtemps Concerto No. 4, and the brilliant "Devil's Trill" by Tartini.

The last programme will be given Sunday afternoon, April 3. Complete programmes may be secured at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where the sale of seats will open next Wednesday morning.

On Friday afternoon, April 1, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, in Oakland, Mme. Powell will repeat the programme of Thursday night. Seats may be secured for this event at Ye Liberty Theatre box-office after Monday next.

## Maud Allan, the Dancer.

Managers Will L. Greenbaum and Martin Beck announce that in order to prevent speculators securing the best seats for the appearances of Maud Allan, the classic dancer, with her symphony orchestra, they will open a mail-order sale, a method that proved perfectly satisfactory in the Sembrich and Schumann-Heink concerts, and which is the method adopted by the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City.

The entertainments will be given on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, April 5, 7, and 8, and Sunday afternoon, April 10. Seats will be \$2.50 and \$2 downstairs, and \$2, \$1.50, and \$1 upstairs.

Mail orders will receive prompt attention in the order received if accompanied by check or money order and addressed to Will L. Greenbaum, care of Sherman, Clay & Co., corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets, San Francisco. Be careful to state for which performance the tickets are desired.

The public sale of seats will open Wednesday, March 30, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. Those who send in orders at once may be sure of satisfactory seats.

In Oakland, Maud Allan will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Wednesday night, April 6, and the same rules will be observed. Address letters for seats to Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, Cal.

Seven hundred cases of bravery were considered by the Royal Humane Society in 1909, 717 lives being saved. Eight hundred persons received recognition. Nine heroic rescuers whose bravery was reported lost their lives.

"Why did you tell your friend that the dressmaker had totally ruined your dress?" "Oh, I simply thought it would make her happy."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

## For Easter.

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# Easter Display

## OF TABLE SETTINGS

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Arthur H. Payson has been in Southern California and is planning to go to Del Monte for an extended stay.

Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene left for Coronado on Wednesday of this week and plan to be away about a fortnight.

Among those who plan to leave San Francisco for a trip abroad are Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gunn, who will leave here shortly after Easter.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has moved into her new home at Burlingame.

Mrs. John F. Swift expects to go to Washington, D. C., for about six weeks, and will leave here early in April.

Rear-Admiral A. G. Berry and Mrs. Berry with their daughter, Miss Lillian, will leave in the near future for Washington, D. C., where Admiral Berry will be connected with the Naval Examining Board.

Mrs. L. L. Baker with her daughters, Mrs. Drummond MacGavin and Miss Helen Baker, have gone to Carmel-by-the-Sea for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have gone to Monterey, where they will spend the greater part of the summer.

Among those who sailed for Honolulu on the *Mongolia* the early part of last week was Dr. Emma Willets, who has gone for a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Knight, Mr. Cyrus Pierce, who will be away for several weeks, and Mrs. J. W. McKenzie and Miss Katherine Callahan, who are on their way to Japan, thence on a trip around the world which will extend over the greater part of a year. Mr. and Mrs. George Montague of London, who have been stopping here as guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hammond, also sailed on the *Mongolia*, and Dr. and Mrs. Ernest Johnstone, accompanied by their niece, Miss Marjorie Allen, left for Honolulu on the transport *Logan*.

Dr. Eugene Dupuy and Miss Anna Dupuy have returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several years in Paris. Dr. and Miss Dupuy are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. Charles Hickox has arrived in San Francisco to be with her mother, Mrs. Chrystal.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteside have taken apartments at the Granada Hotel.

Mr. George Murphy has returned from New York, where he has spent the last six weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip E. Bowles and Miss Amy Bowles, who have been spending the winter at the Fairmont, have returned to their home across the bay for the summer.

Mrs. Carroll Buck has returned from the Philippines and is settled in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Vincent, Miss Vincent, Miss Maud Bourn, and Mr. Arthur Vincent have been spending a fortnight at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank P. Deering have taken apartments at the Hotel Potter in Santa Barbara for July.

Mr. Henry Rouillet, Mr. Cyril Tohin, and Mr. Frank de Lisle have taken a cottage in Mill Valley for the summer and expect to occupy it about April 1.

Mr. Merrit Reid has returned from New York, where he has been spending the winter.

Paymaster M. R. Nicholson, who is attached to the *South Dakota*, came up from Santa Barbara last week to join his ship.

Mrs. John Boggs, who has been spending the winter at Cloyne Court, Berkeley, has taken an apartment at the Hiltcrest in town for the next few months.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kearny have arrived here for a visit.

Mr. Ernest Wiltase of New York, formerly of this city, spent several days at the St. Francis last week before leaving for Southern California.

Mrs. W. T. Talbot has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of a year in Europe.

Mrs. Clarence Carrigan is visiting relatives in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. de Vecchi are in New York, but have not set a date yet for their return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Peyton have returned from a visit of several months in New York.

Miss Anna Olney is visiting her grandmother in Sacramento and will probably remain there until May.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin expect to go to Lake Tahoe this summer for several weeks.

Mr. John D. Parrott, with his daughter, Miss Abbie, arrived from Europe last week and are the guests of Mrs. A. M. Parrott at San Mateo.

Princess Kawanakakoa, accompanied by Miss Helen Gray, will be away for about a month, going to Coronado first and then to Mexico for a trip.

Mrs. C. L. Peters of New York, who has been spending the winter in San Francisco, has gone to Coronado and will leave for the East about May 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze have gone to Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Lilley have returned to their home in San Rafael, after a winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook are at Coronado, and among those planning to go there during the week are Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. William Minter, Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark, Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Nina Jones, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bright Bruce are settled in their new home in Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff expect to move into their new house at Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. Almer Newhall is planning a trip to Honolulu and Japan in the near future.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dutton expect to go abroad for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister with their daughter, Miss Ethel, are on a tour around the world.

Mr. Fred Greenwood has gone for a tour of Mexico and has set no definite date for his return.

Miss Kathleen Weston is planning a trip East and expects to start in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page will open their home in Marin County about the 1st of April.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Maud, who have spent

the winter at the residence of Colonel and Mrs. John Darling on Clay Street, expect to spend the summer in Monterey.

Mr. H. J. Small and his daughter have returned from a trip to the Orient.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship are planning to arrive in San Francisco the early part of May, and will be the guests of Mrs. Maurice Casey.

Miss Gertrude Ballard is in New York and has set no date as yet for her return.

Commander Clarence A. Carr, U. S. N., who spent the last four years at Mare Island, has left for Washington, D. C., accompanied by Mrs. Carr.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Perrine have gone to Europe for the next three months.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Shreve will return from Southern California this month and will spend the summer in San Mateo.

Mrs. J. Russell Lukens has returned from Washington, D. C., and is at her home on Octavia Street again.

Mrs. Horatio Lawrence is here on a visit of several weeks to her sister, Mrs. McCormick. Lieutenant and Mrs. Lawrence expect to sail for the Philippines the first week in April.

Mrs. Helen Hecht, who has been visiting New York during the past four months, hopes to sail for Cherbourg on the Lloyd steamship *George Washington* Thursday, March 31.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and Miss Dorothy K. Fries have arrived in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman left on March 16 for Europe.

The following are among San Francisco registrations at Hotel del Coronado: Mr. A. K. Brewer, Mr. J. B. Hyde-Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McKee, Mrs. John McMullin, Miss Anna Weller, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Bauer, Mr. George W. Harrison, Mr. W. F. Hargard, Mr. E. V. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Wright, Mr. H. J. Flynn, Mr. J. B. McCarger, Mr. E. Preston, Mr. Thomas F. Graves, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burnham, Dr. and Mrs. George K. Feink.

**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.**

After a number of weeks of musical offerings, the Columbia Theatre will on Monday night present a dramatic attraction and one of merit. The announcements already made that Klaw & Erlanger's massive production, "The Round-Up," will be seen commencing Monday night, have awakened more than usual interest. The company is headed by Maclyn Arbuckle, who in the rôle of "Slim" Hoover made a big success in the original production of the Edmund Day play. This spectacular melodrama of life in southwestern Arizona, when General Crook was chasing Cochise, the famous Apache renegade, and his band of red skins back to their reservation, has made a remarkable appeal to theatre-goers. It touches with a singular force the romantic spirit inherent in every one. Its story is true to the heart and to nature. Its characters are striking, well drawn and cleverly contrasted, and the entire performance teems with dash and spirit. It is so real in the personalities who tell the story, its Indians, cowboys, scouts, and cavalrymen, its hucking horses and its thrilling battle spectacle, that one is transported to the locale of the scene. Twenty genuine Apache Indians appear with their war ponies. The cast includes, besides Maclyn Arbuckle, Albert Phillips, Joseph M. Lothian, Sidney Cushing, Elmer Grandin, William Conklin, S. L. Richardson, James Asburn, Jacques Martin, Ogden Crane, Fred R. Stanton, "Texas" Cooper, Grace Benham, Marie Taylor, and Paula Gloy. Matinées will be given on Saturdays only.

The successful engagement of Robert Edison at the Van Ness Theatre will be brought to a close with a performance of "A Man's a Man" Sunday night. The play and company are reviewed at length on another page of this issue. The Van Ness Theatre, on account of a sudden cancellation in its bookings, will remain dark until April 11, when the popular character actress, May Rohson, will come for a limited engagement with her laughing success, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary."

The last performances of "Wine, Woman and Song," with Bonita and her clever company of burlesquers, will take place at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and commencing at the Sunday matinée "The Red Mill" will begin an engagement limited to one week.

"The Red Mill" is one of the best musical offerings of the decade and boasts of a year's run at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, four months in Boston, and two months in Philadelphia. Additional importance obtains through the fact that the play is by those necromancers of stage composition, Henry Blossom and Victor Herbert. In seeking a novel setting for the action Mr. Blossom happily hit upon the country of Holland. The characters in the piece, with one or two exceptions, are all Dutch, and their quaint and brightly colored costumes, exhibited in a framework of whirling windmills and Delft decorations, form some novel and pretty stage pictures. The story revolves around the adventures of two smart, but financially embarrassed Americans who are "doing" Europe, and who become stranded at Katwyk-am-Zee. They try to beat their board bill, but are caught by a stern sheriff, prosecuted by an unrelenting tavernkeeper, and sentenced by a burly burgomaster to work out their debt. This they do by acting as a waiter and interpreter. A dainty love story is introduced in the plot, which involves the two Americans, a

dashing navy officer, a piquant barmaid and a burgomaster's charming daughter and flirtatious sister. These various characters are impersonated by a group of clever players, including Bert O. Swor, Franker Woods, Otto Koerner, Alvin Laughlin, Carl Hartberg, S. W. Stott, Harry R. McLain, Cecil Summers, and the Misses Agnes Majors, Vernice Martyn, Adeline Stern, Georgia Harvey, and a chorus of fifty, including the six little Dutch Kiddies and an augmented orchestra. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday.

The Orpheum announces for next week Mme. Mauricia Morichini, prima donna of the Manhattan Grand Opera House, New York, Theatre Chatelet, Paris, and other famous European opera houses. Since she was last heard here Mme. Morichini has fulfilled several important engagements in Italy, and has everywhere been acclaimed a great singer of brilliant voice, culture, and expression. During her engagement here she will be heard in an operatic repertory of songs in Italian, French, Spanish, and English. Direct from Europe come Berg's Six Merry Girls. They are known abroad as "Berg's Six Lustige Weiber," and their act is a unique one, displaying their acting, and their grace and ability as singers and dancers. Their offering, which is in three sections, is called (a) Going to the Ball, (b) Acrobatic Maidens, (c) Parisian Musical Clowns on Parade. "The Devil, the Servant, and the Man" is the title of a sketch to be presented in which "The Devil" and "The Servant in the House" are thrown together to form a dramatic incident that carries a moral. The act is along entirely new lines and is highly spoken of. Dan Avery and Charles Hart, the sunny comedians, who are considered by many to be the legitimate successors to Williams and Walker, will appear in an entirely new act. These comedians rank among the most humorous of colored entertainers and their performance is characteristic. They will introduce two of their own compositions, "Down Among the Sugar Cane" and "Gee, You're Getting Just Too Sweet to Live." Next week will close the engagements of Elsie Faye, Joe Miller, and Sam Weston; Billy Gould; Violet King, and Arthur Dunn and Marie Glazier in "The Messenger Boy."

"The Merry Widow" will close its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night, after having played five weeks within a period of nine months to no less an enormous sum than one hundred thousand dollars.

Otis Skinner has started on his tour of the West with his new comedy called "Your Humble Servant." Mr. Skinner comes here almost direct from his New York engagement in the new play, written for him by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.

"As the Sun Went Down," a comedy-drama of interest, and with that favorite actress, Estha Williams, in the leading rôle, will follow "The Red Mill" at the Savoy Theatre.

Within the period of seven months since the trustees of Columbia University held their regular meeting in June, the sum of \$4,281,562 has been received by the institution in gifts from various sources, chiefly in the form of bequests.

The cooking, wife has ceased to dread.  
She bakes such pies! and cake!  
and bread!  
Her biscuits, too, do now surpass.  
It's dainty work and quick with gas.

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S. S. Chiyo Maru.....Tuesday, May 3, 1910

S. S. Tenyo Maru.....Tuesday, May 31, 1910

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2:00p	10:00a	1:50p	2:00p	1:45p	11:52a
*4:40p	11:00a	*2:55p	3:03p	4:25p	1:45p
.....	1:00p	4:30p	4:26p	*9:15p	2:52p
.....	2:00p	.....	5:10p	.....	4:15p
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Student—Want my hair cut. Barber—Any special way? Student—Yes; off.—Williams Purple Cox.

Diner—Is there any soup on the bill of fare? Waiter—No, sir—there was, but I wiped it off.—Harvard Lampoon.

He—My income is five thousand dollars. She—How much more than that do you think it will be safe for us to spend?—Life.

Nurse—Fancy, Miss Rosie, you've now got a dear little brother. Miss Rosie—Oh, how nice! Does mother know?—The World of Golf.

"She wants to be a sister to me." "You can easily get her out of that notion." "How?" "Treat her as you would a sister."—Kansas City Journal.

"Here's the doctor again, miss. Don't you think he comes more often than he needs to?" "It all depends; he may be very poor, Marie!"—Frou-Frou.

Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Bon Vivant.

Patience—Do you have to take care of the dog? Nurse Girl—No. The missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children.—Life.

Blotbs—The suffragettes believe in the equality of woman, don't they? Slobbs—Not at all; they believe in the superiority of woman.—Philadelphia Record.

Miss Pasleigh—I have had my picture taken once every year since I was ten. Miss Youngthing—Oh, do let me see one of the old daguerrotypes. They're so quaint.—Rose-leaf.

He—But I tell you what it is, Maud, if your father is at all unreasonable I shall put my back to the wall—and—er—er— She—And keep it there. That would be the safest position.—Answers.

Mistress—Did you have any company last night, Mary? Mary—Only Aunt Maria, mum. Mistress—When you see her again will you tell her that she left her tobacco pouch on the piano?—Illustrated Bits.

Floorwalker—Here, show this soldier some glasses! Customer—Sir! I am not a soldier; I am an officer. Floorwalker—Beg pardon! Show this officer, who is no soldier, some glasses!—Chicago Daily News.

"People seem to be growing very frivolous," said the conservative man. "Yes," answered Mr. Sirius Barker. "Life used to be one grand, sweet song. Now it's a perpetual musical comedy."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Newlywed—People are saying that you married me for my gold. Mr. Newlywed—What nonsense! If I'd simply wanted gold, I could have got it with far less hardship and suffering in South Africa or Alaska.—Scraps.

Mrs. Crawford—I don't see how you could join such a club when you don't believe in the object of it. Mrs. Crabshaw—You see, dear, it meets Mondays, and that's the only day in the week I had no place to go.—Brooklyn Life.

Geraldine—I suppose we ought to give up something during Lent. Gerold—Well, suppose we make a great sacrifice—give up seeing each other? Geraldine—You may turn down the gas, if you like, but please don't turn it out.—Town Topics.

"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the King of Maritana, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up." "Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."—Liverpool Weekly Post.

"How nicely you have ironed these things, Jane!" said the mistress, admiringly, to her maid. Then, glancing at the glossy linen, she continued in a tone of surprise: "Oh, but I see they are all your own!" "Yes," replied Jane, "and I'd do all yours just like that if I had time."—Central Christian Advocate.

"My brother, my poor brother!" she moaned, as a halfback was carried unconscious from the field. "Ah, but how thankful we should be," her escort, an old player, cried gayly. "Thankful! Thankful for what?" exclaimed the girl. "Thankful that it wasn't the fullback," said he. "We haven't a decent fullback sub, you know."—Minneapolis Journal.

"Jane," said a lady rather sharply to her cook, "I must insist that you keep better hours and that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night you kept me from sleeping because of the uproarious laughter of one of your woman friends." "Yes, mum, I know," was the apologetic reply; "but she couldn't help it. I was a-tellin' of her how you tried to make cake one day."—Ladies' Home Journal.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Tag Day.

Tag Day was not exactly a failure, but sunshine is a wonderful stimulus to generosity and the results would have been much larger if the coöperation of the meteorological department could have been secured. And now suppose we let the idea rest for a while. It has lost the charm of novelty, and there are a good many people who do not care to save themselves from importunities by labeling themselves like cats at a show. Moreover, there is a feeling that children, and especially girls, ought not to be sent into the streets to beg for money, no matter for what cause. Despite sentimental platitudes it remains a fact that children do not understand charity nor the need of it, simply because they have no experience of life. Children who collect money in the streets for charitable purposes are influenced by nothing but the love of a frolic, and it is a frolic of an undesirable nature. The children who collect money on tag day are no more animated by philanthropic motives than the children who give their

pennies to the missionaries are animated by a hope that Chinamen will learn to sing hymns. Such motives are impossible to the child's nature and their pretense should be avoided.

Even boys lose something that is irreplaceable when they are encouraged to accost all and sundry in the streets of a great city, but the damage to girls may be much more serious, and the evil is in no way mitigated by the charitable purpose of the organizers. Children, and especially girls, should be taught diffidence, and there are many better ways, but few worse ones, of inculcating charitable ideas than a day spent in soliciting dimes from passers-by.

### The Rebuff to the Speaker.

A few days ago we were assured by certain Washington correspondents that the insurgent Republicans were hurrying to cover and that their one hope was to escape from the wrath to come. Hardly had this information been digested than two blows in rapid succession were struck at the Speaker, and both were successful. By the first he was deprived of his automobile, and this seems to be rather a petty attack, and by the second he was ousted from the Committee on Rules. Representative Norris was responsible for this last piece of strategy, his successful resolution providing that the committee shall select its own chairman and that "the Speaker shall not be eligible to membership on said committee." A further attempt to declare the Speakership vacant was defeated, and so Mr. Cannon retains his position, but with nails and claws pared to the quick. The proceedings from beginning to end were of the most electrical kind, and although the atmosphere has now been cleared of its more sulphurous elements the condition is one of an armed truce, and hostilities may begin again at any minute.

It is needless to say that these striking results could not have been obtained if the party ranks had remained unbroken, but so far from the Republican insurgents showing any signs of disintegration they were not only unusually compact, but they had added substantially to their numbers. The Democrats were naturally quick to jump into the fray, and the momentary coalition between Democrats and insurgents was sufficient for the purpose. But that the insurgents were faithful to the broad party policies is shown by their refusal to turn Mr. Cannon out of the chair and so to run the risk of the election of Mr. Champ Clark in his place. In the first sting of defeat Mr. Cannon acted the part of a modern Shimei and sat by the roadside and cursed, but he is now showing a somewhat more chastened spirit and has allowed it to be said that he was misreported in his more vivid objurgations. But what Mr. Cannon really thinks about the whole business may be guessed but not printed.

The net result of the battle is an increased mutual respect between regulars and insurgents. It is hard to avoid the conviction that the regulars have committed a profound tactical mistake in making an issue of the personality of Mr. Cannon and that they have been led by a certain numerical arrogance into an untenable position. Mr. Cannon as a war cry is unthinkable. There is not a single representative of character and intelligence who does not know that the Speaker is morally unfit for his position, and a little tactful diplomacy would have avoided an open quarrel over so unsavory a bone. The elections are close and the vitriolic scenes of last week must inevitably serve to deepen the impression that every vote cast is either for or against the Speaker.

The contention that an objection to Mr. Cannon is a mark of party disloyalty will not hold water for a moment, unless it be also contended that party dominance demands the destruction of democratic institutions and of representative government. Mr. Cannon was made Speaker by the Republican party not because his behavior was foreseen, but because it was unfore-

seen. Recognizing that the rules gave unlimited scope to despotism, it was the intention to find a man of mediocre ability who would refrain from self-assertive tyranny and who would keep to the spirit rather than to the letter of his position. It is the insurgents who are actually representing the intention that elected Mr. Cannon and the regulars who have allowed themselves to be drawn away from their original plan. Mr. Cannon is distasteful to the vast majority of Republicans throughout the country, and especially in the West, and it might be well to remember that the Republican party is made up of the Republican voters throughout the nation rather than of a certain number of elected representatives. It is the certainty that the real Republican party is behind them that gives to the insurgents their unexpected and aggressive strength.

At the same time it is well to beware of cant. It is not Mr. Cannon that is the enemy, but Cannonism, and it may be suspected that the insurgents themselves are not wholly free from the pernicious principle. Mr. Cannon has more intelligence than almost any one of them and more courage than all of them combined. We need by no means suppose that the revolt against his tyranny is inspired by a passion for clean politics or an enthusiasm for the higher life. We have only to look at the home politics of some of them to know better than that. At the same time they have done a work that is not without its value, and any attempt to label them as traitors or to nail the Cannon colors to the party flag will be a disastrous blunder. Nothing could be more suicidal than to encourage the belief that the personality of Mr. Cannon is an issue in the coming elections or that party loyalty must be shown by the support of a man who is abhorrent to large and important sections of voters.

### The Exposition Dispute.

The resolution passed by the Santa Barbara conference in the matter of the exposition site is the only one that could have been passed. The representatives of nearly all the commercial bodies of California are unanimous in their choice of San Francisco as the proper place for a celebration that is intended to have a national and international significance and that will be of no greater benefit to the city in which it happens to be held than to the State at large. San Francisco is the only city in California that can give this significance to the occasion, that is central enough and large enough and experienced enough to handle the enterprise in such a way as to command the attention of the world.

There will be no lack of sympathy for San Diego in her inevitable disappointment. It is vastly to her credit that she should conceive of such a plan and show such a whole-souled effort in its execution. If San Diego shall continue to grow as she has done in the last few years and if she shall succeed in preserving the civic unity that is now her decoration there will be no scheme too ambitious for her to entertain and to carry to a successful conclusion. Her natural beauties are so great—indeed they are unsurpassed and unsurpassable—that every Californian will be proud of the opportunity to display them. But population is a matter of growth and time, and it is population and the thousand facilities that come with it that are needed for such a project as this.

There ought to be no sectional feeling in the matter, as was suggested in a recent circular from the southern city, a circular evidently dictated under a stress of resentment. To a certain extent San Diego has misconceived the nature of the scheme, a misconception natural enough and in a way even creditable. The exposition is not intended to exploit a city or to be of local benefit, and it is here that San Diego has made her mistake. The last circular that she issued says that "everything has been done to advance the interests of the Southwest and to attract the attention of



the world has had the backing of a united citizenship." No doubt, but then the main object of the exposition is not "to attract the attention of the world to San Diego," or to San Francisco, or to any other city, but rather to the Panama Canal and to the Pacific Coast State nearest thereto. Putting merely local interests out of sight, the question is, Where can a national and international exposition most properly be held? Where is the point of readiest access, of the largest experience and possessing the adequate accommodation? There is only one possible answer, and the representatives of nearly the whole State, assembled at Santa Barbara, have given it.

It is unfortunate that San Diego should have chosen to go unrepresented at the conference. She could hardly contend that the question has only one side and that there was nothing to discuss, or that the one point for determination was a mere question of priority of announcement. Nor could she rightly assume that an openly summoned conference of the commercial representatives of the whole State could be guilty of any sort of pre-determination and still less of a prejudice against herself. Other things being equal, there is no doubt that Los Angeles would much prefer a southern site, but Los Angeles sent her delegates and San Diego should have done the same. The voice of the conference should have been the voice of the whole State, instead of nearly the whole State, and the California front should have been unbroken. Nevertheless the result was a good one and it should be effective at Washington.

#### The Canadian Navy.

The determination of Canada to build a navy of her own is due to one of those national sentiments that are beyond the reach of reason and that can no more be banished by argument than can the equator. A certain number of Canadian statesmen, Sir Wilfrid Laurier preëminently among them, are undoubtedly actuated by an imperial patriotism of the flamboyant kind. They wish that Canada shall increase her own importance by taking a large share in the imperial defense—or offense, as the case may be. There are others who have vague ideas that Canada will one day be entirely independent and that the creation of a navy in advance might save a lot of trouble afterwards. And there are still others who think that shipbuilding is a fine and profitable game and who look forward with calculating pleasure to the big positions and long payrolls that would result therefrom.

The French population forms the chief part of those who look forward to an independent Canada, although it would be hard to see how Canada can be more independent than she is. A governor-general whose duties are of the ornamental kind and who would no more think of vetoing a bill than of sailing over Niagara in a canoe is the only external mark of British authority. But these things are governed more by sentiment than by intelligence, and the fact remains that the loyalty of the French Canadian is mainly a matter of after-dinner oratory and does not rise much above the plane of the digestive apparatus. He is prouder of his French descent than of his British citizenship, and this fact comes to the surface under slight stimulation. Thus we find Mr. Lachance, a member of the Dominion House of Commons, saying that the ties between Canada and the mother country would presently be severed, and that because of this he would vote for the navy bill. Another French member from Quebec expressed himself similarly, and there must be many others who have not quite enough courage to make their opinions audible. The Canadian delegation to the last great exposition in Paris attracted attention everywhere by their separatist views, and many of them secretly wore buttons with inscribed sentiments that might be called treasonable if any one had taken the trouble to call them anything except silly.

It is evident that if the idea of a Canadian navy were based entirely upon imperial patriotism the legislative vote would have taken another form. The ships can be built much more cheaply in England than they can in Canada, but then there would have been no fat berth for Canadians, no long pay lists, no political influence, no nothing. Pure, undefiled patriotism would either have ordered the ships from the English yards or else would have voted a sum of money to be placed at the disposition of the English navy authorities. But that would have left Canada nothing but glory, and glory as an exclusive diet leaves much to be desired.

In the matter of defense Canada is already in an unique position, seeing that the two greatest navies in

the world are already at her service against foreign aggression. She can rely not only upon the warships of Great Britain, but upon those of the United States, seeing that the Monroe Doctrine guarantees her against any possible menace from the European powers. And yet nothing will satisfy her but a toy navy of her own.

#### The Rockefeller Bequest.

The expression of Mr. Rockefeller's intention to devote a large part of his fortune to charitable purposes has not yet been before the public long enough to call forth many serious opinions on the subject. Of course a few toadies have rushed into print with their spasms of adulation, and professional benevolence has pricked up its ears at the suggestion of loaves and fishes. But as a whole we have taken the matter calmly, as though some such action had been half expected.

Official Washington is inclined to be a little cynical and more than a little angry. The Gallinger bill for the chartering of the Rockefeller foundation comes before the House and the country, after four years of legal proceedings against the Standard Oil Company as a criminal organization, after a judicial order for its dissolution, and just at the moment when the Supreme Court is about to decide the appeal. Mr. Wickersham is said to have described Mr. Rockefeller's bequest as "brazen effrontery" and "outrageous audacity," and there are competent observers in Washington who predict that the President will veto the Gallinger bill if it should come before him. Heaven forbid that there should be any injustice to Mr. Rockefeller. It may be that he has seen a great light; that his heart is torn with pity for suffering humanity, and that he chooses the only way open to him to alleviate the lot of mankind. These things may be so, but we can hardly blame the prosecuting officials at Washington if they see nothing but a desperate move to create a wave of favorable public sentiment that shall act as a sort of absent treatment upon the Supreme Court. Lawyers are proverbially unsentimental, and especially to those whom they are prosecuting. Moreover, Mr. Wickersham may remember that the colossal sum of money now to be given in charity was amassed by those very ways that the courts have already declared to be illegal.

We shall hear a good deal more about tainted money before the fate of this bequest is settled, although practical men will not trouble themselves much about this aspect of the matter. All money is more or less tainted, and the best way to remove a taint is by the disinfection of charity and philanthropy. Nevertheless there is something to be said for the scruples of those who hesitate to take money for benevolent purposes that they believe has been acquired dishonestly. No one, for instance, would accept a gold watch as a donation to his pet orphanage if he knew that the watch had been stolen and if he was aware of its rightful owner. A hospital would not willingly allow a pirate to subscribe a part of his plunder marked with the names of those who had walked the plank. There is one condition only on which the orphanage and the hospital might justifiably profit by crime. They might accept the offerings of the criminal after they had satisfied themselves that restitution was wholly impossible and that the identity of the original owners was lost forever. Indeed, it would be supreme folly not to take it under such circumstances, for wealth must either be used or destroyed, and to destroy wealth would be not only a folly, but a crime. But there is one thing that neither the hospital nor the orphanage ought to do. They ought not to hail the burglar and the pirate as saviors of the race. They ought not to acknowledge their gift in terms of adulation. They ought not to grovel at the feet of a criminal nor to thank God that his career has been so successful. These homely illustrations are not used as parallels to the case of Mr. Rockefeller, who may be fully entitled to wear the white flower of a blameless life. They are intended only to suggest the proper and reasonable attitude of philanthropic institutions toward money that is believed, rightly or wrongly, to be "tainted."

A bequest so colossal as that of Mr. Rockefeller arouses economic questions that will bear much thinking of. We may put upon one side the hysterical adulations that have found their way into print and that would hardly be justified if Mr. Rockefeller had given away his last shirt, but there still remain many people who speak of the gift as though the oil king had gone to his safe and extracted from it the necessary

millions in the shape of gold coins. It is well worth our while to ask where this money will come from in case Mr. Rockefeller carries out his intentions, and perhaps we shall arrive at the answer most speedily by asking where the money is now. Great capitalists do not keep their money in safes; they invest it. That is to say, they are part owners in large numbers of commercial enterprises—factories, mines, railroads, steamships, and a hundred other things of the kind. The two hundred million dollars that Mr. Rockefeller proposes to spend in philanthropy are not now lying idle. On the contrary, they are working hard and for the most part at laudable and productive enterprises that add to the wealth of the country and employ thousands of men. To employ those two hundred million dollars in charity means that they must be withdrawn from their present useful occupations and employed in some other way, perhaps equally useful, perhaps more useful, but still in another way. Therefore the beneficence is not a matter that concerns Mr. Rockefeller alone. It concerns the industrial life of the nation from which two hundred million dollars is about to be withdrawn. If he should propose to put his money into gold coin and to lock it in a vault the nation, and indeed the whole civilized world, would soon find that it was vitally concerned in the matter. Of course he proposes to do nothing so foolish. The money will still be used in a way that can reasonably be called productive. It will employ labor and it will add, theoretically at least, to the valuable commodity of knowledge. But the fact remains that it will be summoned from one kind of activity to another, from one kind of labor to another, and we can not look upon the transfer with quite the same placidity as we watch the gift of a dime to a blind beggar.

The possession of vast wealth is a perplexing puzzle when we try to understand its real meaning. The wise investment of several hundred million dollars means a distribution so widespread that hardly any one can be outside its sphere. In some way the whole nation is using that money, although its possessor has the power to recall it at will and to use it elsewhere and in other ways. The erection of a building must mean the transfer of value from one place to another. Ordinary transactions balance one another. The fluctuations are beneficial and values thus transferred under the usual commercial motives grow and increase. But what shall we say when two hundred million dollars are thus transferred from a hundred different activities and concentrated upon the relatively narrow field of benevolence? What will be the economic effects and to what extent therefore may we be said to be partners in the transaction?

#### Some Water History.

The press of the country, including those newspapers opposed to Mr. Ballinger's general policies, shows no disposition to attack the Secretary for his conservation plans in favor of Hetch Hetchy. On the contrary, they are hailed in many quarters as satisfactory evidences of a determination to uphold the rights of the people at large in the possession and enjoyment of national parks. It is true there are one or two ribald weeklies, such as *Collier's*, who find occasion for fresh scurrility, but in these cases the scurrility would have been forthcoming in any case. If Mr. Ballinger had favored the Hetch Hetchy project we should have been told that his action was well in keeping with his reputation in Alaska and elsewhere in allowing national property to be turned over to sectional uses, but as Mr. Ballinger is determined to prevent the ruin of a scenic wonder that is owned by the people at large it is equally easy to abuse him upon that score. The abuse would have been certain in any event.

The incident will have its uses if it leads to a reëxamination of the history of the scheme. It is not a little remarkable that there was no fervid outcry of denunciation when Mr. Hitchcock took up a far stronger position in the matter than Mr. Ballinger has done. Mr. Hitchcock put his foot down firmly upon the whole plan. He would grant no permit, because he had no legal power to do so and because there had been no showing of urgent necessity. Writing to the President and reviewing the case and the reasons for his action, Mr. Hitchcock uses some direct language, of whose purport it is well to remind ourselves. He says:

In April, 1902, James D. Phelan of San Francisco, California, applied . . . for right of way for two reservoirs in the Yosemite National Park. . . . Upon consideration thereof, his application was denied on the 20th of January, 1903;



and in a letter addressed to the commissioner of the general land office on that date attention was directed to the fact that a considerable portion of the right of way desired was over patented lands, over which the department had no authority to grant privileges; and, furthermore, that it appeared that the survey of the sites in question had been made surreptitiously, and without securing the consent of the department to entering the reservation for that purpose.

Mr. Hitchcock then goes on to speak of Mr. Phelan's "alleged water rights," and proceeds to quote from the official letter refusing the permit in question. He says:

The act of October 1, 1890, makes it obligatory upon the Secretary of the Interior to preserve and retain the "natural curiosities and wonders" in the park in their natural condition. . . . It is contended that the appropriation of Lake Eleanor and Hetch Hetchy Valley for great reservoirs for the proposed storage of water would enhance rather than detract from their natural beauty, but this is not material in view of the law which commands the Secretary of the Interior to preserve and retain them in their natural condition if they are "natural curiosities."

And yet no one denounced Mr. Hitchcock as a creature of the corporations. No one suggested that he was following some malign plan for the benefit of a class. No one could do so after that quiet presentation of the law which still remains a law in spite of its violation by Mr. Garfield. It is to be noted that Mr. Garfield did not give a permit merely in the absence of a law covering such cases. He gave it in direct defiance of the law which says that the natural curiosities shall not be interfered with, and it was this clause that was recognized by Mr. Hitchcock as a final and absolute bar.

Mr. Metcalf's concurrence with Mr. Hitchcock was absolute and unequivocal, but here again no one threw any mud at Mr. Metcalf or insinuated that he was worshipping the golden calf. Mr. Metcalf said:

Thus, while the Secretary of the Interior is vested with exclusive control of the reservation, his authority to grant permits for the use of rights of way is limited to such uses as are not incompatible with the public interest. Any use which necessitates a change or alteration of the natural curiosities or wonders of the park is clearly incompatible with the public interest as expressed in the original act. To grant permits for uses which would so affect the reservation would defeat the purpose and nullify the effect of the law creating it.

It is perhaps natural that the municipal ownership advocates in San Francisco should be lashing their sides with their tails at Mr. Ballinger's insistence on protecting national property from ruin. But they should direct their wrath against their own stupidity in taking the decisive action of a bond election on the strength of a permit that is notoriously revocable at will. They knew, or if they did not know they ought to have known, that no finality was anywhere in sight without an act of Congress and that it was the height of folly to take a single step without such an act. But then nothing is capable of so much folly as blind self-interest.

Medical Tyranny at Watsonville.

Judge Lucas F. Smith of Santa Cruz is to be congratulated upon his refusal to allow the State board of health forcibly to exclude a large number of children from the Watsonville schools upon the ground that such children have not been vaccinated. The law, says Judge Smith, is unconstitutional, inasmuch as it enforces vaccination upon the children of public schools and pointedly exempts those who attend private schools. It is therefore class legislation that draws a distinct line between the rich and the poor, seeing that there are many parents who dislike vaccination and yet who cannot afford to pay for the immunity furnished by a private institution.

This decision will of course be described as a blow to vaccination. It is nothing of the sort or it would not be applauded by the *Argonaut*. Most intelligent people believe in vaccination, but most intelligent people are also beginning to frown severely upon the medical legislator, the medical policeman, and the medical jailer. The decision is a rebuff to medical arrogance that tries, in the words of Judge Smith, "to compel, by writ of mandate, another board of equal standing before the law to exclude children from public schools when there is no public necessity for so doing."

Medical legislators will have no one but themselves to blame if they find a wave of public sentiment running strongly against them, and such a sentiment will act against the whole profession. The action of the San Francisco board of health shows the extent to which the official doctor will go when he finds a community weak enough or superstitious enough to yield to his persuasions. The effrontery with which the

board of health demanded for itself and for its politically appointed and unqualified assistants the right to pronounce a sentence of perpetual imprisonment against any poor consumptive wretch selected for the purpose is evidence enough of the danger incurred when the doctor begins to pass laws. It is true that this particular demand was somewhat modified, but even in its modified form it remains a disgrace and an injury to the city. Judge Smith may feel that public opinion is behind him when he curtails the arrogance of the scientific tyranny which is capable of a relentless and remorseless cruelty that could not exist for twenty-four hours but for the fostered superstitions and credulities that sustain it.

Dr. Eliot on Education.

To our educational experts, to those who think that school knowledge implies good citizenship, to the whole tribe of those who believe that the grammar school takes the place of the Ten Commandments, may be commended a recent utterance of Dr. Eliot, who is supposed to know something about education, not so much, of course, as our own Mr. Roncovieri, but still an amount creditable enough for the East. Dr. Eliot says:

Many illiterates have common sense, sound bodies, and good characters. Indeed, it is not clear that education increases much the amount of common sense which nature gave the individual.

Nor, by the way, does it increase his virtue to any noticeable extent, so that if we gain neither in common sense nor in virtue it may be that we are putting all our eggs into one basket with possible lamentable results. Dr. Eliot would like to see every voter able to read and write, but he does not seem to think that his political value will necessarily continue to increase by anything else that the schools will do for him. Herbert Spencer, also well and favorably known in matters educational, was once asked if human society could be changed by teaching, and his answer shows that he was somewhat of Dr. Eliot's way of thinking. He said: "Everything depends not upon intellect, but upon character; and character is not to be changed in a day or in a generation." We may yet have to recognize that the educational duty of the State toward the child begins and ends with teaching him to read, write, and cipher and so allow him the inestimable discipline of fighting and struggling for whatever else he wants.

Editorial Notes.

It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the Democratic victory in Massachusetts. It would be equally easy to underrate it, but the cold fact remains that a Republican plurality of 14,250 has been turned into a Democratic plurality of 5840, and this after a campaign that has hinged largely upon the tariff and national issues. There is no reason why Republicans should look upon this disquieting incident as a portent. If they will only look upon it as a warning it may yet be blessed unto them abundantly. It came immediately after the unseemly quarrel over the Speakership, and the Massachusetts voter may well be excused if he went to the polls under the impression that Cannonism is an integral part of Republican policies and something that will be defended with all the organization force. Moreover, it followed closely upon the President's reiterated defense of the tariff as the best ever produced and his appearance upon the same platform with Mr. Aldrich. It ought now to be borne in upon the party leaders that dissatisfaction with the tariff is not merely a matter of cigar store gossip, but the cause of a deep and growing resentment that will not be assuaged by assurances that the problem may perhaps be reconsidered somewhere toward the middle of the century.

It is to be hoped that we shall have no more Marathon dancing. A more disgusting business it would be hard to imagine or one more degrading to a fine and beautiful art. Most of the successful dancers have been seriously injured and some of them permanently so, but there seems to be no particular reason why the police should interfere. If these congenital idiots like to maltreat themselves it seems to be the business of no one but themselves and the vulgar crew that applaud them.

Are we not hearing too much of the perils that Mr. Roosevelt is supposed to have encountered on his sporting tour through Africa? As a matter of fact there have been no perils whatever except those incidental to a rough tramp after big game and through a coun-

try that is still inaccessible enough to keep away all but a select few. Even the ordinary dangers that exist were minimized by elaborate preparations, an abundant escort, and the most competent guidance that the country can afford. Mr. Roosevelt's hunting opportunity has been the envy of sportsmen all over the world and not one among them would give a thought to the dangers that are just real enough to give a spice to the dish. And yet to read the gushing reports of the special correspondents who have penetrated the wilds of Cairo and among the bloodthirsty savages of Naples one might suppose that Mr. Roosevelt had emulated the deeds of such great explorers as Henry M. Stanley.

By throwing open a certain section of the down-town district for dancing purposes Mayor McCarthy is carrying out the programme that he clearly laid down before his election. No one need be taken by surprise, and protests are belated and useless. The mayor promised that he would make San Francisco the Paris of America, and although it is probable that he knows no more of Paris than he does of Timbuctoo his meaning was clear enough. He received over 29,000 votes from people who clearly understood what he would do with them and who knew that he would open the cesspools and throw off the restraints that decency had placed around vice. The opening of the dance rooms is only the beginning, and before the end is in sight we can trust the mayor to give us full measure, pressed down, and running over.

The fact that Mr. Bob Knowles, supervisor and member of the police committee, is canvassing the saloons on behalf of an ice company and that he printed his official dignities upon his business card seems hardly to deserve the scare head lines given to it by some of the newspapers. Why do they suppose that Mr. Knowles became a supervisor if not for revenue only? It is hardly likely that he was actuated exclusively by patriotic motives when he gave up his exalted position as driver of an ice wagon in order to administer the business of a great city or that he would conceal the fact that he was a member of the police committee from the saloon men over whom he has a power almost of life or death. Of course there is always a diplomatic way of doing these things, and Mr. Supervisor Knowles could hardly be expected to say bluntly that it was a case of ice or hot water. The suggestion was adequately if delicately conveyed by the business card with the magic word "supervisor" printed upon it in large type.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Subscribed for Several Years.

JUAYUA, SALVADOR, March 11, 1910.  
ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY: I have just given instructions to my correspondents in that city, Messrs. Hamberger Polhemus Company, to cover my new subscription to the *Argonaut*. I have been your subscriber for several years, and I appreciate in its real value your long campaign against graft and lawless unions. I have also admired your opinions concerning the Nicaraguan incident, and it is a real pity that you are perhaps the only American that has kept his head cool. With my compliments for your prosperity, and long life for the *Argonaut*, I am,  
Yours sincerely, J. DOLORES SALAVERRIA.

A Necessity.

PIOCHE, NEVADA, March 14, 1910.  
ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY: One year ago I subscribed for the *Argonaut* for three months, thinking I wanted to see it occasionally and should drop it at the end of three months. Now it has become a necessity. I subscribed for three months at a time only because I am likely to be called away for an indefinite period. While I stay here I want the *Argonaut*.  
Yours, JAMES W. ABBOTT.

Not at Any Cost.

SAN RAFAEL, CAL., February 27, 1910.  
ARGONAUT PUBLISHING COMPANY: Couldn't see my subscription expire at any cost so herewith attach check for \$4.  
Yours, THOMAS O'CONNELL.

The Chinese in their recent invasion of Tibet, which resulted in the precipitate flight of the Dalai Lama toward India, kept constantly in touch with Chinese cities beyond the Tibetan border by means of wireless telegraphy. Their employment of the device is a striking index of the progress of civilization. When the British under Macdonald entered Tibet in 1903 they laid wires along the ground, and when the suspicious natives wanted to cut the wires the invaders explained that these were the clues whereby they could find their way out of the country again. The Tibetans were so anxious to get rid of their visitors that they let the wires alone thereafter and the British encampments were in daily communication with London.

The Pope has officially appointed Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli as legate to the Eucharistic Congress, which will be held at Montreal in September. Cardinal Vannutelli will take this opportunity to visit the whole of Canada and a large part of the United States.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

It is plain enough that the reciprocity provisions of the Payne-Aldrich law are doing more harm than good. It could hardly be otherwise, seeing that they were passed on the happy-go-lucky style of most of our legislation and without even the most cursory effort to study the ground and to ascertain what their precise result must be. A glance at a blue book would have shown that in many instances the balance of trade is in our favor and that we are not in a position to threaten coercion of any kind. This was the case with Germany, with whom we had to effect a compromise, and it is even more the case with Canada. Canada buys from us twice as much as we buy from her, and it is therefore not in our power to use pressure against her without giving her the power to exercise twice as much pressure against us. And yet this ridiculous reciprocity plan gives the President no choice but to penalize Canada because she refuses to give us the same reductions that she gives to France in return for a precise equivalent. If Canada should "stand pat"—and there is every sign that she will do so—the President will have no alternative to the imposition of an additional 25 per cent against her exports. That, of course, would be bad for Canada, but as she would certainly retaliate it would be just twice as bad for us, without counting the ill-feeling that would certainly result. The total trade with Canada is over \$270,000,000 a year, and this is far too much to be endangered.

The Rev. C. F. Aked seems to be a promising candidate for the boot-licking fraternity. When Mr. Aked was the minister of a church in Liverpool, England, he attracted a certain amount of attention by the breadth of his theology and the liberalism of his social views. Then came the "call" to the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York, where the Rockefeller family are politely supposed to "worship." The technical terms are a little nauseating, but the church always has a terminology of its own and different from other forms of business. No sooner was Mr. Aked installed in his new pulpit than his views underwent a change. Upon one occasion he made some lofty remarks about "shop girls" that excited the resentment of even his gilt-edged congregation, but no one was quite prepared to see even Mr. Aked fall down and worship the golden calf with such dervish zeal as he has shown in his pronouncement on the Rockefeller bequest. What are we to say to this?

We are today rejoicing in the great light of the consecration of a great wealth to the advancement of the race. This vast wealth has been so consecrated by a man who all through his life has walked in accord with the word "The love of Christ constraineth me." We rejoice with a worthy and sentimental cry that he is our own brother and a colleague amongst us.

It is overpowering to stand in the presence of so great a power for good on this earth. We can see the dawning of a new day for mankind. The brain to conceive, the genius to plan, the statesmanship to command, and the lovely nobility of spirit to carry out so vast an undertaking have combined to produce the most valuable single asset humanity possesses today. The undertaking is epoch-making, evolutionary, revolutionary, as well as world-shaking. A man who has power such as kings do not possess has used it in a higher spirit than we have dared to hope. It will free the bond slave of evil conditions and out of the wastrel will build a man. For this power to ameliorate human suffering and to discover and alleviate the causes and relief of pain we thank the good God.

Mr. Rockefeller himself was not present, but the rest of the family were there in full force and are said to have listened attentively. And yet the churches complain that they are losing their hold upon the masses.

The New York *World* indulges in some computations of the size to which the Rockefeller fortune will grow during the next generation:

In the calculation one-third of Mr. Rockefeller's present-day fortune is deducted and set aside for the proposed Rockefeller foundation. Mr. Rockefeller is conservatively estimated to be worth \$600,000,000 today. One-third of this sum is \$200,000,000, leaving \$400,000,000.

If John D. lives until 1920, young John D., who then will be forty-six years old, will inherit not less than \$253,000,000; his daughters, Mrs. Prentice and Mrs. McCormick, will inherit the same amount each.

If young John D. lives as many years as his father is expected to live, Baby John D., when forty-nine years old, will inherit, in 1955, \$1,500,000,000; his daughter, Babette, now seven years old, will inherit the same amount as Baby John D. When Baby John D. is seventy-one years old, the present age of John D., the entire family section of the Rockefeller fortune, including the allotment made to young John D.'s sisters in 1920, but excluding \$200,000,000 set aside for the Rockefeller foundation in 1910, will nearly equal the total indebtedness of the nations of the world.

The above estimates of the Rockefeller fortune are arrived at by first taking \$400,000,000 at 6 per cent compounded for ten years from 1910 to 1920. This amounts to \$759,000,000. Young John D. will inherit one-third of this sum, or \$253,000,000.

The calculation that Baby John D. will inherit \$1,500,000,000 is based upon figuring \$253,000,000 at 6 per cent compounded for thirty-five years, from 1920 to 1955. This amounts to \$3,000,000,000. Baby John D. will inherit one-half of this sum, or \$1,500,000,000.

In 1955 the total Rockefeller fortune, it is estimated, will be \$10,000,000,000. The claim that it will reach the size of the world's debt in 1979 is based upon this estimate, compounded for twenty-four years.

A few days ago the tariff bill was revised by Congress, and the operation took about ten minutes. For one terrible moment it seemed as though a general engagement on the tariff issue would open all down the line, but the crisis was passed successfully and the country was once more saved.

The occasion was the 2 cent tonnage tax on Canadian vessels on the lakes, a tax that has always been remitted on a reciprocity understanding with Canada, but for which the provision had been accidentally omitted from the Payne-Aldrich bill. The omission was made good by a special bill reported favorably by the committee and furtively smuggled through the House. Representative Harrison of New York had seen the opportunity a long way off and was prepared with a trifling amendment to repeal the whole tariff law, and

Mr. Hitchcock of Nebraska had another for a 25 per cent reduction on all imports from Canada. But they missed the psychological moment, and when they tried to retrieve their position Mr. Cannon failed to recognize them. But the fact remains that the tariff has been revised and that the operation took only a few minutes.

That Mr. Patten was mobbed on the floor of the Manchester exchange speaks less of that gentleman's unpopularity than of the boorishness of a crowd of men who should have known better than to display violent incivility to a guest. It seems that Mr. Patten was warned of the reception probably awaiting him, but his subsequent explanation of the causes that led to his visit must surely owe its confused metaphor to the influence of strong excitement. He says: "I went to Manchester to show them that I was an ordinary man, not adorned with horns and tails, but simply a bull on the market, as I had told them." Perhaps it was the spectacle of a bull without horns or tail that startled the Manchester traders from their usual equanimity.

The exhumation of the old bribery corpse in the New York State legislature goes on somewhat slowly. It is not easy so to aim the excavating spade that it shall leave undisturbed all the other corpses that are lying close around, but it is evidently the desire to leave the main charnel house as undisturbed as possible. Whether Senator Allds is eventually judged guilty or innocent, there can not be much doubt that his political career is ended. He has admitted that his firm received \$100 a month from the New York Central Railway, and while this sort of thing is common enough there are signs that the public does not like it so much as it did. The examination of Mr. Allds's bank passbook failed to produce any positive evidence, although there were a number of suspicious deposits of one and two thousand dollars each, and always in bills. Mr. Allds could not explain why he took his money to the bank in that form, nor was his memory very certain as to what particular form of legal service the payments represented. Indeed, he seems to have done very little legal work, if we may judge from the following extract from a somewhat merciless examination:

Q.—Can you at present recall a single client from whom you received money in 1901? A.—I think I can not state from memory just at this moment, no, sir.

Q.—Can you tell us now a single client from whom you can definitely state that you received a cent in 1902? A.—I can not.

Q.—Can you tell us a single client, with definiteness, from whom you received a cent in 1903? A.—Not with definiteness, no, sir.

Q.—Can you tell us a single client from whom you received a cent in 1904? A.—Not now, sir.

Q.—Can you tell us a single client, with definiteness, from whom you received a cent in 1905? A.—No, sir, I can not.

Q.—Can you tell us a single client from whom you received a cent, with definiteness, in 1906? A.—I can not.

The New York *Evening Post* remarks pertinently that whatever Mr. Allds's record may have been as an assemblyman, he seems to have done very little damage as a lawyer.

The eulogy of John C. Calhoun delivered in the Senate by Mr. Lodge was remarkable for its references to the tariff. At the conclusion of his long speech Mr. Lodge said:

In speaking on the question of a protective tariff, in 1842, in reference to the tariff, he said:

The question in what manner the loss and gain of the system distribute themselves among several classes of society is intimately connected with that of their distribution among the several sections. Few subjects present more important points for consideration. No system can be more efficient to rear up a monied aristocracy. Its tendency is to make the poor poorer and the rich richer. Heretofore in our country this tendency has displayed itself principally in its efforts as regards the different sections. But the time will come when it will produce the same results between the several classes in the manufacturing States. After we are exhausted the contest will be between capital and operatives, for into these two classes it must, ultimately, divide society.

Do the strikes, labor troubles that have convulsed our industrial life from time to time since this remarkable declaration, and of which we are having a fearful example just now in a neighboring State and city, attest the wisdom and prophetic power of this statesman and patriot? Was he not in the highest sense a patriot and a statesman when pleading for the defeat of an act which, once incorporated into law, he foresaw would grow into that gigantic abuse which would lead to the disasters that have followed?

In the light of the legislation and the discussions incident thereto that occupied the first half of the present Congress, I can not refrain from quoting his summing up of the same principles involved in the debate of 1842. He says:

On what ground do they ask protection? Protection against what? Against violence, oppression, or fraud? If so, government is bound to afford it. If it comes within the sphere of its powers, cost what it may, it is the object for which government is instituted; and if it fails in this, it fails in the highest point of duty. No; it is against neither violence, oppression, nor fraud. There is no complaint of being disturbed in property or pursuits, or of being defrauded out of the proceeds of industry. Against what, then, is protection asked? It is against low prices. The manufacturers complain that they can not carry on their pursuits at prices as low as the present, and that unless they can get higher they must give up manufacturing. The evil, then, is low prices, and what they ask of government is to give them higher; but how do they ask it to be done? Do they ask government to compel those who want to purchase to give them higher? No; that would be a hard task and not a little odious; difficult to be defended on the principles of equity, justice, or the Constitution, or to be enforced, if it could be. Do they ask that a tax should be laid on the rest of the community and the proceeds divided among them to make up for low prices? Or, in other words, do they ask for a bounty? No; that would be rather too open, oppressive, and indefensible. How, then, do they ask it to be done? By putting down competition; by the imposition of taxes on the part of others, so as to give them the exclusion of the market, or at least a decided advantage over others and thereby enable them to sell at higher prices. Stripped of all disguise, this is their request, and this they call protection. Call it tribute, levy, exaction, monopoly, plunder; or, if these be too harsh, call it charity, assistance, aid—anything rather than protection, with which it has not a feature in common.

This was his exposition of the theory of protection. How fittingly might these words have been spoken in the year 1909! Foreseeing as he did the tremendous lengths to which unrestrained greed might go, and the frauds that it might perpetrate, and the dangers to our government it might entail, as a true statesman and patriot he brought to bear his powers and logic and reasoning to avert the wrong.

John G. Carlisle, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, is seventy-five years of age.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## A Red, Red Rose.

O my love's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June;  
O my love's like the melody  
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,  
So deep in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;  
I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love;  
And fare thee weel a while!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Though it were ten thousand mile.  
—Robert Burns.

## Perpetual Youth.

'Tis yet high day, thy staff resume,  
And fight fresh battles for the truth;  
For what is age but youth's full bloom;  
A ripper, more transcendent youth?  
A weight of gold  
Is never old.  
Streams broader grow as downward rolled.

At sixty-two life has begun;  
At seventy-three begins once more;  
Fly swifter as thou nearest the sun,  
And brighter shine at eighty-four.  
At ninety-five  
Shouldst thou arrive,  
Still wait on God and work and thrive.  
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## Ruth.

She stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,  
Deeply ripen'd,—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born,  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,  
Which were blackest none could tell,  
But long lashes veil'd a light  
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,  
Made her tressy forehead dim;  
Thus she stood amid the stooks,  
Praising God with sweetest looks:

Sure, I said, heav'n did not mean  
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean,  
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,  
Share my harvest and my bome.  
—Thomas Hood.

## In the Village Churchyard.

In the village churchyard she lies,  
Dust is in her beautiful eyes,  
No more she breathes, nor feels, nor stirs;  
At her feet and at her head  
Lies a slave to attend the dead,  
But their dust is as white as hers.

Was she a lady of high degree,  
So much in love with the vanity  
And foolish pomp of this world of ours?  
Or was it Christian charity,  
And lowliness and humility,  
The richest and rarest of all dowers?

Who shall tell us? No one speaks;  
No color shoots into those cheeks,  
Either of anger or of pride,  
At the rude question we have asked:  
Nor will the mystery be unmasked  
By those who are sleeping at her side.

Hereafter?—And do you think to look  
On the terrible pages of that Book  
To find her failings, faults, and errors?  
Ah, you will then have other cares,  
In your own shortcomings and despairs,  
In your own secret sins and terrors!  
—Longfellow.

## Unwearied Life.

Why should we ever weary of this life?  
Our souls should widen ever, not contract;  
Grow stronger and not harder in the strife,  
Filling each moment with a noble act.  
If we live thus, of vigor all compact,  
Doing our duty to our fellow-men  
And striving rather to exalt our race  
Than our poor selves, with earnest hand or pen,  
We shall erect our names a dwelling place  
Which not all ages shall cast down again.  
Offspring of time shall then be born each hour,  
Which, as of old, earth lovingly shall guard,  
To live forever in youth's perfect flower  
And guide her future children heavenward.  
—James Russell Lowell.

## The Old Santa Fe Trail.

It wound through strange scarred hills, down cañons low  
Where wild things screamed, with winds for company;  
Its mile-stones were the bones of pioneers,  
Bronzed, haggard men, often with thirst a-moan,  
Lashed on their beasts of burden toward the sea:  
An epic quest it was of elder years,  
For fabled gardens or for good, red gold,  
The trail men strove in iron days of old.

Today the steam-god thunders through the vast,  
While dominant Saxons from the hurtling trains  
Smile at the aliens, Mexic, Indian,  
Who offer wares, keen-colored, like their past;  
Dread dramas of immitigable plains  
Rebuke the softness of the modern man:  
No menace, now, the desert's mood of sand;  
Still westward lies a green and golden land.

For, at the magic touch of water, blooms  
The wilderness, and where of yore the yoke  
Tortured the toilers into dateless toms,  
Lo! brightsome fruits to feed a mighty folk.  
—Richard Burton.



## A COUNTESS ON TRIAL.

A Correspondent Sends an Account of an Aristocratic and Criminal Career.

Believing that the scene I have witnessed today will be of interest to those who read the *Argonaut* and deeply conscious of the impression that it has made upon my own mind, I venture to send an account of the opening of the proceedings against the Countess Tarnowska, that woman of a beauty and of a fascination so terrible that there is no fashionable circle in all eastern Europe where she is unknown. The Countess Tarnowska has been in prison for two years and more under the suspicion of having caused her lover to be murdered. With her in the sad prison of the Giudecca have been the three others whom she is believed to have bent to her evil will—first of all Nicholas Naumoff, the Russian, who is twenty-one years old; secondly M. Prilukoff, the lawyer, and last of all Liza Perrier, who is French and of an exceeding delicacy of form—and yet, it is said, with a heart so firm that never for a moment has her tranquillity deserted her. These three were brought from the prison in a special gondola and before the gaze of hundreds of Russians, Germans, and Poles who have assembled in Venice to gaze upon the face of the woman who is still lovely and perhaps even more lovely than ever for the paleness of the prison. These people did not shout like the Venetian people, who continually cried "Death, death." They simply gazed and spoke to each other in low tone, perhaps of those other times when the Countess Tarnowska enchanted them all. The gondolas of these onlookers blocked the canal until the sorrowful party of the accused had entered the court surrounded with the carabinieri.

The countess is not of Russian descent, but Irish. She is the daughter of Colonel O'Rourke, whose family has lived in Russia for a hundred years and become Russian in everything except the ancient family name. When she was eighteen years old and already of famous beauty she ran away with the Count Tarnowska, a great aristocrat of Russia, and for four years they lived together until the great trouble came. Then the scandalous began to whisper, and it happened that one day the countess openly embraced a man who was her lover, and her husband saw her do this thing and so followed the man out of the room and killed him on the spot. Then he divorced his wife and because of the provocation was left unpunished by law.

The man Prilukoff was the lawyer of the countess in the divorce case, and as did all other men who saw her he fell in love with her and gave his soul to her, although he had a wife. When the countess left Russia and went to Venice, Prilukoff went with her, but first he stole all the money of his customers that was in his hands. Perhaps she got weary of Prilukoff, who was only a lawyer and ill-favored, for after a time she went back to Russia, and then she threw the net of her beauty over Naumoff, who also became her slave. But he had no money, and so she made her last conquest of the Count Paul Kamarowski, who was a great Russian noble like her husband, and so presently all these people are in Venice, where also Prilukoff, the lawyer, had been waiting ever since the countess left him. The Count Kamarowski presented the countess everywhere as his betrothed and Prilukoff and Naumoff watched at a distance, tied as it were to one another by their passion for one woman. The Count Kamarowski, too, was so much *épris* that he insured his life for \$100,000 and signed a paper that all this money should be for the woman he loved, and when he signed that paper it was at the same time his death warrant.

Now we find Nicholas Naumoff, who has come all the way from Russia that he may see the countess smile, visiting the count at his residence, and the count received him in his dressing-gown. No one knows what happened. That is for the judge to discover. But it is said that Naumoff at once shot the count in the stomach and then shot him yet five times, and when the servants came the count was as though dead and his head was resting in the arms of Naumoff. Every one said that the count had sought self-murder and that Naumoff had found him and would aid him to his room.

But the count was not yet dead, unluckily for Naumoff, and he said that Naumoff had shot him. So Naumoff was arrested and he said at once that this was true, for they had talked and quarreled. Then the count said that there was no quarrel, and so the carabinieri asked many questions and at last they learned of the countess and her life in the past and her bewitchment of Naumoff. And they learned also that Naumoff was constantly with the lawyer Prilukoff, who also was a lover of the countess, and so at last they arrested all three. Also they arrested the maid, although no one knows what she has done. Perhaps it was better for her to be in prison with her mistress, whose hand she kisses all day long in the court.

Who shall say what will be proved? It may be that Prilukoff believed that the countess would marry him if the count were dead and if she had his money, and so he persuaded Naumoff to do the crime. It may be that Naumoff also believed that he could have a rich wife by killing the count. Perhaps the countess told them both that she would marry them if the count were dead, and it may be that the countess intended to snap the fingers and to go away alone with the money

seeking for other rich men. All these things are to prove, and so Venice is full of aristocrats who knew the countess formerly and perhaps were enamoured of her, wishing now to know what her last fate will be. But never was there such a scene in Venice with the gondolas of great foreigners thronging the canal and the crowded courtroom watching the accused in the iron cage where such as they are customarily placed for trial. They sit in a row, the four accused ones, but they are separated by carabinieri so that they shall not speak to each other, all but the little French maid, who is allowed to sit next to her mistress and she gazes constantly with devotion into her face and tries to kiss her hand, which the countess is unwilling to permit. During the morning and while the charge is being read Naumoff faints and remains for many minutes without knowledge. The countess looks steadily upon the ground and does not raise her eyes when she is asked if her knowledge of the Italian tongue is sufficient for her own protection. She murmurs yes and the proceedings go on. Only the lawyer Prilukoff is calm, perhaps with the tranquillity of innocence, perhaps because he knows that nothing can be proved against him, and that in Italy it is not a crime to love a beautiful woman. Every one looks at the countess, the aristocrats from Russia and from Poland, and it is easy to believe that there are many among them whose wings were burned in the old days, and perhaps some of them also are wondering if they, too, would not have gone down into the pit of murder to win the favor of the enchantress.

ALLARDINI GIOVANNI.

VENICE, March 6, 1910.

By comparison with the government system of weights at Washington the discovery has been made that the brass troy pound, the basis for the standardization of weights used by the mints and assay offices of the United States, has increased by oxidation seven one-thousandths of a grain since it was brought to this country in 1827. A suggestion that the accretion had probably amounted to two or three grains caused a flutter among the treasury officers for a time; for gold coined on such a basis would be profitable for export as a commodity. Iridio-platinum will be substituted as a standard for the brass, if Congress sanctions the change. This metal is used in most other countries and at the bureau of standards. The brass troy pound was brought to the United States by Albert Gallatin, when minister to England, in 1827, and since that time has been the standard of the American mint. It is kept in the innermost of three boxes at Philadelphia and the keys of the boxes are kept in different cities to prevent any tampering by unauthorized persons. The discovery of the change in the metal is due to Edward Rigg, the superintendent of the machinery at the royal mint at London, who at the invitation of A. Piatt Andrew, the director of the United States mint, was present at the meeting of the assay commission at Philadelphia early in February. When he was told that the standard weight shown to him was the same that had been in use for eighty-three years he expressed the greatest surprise, asked whether any test of its accuracy had ever been made by modern standards, and suggested that in all probability there had been a considerable accretion. Soon afterward the brass pound was taken to Washington, where a comparison with the metric weights at the bureau of standards showed the slight increase that almost a century had developed.

The highest dam in the world is finished. It is in the gorge of the Shoshone River in Wyoming, joining cliffs so nearly perpendicular that the workmen who drilled for the first blasts had to be lowered by ropes hundreds of feet into the cañon. Only eighty-five feet wide at the bottom, the dam rises 328½ feet. In order to reach the site selected by the government engineers it was necessary to construct a road eight miles long, many portions of its length tunneled through granite cliffs. For several miles this road is blasted out of the sheer face of Rattlesnake Mountain. It opens a new and attractive route to the Yellowstone National Park. The dam will create behind it the largest lake in Wyoming, with a surface area of ten square miles and an average depth of seventy feet. But instead of a diversion canal along the banks of the river, as it is customary to construct, it was found simpler to conduct the irrigation flow directly through the precipitous cliffs in a tunnel three miles long.

Corfu, where a magnificent marble palace belonging to the German emperor is said to have just been purchased by an American millionaire, can boast of the most peculiar land laws in the world. The landlords are nearly all absentees, and their tenants hold the land on a perpetual lease in return for a rent payable in kind and fixed at a certain proportion of the produce. Such a tenant is considered co-owner of the soil, and he can not be expelled except for nonpayment of rent, bad culture, or the transfer of his lease without the landlord's consent; neither can his rent be raised without his permission. Attempts have been made to alter the law, but both landlord and tenants are apparently satisfied with a system that dates back to Homer.

They do a good many things very well in Canada. Last year the Northwest Mounted Police handled nearly seven thousand cases of crime and misdemeanor and secured convictions in six out of every seven instances.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Lina Cavalieri, the most famous living beauty, attributes her success to those old-fashioned beauty doctors—sleep and rest.

The highest salaried woman doing department work in Washington is Miss A. H. Shortridge of New York City, whose salary is \$2500 per annum.

Count Ranaud von Pourtales, who has been appointed attaché to the German embassy at Washington, is a member of a family of diplomats, one of his kinsmen being Count von Pourtales, German ambassador at St. Petersburg.

Señor Don Juan Riano, who succeeds the Marquis of Villalobar as Minister of Spain to the United States, was formerly secretary of the Spanish legation at Washington, where, in 1904, he married an American girl, Miss Alice Ward.

Mrs. Zahle, wife of the new premier of Denmark, has been employed on the official reporting staff of the Danish parliament since 1895 as an expert stenographer. She was the first woman who worked there as a shorthand writer and at first is said to have met with great opposition.

Professor Wilhelm Paszkowski of the University of Berlin has been granted a leave of absence, in order that he may accept an invitation from the Germanistic Society of America to visit the United States in February, 1911. He will be abroad three or four months, during which time he will lecture on "The Spirit of German Institutions," delivering ten lectures in New York City, and others in Western cities, including San Francisco.

Fraulein Margaret Dittmer, who was appointed on the Berlin police staff in October, 1908, has had 604 cases to deal with during her first year of service. Her work consists in acting as the guardian of youthful delinquents, waifs, and children who are ill-treated by their parents. Waifs are placed in orphanages, and in cases of parental cruelty which have been proved in court it is Fraulein Dittmer's duty to visit the homes at irregular intervals to prevent the offense from being repeated.

Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Sr., who will soon be given the decoration of the Order of the Legion of Honor, according to reports from Paris, has merited the honor, according to her friends, by her erection of one of the most perfectly equipped hospitals in the world in the French capital. She is the second wife of the noted capitalist, whom she married in London April 29, 1903. Socially she is a recognized leader. She has also achieved some distinction as being one of the few women who smoke cigarettes openly.

Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary has raised Countess Sophia Chotek von Chotkova, themorganatic wife of the heir apparent, Archduke Francis Ferdinand, to the rank of duchess with the title of highness. This elevation of rank coincides with the announcement that the German emperor has invited the Archduke Francis Ferdinand and his wife to pay a visit to the Berlin court in November. This is the first time that the emperor has conferred the ducal title on any one. The wife of the heir to the throne has recently been received more and more into the inner circles of the imperial family, and the opinion is expressed that the present elevation will not be the last.

During the recent floods in Paris the ex-Empress Eugénie was a guest at a hotel from which there is a good view of the gardens of the Tuileries. An Englishman, who was also stopping there at the time, writes: "There was a general exodus when it became known that the water had flooded the lower part of the hotel, and the old lady was advised to vacate her apartments, but refused to do so. She made inquiry as to whether the building was in danger of collapsing, and when reassured on that-point said that she would stay. Despite her eighty-four years, she made trips in the inundated region whenever she could do so in a taxicab, accompanied only by a maid, and when the flood had subsided left the city for her country home unknown by the few people who saw her."

Lee McClung, the new treasurer of the United States, is a former football star. At Yale, when Old Eli's victories are discussed the team of 1894 is regarded as the one that began the real football history of Eli's sons. And Lee McClung was captain of that team, besides being one of the best halfbacks Yale ever had. His experience has been of a somewhat varied character and no doubt fits him for the responsible position to which he has been appointed. After his graduation he spent some time touring Europe. On his return he settled for a while in California. Here he started in to serious work. First paymaster of a railway, he afterwards was appointed assistant traffic manager of the Southern Railway, in charge of all the traffic west of the Alleghanies. In 1904 he became the treasurer of Yale University. During his college years he was the leader of his class and received the largest vote as the most popular member of the senior year. He served also as chairman of the junior "prom" committee, which is a high collegiate honor. Devoting himself to modernizing treasury and accounting methods in his position with his alma mater, his new work will undoubtedly profit from his past experience.



## THE SAGA OF SVENSON.

By Charles Collins.

Svenson and Jones sat at a small table in the corner saloon, drinking their evening beer. Their station in life was lowly; they stoked the furnaces and ministered unto the complaining tenantry of flat buildings, with the official title of janitor. Svenson, a huge young Swede, shaggy as a Berserk, had been telling of his grudge against the world, and Jones, of American alley ancestry, had listened with sympathy, occasionally saying, "It's hard luck, it's hard luck," and beckoning for another consoling "round."

Svenson's father had come of a well-born Swedish family, which he had shocked by embracing socialism and marrying a fisherman's daughter. The outcome of this dual defiance of conventionality was emigration to the United States, where he lived a short span of years as a petty shopkeeper in a small lumbering town. After the death of the father and the immediate second marriage of the mother, a village preacher had undertaken the boy's secular and spiritual education. Svenson worked in the logging camps during the day and studied the Bible at night, for his protector's example soon aroused in him a desire to become a minister. When he reached manhood, he was a hulking religious zealot, whom his fellow-workmen made the butt of coarse jokes. But Svenson was no timorous priestling, and the lumberers soon learned that he could forget his churchly scruples as quickly as water leaps from still, deep current into foaming rapid, and fight wildly to the bitter end.

There was a girl in the village, fair-haired and full-bosomed, who caused much loose talk among the men. Her friendship Svenson sought, "for the good of her soul," as he told himself, mistaking mere elemental instinct for a spiritual call. His efforts at conversion only transformed himself into an idolater of the world-old pagan creed.

A quarrel with his patron, the preacher, resulted, after which he and his young woman took train for The City, unheeding its threats, hearing only its promises. After two black weeks of idleness, which almost exhausted his savings, he found work as a janitor, and the young couple settled down to housekeeping in a gloomy cell between the boilers and the coal-bin, passing as man and wife, though without benefit of clergy.

In a few months the charm of love in a cellar wore off for the girl, particularly since the remorseful Svenson was not a pleasant companion to live with; and she disappeared somewhere in the gray wilderness of bricks and smoke, whether with the grocer's clerk or the milkman Svenson never knew. He tried to feel injured, but the infatuation had passed, and he was conscious only of a sullen loneliness. To fill his vacant hours he cultivated the acquaintance of Jones, who was employed in a nearby building, and devoted himself to beer.

Such was the ground covered by the Svenson-saga, as told to Jones that day, in its incomplete form.

After their thirst had been assuaged, the two arose to leave the place. Just then a young girl, wearing a plain black dress and a bonnet after the Salvation Army pattern, pushed through the swinging doors, walked demurely up to the bar and asked for some matches. The janitor watched her with a leering curiosity, and the bartender volunteered:

"Belongs to some kind of a preaching bunch. They got a wagon and a couple of barkers, and do it in style. Guess she wanted the matches to light their gasoline torch."

Then a raucous voice outside raised itself above the clatter of traffic and clangor of street-cars.

"Let's go look them over," suggested Jones.

On the opposite corner a small crowd was gathering, in spite of the chill and misty rain of the November night, around a wagon which had seen hard service in the express business, and which now, with steps in back, railings, and a cushioned seat along either side, was a bizarre hybrid. It smacked of theology as much as a cottage built by an old sailor is reminiscent of the sea. Standing erect in this pulpit was a hoarse evangelist, pouring out voluble, involved exhortations.

Beside the man who was speaking—tall and gaunt, with the hollow cheeks and sunken eyes of a mystic hermit—sat the girl who had asked for the matches. She was a frail, delicate creature, with fresh, young shoulders and childish eyes. Her pale lips seemed to smile fixedly, in contradiction to her serious gaze; and her face was as radiant with devotion as that of a nun.

Svenson and Jones joined the crowd and listened. The latter soon wearied of the tirade and wanted to go, but Svenson insisted upon staying. A moment later a burly, half-intoxicated fellow elbowed his way up to the wagon, shook his fist under the preacher's nose, and shouted:

"Shut up!"

The sermon continued without a break, and he belovied again: "You've got no right on this corner. You're hurting my business. Shut up and move on!" "Here is a permit," said the evangelist, showing a slip of paper.

"It's no good. Get out of here!"

The man started to climb up the steps at the back of the wagon with truculent design. Svenson, seized by some strange impulse of his clerical past, became a crusader on the instant. He grasped the intruder by his coat collar and jerked him back ungently.

The two men glared at each other without a word, and then rushed together like bulls. Svenson fell heavily upon his opponent, who writhed and then lay quiet, catching his breath with a wheezing cough. A dozen hands dragged Svenson off, and Jones hurried him away, yelling:

"Beat it before the cop comes, you looney Swede!"

After Svenson reached his room that night, he found in his pocket a small hand-bill which had been passed to him as he stood in the crowd. It gave the address of the headquarters of the "Church of the New Revelation," with the motto in heavy type, "The Spirit and the Bride Say Come."

The world was gray and cheerless for Svenson the next morning, which was Sunday. Solitude gripped him by the throat; homesickness made him think gloomily of the things of a few months ago that now seemed so far in the past. As he mechanically heaved coal into the furnaces, the slow monotone of distant church bells seemed to reach a sore place in his heart.

His conscience was in the throes of reaction. The incident of the evangelist had in some obscure way touched his chaotic soul. The memory of the girl's face lingered in the depths of his emotional being, stirring him with dim impulses, vague ideals and aspirations. So when his work was completed this restlessness ended in a determination to visit the tabernacle advertised in the hand-bill, which he had carefully preserved.

He went dully out into the street without stopping to wash his grimy hands. The Sunday-school children and church-goers whom he passed were all alert and buoyant. They walked in pairs or groups; he alone was companionless. The sky was an even gray, and the keen gusts of wind were like the premonitions of winter. The mud at the crossings had frozen into ridges which crumbled crisply underfoot. It was one of those days which either act as a condiment to living or cast a blight over the world, according to the mood of the individual. Svenson's sense of friendlessness sharpened as he walked.

He came to the place at last. It was an old residence, a fortress-like block of weather-stained brick, with high wooden front stairs and a stolid cupola—dreary survival of a pretentious era which had passed when the car-line brought in the dingy saloons and miserable shops that clustered about it.

Svenson mounted the creaking stairs and entered a large, bare room, in which a few people were listening to a sermon from the preacher he had heard the night before. He hid himself away in a corner, and did his share of psalm-singing with the rest. As he was leaving, at the close of the service, a voice at his elbow asked:

"Won't you come again next Sunday?"

He turned and saw the girl who had asked for the matches, the same childlike seriousness in her blue eyes, the same faint smile caressing her lips. He stammered an affirmative, and went out.

Svenson kept his promise, taking care to wash his hands before he started. This time the girl sat down beside him, and asked his name. He appeared the following Sunday, and she greeted him like an old friend. And so Jones had to explain to his cronies that "the Swede had gone daffy over religion," and Svenson was duly accepted as a convert to the Church of the New Revelation. But his chief article of faith was a Madonna-worship not in their creed. The girl was his revealing angel, and all his religious ideals were symbolized in her.

Svenson now lived in a dream from day to day. He did not make love to the girl; he was a disciple, not a suitor, and his courting consisted in reading Bible lessons under her instruction.

She lived in the old house, with a few other enthusiasts of the sect, and Svenson would spend several evenings there every week, talking with her in one of the gloomy rooms, dimly illuminated with a kerosene lamp, ignorant all the time of the suspicious glances and stealthy surveillance of the preacher.

He learned some of the details of her life during these visits, although she was uncommunicative upon all topics except her religion. She was an orphan, she said, and the only relative she had in the world was the preacher, a cousin who had taken care of her since she was a child.

Several months after Svenson had joined the church, the crisis came. He brought it on unwittingly, by asking why the preacher had been surly toward him of late.

"I am helping in the work the best I can," he argued, little expecting what her reply would be.

"I don't want to tell you," she said with a blush.

Svenson insisted.

"Well, then, he is jealous. He wants to marry me."

Svenson gasped; into his simple philosophy no conception of a rival had entered. Then the thought of losing the girl took possession of him and swept all his caution away before it.

"But you will not?" he asked.

She did not answer.

"Do you love him?" he demanded with a growl.

"No," she replied quietly.

The next moment she was lost in his arms and he was kissing her ravenously. She struggled and screamed; he let her drag her face away a little, and found in her eyes the look of a child who is afraid of a ghost.

"Let me go!" she moaned. He obeyed, and his face became as gray as her own.

She ran out into the hall. The street door was open; she saw people passing outside, and at the head of the stairway the yellow glow of the preacher's lamp lit up the hall. These things put her again in touch with the world, and reassured her. In the room she had left, she heard sobs; it seemed terrible to hear a man weep, so out of pity she tiptoed back and stood near him, calling out softly, "Svenson, Svenson."

"Forgive me," he muttered without looking up.

"It is nothing. Hush!" she said, and went out again, leaving him alone with his disappointment.

Believing that he had forfeited the girl's respect, Svenson did not go near the tabernacle during the next two weeks. He sulked in his basement like a wounded beast until his mood became so bitter that he rushed out to sweeten it with alcohol. In his rounds among the saloons he met Jones, and hailed him as a long-lost brother. While the two were celebrating their reunion they found the wagon-pulpit on the corner where Svenson had first encountered the New Revelation. The preacher was haranguing vehemently, and she was listening devoutly, as on that eventful evening. She did not observe her drunken lover, who hurried homeward, conscience-smitten by one glance at her face.

The next night, repentant, but with the fever of drink hardly cooled within him, he went to see her. The old house was apparently deserted, and a knock at her door brought no answer. A light in the transom of the preacher's apartment led him down the long, black corridor. There were people within; he could hear them talking.

He stopped outside the door and listened—then fled like a madman. The sound of kisses, of the preacher's voice and of her's in mutual endearments, had reached his ears in those few seconds, and echoed in his brain in a delirious jargon. Drink alone could hush them.

In the morning, as the girl was going about her duties of housekeeper in the congregation room, the door was hurled open, and Svenson confronted her, fierce-eyed, and redolent of whisky. He walked up to her and gripped her wrists cruelly.

"Wretched sinner, I have come to save you!" he mouthed.

"You are crazy!" she exclaimed.

"I may be, but you are worse. I heard you in his room last night. Repent, or I will kill you!"

She grew sick from fear and from the pain in her wrists, which he was crushing.

"Oh, Svenson, let me go," she whispered. "He made me—marry him—last week while you were away." Then she fainted.

Svenson held the drooping form up from the floor by the wrists while his clouded brain slowly digested her statement. Was it the truth? Was it a lie?

"What do you mean?" The preacher appeared suddenly, white with wrath. "You're abusing my wife!" With that, he struck the maniac in the face.

Svenson released his grip, and the girl drooped at his feet. The preacher struck him again, and attempted to push him out of the room.

Then Svenson killed him with his fists.

In the cheerless stretches which begin after the scattered houses of The City's suburbs are left behind, there is a place of horrible despair. In brightest summer days the sunshine which falls upon it is a diabolic jest, the blue sky above is a grim mockery. In winter it is a Cimmerian haunt of eternal twilight; a nesting place of shadows.

This domain of sadness reveals itself to the eye in an orderly array of buildings, surrounded by well-trimmed lawns and sparse clumps of trees; but to the spirit it seems a castle of horror, more terrible than any wizard's hall of mediæval tales. Occasionally chattering laughter breaks the silence to startle the dismayed visitor as he walks along the graveled paths. Then a glance up at a barred window shows a staring, blank human face which tells the secret. It is the mirth of madness.

Among the tragic figures that wander disconsolately about the grounds is a huge man, yellow-haired and unkempt, who talks to the trees like John of Patmos. When the superintendent, a German physician with the pale, serene face of a savant, is asked who that man is, he says:

"Ach, yes; that is Svenson, a very interesting case. I have made special investigation of his history. Sometimes he preaches out of the Book of Revelation; sometimes he talks like a new Dante, glorifying another Beatrice. Soon I shall discuss him in a paper before my medical society."

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1910.

The turkey, rather than the eagle, is the real American bird. Eagles are found all over the world, but the turkey is a foreigner everywhere else, except in America, his native home. The wild turkey of America is the progenitor of all the turkeys in the world. In North America, Mexico, and Honduras the turkey was found in great numbers by the white men, but in South America the bird is unknown. Scientists are agreed that the turkey resides outside of his continent only as an immigrant, and that his native home must be sought somewhere north of the Isthmus of Panama.

Of the 12,000 saleswomen in New York department stores one-third are wives and mothers, the greater part of these having taken positions after their marriage.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF NAVAL LIFE.

## Admiral Evans Presents Us with the Concluding Chapters of His Life at Sea.

We have had "A Sailor's Log" from Admiral Evans's pen and now he presents us with the concluding chapters of his life at sea in "An Admiral's Log," a book of bluff and hearty reminiscence flavored with the tang of salt water and spiced with a wealth of anecdote. Admiral Evans believes in action, his whole life has been one of intense activity, and in the present volume from his pen we find him jumping into the middle of things in the very first chapter without any apologies whatever and discussing the unfortunate Sampson-Schley controversy, which he designates as a "mud-slinging affair." He makes no pretense at concealing his sentiments and states frankly that his sympathies were with Admiral Sampson. He also tells us that he expressed his opinion freely, but he says, "I was often surprised at the way I was abused in the newspapers for the things that I had not said or done as well as the things I had."

After setting forth the opinion of the court of inquiry, which was approved by the Secretary of the Navy, Admiral Evans tells of the results:

As a direct result of this unfortunate controversy, the service at large suffered greatly. The position of vice-admiral, to which Admiral Sampson was entitled, and to which President McKinley asked Congress to advance him, has remained vacant to this day. Certainly the navy, as a service, was entitled to this recognition, and if Sampson was not the man for it, then some other deserving flag officer should have been selected and promoted. The corresponding rank in the army was promptly filled, and many officers of that service have been retired with the rank of lieutenant-general, which corresponds with vice-admiral in the navy. It can not be justly claimed that officers of the army did more brilliant or valuable service during the Spanish War than did those of the navy, and, if their promotion be placed on the ground of service in the Civil War, I think we may fairly claim that Sampson, Schley, Philip, Higginson, and many others were quite as prominent in that war as were the officers of the army who have been advanced to the grade of lieutenant-general and retired with that rank. The only explanation which seems to explain is that the army is more fortunate in its congressional committees than is the navy. We congratulate our brother officers of the army on their well-deserved promotions; but we feel at the same time that we have not been justly treated, and all because of a newspaper war inaugurated and fought out as a matter of spite against one of the ablest officers the navy has ever produced.

Shortly after the Spanish war Admiral Evans was ordered to proceed to Samoa to preside at a general court-martial. The fact was developed during the progress of the case that the proceeding was based upon an anonymous letter, and wrath fairly scintillates from the pages of the book as the author tells what he thinks of such epistles in general and this one in particular. He also pays his respects to official Washington in no uncertain terms and expresses a tremendous contempt for the red tape which binds the various petty officials and clerks into an endless chain. For the Samoans, however, he finds intense admiration as a people, but he deals with the results attained by the missionaries in no uncertain manner, and the assertions he makes will hardly contribute to his popularity with them:

I found the people without exception the handsomest physical specimens I had ever seen. Owing to their isolated geographical position, they had escaped entirely the loathsome diseases that are so common in most seaports. Their skins were of a beautiful bronze color, and their muscular development wonderfully perfect. They had no scars or blemishes, except now and then the mark of a holo cut or thrust, and they moved with the graceful motion common to highly trained athletes. They were, indeed, veritable living bronze statues, and very much alive at that.

When we assumed charge of these people, or it may be a short time before, the idea of clothing them properly, according to the notions of the missionaries, was advanced, and soon bore its legitimate fruit. In the climate in which they lived their own clothing, which consisted of a good coat of palm oil and a waist-clout, was an admirable protection, but this could not be tolerated for a moment in the face of our civilized habits, and the poor natives were clad into woven dresses for the women and cheap shop clothes for the men. These clothes, wet always from the force of surrounding weather conditions, soon brought pneumonia and kindred diseases, and many lives were sacrificed. I was amused to watch the people who came down to the dock every day for a swim. They came in great numbers, and all properly dressed, but when they reached the dock they would carefully take off their wet, gaudy-looking clothes, dive into the water, swim about like fishes, and then climb out onto the dock and, having reloaded their wet clothing, go quietly about their business. It seemed to me that we had not done much real good to these excellent people by forcing upon them our ideas as to dress.

During the visit of Prince Henry of Prussia to the United States Admiral Evans was detailed as his personal escort, and the opportunity was thus afforded him of renewing an old-time friendship. Reading between the lines, one can see that the bluff old sailor and the prince had a thoroughly enjoyable trip over the United States. Everywhere there were crowds gathered to honor the distinguished visitor, and there was no unforeseen occurrence to mar the pleasure of the affair. The care employed in guarding the prince was infinite. Chief Wilkie of the United States Secret Service was everywhere, always. But even the ubiquity of this astute detective was insufficient to keep the pickpockets away, and the author relates how one of this light-fingered gentry in Chicago investigated the contents of his pockets, first cutting a long slash across the back of a brand new and very much cherished overcoat. Afterwards, in Buffalo, the admiral, rendered sensitive by the memory of his overcoat, perhaps, detected a pickpocket in the very act of investigating his pockets and seized him. At first he intended to turn him over to the police, but suddenly remembered the

horrors of red tape, and so he decided to act upon the case himself, and he tells us how he disposed of the matter: "The young man, not over twenty I am sure, was doing his best to get away from me, so with a sharp upercut on the point of his chin I let him go." The last he saw of him was when he formed the basis for a human pyramid which was engaged in zealously thumping him.

The itinerary of the prince led him through Kentucky, and we are presented with a picture of feud conditions there which is, to say the least, surprising:

After recounting some of the most noted and bloody feuds in which there had been great loss of life, I described the habit of carrying concealed weapons by the male population, and explained how this practice had resulted in leaving the country without many whole men, most of them being maimed or marked in some way, either by gun or knife. All the Germans exclaimed at such a barbarous custom, but at the same time there was not a man among them who did not show scars on his face, received in his college-day duels. They had fought often, but the practice was mere fun compared with that of the Kentucky methods. Both methods have their advocates.

When we arrived at the town from which the telegram had come, and the train had been stopped without killing any of the enthusiastic thousands who crowded the tracks, the usual committee of three came on board. The chairman came first, a young, clean-cut gentleman, perfectly dressed, and in every way prepared to do with credit what devolved upon him. As he began, in his soft, southern voice, "Yo' Royal Highness," we saw that he had one defective eye! As he finished his few polished words of welcome he presented his two fellow-members of the committee, and one of them was lame in one leg! Then came three colored men, each bearing a box or case, and when these had been deposited the party withdrew and we went on our way. During the short presentation speech we were all doing our best to suppress our laughter. The committee must have thought us a good-humored party, for every man had a broad grin on his face, the cause of which was, of course, unknown to our kind-hearted friends.

As the train pulled out of the station and the shouts of laughter, provoked by the number of lame or maimed people we had seen, had subsided, Prince Henry asked:

"Evans, what do you think is in those boxes?"

I replied that one probably contained very old and fine Bourbon whisky, one apple brandy, and the other peach brandy. This statement proved to be correct when the cases were opened. His Royal Highness tested them all in one dose, and pronounced them good, though different from anything he ever drank before. I mixed a fair-sized drink of whisky, a little apple brandy with it, and just a dash of peach brandy on top to give it the proper flavor. Before I had time to add any water the prince took the glass and, instead of sipping the fluid, swallowed the whole poisonous mess and, with a rather startled look on his face, asked:

"What do you call that drink?"

"A torchlight procession, your Royal Highness!" was my reply.

The boxes were repacked, and afterward found their way to the palace at Kiel. The next morning, if I had known the story then, I would have told Prince Henry of the Kentucky gentleman who, on being asked, early in the morning, how he felt, replied, "How do I feel, sah? I feel as every gentleman should feel in the morning, sah! I feel like hell, sah!"

No one has ever accused Admiral Evans of being a drawing-room sailor. Nor is he fond of the bureaucratic methods that too often rule governmental departments. We find him referring to the "good old days" when there was no cable or wireless whereby Washington could put its official finger upon a battleship at any time of the day or night. In those days Honolulu was a very much favored stopping place where sea-weary naval officers were always sure of a good time. One old-time commodore especially enjoyed the social gayety to be found there, and of him there is a particularly good yarn extant in navy circles which is presented to us:

Many of the old people of Honolulu and a few naval officers still living and on the retired list will recount to you by the hour the doings of the dear old days before steam and modern guns took all the poetry out of our profession, when the officers flirted, danced, and drank to their hearts' content without fear that the Navy Department would know of their performance. There was in those days no cable nor wireless system by which the people in Washington could tell every hour of the day just what those in other parts of the world were doing. One of the stories often told, especially by some of the surviving officers, though I have heard it from an old resident of Honolulu, is of one of our officers, a commodore, who never failed to visit the islands when he could find the least excuse for doing so. He was fond of good dinners, and particularly of good wine. On one of his visits he and all the officers who could be spared from duty were entertained at a splendid banquet. One of the peculiarities of this commodore was that he always carried a large blue umbrella when visiting the shore. In the small hours of the morning, after much eating and drinking, the old man took his departure, followed by his officers. On the way to the boat he had to pass through a public square in which a very large fountain was playing all the time, and, passing too near it, felt its falling spray. He immediately stopped, hoisted his umbrella, and stood still in his tracks, and, when his officers came up, hailed them. "Pretty sharp shower, gentlemen. Heave to until it blows over!" Of course they "heave to" clear of the spray, where they remained until one of them persuaded the commodore that the shower was local, and that if he would haul by the wind on the port tack he would soon pull out of it. This he did, and the umbrella came down. A book could be written of such stories, but this one will suffice here.

When returning from the Asiatic station the author fell afoul of red tape once again at Honolulu. His first experience was with the collector of customs, whose official soul was harassed by the fear that some Manila cigars might be smuggled in by the men of the fleet, and when this difficulty had been diplomatically disposed of there arose the commissioner of immigration, who intimated that the Chinese stewards whose duty it was to purchase supplies for the men would not be allowed to land without many intricate formalities. The picture of this man drawn for us presents an all too common type of government official. Holding office as a reward for some petty political service and placed in a position where he can exert a brief authority, such an official is an irritating influence in

whatever branch of the service he may adorn. Short shrift had this particular one with the man whose sailors call him "Fighting Bob":

While the collector of customs was still talking with me a young man, quite a lad, thin and not over-well dressed, was brought to me by the officer of the deck. He wore no uniform except a cap, on which was a brass tag or plate with some inscription on it. He said that he came from the commissioner of immigration, who wished him to say to me that the immigration laws of the United States were in force in Honolulu, and that I must not permit any Chinese servants to land without a written permit from him. As can be easily imagined, this fairly took my breath away. We had come from the East, where Chinese were employed on board our ships as servants, without a chance to change them, and without an intimation that we would have trouble about them. In fact, at the moment when I received this word from the commissioner twenty-five or thirty Chinese stewards were actually on shore procuring food for the thousands of hungry throats in the fleet. I told the young man with the brass-labeled cap to present my compliments to the commissioner of immigration, and say to him that every man in the fleet was a properly enlisted man in the navy of the United States, and that if he interfered with one of them I would put him where the dogs wouldn't bite him! When the youngster had gone, the collector, who had heard his message, said that I would probably have trouble with the commissioner, as he was disposed to make trouble at times.

I had come to Honolulu in obedience to orders from my superiors, and not to have trouble with any one—I was too busy for that kind of amusement—but I did not propose to have my business interfered with or permit it to be done to avoid trouble. If the commissioner wanted to force a row with me, the way was open for him to do so.

After finishing my breakfast, I wired the Secretary of the Navy regarding the action, or, rather, threatened action, of the commissioner, and suggested that the immigration laws should be suspended as far as they applied to the fleet during my stay in port. A few hours later the reply came:

"Secretary of Commerce and Labor has suspended operations of immigration laws as far as the fleet is concerned during your stay in Honolulu."

I received a note from the commissioner at my hotel that evening, stating that he would be on board my flagship at ten o'clock on the following morning for a conference with me. He did not state what he wished to confer about. I replied that I would call at his office in the morning. I considered that a more desirable place to confer, because I could end the conference more expeditiously than in my cabin without giving offense. I could walk out when I had heard what the commissioner had to say!

At 9:30 the following morning, accompanied by my flag lieutenant, I called on him, and was received by the commissioner, who sat in his shirt sleeves, smoking a pipe, with his feet on top of his desk! He began by telling me just how he wished me to regulate the landing of the Asiatics in the fleet; that I would give each one a pass, send him, accompanied by an officer, to his office; that he would countersign my pass, etc. When I had heard him as patiently as I could, I read him the telegram from the Secretary of Commerce and Labor, informed him that I did not require any assistance in the matter of landing those under my command, Asiatics included, wished him good-morning, and returned to my flagship. I never heard of him afterwards. When the fleet left we took with us every man we had when we came—not one deserted.

The globe-circling cruise of the fleet under Admiral Evans is of too recent occurrence to require more than passing notice, but there is one aspect of the journey that the author dwells upon pointedly. For the first time, he declares, the people of the Pacific Coast seemed to realize that they were part of the United States and entitled to all the protection that the government was able to give them. And that there was a very real danger of trouble one can realize after reading this plain-spoken book. Japan, flushed with victory, had taken place with the world powers at one stride and would hardly submit to being classed as an inferior nation. The author says:

The enthusiasm of the people of the Pacific Coast was caused by many things combined, but the chief reason for it was, I think, that they fully realized for the first time that they were as much a part of the United States as was any other section of the country, and that the power of a great government would, when necessary, be exerted in their behalf. The feeling of brotherhood which this brought caused them to swell with patriotism and to cheer for the men who wore the national uniform.

As a matter of fact, there was serious danger of trouble with Japan until the President took the positive action he did to control the threatened legislative action of some of the Pacific Coast States. Japan would never, in my opinion, have declared war on us until every peaceful means had been exhausted to redress the wrongs complained of by her citizens, but that she had strong provocation no reasonable man can deny. While the people of California have a right, which no one can question, to regulate their schools as they see fit, it must at the same time be evident that they have not the right to do anything that will interfere with the treaty rights given the Japanese by the United States government, and this is just what was threatened, if not actually done. Few foreign governments, or I should say the people of few foreign countries, understand our State rights under the general government. This was clearly shown a few years ago when a number of Italian citizens were executed in New Orleans. Sooner or later this same thing will cause serious trouble with Japan unless the rights of her citizens are more carefully observed in our Western States. A proud and sensitive nation, flushed with victory in one of the most remarkable wars of modern times, can not be expected to have her citizens classed as inferior to those of other countries and treated as such. Yet this is what was proposed to be done on the Pacific Coast.

The most delightful thing about this book is the eternal youth that reflects forth from its pages. Admiral Evans is a splendid specimen of the sailor, a diplomat of no mean proportions, although a blunt one, but above all he has the heart of a boy. He has met many distinguished men and women, and tells about them in a rarely interesting way. He has also taken the opportunity to express a somewhat contemptuous opinion of official Washington and its use of red tape. Not only will this book be a popular one among thinking men and women, but also many a hoy will find the sea lure lurking in its pages, calling him to distant lands.

"An Admiral's Log," by Rohley D. Evans. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; \$2.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The Medici*, by Colonel G. F. Young, C. B. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$8.

The historical reader need not be deterred by two volumes with their aggregate of eleven hundred pages. The large type is an ingratiating feature and the style is so lucid that there is no temptation to skip.

Colonel Young undertook a formidable task in thus presenting a family that continued for centuries; that represented nearly every department of human energy, and that gave occupants to most of the thrones of Europe. We may well become confused even before a genealogical table of the Medici families, and their proper biographical presentation must therefore have been a matter of formidable difficulty. That the author has been able to do it with so slight a demand upon the normal patience is in itself a triumph of arrangement of historical ability.

The laurels of the Medicis as rulers are eclipsed by those that rightly belong to them in the domains of literature and scholarship. Lorenzo de Medici was undoubtedly one of the great men of all times, while Catherine must be counted as one of the splendid figures of history. Every graceful art of their day is associated with the Medicis, and "in statesmanship and financial capacity, in learning and artistic taste, in civil administration and sympathy with the feelings of the people, in knowledge of commerce and agriculture, in all these different directions did the Medici evince an unusual ability."

The Medicis seem to have made their appearance at the beginning of the thirteenth century, but only in subordinate relations until Giovanni di Bicci de Medici, who was born in 1360. The first Medici era may be said to have ended with Catherine, and up to this point the author finds fourteen biographies that are worth telling. The period from Catherine to Anna Maria Ludovica, Electress Palatine, who died in 1743, supplies material for fourteen more biographies, and with these is combined a large amount of material about other members of the family which thus for four centuries occupied the field of Europe not only in statecraft, but in well-nigh every department of human effort. To write twenty-eight biographies is in itself no small achievement. To write them in such a way as to make a composite and harmonious picture is still more noteworthy, and when we look upon the perfection of the work, the completeness and the finish of each section, we can only wonder that so much has been done, and well done, within a space that would seem inadequate for the purpose.

*The Kingdom of Slender Swords*, by Hallie Erminie Rives. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This must be classed among the best two or three novels of modern Japan and as distinctive for the accuracy of its local coloring as for the warmth and intensity of its romance. The heroine is Barbara Fairfax, who goes to Japan on a visit and there meets Duke Daunt, who is attached to the American embassy. There are several suitors for Barbara's hand, and we watch with some interest the process of a lively competition.

The chief connecting link between white and brown is furnished by the little Japanese girl Haru, who becomes Barbara's teacher and companion. Haru discovers a plot to blow up a ship of the international squadron then visiting Japan, and her fine self-immolation in pursuit of her investigations is one of the best incidents in the book. The wisdom of introducing fictitious history is open to question, and the author might have been better advised to credit the astute Dr. Bersonin with some less startling discovery than that of a force that will disintegrate matter—warships, for instance. But the value of the story as a whole remains unaffected. It shows an insight into Japanese life and a comprehension of its ideals and aspirations that speak of sincere purpose and thorough workmanship.

*Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany*, by Robert M. Wernae, Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$2.

The struggle between romanticism and classicism may well be represented by such literary gladiators as the present author and his antagonist Brandes. If Brandes left our malleable minds with an impression adverse to romanticism Dr. Wernae wipes it out with his vigorous strokes and replaces it with the romantic imprint to which our hearts have inclined all along. Brandes would probably say that that is just where the trouble lies, and that romanticism is due to unreasoning human tendencies that refuse to be organized and drilled by the more calculating processes of the brain.

But are we justified in giving the palm, however reluctantly, to the head whenever a conflict arises between the head and the heart? Must we look upon the leadership of the heart as something to be ashamed of like a belief in witchcraft, as the troublesome

recrudescence of some old cycle that we should have outlived and forgotten? Is the revival of Romanticism a humiliating check to our pride in our evolution, or is it the new assertion of an eternal principle that should be fed rather than starved?

Perhaps there is no need to give the palm to either, any more than to discriminate between the values of positive and negative electricity. Romanticism and Classicism belong rather to the pairs of opposites that are to be found everywhere, and if they alternate in their dominance it is because no genius has yet arisen permanently to combine them. Dr. Wernae does not favor such terms as "head and heart" as expressive of the classic and romantic movements in literature. He prefers duty and love, for he says "Classicism is founded on duty; romanticism on love." But here he seems unfortunate, for is not love also duty, and is not all human and divine duty included in love? Better stick to "head and heart" and so use the language understood of the people.

The author makes out a thoroughly good case for the romantic spirit in literature. He regards it as "man's return to himself, to one of the well-springs of his life." Probably he will have the majority on his side and his chief opponents will be those who hug the delusion that the reappearing phenomena of other eras mark retrogression and that the style of the most modern moment is necessarily the high-water mark of human progress.

*Lost Face*, by Jack London. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

These seven short stories show that Mr. London's hand has not lost its cunning, for they are as good as anything that he has done. All of them are of the frozen north, of hunters, Indians, and dogs and of the fierce primitive passions that seem part of the necessary equipment for that unlovely land. The best of the seven is "Lost Face," a story of hideous and sickening cruelty, not to be recommended for weak nerves or the midnight embers, but told with the peculiarly direct power that we associate with the author at his best.

*The Veil*, by Ethel Stefania Stephens. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of the French occupation of Tunis, and the author is probably the latest to recognize the fine material for the romantic novelist that is to be found among the Arabs and their struggle against white domination. At the same time the reader who is unversed in the African drama of the last few years may be puzzled by a semi-political novel that disavows any claims to accurate narrative.

Nevertheless the picture of native life and of the medley of peoples inhabiting modern Tunis is unusually good. It could have been drawn only by one saturated not only with knowledge, but with sympathy. It gives us a realization and even a respect for a religious fidelity that we call fanaticism when found in other faiths, and a new recognition of a force with which the world will yet have to deal and with other weapons than platitudes. In Si Ismael we see a type of the Mohammedan leader who knows how to combine the externals of a cultured man of the world with an inner religious fervor that makes of him a determined organizer and plotter and, in the eyes of his followers, a saint, an ascetic, and a wonder-worker. We are not so entirely

pleased with his wife Mabrouka, who, as a girl, runs away from his house and then returns to receive her punishment and to lend her woman's wits to their common cause of Mohammedan triumph. Although many of the prominent characters are white they are less interesting than the colored because they are more conventional and without the glamour that is given by intense enthusiasm. Indeed, the author seems to be more sure of her ground with the Arabs than with the Christians. The book is rich in dramatic incidents unusually well told, and not for a long time shall we forget the death of the little Arab girl who was possessed by a djinn and who hegs so pathetically for a native physician who will know the uselessness of drugs in such emergencies.

*Bosnia and Herzegovina*, by Maude M. Holbach. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

The author is already known by her book on Dalmatia, to which her latest work bears a resemblance. She traveled extensively through these Eastern principalities and writes of them understandingly and with sympathy.

But the book would have been more useful had it dealt with the people rather than with scenery and buildings. The literary traveler rarely appreciates the inadequacy of words to describe scenic wonders nor, it may be said, the indifference of the average reader to natural charms that he will never see. Our main interest with Bosnia and Herzegovina is in the people, their ideals, aspirations, traditions, folk lore, and customs. We want to know the part that they will play politically, and this is too much overlooked, although we are told that they acquiesce willingly in Austrian annexation, a statement that seems to need dilution. The intending traveler in eastern Europe can hardly do better than make himself familiar with this book, but the stay-at-home student may find that it lacks the color of humanity.

*The Master*, by Irving Bacheller. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York; \$1.50.

The author might have used a promising plot to better effect. Not seeming to believe his own story, he fails to convince his reader, and even irritates him by a lack of consecutive action and by a sort of airy carelessness in the composition of the narrative.

The "master" is the head of a vast revolutionary organization that hesitates between legitimacy and force and finally inclines to the better side. There are two or three young men in whom we develop a languid interest, and Rog Rone has possibilities in the way of a really first-class ruffian, but even he is spoiled in the making. Something good might have been made of the dreamy mystic Lovell, but here again there is the same lack of definite and purposeful care. The author has many distinctly good ideas, but he gives the impression of having worked them out overnight.

*The Art of the Metropolitan Museum of New York*, by David C. Freyer, M. A. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston; \$2.

No apology is needed for offering a guidebook to the museum visitor. Works of art should of course "convey their own message," but most of us are too much of the earth earthy to catch the unaccustomed sound and

are grateful enough for an interpretative medium. Mr. Freyer has performed this function well, and those who frankly desire to know what to admire and why to admire it could not do better than consult this fine book. Its well-arranged chapters are divided between the various schools of paintings, and then follow sections upon metal and wood work, ceramics, glass, gems, textiles, and varia. Over eighty well done illustrations give the book a value even to those who have no prospect of visiting the museum itself.

## New Publications.

"Mary Cary," by Kate Langley Bosher, is a story in the first person of a girl, an inmate of an orphan asylum who is befriended by the nurse of the establishment, a rich and philanthropic woman, and so becomes the participant of a romance. The story is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.

The American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published an edition of "Pepita Jimenez," by Juan Valera, with notes and vocabulary by C. V. Cusacks. It is a Spanish philosophical novel, fitted for the second and third school years. Price, 90 cents.

The Macmillan Company, New York, has published an edition of "The Faith Healer," a play in three acts by William Vaughn Moody. The play is so well known that there need be no comment here except to say that the type is comfortably large and that the volume is of dignified appearance. The price is \$1.25.

A volume of attractive appearance is "The Book of Easter," with an introduction by the Rt. Rev. M. C. Doane and drawings by George Wharton Edwards. The literature of Easter, both in prose and verse, is well represented. Nothing better of its kind could be found for Easter presentation. The publishers are the Macmillan Company, New York. Price, \$1.25.

"Agriculture for Schools of the Pacific Slope" has been published by the Macmillan Company, New York. The authors are E. W. Hilgard, Ph. D., LL. D., professor of agriculture of the University of California, who contributes the portions dealing with the physical and chemical aspects and the practice of agriculture, and W. J. V. Osterhout, Ph. D., who is responsible for the biological and physiological portions. The price is \$1.20.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, have published a volume of sermons by the Rev. John P. Peters, Ph. D., Sc. D., D. D., under the title of "Modern Christianity." Even those who have no sympathy with the orthodoxy of the author's theology will appreciate his staunch defense of superhuman religion, an attitude welcome enough at a time when all faith must be rationalized and religion seems to be little more than a participation in hysterical political reform. Dr. Peters writes with scholarship, energy, and sincerity, while his application of belief to some of the problems of today is refreshingly direct.

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—New York Mail.

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## LITERARY NOTES.

## Women and the Vote.

*Equal Suffrage*, by Helen L. Sumner, Ph. D. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$2.

Colorado is a suffrage State and therefore should supply material for those anxious to be governed by something better than prejudice or sentiment. Miss Sumner has supplied this material by a volume devoted wholly to impartial facts and to a digest of the definite opinions and experiences of a large number of persons circarized for the purpose. She divides her inquiry into the seven following heads: The Problem and Local Conditions, Party Machinery, Statistics of Elections, Women in Public Office, Economic Aspects of Equal Suffrage, Influence of Local Suffrage on Legislation, and the Effect of Equal Suffrage on the Women of Colorado.

It would be difficult to give even a synopsis of the results of this interesting inquiry. Many of them depend, of course, upon opinions, and here the door to prejudice is wide open. For example, to the question "Are women more or less corrupt than men in politics?" 20.5 per cent of the men circarized and 14.9 per cent of the women thought them just about the same, while 5.3 per cent of the men and 3.4 per cent of the women considered that women were more corrupt than men. But many of those who voted in the "less" column admitted that the relative immunity from corruption was due to the fact that "they don't know the game." But opinions of this kind seem to have very slight value.

The author shows that the results of the suffrage in Colorado have disappointed many of its supporters who imagined unreasonably that the voting woman would be the immediate introducer of the golden age and who are discouraged to find that women also are human beings. Thus 10 per cent of the total number of circarized men who are now unfavorable to the suffrage were formerly favorable. Another and a more definite result is the fact that women are more ready than men to split their votes and will not be persuaded to vote for a notoriously immoral man, and this has had the effect of weakening the power of the boss. The effect of the vote upon women's moral character gives occasion for some interesting though valueless pinions. The majority of the correspondents think that the vote makes no difference, smaller number that its effect is good, and still smaller number that it is bad. These are but illustrations of the kind of evidence successfully sought by Miss Sumner, some of it interesting and valuable, some of it interesting and worthless, but with the net result of a striking picture of the system in operation and the various feelings with which it is locally regarded.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Popular editions of Ernst Haeckel's "Evolution of Man" and Elie Metchnikoff's "Prolongation of Life" are soon to be published by the Putnams.

The late John Blackwood, of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in discussing a literary matter with George Eliot, gave his point of view of publishing and the difficulty of gauging public taste. "This forms," he said, "another instance of many I have seen of how impossible is, even with the best means of judging, to predict with certainty what the public will do about a book. The only principle is to publish, according to the best of one's judgment, nothing but good books, and if the public is sometimes a stupid beast, I am sorry to say I have found him a most excellent beast in the main."

"The Women Napoleon Loved" is the title of a new volume, by Tighe Hopkins, to be brought out in London.

The Society Amis de Balzac has rented the house in Rue Fortune, Paris, where the great novelist died. It hopes to get enough money to buy it and make a memorial storehouse.

The real Nora of "A Doll's House," who ft the home of her husband in the name of minism and of liberty, died recently in Christiania, never knowing even in her old age that Ihsen had made her famous all over the world. It is a recognized fact that Ihsen ok living models for his characters, and the model of Nora was a Mme. Alma Herming, wife of a doctor whom Ihsen knew very lightly, though like all the rest of Christiania : was cognizant of the secrets of the Hering household. The wife was a charming woman, very gay and full of life. She had ade a love marriage, but little by little she neceived for her husband an actual hatred t for the psychological reasons which Ihsen tributed to her, but simply because Herming oved to be a drunkard and a gambler and ten ill-treated her. Alma Herming found me comfort in a platonic friendship with a ung workman of the district, and this endship remained the same all her life. It ppened one morning that Ihsen passed by a ouse just as Mme. Herming, after a vio- it scene with her husband, was leaving ver to return again. Ihsen did not speak her, but he never forgot the expression

of her face, which he described as "an expression of superb decision and deepest sadness." So lasting an impression did the incident make upon him that "A Doll's House" was the result. The departure of the wife was followed by a legal separation.

The British Museum has more than thirty-two miles of shelves filled with books.

The best-housed amateur journal in the world may safely be pronounced to be the *Harvard Lampoon*, which recently moved into its new forty-thousand-dollar building at the corner of Mt. Auburn and Bow Streets, the dedication of which was celebrated with a grand gathering of former *Lampoon* editors and other dignitaries, including Professor Barrett Wendell, also an ex-Lampoonist, who addressed the assembly informally. The *Lampoon* dates from 1876; and it is one of its founders, Mr. Edmund M. Wheelwright, of the class of '76 and now practicing architecture in Boston, who designed and supervised the erection of the new building. Foreign countries have been drawn upon for ornamental finishings to the handsome interior—including rare and costly furniture from Holland, an Elizabethan mantelpiece from England, leaded glass windows from Belgium, and tiles from Delft. Material comfort and aesthetic satisfaction have both been kept in mind in fitting up these quarters for future generations of Lampoonists. Long may this piquant representative of college wit live to excite the mirth of its readers!

A new magazine, called *The Tramp*, in England, is described as a "live journal for all who are sick of stuffiness in art, life, literature, and magazines."

The library at Hamilton College has recently received a valuable addition in the form of a rare collection of volumes on mathematics and science. The gift was made by Senator Elihu Root, of the class of 1864, who has previously by liberal gifts enriched the college and increased its facilities. The collection is one of the most complete of its kind, and was the property of the late Oren Root, who was for many years at the head of the department of mathematics at Hamilton. Included in this new accession is one of the most complete astronomical libraries ever collected, together with many extensive series of scientific and historical matters.

Private libraries are to be exempt from taxation in Maryland under a bill introduced recently by Senator Linthicum.

Rossetti would have enjoyed "Chantecler" (says the *London Chronicle*), for he spent a large portion of his time among the pheasants, peacocks, owls, and other birds which he housed at Cheyne Walk. According to Val Prinsep's reminiscences, these birds were, on the whole, "a source of grief to the poet-painter." "Fancy," he said to me, "I had the loveliest little owl, a delightful hall of feathers, and my raven hit its head off. I had that devil executed," he added, in vindictive tones; "such a jolly little beast, that little owl." And Miss Ellen Terry tells of a white peacock which, soon after its arrival at Cheyne Walk, took refuge under a sofa and pined to death. This, following on a savage attack from a white bull which he had bought because it had eyes like Mrs. William Morris, cut Rossetti to the heart. "Bulls don't like me," he complained, "and peacocks aren't homely."

## New Books Received.

"Agriculture for Schools of the Pacific Slope," by Hilgard and Osterhout. Macmillan.  
"A Study of the Drama," by Brander Matthews. Houghton Mifflin.  
"A Vagabond Journey Around the World," by Harry A. Franck. Century Co.  
"An Apprentice of Truth," by Helen Huntington. Putnam's.  
"Christian Unity in Effort," by Frank J. Firth. Lippincott.  
"Function, Feeling, and Conduct," by Frederick Meakin, Ph. D. Putnam's.  
"In the Shadow of God," by Guy Arthur Jamieson. Fennos.  
"In Unfamiliar England," by Thomas D. Murphy. Page.  
"Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta Margaret Higgins. Houghton Mifflin.  
"Mr. Cartaret," by David Gray. Century Co.  
"Psychic Control Through Self-Knowledge," by Walter Winston Kenilworth. Fennos.  
"Strictly Business," by O. Henry. Doubleday, Page.  
"The Book of Easter," Macmillan.  
"The Cardinal's Pawn," by K. L. Montgomery. McChirg.  
"The Faith Healer," by William Vaughn Moody. Macmillan.  
"The House of Mystery," by Will Irwin. Century Co.  
"The House of the Whispering Pines," by Anna Katharine Green. Putnam.  
"The Human Cowheel," by B. L. Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead.  
"The Intruding Angel," by Charles Marriott. John Lane.  
"The Professional Aunt," by Mary C. E. Wemyss. Houghton Mifflin.  
"The Story of the American Merchant Marine," by John R. Spears. Macmillan.  
"The Thief of Virtue," by Eden Philpotts. John Lane.  
"Theodora's Husband," by Louise Mack. John Lane.  
"Water Rights in the Western States," by Samuel C. Wiel. Bancroft-Whitney.

A London bookseller recently received this order from a customer: "Please forward me a copy of Tennyson's poems. Do not send one bound in calf, however, because I am a vegetarian."

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Ghosts of Indians.

Indian-footed move the mists  
From the corner of the lake,  
Silent, sinuous, and bent:  
And their trailing feathers shake,  
Tremble to forgotten leaping:  
While with lingerings and creepings  
Down they lean again to slake  
The dead thirst of parching mouths,  
Lean their pale mouths in the lake.

Indian-footed move the mists  
That were hiding in the pine,  
Out upon the oval lake  
In a bent and ghostly line  
Lean and drink for better sleeping . . .  
Then they turn again and—creeping,  
Gliding like the fur and fins—  
Disappear through woods and water  
On a thousand moccasins.  
—Witter Bynner, in *Harper's Magazine*.

## The Vision.

I questioned them narrowly, all,  
If any went out or in:  
And they answered me, wondering, all,  
That no one went out or in.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?—  
Once with a little harp  
Held up in thy hands to play,  
And thy down-smiling eyes on my face.  
But when I would watch thee at dance,  
There was only the wind so lone—  
And the wind was thy harp and thou.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?  
Once with a tendriled wreath  
Hung over thy rounded arm,  
As though thou wert fain to dance.  
But when I would watch thee at dace,  
The vine at the casement swung low—  
And the vine was thy wreath and thou.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?  
Once with a lamp of pure light  
Wherein things hidden were clear.  
But when I would walk by thy light,  
Only the westerling moon—  
The low moon at my window, looked in—  
And the moon was thy lamp and thou.

Why wilt thou visit in dreams?  
Once with a cup that o'erflowed  
With a draught that could heal, could save  
But when I would whisper, "I thirst!"  
Only the fountain I heard,  
The laugh of the fountain by night—  
And the fountain was thou and thy cup.

I questioned them narrowly, all,  
If any went out or in:  
And they answered me, wondering, all,  
That no one went out or in.  
—Edith M. Thomas, in *Harper's Bazar*.

## The Cities.

Across the stretches of the night  
The cities to each other call,  
Like flashes of the northern light  
Their strident voices rise and fall:  
"What toll of human life today,  
Of youth and hope what sacrifice,  
Hast thou demanded, sister, pray?"—  
Thus city unto city cries.

And through the stretches of the dark  
The answer floats upon the breeze,  
Where, like the lightly resting Ark,  
The city looks across the seas:  
"The toll I've claimed from man and child,  
From innocence and guilt as well;  
I've smirched the pure and undefiled,  
And turned their heaven into hell.

"I've stirred ambition's fire in breasts  
Where only love had burnt till then,  
The thirst for gold that never rests  
But drinks the lives of weaker men.  
I've cheapened virtue in my heart  
And trained the tongue to oily lies,  
And men to steer by flattery's chart  
Who on the stars once fixed their eyes.

"I've crushed the weakling in my press,  
I've fixed the blush on woman's cheek,  
I've deafened ears to note distress,  
Though keen to hear the mighty speak.  
I've wrung the heart of childhood dry,  
Made men forget they once were young—  
The forest's call, the open sky,  
And Nature with her sylvan tongue."  
—William Wallace Whitelock, in *New York Times*.

## Romance.

Over the hills Romance we follow,  
In youth—ah, youth—ere dreams pass by.  
O years, flit on with the swift-winged swallow—  
Behind your hounds her harriers lie.  
We fain would hear her horn and follow  
And know Romance before we die.

Still in our age the Search we follow,  
"Till hack on the hills her horn winds high;  
And the sound of it echoeth dim and hollow,  
And we strain our ears for its fleeting sigh.  
Others may hear her horn and follow—  
When we knew it not Romance passed by.  
—Edna Valentine Trapnell, in *Success Magazine*.

A biography of Gamhetta, by a relative of his, Monsieur P. M. Gheusi, has just been published. The work, which is entitled "Gamhetta: Life and Letters," is largely made up of letters from the great tribune to his relatives and intimate friends. M. Gheusi, by a judicious choice of the very voluminous correspondence left by Gamhetta and treasured by his circle, follows the patriot's career from his entry into the humble seminary at Cahors until his sudden death.

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THE WOMEN OF PAPEETE.

Papeete, the capital of Tahiti, is a blighted paradise, being perpetually rent by internal dissensions. People whose social, political, or sentimental affairs conflict, hate each other with an ecstacy of bitterness that is the greater from their being pent up in a little island that is only a dot on the map.

The much-official city of Papeete is a convenient deposit for incapables from France who have political pull. There are questions that are continually coming up concerning the relative importance of government officials, there are fierce business, political, and social rivalries, and there is, consequently, envy, jealousy, and all uncharitableness, because there every one sees everybody every day, and several times a day. There is no escape from one's pet aversions in little Papeete. The peaceably inclined individual who thinks to be genial with all and intimate with none may maintain a general state of amity, but it is only by keeping out of the few social affairs that occasionally happen.

The centre of social life is naturally at the palace of the governor, who, having shown some initiative, some independence, and some firmness, has incurred the wrath of a powerful party of keen-witted citizens whose private interests had not been considered. This wrath extended so far as to include in its avenging path matters purely social, and at the governor's splendid annual ball some fifty belles and beaux were conspicuous by their absence.

The island balls, seen from the outside as well as from within, are very picturesque affairs. The natives make a street fete of the affair and assemble by the hundred in the illuminated grounds outside, peering in at the windows, and making free and perfectly audible comments in the native tongue upon the appearance of such as attract their child-like regards. This one looks like a noble; that one is approved because her gown is not cut too low; and so on, with numerous other comments which interpreters refuse to translate. Their demeanor at these times is not such as would commend itself to the whites, who carefully keep their womenkind away from these street gatherings.

Inside the scene is interesting because of its absolute foreignness. The men are all in white duck except for their black dancing shoes. There are many officers from the gunboats stationed in Tahitian waters, horrible but enthusiastic dancers, who greatly afflict their American partners, but the fair Papeetians are used to them and dance with them with all the zest in the world.

The visiting stranger at these balls can not but remark the absence of duennas, and, in fact, the almost total elimination of women past their earliest youth. This state of things arises from the indolence of the mothers and matrons, who absolutely decline to be moved out of their rut. They are, therefore, confirmed home-stayers, having as a usual thing renounced the vanities of life and settled down in black Mother Hubbards to contented and progressive fastness.

This social indolence is probably responsible for the custom of permitting the newcomer to make the first call, although the Papeetean matron claims that this policy is dictated purely by consideration for the stranger, who is thus tacitly allowed to throw the social handkerchief. But the fact remains that it allows the settled resident the privilege of "turning down" newcomers that do not recommend themselves to the favor of those they call on. However, the outsider who complains of it should remember that this is really a social convention brought out by the French from their native country.

The girls at a Papeetean ball are rather striking. There being so much mixed blood in the community, their complexions vary widely. Some are deep brown, some a delicate chocolate, while a few are lily fair. The ball-dress of the majority is the *ahutua*, or what is popularly known in America as the Mother Hubbard. A very few have stunning gowns from Paris, while still others fashion their own garments, and do it surprisingly well. The Papeetean girls, although their shapely brown throats are left bare, do not wear their evening gowns very low. The business of the *corsetiere* being almost at a standstill in Papeete, it follows that those who do not wear the *ahutua*, and who aspire to be stunningly dressed, are apt to fashion their ball-gowns on the model of the graceful half-fitting empire style.

The Papeetean belle is not by any means a fluent conversationalist, scarcely contributing even the verbal froth of youth. She will, however, dance till the dawn, but at supper, even to the accompaniment of the popping of champagne corks, one does not hear the sound of gay conversation, nor those bursts of appreciative laughter that tell of the exchange of youthful repartee. She rarely smokes in public, although at one of the three winter balls—all three within a week, by the way—two olive-complexioned beauties of Spanish extraction enjoyed their cigarettes openly and as a matter of course at the supper table.

The fair Papeetean when she does smoke affects the strong cigarette of native manu-

facture, at which the more fastidious American smoker of the feminine persuasion looks askance on account of its fiery flavor.

Among the natives a popular social institution is the daily assemblage at the market at five a. m. There the native maids tell the native matrons all the happenings—and pretty rank happenings they often are—of the preceding twenty-four hours, while the cronies fairly burst with satisfaction and suppressed gossip, then hasten away and with joyful alacrity begin the dissemination of the tidbits, big and little. And the men shake in their shoes. The natives have absolutely no reticence, and well their masters, lovers, and sometimes slaves know that what they have to tell will travel through the length and breadth of the city. And indeed one can even go to the neighboring islands and find the gossips there well posted in the doings of gay Papeete. These stories reach everybody. Even the visiting tourist, who stays just a few days between the arrival and the departure of the ship, has a dish of the choicest scandal offered to his or her bewildered inspection. Accounts of bickerings and dissensions pour forth in a stream, and while strangers stroll through the luxuriantly foliaged town, or drive through gorgeously beautiful tropical groves with the smiling natives offering genial greetings to speed them on their way, or sit under the spreading flamboyant trees near the quay, watching a couchant sun sinking to rest on royally splendid cushions of scarlet and flame-color and gold, they may well exclaim, What a paradise this might be, if it were not for the whites!

JOSEPHINE HART PHELPS.

Maud Allan and Her Art.

The art of expressing the emotions by means of the dance is by no means a new one. In the Bible we read of the maidens dancing before the warriors returning from the battlefields, in the great temples, at the wedding feast, and even at the grave. The nations of the East have always accompanied their religious and civic festivities with dancing, and right at our own doors the American Indian still indulges in his "Sun Dance," "Medicine Dance," "Wedding Dance," "War Dance," etc., in all of which the movements of the dancer are fully as indicative of the emotions as the melodies and rhythms. Certainly the arts of music and dancing are closely allied.

Of all the so-called interpretive dancers whom the papers of Europe have described in the past few years, none has received higher praise for her art, intelligence, grace, charm, and musical insight than the San Francisco girl, Maud Allan. She has appeared before the King and Queen of England, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and before the royal households of Germany and Russia, and has received honors at the hands of the most noted people in the world. Only last week in Washington Mrs. Taft and her party occupied the presidential box at the National Theatre and witnessed Miss Allan's artistic work.

Miss Allan will appear at the Garrick Theatre, under the joint management of Will Greenbaum and Martin Beck, for four of her entertainments, assisted by her complete symphony orchestra of forty-five musicians under the direction of Paul Steindorff. She will interpret by means of the dance such works as Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite," Schumann's "Papillons," Chopin's "Funeral March," Mendelssohn's "Spring Song," and works by Rubinstein, Bach, Tschalkowsky, etc., and of course her famous and original creation "The Vision of Salomé," inspired by the music of Richard Strauss.

The dates are Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, April 5, 7, and 8, and Sunday afternoon, April 10. The sale of seats will open next Thursday morning, March 31, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets, and mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum at that address. These must be accompanied by check or mail order.

On Wednesday night, April 6, Miss Allan and her orchestra and electrical forces will appear in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Manager Bishop having consented to lay off his stock production on that night. For this event seats will be sold only at Ye Liberty in Oakland, where mail orders may be addressed to Mr. Bishop.

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"THE ROUND-UP."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

"The Round-Up" is a poor play. No doubt of that. A great part of the dialogue is mere drivel. The foundation for the emotional scenes—of which there are quite a number—is pure squash. The players of the company are very plainly selected for their cheapness, as their acting, with a few exceptions, is much below par, even though the play gives them little chance. The plot of the piece is scrambled together with considerable effort, and there seems to be quite a strain on the author's part to keep it in plain sight during the various scenes.

In spite of all this, however, during the third act the audience burst into spontaneous applause at the startling heauty of the spectacle afforded them, and ten or fifteen minutes later were almost vying with the tremendous din on the stage, so great was their enthusiasm over the battle with the Apaches. True it was all noise and spectacle, but the spectacle was of the kind that affects the imagination and gives one a great big thrill. And later when there was an exciting exhibition of bronco-busting, with a group of wise horses for subjects, one realized that the horses were really the best actors in the cast excepting Maclyn Arhuckle, about the only one of the humans in the company whose acting was stamped with the brand "first class." True, Ogden Crane acted the "quarter-bred Cherokee" rather well, and Fred Stanton, in the small part of "Peruna," as well as that other rôle of "the sky pilot," almost gave the impression of having gotten into the company by mistake, because he knew so thoroughly what to do to make the impression sought for.

There was a tribe of cowboys, cattlemen, and vaqueros, and among them there would occasionally be a fitful burst of something funny; and the feet of almost the entire outfit seemed to be shod with cork, as the ebullient cowboys spent much of their time a yard or so up in the air.

In fact, there is such a queer mixture of merit and mush in the performance that one scratches one's head and wonders why and how the author—Edmund Day—made his effect. And then the good old term "atmosphere" comes to mind. For the spectacle of beetling "had lands," the horsemanship at the round-up, the cautious Apaches, winding silently through the mesa lands, the stories of hold-ups in the background, the camp at the edge of the desert, the several arrests, and collections of "the gents' hardware"—in fact, all the scenes and situations are so colored with the atmosphere of the cowboy country that the spectator finds himself in this thoroughly poor play continually reminded of innumerable pen-pictures sketched in first-class fiction of life on the ranges.

The play would be no play at all if the author had not hit on the idea of the third act. The curtain rises on a remarkably beautiful setting, representing a part of "the had lands" on the Mexican border. Great jagged rocks tower to monumental heights, making deep defiles and casting richly sombre shadows. In a narrow passage between two towering cliffs a silent horseman stands, his lithe brown limbs and the quills in his hair proclaiming him an Indian. Except for this he might have been the pale horseman guarding the pass in Lafcadio Hearn's exquisitely beautiful tale of the Arahian who, faithful until death and after, still held guard over the caravan of women who through his heroism, were passing to safety through the mountainous defile. The whole scene, which as work of art is a singularly fine composition or a stage picture, is beautifully colored with the still shadowed glow of coming dawn. As the gaze, struck into charmed silence by its beauty, another mounted Indian appears on the height and descends to the lower defiles, is horse picking its skillful way down the steep incline with the sure-footedness that comes from much training. Another comes, rother, and still another, until as it watches the silent file of appearing and disappearing men and horses the audience, which has been held spellbound by the dignified beauty of the whole composition, awakes from its trance of amazed admiration and hursts into prolonged and repeated applause.

There follows, after some halderdash in a scene which seems like a competition in irony—for the question will rise, "Why don't

those men divide their water supply?"—a terrific battle at close range between the Apaches and the whites. I am quite sure that I never before heard so much repeated and such thunderous firing on the stage. Again we felt that wild, lawless thrill as the echoes thundered like a volley of artillery. An Apache was shot and fell, partway over the cliff, his arms and head dangling helpless. He remained that way during the entire action, and as all the blood in his body must have settled in the part of him that was in sight—I assume that an invisible somebody was hanging desperately on to his heels to keep him in safety—the inference is that he draws a proportionately big salary to pay him for his dangerous discomfort. As the rapidly repeated shots burst into flame and woke continuous thunder little jets of dust flew from the cliffs of the mesa; and then I saw that this detail had been attended to by stationing stage hands at holes made in the scenery for the purpose, through which dust was squirted to give the effect of bullets striking the rocks. This will give some idea of how carefully worked out all the details were in the stage picture.

Well, of course the Americans won. The stage was full of dead Indians and live cowboys as the curtain went down, and the audience whistled, yowled, and stamped. We thought that we now had to settle down to prolonged mush again, interspersed with joyfully jocular cowboyisms. But not yet. In the next act there is the camp on the plains ready for the round-up. And preceding the mush and the cowboyisms was a fine display of horse sense on the part of the animals and horsemanship on the part of the men that had a surprisingly unpremeditated effect, especially considering the limitations of a theatre stage. The horses seemed to resist being mounted with every cell in their brains and every fibre in their bodies. They kicked up forelegs and hind heels, they reared, they tore madly off the stage into the side, they came back and lay down on their backs in desperate efforts to rid themselves of the pests. The riders stuck to them like leeches, and, of course, eventually conquered the dear, wise heasties, who made us rather revise our preconceptions concerning equine stupidity.

And when the time for mush came we found that we had safely survived heavy seas of mush and were hooked for a comfortable home stretch with some characteristic Arhuckle comedy to keep the wheels merrily rotating.

Really "The Round-Up" as a production only, including the ground-work by the author, is so fine that the dialogue—which is idiotic save for good spots here and there—is worth rewriting. The author may be young and unformed, but even youth should know, in this age of realism, that an American cowboy would never, never say to his best girl nor even to his bride, "You are a wife of the West; as fair as its skies, as steadfast as its hills." And since, even in emotional moments people do not forget to refrain from being ridiculous, a girl, however romantic, would not be calling aloud in anguished accents, "Bring him back to me!" about two different men, and all in ten minutes. The audience giggled faintly as the anguished young thing confidently demanded to have her second man returned, and the joke penetrated a little deeper when we learned during the intermission that the title of this act is "Bring him back." However, these and other weaknesses in the piece fell into the background as compared with the general effect. What if the young wife, no matter how low-spirited she was, always retained a hectic bloom that made one feel that there should be a stage censor of make-up? What if many of the supposedly funny speeches utterly failed to awaken even the laughter of the indulgent? What if the humor was self-conscious and the bid for applause too patent? After all we had a new sensation. We had felt the hot breath of the desert, and had seen the mysterious glow of dawn light up the deep defiles and narrow fissures of the desolate had lands. We had seen the blood-thirsty Apaches far, far away, in their secret hiding places, file furtively down the mountain passes looking for their prey. And we had attained to the ever fleeing, joyfully captured thrill. And although it was a thrill of the vision and not of the spirit, still it was a thrill, and it is always for that we seek the drama.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

At the conclusion of their successful season in this city last year, Burton Holmes, the traveler, and his companion and associate lecturer, Wright Kramer, sailed from this port on what Mr. Holmes is pleased to term "the beautiful way around the world." The result of the trip is a series of five travelogues, including "Our Own Hawaii," which Mr. Holmes visited eleven years ago when it was still the land of the taro-patch and hula, and in his travelogue he shows the changes that annexation have made; "New Japan of Today," "Old Japan of Today," in which he depicts life among the fast disappearing Samurai class and the genuine Geisha; "Java," the veritable Eden of the Dutch Indies, a land of beauty of which the outside world knows but little; and "More

About Paris," which is in the nature of a continuance of last year's delightful subject, "Paris—the Magnificent."

The travelogues will be given at the Garrick Theatre for three weeks, commencing Monday night, April 11, and the courses will be so arranged that subscribers need go but twice a week in order to hear all the subjects. A matinee course will be given after school

hours on Wednesdays and Saturdays. Season tickets will be ready Monday, April 4, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

On Tuesday and Friday afternoons a course will be given in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

The travelogues are the next thing to making the journey, and both young and old can only gain by attending.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The world of society is crying out that it is overworked. The pursuit of pleasure has become a burdensome duty, and selfish husbands are reproached for their absorption in the mere frivolous occupation of money-getting while their harassed and over-driven wives are harnessed to the treadmill of social gaiety. But men were ever so, utterly indifferent to the sufferings of "the sex" and engrossed in their own interests.

A Swiss scientist has found a remedy, not for the selfishness of the husband, but for the corresponding exhaustion of the wife. Anything, it seems, can be done by the woman who will stay for thirty-six continuous hours in bed once a week. The remainder of her time may pass in an uninterrupted round of halls, concerts, and parties and her nerves will be unaffected so long as the sacred thirty-six hours are passed in bed.

There is, of course, nothing new in the idea. A day or two in bed has more recuperative power than a week in camp or by the shore, but in this respect we may remember the wise words of a modern philosopher who said that the bed cure to be effective must be taken in the right spirit. To take it with the expectation of some particular result is fatal and can have no other effect than the promotion of valetudinarianism. It must be done from motives of pure laziness, and if this attitude be carefully maintained—and it ought to be easy enough—the patient will arise like a giant refreshed.

There is a whole mass of unsuspected truth in this wise advice. An occasional deliberate defiance of conscience has a marked value upon the health. What with the high price of living and the tariff, very few people can afford to support a conscience nowadays in the strict sense of the word. A small automobile is the best that we can run to. But there is a sort of subsidiary conscience, a kind of ethical routine to which we are most of us slaves. It is no more than an elevated sense of self-interest, but it is the best that we can do, and it is at this that we should aim an occasional thwack. Such virtues as punctuality, abstemiousness, and industry are not to be slighted, but if their dominance is never challenged they will gall after a time and then a physical injury results. The merchant who has never been late at his desk for twenty years would find it vastly wholesome now and then to look contemptuously at the clock, dawdle over his breakfast, and then drift away to amuse himself somewhere and not show up at the office at all. But to do this with premeditation, to select a slack day for the purpose, would be fatal. It must be done out of pure cussedness, it must be a genuine revolt against duty, a wicked impulse cheerfully surrendered to. Some people, ourselves included, surrender habitually to wicked impulses, but this also is a body-destroying practice, and the remedy is an easy-going divergence into virtue. The point of the thing is that we must never allow ourselves to become automatic. That way lies dissolution. Keep open the right-of-way. Lie in bed sometimes because you are too confoundedly lazy to get up. Allow the minor vices an occasional riot just for the sheer fun of the thing, and it will act like a tonic upon the body. The man whose potential cussedness is paralyzed is on his way to ossification and he ought to be hurried.

A London hanker has lately delivered a lecture on American women and their ways in hanks. Perhaps the lecture was not wholly upon that subject, but at least he touched upon it.

He says that when an American woman goes into a London hank she usually asks to be shown to a private room. For some time he was puzzled as to why this should be so, but at last he found the reason. He did not tell his audience how he found it, and this may be left to the imagination. He says that the American woman traveler carries her letter of credit in a pocket near the inside hem of her dress and that it must be extracted in some place where only God can see her. Hence the demand for the private room.

While commending the research of the London hanker, let it be said that he was misinformed or that he was deceived by the illusory perspective of the keyhole. She does not carry her money in a pocket, but in her stocking, because we once saw her rescue it from that receptacle in a moment of emergency. Moreover, they discuss these matters openly in the women's newspapers over here along with dress shields and other improper things at whose purport we could only guess if it were not for the elucidatory illustrations that go next to reading matter. Our mind is as pure as driven snow, but wishing recently to read an article on "How I cured my little son of telling stories," written by a high school girl of our acquaintance, we saw these things described and pictured, and Satan having already entered into our heart as a result we were tempted to go on and read about women's stockings and their advantages as purses. Ever since we have blushed hotly at the recollection, but that is how we came to know. Anyway they shouldn't print such things in newspapers, and Mr. Hitchcock ought to keep them out of the second-class

mail bag, and would, too, if he knew what they meant. There ought to be a law. The London hanker says that women expect hankers to do everything for them nowadays. Does he mean—but no, he can't—that his lady clients have asked for his help in getting at their money?

The Chicago aldermen have resolved to settle the question of the hatpin or to die in the attempt. Ever since they put their venturesome hands to the plow they have been overwhelmed with complaints from the wounded and with demands for alleviative measures. The women of Chicago, and of San Francisco, sail around town like nothing so much as the chariots of the ancient Britons, which had long scythes projecting from their wheel axles, and a more unpleasant thing to meet in a narrow lane than an ancient Briton in his war chariot it would be hard to imagine. At the last meeting of the city council Alderman Bauer nailed his colors to the mast and said that the hatpin must go. That very morning he had seen a young man impaled in consequence of a lurch of the street-car. A lovely young woman had been projected in the direction of the said young man, and when they disentangled themselves the victim had a deep and bleeding scratch three inches long. But he played the game like a man. Not his to reason why. He suffered in silence like a Christian of the old-fashioned kind, merely pressing his handkerchief to his cheek and trying to be inconspicuous. But did that young woman apologize for thus breaking up a smiling face? Not a bit of it. She said that people who could not see where they were going had no business on street-cars, and flounced away with an air of injured innocence. Another man up in the alderman's ward ran into a pin a few days ago and it "got him" in the eye. Then a young man gave evidence and offered his nose as an exhibit, although he was unable to leave it, as it was still attached to his face by a strip of skin. His nose had never been much to look at, being of the common or garden variety, but it was the only one he had, and as it was a gift from his mother he valued it. He had been to the postoffice to get his mail and a young woman in front of him had suddenly turned her head without showing a red light or whistling. The result was as exhibited to the board of aldermen. He admitted that it might have been worse, and he considered himself lucky that the petticoated Moloch had been satisfied with a nose when she might have hagged an eye. But then women never could aim straight.

With that rare and chivalrous courtesy that has always distinguished the family Mr. John Jacob Astor gave a supper to one hundred and fifty of his friends on the evening before his divorce. The supper had a double purpose. Not only did it celebrate the imminent end of his domestic infelicities, but it also graced the mid-Lent season and so may be regarded as having a semi-religious flavor. It is gratifying to find that our prominent families thus set a fashion of piety among the lower orders whose observance of these sacred occasions is not all that it should be. That Mr. Astor in this way celebrated Lent—and his divorce—can not be without its moral effect upon those whose careless lives now stand rebuked.

Simplicity was the keynote. The newspaper report says so in a headline. There were no tawdry and vulgar decorations, none of the ostentation of wealth that would have been so sadly out of place at the holy anniversary (Lent). Only family friends were present, as was becoming to the occasion (divorce). A trifle of 140 dozen winter roses supplied the nature touch, and there were a few palms and ferns. In fact the whole affair only cost \$25,000 without counting church donations and alimony, and this economy also ought to have an effect upon the giddy proletariat, whose extravagant habits of mush-eating are forcing up the cost of living.

The solemn scene was divided into five parts. First came the sandwiches and ginger ale. Then there was a little chaste dancing until half-past twelve. Then an interval was allowed so that the guests might go to the Calico Ball at Sherry's, and when that was over there was supper at the Astors. The cotillon was led by Mr. Harry Lehr and Mrs. M. Orme Wilson. At one o'clock the favors were distributed. These were little mementoes of the occasion and of the simplest description. Sampler cards with appropriate mottoes such as "God Bless Our Home" were distributed to the ladies and moral pocket handkerchiefs to the men. The women also had fancy parasols given to them, hand carved upon fine wood and of colored silk, pompadour ribbon scarfs, and directoire mirrors. The men received various smoking appliances and also brass bells, which they rang so continuously that it was hard to tell what hymn the orchestra was playing. It was an uplifting evening and can hardly fail to do good, whether looked upon as a Lenten celebration or a pean of delight at a welcome escape from wedlock.

We have all heard of expert physicians, and rarely believe in them, but what are we to say of the expert patient. A lady who so describes herself writes to the *Medical Record*

in order to give some of her experiences of the procession of doctors that have filed past her bedside with the ostensible object of relieving her sufferings.

"I am a neurotic of vast experience," the fair writer begins, "and on the Resurrection Day it will be impossible for me to rise 'altogether,' so to speak, unless the final trump has power over laboratory hootles.

"During a long and somewhat roving life divers physicians of all schools and kindergartens have attended me. Experience teaches me that there are but two kinds of physicians—those who ought to have been something else and those who ought to have been twins. Both kinds almost invariably wear beads. I have never understood why, unless it is taught in the medical schools that drawing a hand through the beard is an impressive gesture likely to convey to the patient that the case is under consideration by a mighty intellect. I have seen a physician come into a scarlet fever ward clad in a long linen gown, his bald head protected by a linen cap, but with his beard flowing free. Perhaps germs respect beads. The general public certainly does.

"The first bedside manner I can recall is that of a physician of the quinine and calomel school. He was a jocular person. He used to come in, gayly pinch my nose and ears—I think that clinical thermometers had not been invented at that time—and say 'Tut Tut! This won't do!' It seemed quite useless to protest that I had not been supposing that it would do. He was not a person one would argue with. His next question, asked with an air of suspicion, was 'What have you been eating?' This always made me feel guilty, for I had no means of concealing from him that I had been partaking of food. I will say for him, however, that he sometimes varied his 'Tut Tut!' with 'Well, well, what have we here?' I used to think that by concentrating his mind on the subject he might find that he had a patient there, but I never ventured to say so. He was the family physician of my native town and since his death the place has been noted for its longevity and its low birth rate. Nobody seemed to like to take the responsibility of coming into the world or going out of it without Dr. B.'s permission.

"When I last saw him he told me, with an air of accusing me of arson, that I was nervous. Biliousness seems to involve no moral turpitude, but if he called one 'nervous' he would be adding presently the accusation of 'hysterical,' and being hysterical was a capital offense. His last treatment of me was for spasmodic asthma. I have never had a clear conscience since, for I knew that he

had discovered that I had been guilty of appearing at dinner in elbow sleeves.

"There is, perhaps, no bedside manner which is suited to asthma unless it is accompanied by cyanide of potassium. I recall one young physician who, being sent for suddenly, insisted on fanning me. When one is getting almost no breath at all a flutter of air will take away that little, and loose ends of hair fanned into one's mouth are not a pleasing substitute. The same young man inquired of me what treatment was usually given to me and I managed to gasp out, 'The usual treatment in such cases.' This seemed to help him out wonderfully, and he begged me not to be alarmed, since such attacks were never fatal.

"Unpleasant," he said (I had gathered as much), 'but never fatal.'"

Diamond merchants claim that but few diamonds are now smuggled into the United States. The number brought in without duty is considered so small that it has very little effect on the market. The uncut stones are not taxed and the duty on cut diamonds is only 10 per cent.

Amsterdam, Holland, is the greatest market for the uncut stones, as it is there that the expert diamond cutters do the greater part of their work. Almost all of the heavy dealers in America purchase their stones from Amsterdam, where 80 per cent of the world's diamond cutting is done. Very few small diamonds are cut in New York and most of this work is done for recutting and changes in styles.

The pulse of a mouse is too rapid to determine by ordinary methods. A late observer, F. Buchanan, has made the count by suspending the animal with fore and hind legs dipping in two separate solutions, thus forming part of an electric circuit connected with an electrometer, and photographing the instrument's oscillations on a strip of paper moving at a known rate. In six mice the heart-beats averaged 670 per minute, the highest being 780. The pulsations are about 200 in the rabbit, ninety in the dog, seventy in man, forty in the horse, and thirty in the elephant.

"Sir, I have grown gray in your service," began the old bookkeeper, preliminary to asking for a raise. "I was intending to speak to you about that," responded the head of the firm. "Get a bottle of hair dye. Otherwise the junior partner will be wanting to replace you with a younger man."—*Kansas City Journal*.



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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

In the mayor's early days on the hench, a prisoner's counsel said, in the course of his speech: "Medical witnesses will testify that my unfortunate client is suffering from kleptomania, and, your honor, you know what that is?" "Yes," said Judge Gaynor, "I do. It is a disease the people pay me to cure."

A sturdy Scotchman had been having a dispute with his wife, which resulted in his taking refuge under the bed. As she stood on guard with a good-sized stick in her hand, he called lustily from his retreat: "Ye can lamb me and ye can hate me, but ye canna break ma manly spirit. I'll na come oot."

A small Norwegian lad presented himself before a certain school teacher, who asked him his name. "Pete Peterson," he replied. "And how old are you, Peter?" asked the teacher. "Ay not know how old Ay hane," said the lad. "Well, when were you horn?" continued the teacher. "Ay not born at all; Ay got stepmother."

A Methodist bishop's wife addressing a meeting of working women made home life seem all very fine and ideal, but one housewife voiced the opinion of the rest, perhaps, when she said to her neighbors with a sniff: "She's all right as far as she goes; but what I'd like to ask her is this—what does she do when her old bishop comes home on pay night with his envelope empty and a fightin' jag on?"

The governor of a Western State was making inspection of certain State institutions when he made inquiry as to the progress of a chaplain by him appointed to an insane asylum. "How is he getting on?" asked the governor, thinking to get an unprejudiced opinion from the official acting as his guide. "Fine!" exclaimed the man. "His preachin' is very successful, governor. The idiots enjoy it especially."

Carlyle's dictum, "Not on morality, but on cooking let us build our philosophy," is recalled by the following: "An aged aunt, though in the position of guest, protested against the appearance of a really noble rabbit pie on her nephew's breakfast table. It was not that she feared ptomaine poisoning. Her objections were ethical. Rabbits, she declared with a wonderful mid-Victorianism, were 'such immoral animals.'"

Senator Tillman became reminiscent one stormy day: "Yes, this is had weather. It is nothing to London, though. Once, on a dripping water day in London, a sulphur-brown or pea-soup fog in the air, and everybody drenched to the skin, I sat on a hus to hese a Parsee in a red fez. When the Parsee got off, the driver of the hus, touching his hat with his whip, said to me: 'Would you mind tellin' me, sir, what sort o' chap that is?' 'He's a Parsee,' said I. 'An Indian, you know; a sun worshiper.' 'Worships the sun, does he, sir?' said the wet and shivering driver. 'I suppose he's come 'ere to 'ave a rest?'"

Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior, tells of his first law case which he had at Kankakee, Illinois. "I had hung out my shingle a good while before any client arrived," he said. "Finally, one came. He was a weak, meek being whom three determined women had wedded in rapid succession, and he was being tried for bigamy. As all of the wives appeared against him we lost the case, and he got a term of two years, but this did not seem to worry him—in fact, he seemed anxious for more. He was taken to the penitentiary, and just before his term ended I got a letter from him. 'Do you think,' the bigamist asked anxiously, 'it will be safe for me to come out?'"

High and low he searched for the hag of confetti he had brought home on the previous evening for his son and heir, but his efforts were not rewarded with success. Where on earth had he put it? What had become of it? With every minute he became more irate, till finally he rang for Bridget. "Bridget," he exclaimed testily, "did you see that hag of confetti I brought home last night for 'reddie'?" "Sure, an' Oi did, sorr!" hrogued out Bridget. "But Oi didn't know it was only for Mhaster Fred. There's but half av left now." "Only half of it left?" he cried. "What on earth have you done with the est?" "Cooked it, av coorse," retorted Bridget; "an' it's for yer own breakfast, with ream, ye had it this marnin'!"

The attractive young lady who had written "Urgent" on her card was shown into the consulting room of Sir Choppam Fyne, head of the famous surgical hospital in Splintshire. And what is the matter with you?" said the reat man. "I wish," she answered, "to become a nurse in this institution." The surgeon tapped a thoughtful tooth with his lanet. "First, one question. Have you had

any previous experience?" She dazzled him with a reassuring smile. "Experience!" she cried. "I should just think so. Two of my brothers play football, another has tried to cross the Channel in an aeroplane of his own make, mother is a suffragette, and father keeps a motor-car."

Two men asked two ladies to luncheon and entertained them royally at a restaurant in Paris. But when the luncheon was over they retired, and were not seen again. The landlord arrived and asked about his bill. The gentlemen returned and settled, he declared, the ladies must remain in pawn. The gentlemen showed no signs of returning. The bill for the royal entertainment was produced, and amounted to 12 francs. One of the ladies had exactly 6 francs upon her, paid up that amount, and was released. The other had not a farthing, and remained in pawn. But the landlord discovered that she was a married woman, the wife of a man who was not one of the two absconding entertainers, and he went to bring the husband. The latter arrived and said: "Hullo! What are you doing here?" "Madam is in pawn," explained the landlord. "In pawn! For how much?" "Six francs." "Too much! She's not worth it," said the husband; "good day." Thereupon the despairing restaurant-keeper gave up all hope of his 6 francs and let the lady go.

**THE MERRY MUSE.**

**The Troubled Menagerie.**

Hey, Diddle, Diddle,  
The Sphinx and the Riddle,  
The lion jumped over the moon;  
The whole world was stirred  
At a dollar a word,  
And our Teddy is coming home soon.  
—Saturday Evening Post.

**The Plodders.**

Oh, brother Reggie's not like us.  
We have to work all day,  
And never mix up in a fuss  
Nor get especial gay.  
We've got to hustle more or less  
And save up every cent,  
Because we others don't possess  
Artistic temperament.

Old Bill an' Boh an' Jake an' me  
Wear ordinary hair,  
An' each keeps busy as kin be  
A-doin' of his share.  
But Reggie, easy-goin' lad,  
N'er thought of food nor rent,  
Because he was the one who had  
Artistic temperament.

He's owin' alimony now,  
I wonder if he'll pay.  
He seems to start another row  
With creditors each day.  
An' though we often feel a lot  
Of sordid discontent,  
We're kind o' glad we haven't got  
Artistic temperament.  
—Washington Star.

**A Riddle.**

She had a diary, all bound  
In leather red,  
Designed for keeping till its course  
A year had sped.

She had a secret rich and rare,  
Told by a friend,  
Designed for keeping tight until  
The world should end.

She had a gold piece round and bright,  
A nest egg planned,  
Designed for keeping till it grew  
A fortune grand.

Concerning all into our mind  
This riddle crept:  
Which of the three do you suppose  
She longest kept?—New York Sun.

**A Psychological Problem.**

Suppose I met a sheeted shade  
All ghastly grim.  
Why should I be a bit afraid  
Of spooks like him?

The worst that he could do to me  
Would be to slay.  
And if he did, should I not be  
A spirit, pray?

Then couldn't I pick out the spot  
He guarded most,  
And make it mighty all-fired hot  
For Mister Ghost?  
—Lippincott's Magazine.

One of the new women visited a Boston fortune-teller. "Lady," said the fortune-teller, shuffling the cards, "the fates decree that you will visit foreign lands. You will mingle in the court life of kings and queens. Conquering all rivals, you will marry the man of your choice, a tall, dark, handsome gent of distinguished ancestry—in fact, a peer of the realm." "Will he be young?" "Yes; young and rich." The visitor in her excitement clutched the seer's arm. "But how," she cried eagerly, "how am I to get rid of my present husband?"

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Total Assets ..... 41,261,682.21  
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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The energy of society last week was concentrated in work for Tag Day and plans to make it a success. Interest in charity delayed the departure of several polo enthusiasts for Coronado until a little later than they had intended, but they, too, are now among those in the south for the next ten days or so. On Saturday the theatres were unusually gay with the invasion of tag-sellers; they were under the chaperonage of Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Jack Wilson, Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Peter Martin, Miss Maye Colburn, Mrs. Fred Kohl, and Mrs. Botkin, and the hotels were equally attractive with the corps of workers under the leadership of Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. L. L. Dunbar, Miss McEwen, and other interested representatives of the charities for which Tag Day was instituted.

Holy week precludes anything in the nature of formal affairs, so this week will be marked by enjoyment of a more quiet character than even the days in the Lenten period that is past. There have been several meetings to arrange the tableaux vivants planned for the 5th and 6th of April. The scene at the hotels around the tea and luncheon hours has been unusually lively, as there has been so much going on to take one down town, either in the way of shopping for Easter or preparation for charity affairs.

The wedding of Miss Ruth Boericke and Mr. Ralston White is to be solemnized on April 6, and will be small, on account of the death of Mr. Lovell White.

The wedding of Miss Jean Tyson and Mr. Harry Weihe will take place in Alameda on April 1. Miss Marie Louise Tyson will be her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Ella Sonntag, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Roberta Haslett, and Miss Metha McMahon. Mr. Arthur Hooper will be Mr. Weihe's best man.

The wedding of Miss Maud Bourn and Mr. Arthur Vincent will take place on Wednesday, March 30, at San Mateo. The bridesmaids are to be Miss Claire Vincent, Miss Helen Crocker, and Miss Marjorie Josselyn. Mr. Richard Tobin will be Mr. Vincent's best man.

Wednesday, April 20, is the date set for the wedding of Miss Zillah Lee Gibson and Dr. Henry Mathew Albright of San Luis Obispo. The wedding will be at the home of the bride's parents in Woodland. Mrs. Walter Greer will be matron of honor and Miss Braverman and Miss Kathleen Farrell will be bridesmaids. Mr. Edward Albright will be his brother's best man.

The wedding of Miss Henrietta von Schrader and Lieutenant Prentiss Bassett will take place on Wednesday afternoon, March 30, at the family residence on Pierce Street.

Among the marriages of interest to Californians that will take place away from here will be that of Mrs. Cook to Colonel Karmany next month at the American Consulate in Hongkong. Colonel Karmany is well known in San Francisco, having been stationed here in command of the United States Marines a few years ago.

Another wedding of interest here, which took place in Hongkong on March 7, was that of Miss Marie Carter of San Diego and Ensign George W. Kenyon, brother of the Misses Kenyon of this city. Ensign Kenyon is on duty on the U. S. S. *Wilmington*, which is stationed at Hongkong for a year.

The wedding of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick and Mr. MacDonald will take place here on April 14. Mr. Walter Dillingham, who is as well known here as in his home in Honolulu, has announced his engagement to Miss Gaylord of Chicago. Miss Gaylord was on her way around the world when she met Mr. Dillingham in Honolulu. She continued her trip and the wedding is to take place in May in Florence, Italy. Mr. Harold Dillingham was married to Miss Margaret Hyde-Smith in this city about two years ago.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle and Mrs. A. W. Foster have announced the engagement of their niece, Miss Anna Scott, to Mr. Almer Newhall, the son of Mr. Edwin Newhall.

Mr. J. E. Cowden, Mr. W. A. Hazard, and Mr. J. M. Waterbury of the Meadowbrook team of polo players gave a dinner at the St. Francis on Tuesday evening, the 15th, followed by a dance. The guests were Mrs. Hollis McKim of New York, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Clement

Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Du Val, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Miss Eleanor Sears, Miss Virginia Joliffe, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Alice Hager, Mr. F. A. Gill, Mr. Richard McCreery, Mr. Richard Tobin, Dr. Tracy Russell, Mr. Hull, Mr. Raymond Armsby, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Hurndell, Mr. John Lawson, and Mr. Robin Grey.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin and Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, who had charge of the tag-day work at the Palace and at the Princess Theatre, entertained their corps of assistants at the Palace Hotel on Saturday. Among those included in the company were Mrs. Selby Hanna, Mrs. James E. Abbott, Mrs. George Hill Stoddard, Mrs. B. H. Robert, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Antoinette Keystone, Miss Marian Lally, Miss Mabel Gregory, and Miss Edith Mau.

Mrs. Ernest L. Heuter was hostess at a dinner in honor of Miss Agnes Tillman on Wednesday evening of last week.

There were two dinners given last week at which there were no men present. At one Mrs. Frederick Fenwick was hostess and Mrs. Horace Laurence was the guest of honor. Miss Minnie Houghton gave the other and her guests were Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Mary Josselyn, Miss Lina Cadwalader, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Ella Morgan.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer presided over a luncheon which she gave recently at the Fairmont. Among her guests were Mrs. John Drumm, Mrs. James Moffitt, Jr., Mrs. W. F. Porter, Mrs. Lansing Kellogg, Mrs. George Doubleday, Mrs. L. P. Fuller, Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Mrs. Clinton Worden, Mrs. Laurence Fuller, Mrs. Robert Hayes Smith, Miss de Young, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Miss Mary Joliffe, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Ethel Dean, and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

Among those who went out from town to the hop at the Presidio on Wednesday evening of last week were Miss Innes Keeney, Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, Miss Mabel Gregory, Miss Marie Churchill, and Miss Louise Hardeman.

A luncheon in honor of Miss Lois Fonda, who is visiting here from her home in Vermont, was given by Mr. Frank de Lisle on Tuesday of last week. Among those invited to meet Miss Fonda were Miss Inez Keeney, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Enid Gregg, Miss Vera de Sabla, Miss Kathleen de Young, Mr. Eldridge Green, Mr. Cyril Tobin, and Mr. Charles de Young.

Mrs. Joseph D. Grant was hostess at an informal bridge party on Tuesday of last week. Among those who played were Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. George Lent, Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. Samuel Knight, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. J. A. Hearn Folger, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Laura McKinstry.

Mrs. R. B. Lindsay was also hostess at a bridge party the early part of last week, and her guests were Mrs. William Henshaw, Mrs. W. H. Morrow, Mrs. C. D. Parquharson, Mrs. Ralph Hart, Mrs. William Monserrat, Mrs. Carey D. Friedlander, and Mrs. Leonard Cheney.

Another Sausalito tea in honor of Mrs. Ashe and Miss Borrowe was given last week by Miss Josephine Beede.

On Thursday last Mr. and Mrs. William Tubbs gave a dinner in their home on Vallejo Street in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden. The guests asked to meet them were Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Tubbs, Mrs. Philip Van Horn Lansdale, Miss Sally Maynard, Mr. James Otis, Mr. Joseph Quay, Mr. Harold Bingham.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark left for Coronado Wednesday of last week with a party of friends that included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Raoul Du Val, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. Richard Tobin, Major and Mrs. Hobson, Major and Mrs. Romer Lee, Miss Sears, Miss Fish, and Mr. Harry Simpkins.

Mrs. William H. Crocker left for Paris on Saturday, March 19, quite unexpectedly having been called there on account of the illness of her daughter, Miss Ethel Mary, who is there at school.

Mrs. Edward Erle Brownell expects to go for a visit to Vassar at the end of this month to attend the college commencement.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Bonny spent the winter

in Cairo and are on the Riviera for the spring months. Mr. and Mrs. Bonny have made no plans to return to California, where Mrs. Bonny is well known as Miss Mabel Lewis of San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Adams, who have spent the winter in San Francisco, expect to return to their home in Belvedere about the first of April. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have terminated their visit to Monterey and are at their home at Fair Oaks.

Mrs. Ernest Ransome is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ira Boss, in Oakland. Mrs. Ransome's home is now in Long Island, New Jersey.

Miss Merritt Reid has returned from a visit to New York which extended over the winter.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard went south last week to meet Mr. Oxnard and to take a trip with him and Mr. James Oxnard to the Grand Cañon before returning here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Pierson have taken a cottage in Mill Valley for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bates have planned to spend the summer in Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker will make their home in Belvedere, the new house they have been building being nearly completed.

Miss Jennie Crocker left for Coronado about the middle of last week with a party of friends which included Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. W. A. Hazzard, Mr. J. M. W. Waterbury, and her brother, Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Miss Bessie Ashton has been visiting Captain and Mrs. T. W. McIvor at the Presidio at Monterey.

Mr. Frank Unger sailed on Tuesday, March 22, for Honolulu as the guest of Colonel Sam Parker. Mr. Unger expects to be away a couple of months. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson are planning to make their home in San Mateo.

Mrs. George T. Marye and her daughter, Miss Helen, will spend the coming summer in California.

Mr. and Mrs. Emil Waterman expect to leave here for Europe about the end of this month and will be away for an indefinite period.

Mrs. Robert White, who has been spending the winter at the St. Francis, is planning a trip around the world and expects to leave here in April.

Mrs. J. Russell Lukens has returned from Washington and is once more in her home on Octavia Street.

Mrs. Mary E. Huntington left for a visit to Southern California during the week.

Mrs. James A. Coffin and her daughters, Miss Natalie and Miss Sarah, expect to leave here the end of this month for a visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy will be among the Californians abroad this summer.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin have returned from Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lent are planning to go East this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker and their family have gone to their home in Cloverdale to remain over the Easter vacation.

Captain Dorsey Cullen, Second Cavalry, has gone to Fort Riley, and during his absence Mrs. Cullen will remain at the Hotel Normandie.

Miss Louise and Miss Alice Schussler have sailed from New York for Italy. They expect to remain abroad for the next six months.

Miss Louise Hardeman has returned from Manila and is with her mother at Palo Alto.

Mrs. John Trenholm Warren of Honolulu, who is known to Californians as Miss Grace Hortense Tower of Pasadena, arrived here last week for a visit, part of which will be spent in Oakland and part in Pasadena. Mrs. Warren expects to return to the islands about the last of April.

Mrs. Laura Pike Fuller expects to return to New York in April. Her wedding to Mr. George Baker is to be in May and they will spend the summer in Greenwich, Connecticut, where also will be Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King and their family.

Miss Ethel Shorb is in Switzerland traveling with her cousin Miss Wilson of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding will give up their apartments at the Fairmont and go to their home in Belvedere for the summer. Miss Henriette Blanding will come out from Vassar to spend her summer vacation.

On their return from Coronado Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Spreckels, Jr., will open their San Rafael home for the summer.

Mrs. Robert Greer, who is visiting her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, will return to her home in Seattle this month.

Judge M. C. Sloss and Mrs. Sloss have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Seward McNear in San Rafael for the summer.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire and her daughter, Miss Doris, who have been spending the winter in Southern California, are expected home the early part of April.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge expect to sail for Europe in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. McIntosh will move to their home in Woodside in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean will open their home in San Rafael after Easter.

Miss Anna Beaver has returned from a visit of several months in the Eastern States.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler has returned from his trip abroad. Mrs. Wheeler will remain some time longer with her son in Dresden.

Miss Amy Brewer has been for several days the guest of Miss Genevieve Harvey at Del Monte.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt arrived at Del Monte Sunday with her children.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bradley, Jr., of Hamilton, California, have taken apartments at Del Monte for a month or more and have with them Mrs. A. J. Post, Mrs. W. C. Post, Miss Post, all of Edge-wood, New Jersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand C. Peterson and Miss Kate Peterson are now at their Belvedere home, after a winter in the city.

"Now, in order to subtract," the teacher explained, "things have always to be of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears, nor six horses from nine dogs." "Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—*Jewish Ledger*.

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### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The last performances of the Henry Blosson-Victor Herberth musical comedy, "The Red Mill," will be given at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the matinee Sunday "As the Sun Went Down" will begin an engagement limited to one week.

"As the Sun Went Down," which will be seen for the first time in this city, is a new play from the pen of George D. Baker, and it will be produced under the personal direction of Arthur C. Aiston, a manager who has given to the public many excellent plays, including "Tennessee's Pardner," "At the Old Cross Roads," and "Pretty Peggy." "As the Sun Went Down" has received praise in every city where it has been played. The story is one of California in the early days and is full of the Bret Harte color. The play is not of the wild, melodramatic type, but tells a story which combines heart interest with intense situations, and is filled with bright lines and good, clean comedy. The company is one of exceptional merit and is headed by Estha Williams, a Californian actress who is well remembered here for her wonderful work as Parepa in "At the Old Cross Roads." Prominent in her support are such well-known people as Edwin Walter, W. A. Whitecar, Victor Bateman, Arthur E. Chatterton, Arthur W. Bentley, Flora Byam, R. F. Sullivan, Margaret Miller, W. A. Cleveland, William D. Taylor, and important others. The production is complete in detail and the scenic effects are above the ordinary. The usual bargain matinee performance will be given on Thursday.

The Orpheum announcements for next week include "La Petite Gosse," which is to be presented for the first time in this city. It is the newest form of character pantomime dance, taking the place of the famous apache dance. It is given in two scenes; the first an exterior in the Paris Latin Quarter in the Montmartre district and the second the interior of a drinking place in that locality. The characters belong to the so-called "under-world" of Paris and their pantomime illustrates a story of love, hatred, and conspiracy. The principal rôle of "Ma Gosse" is performed by Mlle. M. Corio, who created the Apache dance in Paris, London, and New York. Stelling and Revell are horizontal bar experts whose twists and turns are remarkable and whose "knockabout" comedy is diverting. "Max Witt's Girls from Melody Lane," who are also new here, are

a quartet of attractive song-birds: Ada Adair, leading soprano; Eleanor Elliot, mezzo; Anna Hathaway, alto; Nina Barbour, contralto. The quartet has been carefully trained and rehearsed by Max Witt, the composer of successful songs. Nonette is the *nom de theatre* of a young musician who was formerly the special feature with "The Vassar Girls." She will introduce selections on the violin and vocal numbers, classical and popular. "His Last Appearance," an original dramatic sketch, will be presented for the first time here by Walter McCullough, Ralph Evans Smith, and Grenville James. Next week will terminate the engagements of Berg's Six Merry Girls and Avery and Hart. It will also, more's the pity, be the last of the prima donna Mme. Morichini, who has won all her hearers. She will give an entirely new repertory.

The Columbia Theatre will offer Klaw & Erlanger's big production of "The Round-Up" for a second and last week, commencing with Monday night, March 28. The performance has attracted big audiences during the past week. So much has been printed concerning the famous battle incident of "The Round-Up" and the no less realistic hucking bronco and cowboy scenes, that the impression may be conveyed that those incidents compose the drama. Far from it. They are only exceptionally picturesque and realistic situations in the comedy. The sentimental and comedy features almost in equal degree with its melodramatic details are vital elements of the play. Maclyn Arhuckle in the leading rôle has sustained his reputation. The play and company are reviewed at length on another page.

The benefit matinee arranged by Charles David of the Columbia Theatre as the means of securing a sum of money to be donated as a memorial contribution to the Bush-Street Synagogue is scheduled for presentation at the Van Ness Theatre on the afternoon of Sunday, April 30. It is true that there have been given numerous benefits during the past few months, but this affair is without question a most deserving one. The entire receipts are to be handed over to the synagogue. Whatever expenses are incurred will be defrayed by Mr. David. The programme will include Shakespeare's famous comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," and the one-act drama, "The Old Guard." A large cast has been secured, including Paul Gerson, Miss Rose Yvonne Hardin, Fred McGushin, and William Lahl.

### Maud Powell, the Great Violinist.

Maud Powell, the greatest woman violinist the world has ever known and an artist who is considered a "brother" by men like Ysaye, Kreisler, and Kubelik, will make her first appearance in this city at the Garrick Theatre Sunday afternoon, March 27, at 2:30.

For many years the name of Maud Powell has been familiar to all music lovers, for her fame is world-wide and she is known at least by reputation wherever music exists. This season she has had the unusual distinction of being engaged twice by the New York Philharmonic, under Mahler.

With the assistance of the Russian pianist, Waldemar Liachowsky, a quite unusual programme will be offered, including the first movement of Tchaikowsky's "Concerto," the complete "Duo" for violin and piano in A major by Franz Schubert, three classic "Preludes" by Bach and Fiorillo for violin unaccompanied, two arrangements by Maud Powell—one Chopin's "Minute Waltz" and the other an old French melody, "La Fleurie," by Couperin—and for those who like the difficult technical works, Wieniawski's "Faust" fantasia and a Sarasate "Spanish Dance."

On Thursday night the second great programme will be given, and Cesar Franck's "Sonata" for violin and piano, Tartini's "Trill of the Devil," and Vieuxtemps's Concerto No. 4, are among the good things promised.

A farewell programme will be played Sunday afternoon, April 3. Seats for all the concerts are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday at the theatre.

Next Friday afternoon, at Ye Liberty Playhouse in Oakland, the artist will repeat the programme of Thursday night, and on Tuesday night with Mary LeGrand Reed, the dramatic soprano who will make her debut here on that occasion, Mme. Powell will play at the St. Francis Musical Art Society.

Otis Skinner, direct from New York, will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, offering his latest comedy success, entitled "Your Humble Servant." The new play will probably prove to the star's many local admirers a decided departure from the previous lines of characterization which he has recently essayed here. Izzetta Jewell, who is a favorite here, plays the leading feminine rôle in the production.

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

"Did you get in without your wife hearing you last night?" "No, and I didn't get in without hearing her, either."—*Houston Post.*  
"Who is the gentleman seated in the large touring car?" "That is the poet laureate of a well-known biscuit factory."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*  
*Top (who has dined off hoshed mutton)—*Bill, waiter. *Waiter—*What did you have, sir? *Top (sarcastically)—*I haven't the faintest idea.—*Tit-Bits.*  
"Do you think there is really any such thing as platonic love?" "Yes. It exists between most husbands and their wives."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*  
*She (as they dance)—*I'm afraid I'm tiring you rather. *He—*Oh, not at all. I used to be attendant in the elephant house at the zoo.—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*  
"Papa, what is faith?" "Well, my hoy, they say your hahy hrother sleeps, but I've never seen him do it. Yet, if I believe he does, that's faith."—*Life.*  
"Does your husband play hridge well?" "Some portions of it," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "Everybody says Charley is a good loser."—*Washington Star.*  
*Knicker—*Jones is all the time wanting more money. *Bocker—*No wonder; his father was a college president and his mother was a woman.—*New York Sun.*  
*Vicar—*And what induced you to send for me, Mr. Russett? *Russett—*What's 'e say, Betty? *Betty—*E says: "What the deuce did you send for 'im for?"—*M. A. P.*  
*Lady—*My cooking always tastes so good to you, and it never suits my husband at all. *Beggar—*Well, why don't you get a divorce and marry me?—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*  
"So you want to marry my daughter, do you, young man?" "Y-e-s, s-s-i-r." "Well, can you support a family?" "H-how many are there of you, s-sir?"—*St. Louis Star.*  
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is an epigram?" "An epigram, my son, as modernly propounded, is any sentence containing less than two conjunctions and three commas."—*Washington Star.*  
"I am a plain-spoken man," said the applicant for a job. "I'm afraid you won't do," replied the railroad official. "We are adver-

tising for an experienced train announcer."—*Philadelphia Record.*  
*Germou Conductor—*Vy iss der flute more softly dan it can? *Flautist (pointing to the score, ppp.)—*Because dey does!—*Punch.*  
*She (to partner claiming first dance)—*You are an early hird, Mr. Glossinest. *He (gallantly)—*Yes, and hy Jove, I've caught the worm.—*M. A. P.*  
"Do you really believe this aviator will come back to the starting point?" "He won't dare do otherwise. His wife is waiting for him there."—*Fliegende Blätter.*  
"Why don't you teach your son a lesson by making him live without his allowance for a while?" "Goodness! I can't even make him live within it!"—*Cleveland Leader.*  
"Does she seem to take kindly to society ways now that her husband has made such a pile?" "Oh, yes, indeed. She was the loudest talker in the house at grand opera the other night."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*  
"John," queried her husband's wife, "if some held bad man were to kidnap me would you offer a reward?" "Sure thing," replied the wife's husband. "I always reward those who do me a favor."—*Boston Courier.*  
*Inquisitive Lady—*And what is this little box for? *Nerve-Racked Clerk—*Oh, for odds and ends! *Inquisitive Lady—*But it has two compartments. Why is that? *Nerve-Racked Clerk—*One for odds, madam, and the other for ends.—*Horvord Lampoon.*  
"Would it be any harm to deceive her about my age?" inquired the elderly millionaire. "Prohahly not." "I'm sixty. How would it do to confess to fifty?" "I think your chances would be hetter with her if you claimed seventy-five."—*Kansas City Journal.*  
"These are the very latest style," said the clerk who was showing pajamas to the precisely dressed man. "The latest style is what I want," remarked the man, as he opened his purse. "I seldom get to hed until after midnight."—*Brooklyn Life.*  
*Friend—*So yours was a case of love at first sight? *Mrs. Getthere—*Yes, indeed. I fell desperately in love with my dear husband the moment I set eyes upon him. I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. I was walking with papa on the heach at Long Branch, when suddenly papa stopped, and, pointing him out, said: "There, my dear, is a man worth ten millions."—*New York Weekly.*

  
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Prize-Fight.

Efforts are being made to persuade Governor Gillett to take whatever steps may be open to him to prevent the forthcoming Johnson-Jeffries prize-fight. It is not clear that the governor can do anything in the matter, but he will certainly need little persuasion to exercise his legal power to the limit, and those who are taking action should leave no stone unturned to keep these abominable ruffians out of the State and to discourage the equally abominable ruffians who aid and abet them. California is acquiring a notoriety in this affair that is not to her credit. A few weeks ago the Chicago Tribune printed a "prize-fighters' map of the United States," and California was about the only part of the country shown thereon. The Providence Evening Bulletin prints a paragraph to the effect that the mention of California as "the prize-fighters' State" is spreading and adds that "it may prove a costly nickname." As a community we should feel nothing but a sense of shame at this disgraceful prominence, a sense intensified by

such facts as Margaret Anglin's disinclination to act in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley on July 5 because of its proximity to the horde of wretches that will be attracted to Emeryville at about that date. It is worth noting that the chief of the Los Angeles fire department has just been forced to resign for the subterfuge to which he resorted in order that he might attend a recent pugilistic display in San Francisco. California is deeply sensitive to any slight upon her progress and her civilization, but the most effective way to defend her reputation would be to imitate the decencies prevailing elsewhere and of which she is the most flagrant and persistent violator.

### The Paris of America.

The "Paris of America" is approaching completion. Public opinion having remained abject before the infamies of the dance halls, we may expect presently to see those other abominations that grew to such dimensions under the Ruef régime. Now that the prostitutes and the bullies of the city have a free hand why not the burglars and the thugs? If a red-light district is to be authorized why not auction off other parts of the city to other kinds of criminals? No doubt all these things will come in their due time, but the road to hell must not be too steep, and so we have the elaborate hypocrisy of calling together the dance divekeepers in order to warn them that the filthier kinds of amusement must be kept in the background just for the present. By graduating the doses the public stomach will grow stronger and will soon be safely past the vomiting point.

The delimitation of the dance hall area has its advantages from the official point of view. By providing a centre to which the red-light denizens may gravitate the labor of levying blackmail is greatly facilitated. Every wretched woman can the more easily be laid under contribution, the work of debauching girls can be better organized, and the revenue incidental to these various branches of industry will flow more smoothly into the official coffers. Mr. McCarthy hardly needed an organization to elect him. He had one ready made in the community of interests that binds together the thief, the prostitute, the procurer, and the blackmailer.

There is of course nothing to be done until the stench shall become stifling. We know exactly what Mr. McCarthy meant when he said that he would make of San Francisco the Paris of America. It is true that the average Parisian would hold his nose if he were so foolish as to put it inside of one of our newly licensed dance halls, but we knew quite well from past experience what the mayor would do if he got the chance, and we gave him the chance with our eyes open. We knew that he would do whatever in him lay to establish a miniature kingdom of Satan and we must put up with it until it begins to "hurt business."

Probably we shall not have to wait very long. Immorality is distinctly bad business. So is blackmail, the procuring trade, and the licensing of crime. Money that is spent in debauchery is not spent elsewhere. It is value destroyed just as effectively as though it were thrown into the sea. When the slot machines were running they drew from legitimate trade channels the sum of two million dollars a month, or twenty-four million dollars a year. Whatever sustains vice is a blow at trade, and there can be no economic axiom more absolutely true than that in spite of the ignoramus who suppose that there is some special virtue in the circulation of money irrespective of the way in which it circulates. Every cent spent in Mr. McCarthy's dance halls is drawn from the revenue of the shopkeeper and from the wages of the workman. This is perhaps the lowest of all reasons for civic virtue. It is also the one best understood.

When the reaction comes we shall be fortunate if we escape another Spreckels crusade. That is the worst of any extreme, that it leads to another extreme

that is equal and opposite. It will not be led by Mr. Spreckels, because Mr. Spreckels showed that he was incapable of leading a sewing circle, but there are plenty of others of the same ilk who are always ready to adjust a halo to their swollen heads and to pose as apostles of social regeneration. Some fanatic of this type will presently suggest the recall and then it will be remembered that we can be plunged into the turmoil of an election by the simple expedient of securing some twenty-six thousand signatures, a task that could be done with fatal ease by a staff of canvassers and from among those who gave their votes for Mr. Crocker and Dr. Leland. The Argonaut holds strong views against the recall. It believes it to be a mischievous piece of quackery, fatal alike to the stability and to the sense of public responsibility that should govern an election. To a certain extent we owe the success of Mr. McCarthy to the realization that he can be unhorsed as soon as he becomes intolerable, but this is just the sort of political nostrum that will present itself to the mind of the reformer who sees a chance to become notorious by heading a reform movement. By one road or another San Francisco is heading direct toward a fresh scandal. The Eastern press is beginning to comment caustically upon the situation, and it is very certain that the discreditable episodes that are visible represent a very small part of those that are invisible but not altogether unknown. An assertion of public opinion would do something, and perhaps it is nearer than appearances indicate.

### Mr. Roosevelt's Return.

Seeing that Mr. Roosevelt refuses to say anything on the subject of American politics, it is hard to understand why there should be such a rush of newspaper correspondents to Egypt and to other points on his homeward route. Mr. Walter Wellman is the latest to arrive at the seat of war, but there is nothing in his many columns of telegraphed news that might not have been written just as well and far more comfortably in Chicago. It is of course interesting to know that Mr. Roosevelt visited the great Nile dam and that "the former President's voice could be heard above the roar of the waters," but the information is in no way surprising after six years' experience of Mr. Roosevelt's vocal abilities. Now if Mr. Roosevelt's voice had been drowned by the waters the incident would have been worth reporting. The rest of Mr. Wellman's dispatch is made up largely of information about the Assouan dam which has been printed a score of times, of references to the ancient Egyptian gods which hardly come under the head of current news, and of some reflections upon American politics which can hardly owe their inspiration to the atmosphere of the Nile, although they share somewhat in the antiquity of that classic river. A later report tells us of the distinguished traveler's incursion into Egyptian politics, although even this seems hardly to merit the chattering ecstasy of the correspondents. To denounce the cold-blooded murder of an Egyptian official is praiseworthy, but not necessarily heroic, while we should do well to remember that if Mr. Roosevelt's impetuous utterances should have the effect of sowing the wind in Egypt it is not he who would reap the whirlwind, but the Egyptian and British governments. From the newspaper point of view Mr. Roosevelt's return to civilization has been disappointing, although it seems that a tourist from Ohio did succeed in murmuring something about a third term into his ear, but he might have whispered it to the sphinx for all the reply that it elicited.

The public reception in New York, which will take place about June 17, is hardly more promising from the political point of view. It is evident that Mr. Roosevelt does not intend to walk ashore into the midst of any party or factional demonstration. He must be either a national figurehead, a sort of Father of His Country, or no figurehead at all. Anything more



touching than his request that even the Populists be admitted without extra charge it would be hard to imagine. But how about Emma Goldman, who may feel herself hardly free to attend without a special invitation?

The whole business does not say much for the political sanity of the country. A visitor from Mars might easily suppose that we are in somewhat the same position as Italy when she was looking to Garibaldi to free her from a foreign tyranny imposed by the overwhelming might of alien soldiers, or of Finland struggling against the despotism of Russia. To judge from the noisy delirium of a minority among us that would hail Mr. Roosevelt as a liberator and a deliverer it would hardly be believed that we are a self-governing country; that every man among us has a vote; that there is not a single evil in the body politic save those that we have deliberately created, and not a single evil that we could not remove if Providence would but let a ray of intelligence filter through into our minds. Have we actually reached a point where we depend for anything that is essential upon the word or the precept of one man who holds no official position whatever and whose wisdom has never been demonstrated by anything more substantial than the enunciation of moral platitudes? If this is actually so then we must confess regretfully that democratic institutions have broken down.

Of course this is not the case. The noisy minority is only a minority, and if Mr. Roosevelt had gone hunting in the Rocky Mountains instead of to Africa, if he had comported himself as Mr. Cleveland did, he would now be without the aroma of mystery and adventure that appeals so much to sentiment and so little to intelligence. We need be under no misapprehension on the subject. Mr. Roosevelt is not one to see the ball at his feet and to refrain from kicking it. He will have no lost opportunities to lament. His diplomacies may lead him into a period of silent reserve, they may lead him in a dozen different ways, but the goal is already fixed and it will remain unchanged. We must be prepared for a period of passionate adulation and for cries from a hundred Macedonias to "come over and help us." Of course the spasm will pass, as all such spasms do pass. They are peculiar to democracies, but we may still wonder how much harm it will do before it does pass.

### Hot Water and Cold.

It is hard to understand the torrent of vituperation that is being poured upon Mr. Ballinger, or rather upon his secretary, for the refusal to publish the report of the department engineers upon water sites available for the use of San Francisco. We have been having engineers' reports ever since the water project was mooted, and practically without exception they say that there are a great many such sites. There is hardly a dissentient voice in such opinion. The Department of the Interior has now once more investigated the question as it was investigated by Mr. Hitchcock, and it reports that its engineers have reached the same conclusions as all the other engineers who preceded them, and that for that reason the grant is revoked unless the city can show cause to the contrary. There is no secrecy involved in this decision, no new evidence, no mystery, no cause for the flurry of insincere protest that is intended only to inflame prejudice and to excite the passions of the uninformed and of the uninformable. The latest reports from the official engineers agree with those that have gone before them, and that is all that can be said about the matter or that need be said.

The unanimity of these reports, past and present, is one of the striking features of the situation. Colonel Heuer, U. S. A., says: "Engineers who made surveys of Lake Eleanor and Hetch Hetchy inform me that there are other Sierra supplies which can be brought here at much less cost than Hetch Hetchy. The latter by persistent advocates has been preached, almost forced, into acceptance by the people of San Francisco." Mr. James D. Schuyler, hydraulic engineer, of Los Angeles, says: "It is feasible to provide an ample supply of pure water for San Francisco from nearer sources by works which would be much more economical, efficient, and reliable." Even Mr. Marsden Manson says, "When you consider the matter of money alone, there are available quite a number of sites and a number of sources, probably more than a dozen." Such testimonies are far too numerous for quotation, and why the Department of the Interior should be rebored because its engineers have added one more

to the number it is hard to understand except on the evident hypothesis of spite.

It is amusing to note that the mayor is coming in for his share of criticism for his opposition to the purchase of the existing plant. Some of his admirers are getting up from their congenial position on their knees to tell him that he has embarked the city upon a sea of troubles and that he is showing a curious apathy in his defense of the "cherished project." His apathy is not at all curious. In fact it is not apathy, and it is curious only to the thick-headed people who love to be fooled and who never seem to weary of voting for their enemies.

### Mr. Curry and Mr. Johnson.

We hear a good many assurances from Mr. Johnson and from Mr. Curry respectively that their success in the race for the governorship is assured. A professed confidence in victory is of course a part of the game, but so far as the newspapers of the State give any indication of public sentiment there does not seem to be any large amount of enthusiasm for either candidate. And there is no reason why there should be. Certainly Mr. Curry can make no claim to popular support except upon the ground of good-fellowship, and while this has a certain efficacy in the cities among lodge affiliations and at the corner cigar stores it is hardly a winning card with the rural voter, or, indeed, with any one else who is outside the circle of personal influence. There are doubtless a good many people who in a general way are inclined to wish Mr. Curry all the good things that he can persuade to come in his direction, but it would be hard to find any one whose political opinion is worth the trouble of expression who would seriously contend that Mr. Curry has the qualifications desirable in the governor of a great State. There was a time when we were not so particular about these qualifications, but there have been some searchings of heart during the last few years, and Mr. Curry certainly can not measure up with the new standards of mental and ethical efficiency that ought to be successful.

With Mr. Johnson the case is different, inasmuch as he is the avowed champion of the men who have been audibly thanking God for some years past that they are not as other men. Mr. Curry, to his credit, makes no claim to any extraordinary sanctity, but Mr. Johnson does. He is the candidate of the noisy group of political quacks who have a patent medicine for every political evil and who guarantee a cure for each social malady while you wait. He is the convention nominee of the men who have been proclaiming their virtue from the housetop, pointing to their halos and assuring us that all will be well if we will but put our faith in Pardee and Providence. Naturally we expect a great deal from Mr. Johnson, but the only way in which we can forecast Mr. Johnson's future is by an examination of Mr. Johnson's past, and there is little to encourage us here.

It is hard to escape the conviction that the Lincoln-Roosevelt League made a mistake when they chose Mr. Johnson, if, indeed, they can be said to have chosen him at all. He happened to be the only candidate upon whom the bosses of the league could agree in their secret conventions, and so perhaps they are to be blamed rather for their infirmities of temper than for their clumsy politics. But a criminal lawyer is hardly fitted to be the standard-bearer of a moral crusade led by such shining lights as Dr. Pardee and Mr. Rowell. The temperament that permits a man to defend criminals—useful as such a function may be—is a bad qualification for the highest position in the gift of the State. Was it not Mr. Johnson who secured a practical immunity for the men who wrecked the California Trust Company and so robbed hundreds of people who could ill afford to lose anything? No doubt it was a matter of professional business with Mr. Johnson, but there are some things that even professional business does not excuse in a man who is supposed to embody the saintly virtues of the league. Was it not Mr. Johnson who defended Ridder when that worthy was accused of offering a bribe to a police commissioner for the granting of a saloon license? Ridder was indicted in 1908. He was tried a year later and acquitted by a jury that would have acquitted Judas Iscariot, and it was commonly asserted that at the very moment when Mr. Johnson was prosecuting Ruef he had in his pocket a retaining fee of \$1500 for the defense of Ridder, who was accused of the worst offense known to our political life. Not only did he

defend him, but he secured his acquittal, although Ridder was said to have confessed his guilt. It was also said that the news of the acquittal was received with cheers in the office of the district attorney, Mr. Langdon. This sort of thing may be perfectly proper to the average lawyer, to the attorney who has not found grace, and who cares nothing at all for civic purity so long as he can win his case and earn his fee. But Mr. Johnson is not one of the unregenerate. At least he is not supposed to be. He comes before us as the champion of all the virtues and with the reflected light of Dr. Pardee and of Mr. Chester Rowell. Surely they might have found some one who had not stood so openly in the market-place for hire and who had not so flagrantly used his legal abilities to save rogues from a whipping. No doubt Mr. Johnson draws a sharp line of demarcation between his professional and his public ethics. Criminal lawyers usually do, or they could hardly sleep of nights, but it would be better to choose as governor of California some man who has only one kind of morality and that the kind that is understood by ordinary people.

### The Scandal in France.

Things are once more happening in France, and as usual it is the unforeseen that has created new issues and complicated the old ones. The sum of ten million francs has been embezzled from the funds accruing to the government from the dispersal of the religious associations, and this has given force and point to the clamor of the clericals, who like to imagine themselves as sheep harried by the wolves. The theft is of course a vast one, but there seems to be only one thief, and he will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor by the government. Nevertheless the incident is an unfortunate one from the political point of view, and it will be turned to good account by the enemies of the republic.

It is natural that the Duke of Orleans should be quick to see his opportunity. From the security of Brussels he has issued a manifesto pointing out that money stolen from the church has been used by the liquidator to pay his mistresses and that the republic must bear the blame. He announces that he is ready to come to Paris whenever there shall be a chance to overturn the existing order, and he believes that the chance is already within sight. No doubt the prince refers to the general election which is at hand. We may assume with some confidence that he will observe the dictates of discretion; that he will not unduly expose his sacred person, and that he will wait not so much for a chance as for a certainty.

It may be useful to clear up some misapprehension as to the source and the identity of the money that has been stolen and of the far larger sum of which it is a part. This money has no relation to the sums accruing to the government from the separation of church and state which was effected in 1906. The law of separation had the effect of turning into the public treasury about \$100,000,000 of so-called church property, but this money was not used by the national government. It was left at the service of the districts in which it was situated and is being used for various public purposes. It is in no way concerned with the present scandal, in spite of the effort to explain that scandal as a theft of church money.

The money that has been stolen never belonged to the church at all. It was the private property of the religious associations and the church had nothing to do with it. It was money that had been earned by the religious orders, usually by teaching, and sometimes in other ways, as, for example, the revenue of Grande Chartreuse which was derived from the making of liqueurs. The associations law which was passed in 1902, four years earlier than the law of separation, required that all associations should submit to certain formalities that should give them the right to continued corporate existence. For the most part the religious associations refused to submit, on the ground that they were above the law, and as the natural penalty of their disobedience they were dissolved. It was held that their property belonged not to the individuals forming the association, but to the association itself, and inasmuch as the association no longer existed the property was without an owner and therefore reverted to the government, as does all ownerless property everywhere.

The work of valuation and liquidation was an immense one and full of opportunities for malversation. Duez, who is accused of the theft under investigation, had the accounts of no less than 1600 schools to audit



and their revenues to receive. Among them was the College Stanislas that bears upon its rolls the names of Rostand and France. He sold the school for \$400,000, and this sum is a part of his defalcation.

The attempt to show a general system of plunder is absurd, although it will have its weight in the rural districts of France, where there is no clear discrimination between church and association property. There is no reason to suppose that more than one of the liquidators has acted dishonestly, although the system that permitted such a colossal theft must be a loose one. And it is not church property that was stolen, but money privately owned that had been privately earned by teaching and other secular ways. Its confiscation was of course a lamentable business, but a "conscientious scruple" to obey a reasonable law could not be allowed a greater weight in France than it would be allowed in America—that is to say, none at all. The associations law in France may be compared roughly with the various corporation laws of the United States. It was an attempt at formal registration. It inflicted no hardship upon any one and it was resisted upon the untenable ground that the civil authorities had no right to interfere with religious organizations or to make them amenable to a civil law.

Nevertheless the incident will be used to discredit the republic, which so far has shown much of the vitality that belongs to the threatened. The general election will help to show to what extent its foundations have been undermined.

#### Still the Budget.

The problem of the English budget promises, like the poor, to be always with us. The present situation is somewhat as follows: The House of Commons, being a new one, can not recognize the unfinished business of its predecessor. Therefore the budget that was passed by the last House and rejected by the Lords must once more receive the approval of the Commons and must go once more to the Lords. But the government is not nearly so strong in the lower house as it was upon the last occasion. The Irish and the Labor members hold the balance of power and may take advantage of their opportunity to insist upon impossible terms. The prime minister has met this situation by an unprecedented move. During the passage of a budget it is usual for the government to ask for a vote on account in order to carry on the routine business of the country, and in order to provide for all eventualities, such as a general election, it is customary to obtain enough money in this way to last four or five months. But upon this occasion the prime minister has asked for sufficient for five or six weeks only—that is to say, until the middle of May, when the session comes to an end. Therefore if the budget is not passed by that date the whole of the executive machinery will be paralyzed for lack of money and there will be no funds for old age pensions, for the pay of the army and navy, or for any of the hundred and one current expenses of the government.

The situation is still further strained by the fact that the resolution against the veto power of the Lords is to be presented before the budget, and if this should be defeated in the Commons, which is nearly impossible, or rejected by the Lords, which is highly probable, there would be another general election and the budget would not be presented at all. And by the middle of May the vote on account will be exhausted. The expedient is a desperate one, and it is no wonder that party feeling should be red hot. The events of the next few weeks are likely to be more interesting than any that have gone before.

#### A Case of Mysophobia.

Mr. A. Cressy Morrison favors the *Argonaut* with a circular on the subject of tainted money. But the taint of which Mr. Morrison complains is not of the ordinary kind. It does not come from the malefactors of great wealth and it is in no way associated with the ills of the impecunious. It is purely a matter of germs.

It seems that we are incurring a deadly peril whenever we handle currency money. The ubiquitous germ of no respecter of persons and habitual poverty is not safeguard from his ministrations. Over ninety-two million germs were discovered on a bill for one dollar, and the number that lurk in a five-dollar bill is therefore too horrible for contemplation. These germs represented nearly all the diseases known to science, from foot and mouth disease to housemaid's knee. The hook-

worm germ having been so lately discovered had not found time to debase the currency, but was expected hourly. Mr. Morrison therefore asks that "considerable space" be given to his plea that all paper money should be burned on its return to the treasury.

Now it is a good thing that paper money, as well as everything else intended for human use, should be clean. There can be no doubt about that, but even dirty money with its ninety-two million germs per dollar is a lesser evil than the hysteria induced by the bacteria superstition. There can be no reasonable doubt that disease is induced by germs, as also there can be no reasonable doubt that the man who sets up an automatic habit of obedience to natural law and who keeps both mind and body clean and fearless is as safe from disease bacteria as human skill can make him. As a great American physician recently remarked, it is not a case of what sort of germs the man has got, but rather what sort of man the germs have got. The *Argonaut* therefore does not propose to add to a rather contemptible scare by expatiating on the number of germs carried on a dollar bill. It neither knows nor cares how many there are nor of what kind, while it heartily supports any measure that will tend in the direction of cleanliness because cleanliness is one of the automatic tendencies of civilized humanity.

While on the subject of germs it is interesting to note that a recent catalogue of diseases contains quite a new entry. The late arrival is known as Mysophobia. It is described as a dread of bacteria and its appearance is said to be due to the germ literature of the last few years. Whether Mysophobia is itself due to a germ is not stated, but it seems likely enough. With all due respect to the public spirit of Mr. A. Cressy Morrison he seems to be sickening for Mysophobia, and perhaps he would do well to get himself inoculated, or operated on, or disinfected, or quarantined, or whatever it is that they do for the new malady.

#### Editorial Notes.

It is to be hoped that the high school authorities will stiffen their backs in the matter of the sororities. These ridiculous associations are contrary to the law, they are in the worst spirit of caste, they are subversive of discipline, and they ought to go. The fact that a few impertinent misses threaten to leave school in case the law is enforced is an additional reason for its enforcement. Let us hope that they will leave and take their insubordination to some institution that is not run at the expense of the community. So long as the State pays the piper it has the right also to call the tune, and it has done so unmistakably and by legislation.

The Chicago Federation of Labor has passed a resolution urging the National Federation to decide upon a day when all workmen throughout the country shall withdraw their money from the savings banks. The object of the resolution is to embarrass the banks and in this way to retaliate upon the Supreme Court for its decision in the hatters' case, which brought labor unions within the scope of the Sherman Act and so made them liable in damages for any restraint of interstate trade. It is hard to see the connection between the Supreme Court and the banks or to understand why the former should be involved in any attack upon the latter, but we need not concern ourselves with the logic of the eminent financiers of the Chicago Federation. The fact remains that the resolution was passed with but three dissentients and in spite of the protest of the delegate of the printers' union, who seems to have had a monopoly of the business sense of the meeting. Who, he asked, would suffer most from anything that disturbed the financial situation? Who suffered most upon the last occasion and upon every occasion of panic and of unsettled conditions? It was naturally the workmen, and it would be so again. Of course the resolution amounted to nothing, as it was simply a recommendation to the national body, but the incident shows the reckless and suicidal policies that find their adherents when a passionate resentment gets the upper hand.

The blacking on Mr. Rockefeller's boots seems to have a peculiarly sweet savor for gentlemen of the clerical profession. The Rev. Mr. Aked's fulsome adulation has already been noted, and now comes the Rev. Dr. MacArthur of New York with the remark that "the Rockefeller foundation is the most colossal effort ever attempted for the benefit of the human race." The worthy doctor is so dazzled by the thought

of so much gold that he forgets another effort of two thousand years ago that was launched without any gold at all, although presumably he receives a salary for its advancement. Dr. MacArthur believes that Mr. Rockefeller's "talent for making money" was due to the direct intervention of God and that thousands in all the coming years will rise up and bless his name (Mr. Rockefeller's). It may be so. Perhaps Dr. MacArthur has exclusive information or at least exclusive motives, but practical men of affairs are wondering if we are about to witness the birth of a new tyranny, a philanthropic and religious tyranny, that shall be impregnable behind a rampart of dollars and that will become an engine of lawless oppression.

Sacramento has rejected the bond issue that would have given her a supply of clean water, and so we may assume that the citizens of the capital city prefer to get out of their baths dirtier than when they went in, if indeed they get in at all. It is just a matter of taste and, like most matters of taste, inexplicable. At least the Sacramento beer is all right, and that perhaps is the main thing from the local point of view.

The plan to send Republican congressmen of the "regular" brand as missionaries into insurgent districts is so supremely stupid that it will probably be continued. These political missionaries are instructed to prove that the last tariff was a downward revision, which is something like proving that two and two make five. They are also to show the unreasonable nature of the attack upon Mr. Cannon and the impropriety of insisting that Congress shall rule itself upon democratic principles. The breach existing at Washington is thus to be widened and emphasized throughout the country and the various insurgent districts are to be urged to defeat their present representatives as disloyal to Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Cannon. It is a strange situation, and the amazing stupidity of those who are handling it is the strangest thing about it.

Dr. Deutsch, a medical authority who is eminent enough to impress his views upon the *London Lancet*, has something unpleasant to say about the pasteurized milk to which we have been pinning our faith for some years now. He tells us that immediately after pasteurization the number of bacteria in the milk is much lessened, but that the diminution is only temporary, and "pasteurized milk," to quote the *Lancet's* summary, "when examined a day or two after preparation, is found to contain a larger number of bacteria than ordinary milk." One of the effects of pasteurization is a sense of security that often causes us to keep the milk longer than would otherwise be the case, and in this event our last state is worse than the first if Dr. Deutsch is to be believed, and doctors are always to be believed, even when they contradict each other. And yet if a mere layman had ventured to call in question the efficacy of pasteurization he would have been overwhelmed by charges of ignorance and of indifference to science.

With a desire to promote effective political action irrespective of party predilections the *Argonaut* ventures to suggest that Mr. Hiram Johnson of San Francisco persuade Mr. Grove L. Johnson of Sacramento to accompany him on his next crusade through the State and so present the spectacle of two generations united in search of the good, the beautiful, and the true. There have been rumors of political discord between Mr. Johnson of San Francisco and Mr. Johnson of Sacramento, but doubtless these have been exaggerated by malicious tongues, and should at least be forgotten in the exigencies of conflict. The community of effort suggested by the *Argonaut* would satisfy the most skeptical that whatever differences of method may exist between Mr. Johnson of San Francisco and Mr. Johnson of Sacramento they are differences of method only and should in no way be allowed to interfere with the harmonious pursuit of a common end.

One of the worst features of the arms traffic on the Arabian sea coast of Baluchistan and in the Persian gulf is that the ammunition from Europe consists of expanding bullets. The British government has forbidden the use of dum-dums, but no prohibition exists in the tribal country. British troops will thus be handicapped in future frontier operations. Tens of thousands of magazine rifles have reached Afghanistan and the tribal hinterland, but the danger will be aggravated if dum-dums become common. Traders undertake to give at least 100 cartridges with each rifle.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

Nearly every newspaper of weight in the country has its word of congratulation on the check to Mr. Cannon. Very rarely has there been such unity of sentiment toward a public official or such a display of determination that Congress shall not be subject to the domination of one man whose settled policy is to misuse the powers confided to him for public ends. Whether Mr. Champ Clark is entitled to call the victory a Democratic one is another matter. The Republicans are likely to benefit from it more substantially than their opponents, seeing that Cannonism has done more to estrange public sympathy than all other forces put together. The Republican insurgents have at least done something to remove a danger from the party path and to show that Republicanism and Cannonism are not identical. The *Chicago Record-Herald* expresses the hope that the President will not be backward in reaping the results of the triumph that has been won by a body of men who are clearly entitled to be considered as representatives of a popular movement:

As for the President and his interest in the affair, we believe that he should see that the insurgents represent a popular movement, and we believe also that he would have profited by recognizing the fact months ago, or at the time, say, when he delivered his unfortunate Winona speech.

Tariff and czarism and rule by cliques are all connected in the minds of the people of the West, and when he tried to appear more regular than the regulars he aroused distrust. There could be no objection to his consulting with the leaders of his party, but an alliance with reactionary against progressive leaders was another story. No matter how good his motives, the alliance certainly injured him with the masses of the people, who wanted him to be their leader against the reactionaries.

With one crisis passed, it is obvious that the great hope now, both for him and the Republican party, is the enactment of constructive legislation upon progressive lines. With a good record of this kind and Cannonism out of the way, the President and his party may be fairly content with the prospects.

The *Springfield Republican* speaks in a somewhat similar way of the "thick panoply of despotic power" that has been "riven and blasted as by a blinding stroke of lightning." Mr. Cannon, we are told, is quite a different man from Mr. Reed, who was large in every way. There was no personal humiliation "being whipped around by him." But Mr. Cannon's "personal manners, his vulgar language, his rough treatment of individual members at all inclined to follow independent courses, have had their natural effect." The *Republican* also hopes that the President may see his way to benefit from the storm, although the hope is somewhat doubtfully expressed:

The struggle, it remains to be said, is much more than a battle over the rules and organization of a single branch of Congress. Associated with the crumbling power of the Speaker is the disintegration of the Republican party. The Republican insurgents are utterly lost to party discipline, yet they are enthusiastically sustained by their home constituencies. That this violent outbreak should come in the middle of a session, moreover, constitutes a staggering exposure of the present feebleness of party leadership. The President may be fully justified in his attitude of aloofness and neutrality while the contest wages, but the success of his administration may easily be at stake; and certainly it is difficult to dissociate the present chaos in the House from the larger responsibilities of leadership which the President is supposed to carry. How the combat will end can not be forecast, but already the lower branch of Congress has been so rent with factional war and so utterly demoralized that the President himself can hereafter expect little from it. Upon the events of today much may depend, but, in any event, political history of the most important character has already been made.

The *New York Evening Post* says that the despotic power of the Speaker on the ground of its absolute necessity for the efficient conduct of business is justifiable, but when that power is misused its only possible defense disappears:

When the plea of efficiency is made responsible for a régime under which every proposition is subjected to the arbitrary dictum of one man—whether he profess to be the instrument of his party or not—the strain becomes too great for that plea to bear. Men of sense and independence will not admit that they are bound to accept unlimited domination by one man as the only alternative to parliamentary chaos. It may be necessary to give the Speaker very great, and largely arbitrary, powers; it can not be necessary to make him absolute master of the mechanism by which those powers are defined. What the insurgents and Democrats are seeking to overthrow is not so much the Speaker's powers as the Speaker's power. In the long run, the movement is bound to result in some rational method of clothing the Speaker with all powers necessary for efficiency, while leaving somewhere an opportunity for checking the abuse of those powers.

Although the struggle has been hitherto confined to the House, no one knows when it may break out in the Senate, where Cannonism is even more rampant. There is said to have been significant activity on the floor of the Senate while the battle was going on below, and several Republican senators moved heaven and earth to persuade Mr. Cannon to resign as the only way by which the spread of a dangerous movement could be averted. A Washington correspondent says that the scenes in the Speaker's private office far surpassed in real excitement anything that was transpiring in the open. Crane of Massachusetts, Carter of Montana, Dick of Ohio, Scott of West Virginia, Elkins of West Virginia, and McCumber of North Dakota were among those who pleaded with Cannon to resign. Against them stood former Senator Hemenway of Indiana and "Jim" Watson of the same State former representative and ex-Republican whip of the House. The two latter are among the Speaker's most intimate friends. So tense was the situation that personal encounters were imminent at times. Finally the Speaker gave his decision. His friends breathed easily. But the struggle was not ended. There was a personal encounter between Scott and Hemenway. Scott wanted to know what business it was of Hemenway's, and the latter replied: "It's just this much my business. You are trying to save your necks at the expense of an honored old man. I'll tell some things about your part in this if you want me to, Scotty. The trouble is you over in the Senate are a lot of cowards. You don't dare to stand up like men when a principle is at

stake, but you would sacrifice and humiliate an old man just to get him out of the way. Why don't you fight like men—like the man he is. Cannon is not going to resign so long as a drop of red blood is left in the bodies of his friends." Mr. Cannon himself seemed to think that the contagion would yet reach the Senate when he declared at the banquet that "we have no majority in the House today, nor have we a majority in the Senate."

Mr. Ballinger's address before the Minnesota State Conservation Convention was not strengthened by his maladroit use of figures in the matter of the duration of our coal supply. His airy references to the existence of coal "enough to last, as some claim, for a period of 7000 years" may have an imposing sound from the political platform, but it is hardly consonant with the facts so far as they are ascertainable. As a matter of fact, no one knows what the coal supply is, or how long it will last, but the best guessers that we have seem to favor a much narrower estimate. Messrs. Campbell and Parker of the United States Geological Survey believe that if present conditions are allowed to continue the amount available at the close of 1907 "would be exhausted in one hundred and seven years." There would be no particular reason for consulting the comfort of posterity seven thousand years away, but if exhaustion is so close as one hundred and seven years we may well be anxious for the many lean years that would then be in clear sight.

The majority of people will not believe that Mr. Peary is badly treated by Congress when they understand the extent to which he has bound himself hand and foot in his efforts to wring the last available dollar from his exploit. The *New York Times* lent him \$4000 before he started, and in return he gave that newspaper a monopoly of his news, although he was then in the pay of the United States government. He can not supply the required proofs of his success because these also have been mortgaged to a magazine and a firm of book publishers. And yet Congress is made the object of abuse because it refuses to honor one of its salaried servants without formal proof that he has done something to deserve that honor.

By way of variety to the unbroken series of complacent reports that reach this country from the Philippines we have an editorial in *El Renacimiento*, the Manila newspaper that was founded from patriotic motives and that has just been cast in 60,000 pesos damages for a libel on Commissioner Worcester. *El Renacimiento* has done its part, says the editor, in arousing the country "to the realization of an intolerable situation, vainly gilded by hypocrisy and pretense which are but a thin veneer for unbridled greed and triumphant arrogance":

We have been assured that vandal governments and enslaved peoples, with the accompanying rapacity and tyranny, have been known since the Dark Ages, and that humanity is marching steadily toward a glorious future, enlightened by liberty and democracy. Our readers can judge for themselves how far all this is true. Unasked, the Americans came to these islands, impelled (they say) by the love of humanity, and announcing that they brought with them liberty and prosperity—all, in short, that an oppressed people dream of. For a moment we believed that the hour of redemption was at hand. When the armed opposition of the people was overcome, and the Americans found themselves undisputed lords of the land, redemption became domination under the guise of "regenerating the Philippine people for self-government." Some believed, or pretended to believe, in this scheme, supposing that justice, liberty of thought and speech, and the freedom of the press were safeguarded. But soon the veil was torn from their eyes. Suspicion replaced trust, and discontent, hope. The people, shocked and surprised, could no longer explain the acts of the government as resulting from pure philanthropy.

The editor passes on to the domain of prophecy, and perhaps his insistence upon the Oriental nature of the Philippine people is not without its significance at a time when Oriental aspirations are asserting themselves as never before:

The American courts of justice (so called) have found us guilty. It is well to repeat here the statement made before one of the judges who condemned us: "Your honor, this case involves the good name of the government and the prestige of the American people in these islands." Perhaps, had the tables been turned, we should have done the same, for such is universally the "justice" of imperialism.

It may be that at this moment of our cessation great events are impending. During the next ten years—perhaps sooner—the country will see great changes, notwithstanding all official assurances to the contrary. We should have liked to play our part, but since this is impossible, we have one last word of advice to give our people. We can never become Anglo-Saxons even though we wished it. We are an Oriental people; a part of the East which is today rising in its strength and shaking off the tyranny of ages. Let us remember now and in the future that the only salvation of our race lies in independence.

The report that the Chinese Department of State Affairs contemplates issuing an order directing officials, soldiers, and police to give up their queue and to wear their hair short recalls that the queue was introduced into China by the Manchu dynasty nearly three centuries ago. It is said to have been originally suggested to the Manchus by their sense of gratitude to the horse, that animal having played a great part in the Tartar conquests. In short, the "pigtail" was a method of establishing a relationship between human beings and horses.

Chancellor James Roscoe Day of Syracuse University says, "When woman decides she wants to vote she'll vote, just the same as she has done anything else that she has decided to do, and all the men in creation won't be able to stop her."

Less than thirty years ago the business of making and baking bread in London was in the hairy hands of Scotsmen; now the London bakers are German almost to the last bun and biscuit.

## THE GOBELIN FACTORY PASSING.

It seems likely enough that the Gobelin factory is doomed to disappearance, after four centuries of activity. If such a fate indeed awaits one of the most interesting institutions of the world it would be nothing short of a public misfortune, and one that is due rather to a deeply seated social cause than to any of the normal vicissitudes that await modern industrial enterprises. The Gobelin factory is tottering to its dissolution because the art worker of today has no longer the patience to learn his trade with the completeness necessary to its right performance.

The Gobelin factory was founded in 1515 by Francis I, who scoured Europe for the artists and the maker of beautiful things who could bring lustre to the capital of France. Under his auspices came Leonardo Vinci, and he it was who laid the foundations for the collections of statuary and paintings that have made Paris famous. The Gobelin tapestry factory was among the least of his undertakings, but the extraordinary beauty of its work, the care with which its high quality has been maintained, have insured its survival until the present day, when it seems likely to succumb to the unrest and impatience that are characteristic of the age.

A special correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* sends a warning to the world that the days of this famous factory are probably numbered. There was a time when a profound secrecy enveloped the process, but this has given way before modern curiosity.

It is only during the last fifty years that the outside world has been allowed to penetrate within the great stone wall that incloses the Gobelin factory. Even to this day there are special rooms that are strictly guarded but now the general sightseers of Paris are allowed to see the weaving and the matching of the colors, and they can also watch the women at work deftly repairing old tapestries which the ravages of time have mutilated. It is the mixing of the colors that is kept hidden. These wonderful dyes never wear out or fade.

Next to the tapestry itself, the lives of the workmen provide the most interesting study:

Of all that is most interesting and romantic connected with the Gobelin works perhaps the lives of the workmen are most so. The shop and the employees' cottages, with a few acres of land, are inclosed by a high stone wall like a fortress built to withstand a siege. These devoted and zealous workmen sacrificed their whole life to the labor they loved and were willing prisoners in the little village dedicated to art.

In the early days so rigid were the rules that a permit was required from the state before these tapestry weavers could leave their own little domain behind the walls and mingle with the people of the great city. Permission was seldom granted them more than two or three times a year. During the last fifteen years, however, the conditions have been modified, but from the time of Louis XIV until then the little colony led a life of isolation.

A natural consequence of this secluded settlement life was the marriage and intermarriage of its people. Thus a great bond of relationship held them closely united and made the interests the same. The children that were born in the colony were given a fair education by the parents. They were thoroughly drilled in reading and writing, and this knowledge sufficed for their future undertaking. They were instructed while still young in the secrets of the trade, and the inherited love of art was early manifested.

It is the length of the necessary apprenticeship that has proved the ruin of the Gobelin factory. Only those with a natural bent toward the artistic could hope to acquire the necessary proficiency, and even then it took many years of close application and determination before a master of the craft was evolved:

The pioneers of this intricate art were, of course, artists by nature, not, perhaps, originators or creators of the beautiful, but faithful copyists in wool and silk of the great work of the most famous painters of the brush. The profession was handed down from father to son and from mother to daughter for while women are not among the master workmen, yet many are employed in preparing the dyes, and even some of the less intricate weaving, such as filling in the background is done by feminine hands.

Since the establishment of the third republic the factory has been steadily declining. Under Louis XI there were two hundred and fifty workmen, but there are now only fifty:

The old rules of seclusion were gradually broken. Especially were the younger men dazzled and tempted along other lines, and as more lucrative employments offered themselves they left the trade of their fathers. So the little colony has lost them one by one, until today the problem how to save the Gobelin works, what measures to take to recruit the rank of the fast disappearing artist weavers, is agitating all France and the newspapers and the people are loudly clamoring for the government to do something quickly.

It is generally agreed that the best and only possible thing to be done at this period is to pay adequately for the work. At present the wages are on a par with those of a day laborer. After ten years' service a man can only earn the pittance of \$320 a year, and not until he has worked twenty-six years in the art can he hope for an increase in his pay, and even then the maximum is only \$600.

It is strange that the pay should be so meagre, and it would be interesting to know whether this is due to a waning demand for the product or whether it is merely the conservative survival of an ancient schedule. It may be feared that modern processes producing fabrics of similar appearance to the uncultivated eye but without the durability of the Gobelin tapestry have proved successful competitors. It is said that the permanence of the dyes employed is not due wholly to skill but that it owes something to the quality of the water that is drawn from the spring that supplies the factor. The peculiarities of the water were discovered by a chemist at the time the factory was founded, which perhaps saves something for the practical science of the day, and it was this that determined the choice of the site. However that may be, let us hope that the era of the Gobelin tapestry factory may yet be postponed indefinitely.



# ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "MID-CHANNEL."

Sir Arthur Pinero's Play a Success in New York Though It Failed in London.

Personally, I find something more than satisfaction in joining the chorus of praise that is rising for Ethel Barrymore's "art" in Pinero's latest and gloomiest play, "Mid-Channel." The praise is belated. Miss Barrymore has been an actress of skillful technic, of sympathetic insight, and of notable power—most remarkable for its well-judged restraint—for a long time. There has, seemingly, been a disposition to resent her undoubted claim to "society" attention. Critics have seldom written about her without satirical allusions to her personality. It has not been creditable to their judgment. The young actress has advanced steadily, and in spite of the ill choice of her manager in the matter of plays or his inability to secure a really good piece for her. Even in such trivial accumulations as "Cousin Kate" and "Captain Jinks" she has been much more than a lay figure or a moving picture. Think of that purposeful, inarticulate, but pathetic lad, "Carrots," as Miss Barrymore presented him, and you will be obliged to admit that there was a great deal more than "personality" in a bit that tightened your throat as you looked and listened.

However, that is all of yesterday. Slowly as they have come to acknowledge the fact of her possessions, the critics are now on her side. They have put her in the front rank of American women of the stage. They have rediscovered the voice, the eyes, the tense enthusiasm under smooth control, that college boys saw and celebrated from the first. Sometimes it is a good thing to be unsophisticated, and frank, and unprejudiced.

"Mid-Channel" was produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theatre on the last day of January. It was far from being a promising venture, for Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play had fallen flat in London, but Mr. Frohman has perspicacity, and he reckoned that he had more than half a chance. He was sure of an audience. His star could assure him that, even if it came to see Ethel and not to see her act. And "other-side" judgments often go by contraries here. The result justified the manager's wisdom, or daring, the star's serious intention, and the conviction of those who believed Miss Barrymore has been handicapped rather than aided by her favor with society. The play and the company will continue through April at the Empire Theatre, and then go on tour.

It may be said that Pinero has never planned or written more carefully than in "Mid-Channel," and his plays are always thoroughly wrought; but his theme is disturbing one, and its tragedy is sordid though real. Marital unhappiness, earned and inevitable; separation, unfaithfulness, a partial awakening and effort for reconciliation; forgiveness by the wife for the husband's sin, met by the man with no touch of pity or mercy for the woman who has been as weak but less culpable; then, shipwreck and death. A searching satire on human imperfections and conventions, but more sorrowful than cynical. Not one of the three prominent figures in the drama is admirable in character or impulses, yet each secures a hold on sympathy.

Zoe Blundell is the wife of a man who has done nothing to increase or retain her respect in the dozen years they have been in the yoke. There are no children, as has been mutually agreed to in the beginning. But in spite of wealth and the distraction of social pleasures, there is continual bickering, and the verbal word-play displays keen-edged weapons deftly handled. Zoe evades her discomforts by going to Italy, and allows herself to become entangled with Leonard Ferris, a young man hanger-on. During his wife's absence Blundell seeks consolation in the society of a mercenary charmer who is easily paid off when the affair becomes wearisome to him. Zoe returns and the married but badly mated pair meet. The wife hears of her husband's transgressions with new meekness and pardons them. Then she confesses her own degradation, believing that it is not beyond such forgiveness as she has offered. But this is too severe a strain for her masculine disposition. Blundell declares he will not overlook the wrong, but that he will divorce her and force Ferris to marry her. Zoe goes to Ferris before Blundell can reach him and tells her story. The husband bursts in a little later and makes his demand. Ferris goes to the door to call Zoe in for her decision, and is met by a servant with the cry that the woman has thrown herself out of the window and is dead.

Early in the story a friend describes the reef in mid-channel" which wrecks married happiness, and this gives the play its name. Its dramatic possibilities are apparent even in a hasty sketch of its development; but all of Pinero's plays require acting. The company supporting Miss Barrymore contains at least two—Charles Dalton, who plays the shallow, selfish husband, and Eric Maturin, the youthful lover—who is worthy of the task assigned to them. But Miss Barrymore is the dominating figure all the way, and she alone through the force of situation and lines. In the scene which seems to promise a wiping out of past sins and sorrows and a possible beginning with revised hope she is at her best, and that best is inspired by a noble, womanly passion. The range of feeling in this crucial interview sounds depths that are unfamiliar to any of even the most serious passages of earlier plays

in which the actress has been seen, but they are not beyond her confidence and her power.

Just why the play failed in England is, of course, inexplicable, but it is not rash to presume that its heroine there did not bring Miss Barrymore's gifts to the characterization. Truth is not inevitably dramatic in presentation though it is conceded to be more of a stranger than fiction and should have the charm of novelty, and this play is true. There is not a false premise or conclusion in it. It will bear the test of time better than any other in the long list which Pinero has furnished. And the titled author may congratulate himself on the American good fortune which succeeded his disappointment in its earlier production.

In a recently published article by Charles Frohman on Pinero, the manager refers to a veiled tribute to J. M. Barrie which the elder playwright has put in the first act of "Mid-Channel." This is a complimentary notice of "Peter Pan," and it is appreciated by the few who understand the allusion. But to all in her audiences there is a more intimate truth in those lines spoken by Miss Barrymore as Zoe Blundell, the childless wife. She is referring to the new play she has seen at the St. Martin Theatre, and tells how much she is interested in the children who are the leading actors in it: "The story's no account—it's the kiddies. The man who wrote the thing must be awfully fond of children. I wonder whether he has any little 'uns. If he hasn't it's of no consequence to him; he can imagine them. What a jolly gift! Fancy! To have the power of imagining children—bringing them to life! Just by shutting the door and sitting down at your writing-table and saying to your brain: 'Now, then; I'm ready for them—!'"

And that is the only moment in which Mrs. Ethel Barrymore Colt's "personality" obtrudes itself on the consciousness of her hearers, critics or otherwise. The suggestion is unavoidable, for all the theatre-going world knows that the actress who returned to the stage in "Mid-Channel," after an absence of some months, is now a proud and happy mother.

NEW YORK, March 24, 1910.

The British army (according to a London *Military Mail* interview) is the only European army which ignores the use of dogs. If the German army were mobilized tomorrow they could put 4,000,000 men in the field within a fortnight and 4000 ambulance sentry dogs. The dogs used by the German police would also be immediately mobilized with those in the army. The Moors understand the use of dogs in warfare pretty well. They have a cross between a deerhound and a mastiff. At night they would go down near the Spanish lines and put out their dogs to detect the enemy's sentries. When the dogs barked they were able to locate the sentries and fire on them. They also dressed up their dogs in their own turbans and chelabas, in which they would run up the mountains and draw the Spanish fire. Sometimes they would send the dogs into the camps, and the Spaniards would rush out and fire upon the dogs, and the Moors would fire on the Spaniards. After a battleground had been gone over by the search parties at the end of an engagement the ambulance dogs would be sent out to see if any one had been overlooked. They work better at night than in daytime, and have the additional advantage that they avoid the use of lanterns, which invariably draw the enemy's fire.

The famous astronomical clock at Hampton Court Palace, near London, is the first timepiece of that character erected in England, and was made for Henry VIII in 1540. According to Mr. Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court Palace, it was the creation of Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer, who visited England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, who introduced him to the king. It is possible to learn from it the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon, and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian, and the time of high water at London Bridge. The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of more than sixty feet. Like many other things about the palace, it has its legends. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I, died in the palace, the clock, which was striking four at the moment, immediately stopped. This it is said to do whenever any old resident in the palace dies within its precincts, and alleged modern instances of the fact are quoted solemnly by the credulous.

Congressman Lowden of Illinois was a firm advocate of the bill providing for the purchase by the government of residences for American ambassadors in foreign capitals, and in presenting his opinions he told how Mr. Choate was approached by a London police officer, who eyed him suspiciously and asked him why he did not go home. "My dear sir," was Mr. Choate's reply, "I have no home; I'm the American ambassador."

A novel departure was recently inaugurated in London with the opening of a woman's bank, officered and conducted exclusively by women and catering only to women customers. The only man permitted on the premises is a messenger, and one of his functions is to keep other men away. No man may be a depositor or transact business with the new institution.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Duchess of Aosta, who was Princess Helene of Orleans, has been distinguishing herself recently as a hunter of big game in the wilds of East Africa.

The Duchess of Marlborough has instituted a work home for prisoners' wives in London. She is also arranging for a nursery for prisoners' children.

The French government has conferred the order of the Legion of Honor on Jefferson Seligman, of the famous New York banking house of that name.

Cipriano Castro, ex-President of Venezuela, literally the "man without a country," has petitioned the British and American governments for permission to reside in Trinidad, where he owns a cocoa plantation.

Miss Mary Agnes Cunningham is the first woman to be appointed a member of the St. Paul, Minnesota, school board. She has been a school teacher for twenty-five years and is president of the Teachers' Federation.

Prince de Sagan, the latest husband of Anna Gould, is proving a surprise as a business man. It is reported from Paris that he is applying intelligent business methods in the management of his wife's income and that he is saving money.

Professor William H. Brewer of the Sheffield Scientific School, Yale University, declares that Dr. Cook, the notorious arctic explorer, did not have a fair deal. He ventures that the suffering and the exposure in the arctic regions may have driven the explorer insane.

Czar Nicholas of Russia and King Victor Emmanuel of Italy met recently at Racconigi, Italy, at the railroad station. They embraced each other and, while thousands cheered, cannons saluted and the Russian national hymn sounded merrily, each kissed the other on the cheek.

Lady Marjorie Manners, eldest daughter of the Duke of Rutland, is a very clever society actress and has taken part in many recent charitable entertainments at the court. She paints, writes a little, goes racing, acts, sings, and frequently finds time in between to play the Lady Bountiful.

Winthrop Ames, the director of the New Theatre in New York, has been presented with a gold medal, designed by Borglum, by the founders of the institution, as a mark of appreciation "of the energy, perseverance, tact, skill, and painstaking efforts displayed by him" in the building and opening of the New Theatre.

Representative Boutell of Chicago has as constituents more high officials in the administration than any other congressman. Secretaries MacVeagh and Dickinson, Solicitor-General Bowers, and Assistant Secretaries Cable of the Department of Commerce and Norton of the Treasury all live in his district, ward, and precinct.

Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, whose retirement from London theatrical management is to be marked by a presentation of a portrait of herself, is a remarkable blend of rare business ability and profound knowledge. Before her marriage she had carried off high honors at the London University in mathematics, mechanics, logic, and moral philosophy.

About three years ago Ysaye appeared as soloist at a concert of the Imperial Symphony Orchestra in the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg. He was greeted by a most distinguished audience. Grand dukes and all the notables of the court circle crowded the greenroom after the concert to pay their respects to the virtuoso. As is usual on such occasions, only the elect were admitted. Just the same, Ysaye's precious Stradivarius disappeared from that greenroom, "under the most distinguished auspices," as American humorists would put it. The instrument was easily worth ten thousand dollars. It has never been recovered.

Robert Kyffen Thomas, editor of the Adelaide (South Australia) *Register*, who has recently been knighted, has had an interesting journalistic career. He joined the staff of the *Register* in 1863 at the age of seventeen, and for the last twenty years has been managing partner. He exerts a wide influence, not only in his home city, but throughout the commonwealth. He is president of the local branch of the Royal Geographical Society, and is identified with the work of numerous church, charitable, and economic associations. His newspaper was established in 1836 by his grandfather, the first issue having been published in London, England.

Herman and Louis Bleyer, the famous twins of Milwaukee newspaperdom, celebrated their sixtieth birthdays a few days ago. Another anniversary which the twins will have in the near future will be the completion of forty-five years of continuous service for the *Evening Wisconsin*. Herman, who has been managing editor of that paper for twenty-eight years, and Julius, who has been an editorial writer for a period of almost like length, began together to learn the case under the tutelage of the late A. J. Aikens, business manager of that paper. The brothers were members of one of the earliest of Milwaukee families, that of Henry Bleyer, Sr., and they had seven brothers and two sisters. The eldest in the family is Henry W. Bleyer, of the *Sentinel*, one of the oldest newspaper men in years and term of service in the Northwest.



## THE GIFT AND THE RETURN.

By Arthur Wallace Peach.

Lean, brown Johnny Graydon, soldier of fortune and general world knockaround, stood near the door of what purported to be his tent, and eyed the scene in front of him in open disgust. Scattered in groups around smoldering fires were about a hundred men, ragged, brown, dirty. With these men Gablio was attempting to relieve his rival, Cazino, from the burdens of office in the little South American republic; and because of his friendship for Gablio, because, too, of the love of strife born in his blood, he was there as their commander under Gablio.

Suddenly his attention was caught by seeing a group of men hurrying the bloody figure of a man toward a big fire in the centre of the camp. The others hurried toward them, and he caught the word for "spy," repeated again and again, savagely and angrily. The noise of the confusion rose high and sharp, in spite of the fact that he had warned them to keep silent lest Cazino's men might appear on the scene and silence them forever beside their smoking camp-fires. But here another factor that meant trouble had unexpectedly turned up.

He strolled down toward them. What influence he had over them was very little, only so far as their fear of grim, black Gablio, his friend, went did they obey or fear him. As he drew near he saw what was up. Somewhere up the valley they had caught one of the outposts of Cazino's army; and they proposed to have some of their devilish fun with him. Cruel and vindictive by nature as he knew them to be, and fired by the heat of hot factional strife, he realized that their fun with the battered figure in their midst would be far from human. Wiser men would have advised leaving the treacherous, undisciplined soldiers alone; but wisdom and fear were not in Graydon's make-up; death had tagged him too closely in his wandering through the southern countries, and life had become a game where the best man wins if luck is with him.

He saw in a moment what they intended to do—throw the prisoner bound and helpless into the big fire in the centre of the camp. Quietly and swiftly Graydon stole down, his revolver swinging easily in his big brown hand. Just as they had gripped the gasping figure for the throw Johnny struck them; with one hand he tumbled the men holding the prisoner backward; with his revolver poised and steady he held the others in their tracks. Cries of rage and anger hissed from their dark, distorted lips, quivering with the lust for blood, but Johnny's cool, gray eyes gripped them in the potent spell of dauntless will. The bruised, bloody face of the prisoner looked up into Graydon's face with such a look of gratitude as only a man can give who escapes a horrible death at the last moment.

But it was not all over; the heat and brute in their blood was nerving them to action and quick revenge, and that meant—kill. Johnny saw one of them sneak around; swiftly as he whirled he felt the soft swish of a rifle butt falling. But the blow did not fall, for sharply ringing with snap of fire and wrath came the crash of rifles; tattered forms spun and piled around him in screaming heaps—Cazino's men had come.

Up from among the shrubbery their white forms fluttered, dark faced with rifles flashing. With his revolvers he cut a swath through the crowding forms, but too late. There was a wild medley of dancing faces, flashing rings of fire, cries of agony, and shouts of triumph, a far-away cheer like the sound of distant music; and to Graydon things grew still and peaceful as on a summer eve.

He opened his eyes, conscious of a heavy pain in his side; slowly consciousness came, and the fog cleared from his brain. He saw that he was in a small hut, outside of which stood an armed sentry; and it was all very plain to him—captured and tied like an ox, ready for slaughter. A groan sounded near him; looking across he saw another of his men, then others, sitting and standing in dejected heaps.

The sentry turned as he heard him stir. "Ha, señor," he said, mockingly: "a good rest, eh? A better one, longer, coming."

Graydon drew himself into a sitting posture, and the two looked at each other.

"The general told me to tell you he would be glad to meet you when you awoke," the sentry went on, smiling; his dark face twisted into delighted wrinkles.

Johnny smiled grimly. "Tell your general I am glad to make his acquaintance," he answered gravely; but under his breath he cursed him; too well he knew what lay beneath the sentry's mocking—a quiet little corner, a few shots, and a badly dug grave.

"A beastly way to die," he muttered in his own tongue; but the old restless, dauntless courage that had sent him through danger and ill in days gone by rallied to his support.

"Come," the sentry looked in; "the general is ready to receive you."

They led him to a little thatched shanty standing near the road, and the sentry showed him in. Seated on a pile of camping truck was Cazino; his small evil face brightened as he saw Graydon.

"So! you're that white dog, that friend of Gablio, eh? Well, what do you think?" he gritted between his few dirty teeth.

"Fine weather out, general," Graydon replied.

The fire bit through the small eyes; in silence they

eyed each other. Then the fire sank; and a snaky smoothness glided into Cazino's face.

"Sit down, señor; I want to talk a little with you. I can kill you where you are; but I'm not going to—not yet. You are a good fighter, you have fought well with Gablio. Now, señor, if you help me I'll set you free; if you don't you die. Which?—you can choose."

Graydon smiled his slow Yankee smile. "Gablio is a friend of mine," he said simply.

Cazino looked at him and cursed him in his soft, sibilant language. "Then die you will with Gablio's other—friends in an hour."

Johnny was led out and back to the hut. The others sat in the stupid silence of brutes, all hope and life one, for they knew that death was near, the strange mystery whose coming blots out something in men and leaves them mere heaps of dirt.

Swiftly the brain that had never failed him was plotting a way to freedom. But it was all hopeless; the walls were strong; at the door was silently standing, keen-eyed and ready, a sentry with rifle poised for a moment's aim. It was simply a case of die. It comes to each man somewhere, some time. It had come to him.

He sat down and folded his hands. To die—rather a queer thing, he thought to himself; he had seen a good many men die; and it had always seemed queer to him. The sunlight, the air, the trees, the music—then darkness—then— He jumped up and walked to the door.

Men were passing and repassing, getting the camp stuff ready for removal; some of it was blood-stained—why, he knew, too. Strangely to his ears came the many sounds of the life outside; somewhere a light-hearted soldier was singing a love ballad; and the laughter of a few men playing a practical joke on another stung through into his consciousness with bitter reiteration. Outside was life and sunshine, inside was death and gloom. He wondered how many men had looked out and felt as he felt in the long years since man had fought with man.

Swiftly like a faded panorama sped before him visions of his early life—boyhood, the younger manhood, the wild tossing years that had followed, the following of many roads that ended—here. With the recollection came a flood of memories a man tries to forget and never can. He turned away.

"Bah!" he muttered. "I'll die like a woman if I keep this up."

As he seated himself he heard a man speak at the door. They had come, four of them—the death squad. Easily as one would go to kill pigs they came in, kicked the stupefied men into life, snaked them out by the collar, and jerked them, pleading and praving, to their feet.

Graydon, with hands bound, walking beside the first soldier, asked him for a cigarette. The man stared at him a moment, and handed him his lighted one. Down by the river, where the shadows are long and thick, they lined them up side by side. Graydon watched them as they lined up before them and coolly and unconcernedly loaded their rifles; one was telling another of a sweetheart he had left in a village behind.

He wondered if they were going to bandage their eyes—the shade was dark and heavy enough to render this unnecessary, but they did. The chap in command came up. Graydon took one long look at the world he was to leave so soon. He leaned a little forward so that he could fall on his face—the flies get at a man's face if he lies on his back. He hoped they would make it sure; he wondered what the shock would be when the bullet struck—a great blow and then—

He heard the rattle of equipment as they came to attention—so near that there could be no missing.

"Tention!"

"Aim!"

"Ah! now!"

"Fire!"

Something struck him in the chest with the concussion of the rifles, the darkness reeled; he felt himself fall across soft forms, something moist and wet spread over his face—yet—he was—alive! With quick instinctive action he kicked feebly and lay still.

Some one prodded him with a foot. "They're done for," the commander remarked; and the sound of footsteps passed away.

The figure beneath him stirred convulsively; but he lay silent. Still and unmoving he lay, knowing that through some strange miracle he was alive. In a little while the figures stopped their convulsive movements and lay quiet. Fearful lest some one should come, he lay like one of the shadows that grew deeper and darker till evening had come, and all around him he could see only indistinct masses of gloom.

He lifted his head—silence was everywhere save for the noise of the myriads of night insects; he got up slowly, then withered into an unmoving mass, one with the darkness; a light burned and flared into his face. He saw a gleaming rifle barrel; behind it a dark, distorted face. He drew his muscles beneath him for a spring—life had come too wonderfully to lose it now; but a voice spoke, a voice he did not recognize, but in it was a note that all men can understand—the note of kindness.

"Si, señor, be not afraid; it is I."

Under the dull torchlight he recognized the face of the man.

"Come quickly this way," the voice said.

The man led him into the heavy brush, stuck the torch into a crotch, and swiftly and tenderly he bound

up Graydon's wounds; then taking him to the edge of the brush he pointed across the night draped valley where the lights of Gablio's campfires were softly shining.

"There you will be safe, and here is the way. You gave me life by saving me from your men; I return the gift. My friend who was to shoot you used blank cartridge. Bueno, señor."

Graydon held out his hand in silence, the brow hand and the white clasped in a close warm grip, and Graydon slipped away into the night.

SAN FRANCISCO, March, 1910.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Spring.

The sun is bright, the air is clear,  
The darting swallows soar and sing,  
And from the stately elms I hear  
The blue-bird prophesying spring.

So blue yon winding river flows,  
It seems an outlet from the sky,  
Where, waiting till the west wind blows,  
The freighted clouds at anchor lie.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves,  
That gild the elm-tree's nodding crest.  
And even the nest beneath the eaves;—  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

All things rejoice in youth and love,  
The fullness of their first delight!  
And learn from the soft heavens above  
The melting tenderness of night.

Maiden that read'st this simple rhyme,  
Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay;  
Enjoy the fragrance of thy prime,  
For, oh, it is not always May!

Enjoy the spring of love and youth,  
To some good angel leave the rest;  
For Time will teach thee soon the truth,  
There are no birds in last year's nest!

—Longfellow.

## Flowers.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,  
As astrologers and seers of old;  
Yet not so wrapt about with awful mystery,  
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wonderous truths, and manifold as wonderous,  
God hath written in those stars above;  
But not less in the bright flowerets under us,  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious in that revelation  
Written all over this great world of ours;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.

And the Poet, faithful and far-seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part  
Of the selfsame universal being,  
Which is trobbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sunlight shining:  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay;

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,  
Flaunting gayly in the golden light;  
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,  
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!

These in flowers and men are more than seeming;  
Workings are they of the selfsame powers,  
Which the Poet, in no idle dreaming,  
Seeth in himself, and in the flowers.

Everywhere about us are they glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us Spring is born:  
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden corn;

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,  
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,  
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But on old Cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tomb of heroes, carved in stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral houses, whose crumbling towers,  
Speaking of the Past unto the Present  
Tell us of the ancient Games of Flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,  
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with child-like, credulous affection  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

—Longfellow.

Rubber is first known to history as a plaything, was during Columbus's second voyage that Herre observed that the inhabitants of Haiti played a game with balls "made of the gum of a tree." Even as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, however, the Spaniards used rubber to waterproof their cloaks but the fact attracted no attention in the old world, as it was not until the eighteenth century that the rubber industry began. Early writers mention an oil extract from rubber, which was taken medicinally with coca



THE PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO.

Booker T. Washington Tells of the Advancement Made by the Black Man Since Slavery Times.

Nearly ten years ago Booker T. Washington told the story of his own struggles, and now he pictures in "The Story of the Negro" the advancement of the Negro race toward better things. Whatever views may exist upon the Negro question, and these views are as widely different as the distance between North and South, it is undeniable that the better element of the Negro race realizes its position and is endeavoring to become freed from ignorance as it struggled to free itself from slavery in the days before the war. One thing about this book that is particularly striking is the fact that it is the first attempt to give the Negro a history of his people. The author tells of his impressions when, as a child, he listened to speeches in which the whole race was denounced in a reckless and wholesale manner. At first the hard and discouraging statements which he heard made him feel as if he wanted to go away to some distant part of the world and bury himself, but afterwards there was born a determination to devote his life to helping his people, to toil with them in their bondage of ignorance and to help them become citizens worthy of respect. After telling of his own vague ideas concerning his people, he says:

While the world hears a great deal about "the tragedy of color" and other phrases of the so-called Negro problem, I have observed that the world hears little, and knows perhaps less about the Negro himself. This is true of white people, but it is also true of colored people.

Some time ago, I had the privilege of meeting at Cambridge, Massachusetts, a group of about twenty-five young colored men who were studying at Harvard University. I found that most of these young men had a high standing in the university, were respected by their professors, and upon inquiring in regard to the subjects of their studies, I learned that several of them had taken extended courses in history. They seemed to know in detail the story of Greek and Roman and English civilizations, and prided themselves upon their knowledge of the languages and history of the French and German peoples. They knew a great deal about the local history of New England and were perfectly familiar with the story of Plymouth Rock and the settlement of Jamestown, and of all that concerned the white man's civilization both in America and out of America. But I found that through their entire course of training, neither in the public schools, nor in the fitting schools, nor in Harvard, had any of them had an opportunity to study the history of their own race. In regard to the people with which they themselves were most closely identified they were more ignorant than they were in regard to the history of the Germans, the French, or the English. It occurred to me that this should not be so. The Negro boy and girl should have an opportunity to learn something in school about his own race. The Negro boy should study Negro history just as the Japanese boy studies Japanese history and the German boy studies German history.

In tracing the slave trade back to its source the author shows that tribal wars in the remote interior of Africa contributed many human chattels to the slave traders and also tells us that the destructive warfare among the tribes was increased because the motive of gain that slavery injected lent a commercial aspect which had a deplorable effect. In his home in the interior of Africa the negro was a tiller of the soil, and while slaves were brought from every part of the continent, the West Coast tribes contributed by far the largest proportion. With this hereditary leaning toward the soil the Negro became at once a valuable piece of property and the demand was always far in excess of the supply, although the number of slaves brought into the United States is surprising as told by the author:

Slaves were probably brought to America from every part of Africa, for the slave trade seems to have penetrated, before it ended, to every corner of the continent. But the larger number of them came, undoubtedly, from the West Coast. It is said that, at one time, 200,000 slaves sailed annually from the West Coast of Africa, and during a period of two hundred years it is estimated that 3,200,000 slaves were shipped to America from a single point in the Niger Delta. These people of the West Coast were, for the most part, the broken fragments of races that had been driven to the sea by the stronger races of the interior. They did not represent the highest to which the black man had attained in Africa, and their contact with the white man of the slave-trading class during the four hundred years or more that the foreign slave trade was in existence did not improve them.

The African slave trade was not the source of all that was evil in the native life of the West Coast, but it is responsible for a great deal of it. The slave trade did not, for instance, cause the destructive tribal wars among the natives, but it incensed them. It added the motive of gain and gave the savage warfare the character of a commercial enterprise. The evils of the traffic did not end, however, with the immediate and tangible destruction that it wrought. It corrupted the native customs and destroyed the native industries. It substituted the cheap machine-made European goods for the more artistic native manufactures, which take a great deal more time and energy to produce.

Depicting the condition of the Negro in the interior of Africa before the avarice of slave-traders had resulted in his enslavement, the author devotes some space to the native doctors, declaring that it is erroneous to believe them all "witch doctors." He says that the primitive African methods of dealing with disease were surprisingly effective and that there were two classes of practitioners, one the traveling doctor who dealt in drugs and essayed surgery upon occasion, the other the "witch doctor," whose methods, according to the author's views, resembled to a certain extent the method now employed by the Christian Science practitioner:

Sometimes the colored people in America, particularly those of the older generation, have had very quaint notions about medicine, but many of them, even those most ignorant of books, seem to be natural doctors or nurses. Frequently at Tuskegee a boy or girl having after been given the best care

by our resident physician has remained sick for several months with few signs of recovery. Then the mother of this student would come to the institution and ask permission to take her child home for a few weeks. Notwithstanding the fact that the mother lived a long way in the country, miles from any doctor, the student would return within a few weeks in an apparently sound and healthy condition.

The methods of the witch doctor, as distinguished from the methods of the ordinary village doctor, seem to me, to a certain extent, like those of the Christian Scientist, at least in so far as he seeks to work directly on the soul and to drive out the disease by driving the idea of it out of the patient's mind. The witch doctor has to do with malevolent spirits, but as some of these malevolent spirits are human beings, his methods often take the form of a criminal proceeding, he being called in to assist in the conviction of the persons who are responsible for the disease. It is these criminal proceedings that have given the witch doctor his present bad reputation. And yet it is admitted that the witch doctors, as a rule, are very skillful in ferreting out crime.

In discussing the antiquity of slavery the author dwells upon the fact that negro slaves were known in ancient Greece and Rome, and declares that the Negro was first introduced into the North American continent by the early Spanish adventurers, as shown by a letter of King Ferdinand, dated in 1505. But it was not until more than a hundred years later than the first slave ship dropped anchor in the James River and offered its human cargo for sale:

Some time in August of the year 1619 a strange vessel entered the mouth of the James River, in what is now the State of Virginia, and, coming in with the tide, dropped anchor opposite the little settlement at Jamestown. This ship, which carried the Dutch flag, had the appearance of a man-of-war, but its mission, as it turned out, was peaceful enough, for its purpose was trade, and among other merchandise it carried twenty Negro slaves.

This Dutch man-of-war, which brought the first slaves to the first permanent English settlement in the new world, is, so far as the United States is concerned, the first slave-ship, for it was probably the first slave-trader to visit the North American continent.

But the twenty Africans were not the first slaves to reach what is now the territory of the United States, and the over-sea African slave-trade had been in existence for a century before this time. In fact, Negro slaves were known in ancient Greece and Rome, and regular accounts of the African slave-trade with Europe are in existence since 990 A. D. In 1442 Portuguese ships brought back Moorish prisoners from a voyage to the coast of Africa. As ransom the Portuguese accepted a certain amount of gold and a number of "black Moors," with curled hair. About this same time the Spanish merchants of Seville began to import gold and slaves from Western Africa. As witness to the extent of this traffic there is still preserved an interesting letter, written in 1474 to the celebrated Negro, Juan de Valladolid, also called the "Negro Count," which not only shows that the number of these dark-skinned aliens in Spain was at that time considerable, but gives some idea, also, of the manner in which they were treated.

The education of the North American Indian is touched upon by the author and a comparison is drawn between the Indian and the Negro, in which the latter in no way suffers. The fact that there has been an admixture of the two races is set forth and many instances are cited wherein Negroes who have achieved distinction in one way or another are shown to have had some Indian blood in their veins. In this connection the author makes the somewhat surprising statement that in the early days the Indians, while sparing Negro slaves captured by them, occasionally ate their white enemies. The author says:

The two races, the Indian and the Negro, have often been compared to the disadvantage of the Negro. I have frequently heard it stated that the Indian proved himself the superior race by not submitting to slavery. As I have already pointed out, it is not exactly true that the Indian never submitted to slavery. What is nearer the truth is that no race which has not at some time or other submitted to slavery of some kind ever succeeded in reaching a higher form of civilization. It is just as true of the Bushmen of South Africa, as it is of the Indian, that they never submitted to slavery. The Bushmen, like the Indian, were a hunter race that obstinately refused to adapt themselves to new conditions, and the result was that when they met a stronger people in the Kafir, of South Africa, they were hunted off the face of the earth. The same thing, or something like the same thing, happened in America. At the time that the white people of New England and of the Southern States were offering a bounty for every Indian scalp they could obtain they were sending ships across the ocean to get Negro slaves to furnish the necessary labor for opening up the country and tilling the farm. At the time that the Indians were fighting the white man in the Ohio Valley they relentlessly killed the white men they captured, and, it is said, sometimes ate them, but spared the lives of the Negro prisoners in order to sell them to the French settlers in Canada and the Mississippi Valley.

The fact is that, so far as the Indian refused to become a slave of the white man, he deprived himself of the only method that existed at that time for getting possession of the white man's learning and the white man's civilization. To me it seems that the patience of the Negro, which enabled him to endure the hardships of slavery, and the natural human sympathy of the Negro, which taught him, finally, to love the white man and to gain his affection in return, was wiser, if you can speak of it in such terms, than the courage and independence of the Indian which prevented him from doing the same.

Reconstruction days, after the Civil War, when the question of Negro domination was one of the problems that served to keep sectional hatred at fever heat, are discussed at some length. The conclusion is reached that the Negro never cared for either political preferment or control. This opinion, it is safe to say, will hardly be shared by either the Southern people or those who have had any experience whatever in politics where the Negro vote was an appreciable quantity:

Ever since the war, for instance, the normal political development of the South has been stunted by the fear, or the ghost of the fear, that the Negro would some time or other again secure the upper hand in the South as he was supposed to have done directly after the war. As a matter of fact, the Negro was never in control in the South. The people who were in control were representatives of the Republican party in the North, who came South and used their influence with the Negro and with the government at Washington to control the course of events. Just such a condition never will and never can arise again. Even if it were possible, the

Negro does not desire it any more than the white man. What he desires most is the good-will of his white neighbors and the opportunity for the peaceful development of those fundamental interests which are the same for both races.

The Negro gained just as little from the temporary power which he held during the reconstruction time as he did from the successful and unsuccessful insurrections by which he sought to gain his freedom before the war. He has no desire to try that experiment again.

In telling of the foundation of Tuskegee the author shows under what difficulties he labored. The most marked characteristic of the uneducated Negroes seemed to be a lack of confidence in the members of their own race:

After we had succeeded in erecting our first building at Tuskegee, however, I could see that we had made an impression upon the people. I can remember how they would come in from the surrounding districts, men, women, and children, to look over the school and see what we had done. It was touching to me to observe the manner in which they would enter the different rooms, treading lightly and cautiously, as if they were afraid they would hurt the floors or, perhaps, that the floors would somehow or other harm them. Then they would stop and look about in a kind of bewildered amazement, as if they were not quite sure whether what they saw was real, and as if in order to test it, they would take hold of the door knobs, put their hands on the glass of the window panes, feel of the blackboards, and then stop and gaze wonderingly again at the plastered walls, the desks and the furniture. It was difficult for them to believe that the buildings and the school grounds really belonged, as I tried to explain, to them. It seemed impossible to them that all this could have been brought into existence for the benefit of Negroes. I was compelled to tell them, over and over again, that I wanted them to feel that the school grounds and the school buildings were theirs, and that I wanted them to have a part in the direction and in the upbuilding of everything connected with the school.

Shortly after this the Negroes of Alabama were deprived of many of their political rights, and a little community not far from Tuskegee sent a representative to Washington to interview President Garfield. This man failed in his mission, was not able to see the President even, and the result as set forth by the author shows to what extent the Negro values his political rights. The Negroes lost heart, thinking that they had been deprived of everything that made life worth while:

This feeling of apathy and despair continued for a long time among these people in the country districts. A good many of them who owned land in the county at this time gave it up or lost it for some reason or other. Others moved away from the county and there were a great many abandoned farms. Gradually, however, the temper of the people changed. They began to see that harvests were just as good and just as bad as they had been before the changes which deprived them of their political privileges. They began to see, in short, that there was still hope for them in economic if not in political directions. The man who went to Washington to call on the President is still living. He is a different person now, a new man, in fact. Since that time he has purchased a farm; has built a decent, comfortable house; is educating his children, and I note that never a session of the monthly Farmers' Institute assemblies at Tuskegee that this man does not come and bring some of the products from his farm to exhibit to his fellow-farmers. He is not only successful, but he is one of the happiest and most useful individuals in our county. He has learned that he can do for himself what the authorities at Washington could not do for him, and that is, make his life a success.

Undoubtedly the Negro is making progress as he made progress in slavery times. And we are told that the Southern people are glad to help him succeed. Every line of business engaged in by the black man is freely patronized by the Southern white man if worthy of patronage, but in all his dealings with the white race the Negro must avoid even the semblance of an attempt to cross the color line. The author concludes his book by detailing the difficulties that surround the Negro as he strives to grope his way forth from his hereditary ignorance:

At the present time the Negro race is, so to speak, engaged in heaving its path through the wilderness. In spite of its difficulties there is a novelty and a zest as well as an inspiration in this task that few who have not shared it can appreciate. In America the Negro race, for the first time, is face to face with the problem of learning to till the land intelligently; of planning and building permanent and beautiful homes; of erecting schoolhouses and extending school terms; of experimenting with methods of instruction and adapting them to the needs of the Negro people; of organizing churches, building houses of worship, and preparing ministers. In short, the Negro in America today is face to face with all the fundamental problems of modern civilization, and for each of these problems he has, to some extent, to find a solution of his own. The fact that in his case this is peculiarly difficult only serves to make the problem peculiarly interesting.

We have had hard problems, it is true, but instead of despairing in the face of the difficulties we should, as a race, thank God that we have a problem. As an individual I would rather belong to a race that has a great and difficult task to perform than be a part of a race whose pathway is strewn with flowers. It is only by meeting and manfully facing hard, stubborn, and difficult problems that races, like individuals, are, in the highest degree, made strong.

Undoubtedly this book, written by a Negro to show the advancement made by his race since it became emancipated from slavery, presents the most favorable side of the Negro for public consideration. It deals with him as a business and professional man at some length, devotes much space to those individuals who through superior shrewdness have accomplished agricultural wonders, but passes almost entirely that type so familiar to the Southerner, the Negro who rents his land on shares, who doesn't know whether two and two make four or six and apparently doesn't care, who relies implicitly on the white man for fair treatment and almost invariably gets it, and who apparently cares for no racial uplift, knows only in a misty way about Tuskegee, and is content with life if his material and immediate wants are satisfied.

"The Story of the Negro," by Booker T. Washington. Published by Doubleday, Page & Co., New York \$3.00.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Yet Again*, by Max Beerholm. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$1.50.

These essays have already appeared in periodical form, but they well merit a more permanent setting. Mr. Beerholm has a felicitous knack of philosophizing about trifles, of reminding us of things that we might not have thought of, and of showing us the importance of the unimportant. He asks, for example, why King Edward and others of his kind never pay official visits to Switzerland. For the life of us we do not know, nor do we believe that the average Switzer does not know the name of the president of the Swiss republic. He asks how we should all feel if some authentic document should be discovered proving that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Once more we do not know, and refuse to consider such an eventuality.

Mr. Beerholm's failing is to be superior. He seems to label himself as an intellectual aristocrat and to separate himself from "the public" and from things popular. Is it true to say that there are two elements in the public's humor—"delight in suffering, contempt for the unfamiliar"? Does not the public read Mark Twain? Does not the public read Beerholm?—but perhaps not.

He shows a similar failing in his treatment of the newspaper editorial. Why should not the despised "note writer" open by saying "It is always the unexpected that happens," or "There is no new thing under the sun"? Why he should not finish by remarking "A mad world, my masters," or "There is much virtue in that 'if'?" Is there any better form for the expression of those particular ideas? He might as well say that the old songs and tunes should be heard no more because they have been heard so often. The unlucky editorial writer is cudgeled unmercifully for his space-consuming style. We are told that he is incapable of direct statement and needlessly elaborates a pyramid of words to express plain facts. Now look at this from the essay on "The Humor of the Public":

Every man laughs. Frequently or infrequently, the corners of his mouth are drawn up into his cheeks, and through his parted lips comes his own particular variety, soft or loud, of that noise which is called laughter.

Why did not Mr. Beerholm stop with the simple statement that "every man laughs"? Such needless piling up of verbiage would not be allowed even by a news editor who is sometimes lax in such matters, and it would stand no chance at all in an editorial. Moreover, what does he mean by "the noise which is called laughter"? He reminds us of the curate who spoke of "this so-called year 1910."

But the essays are good essays, even though they come from a literary Sinai. It is to be hoped that "the public" will read them and improve its sense of humor.

*The Day of Souls*, by Charles Tenney Jackson. Published by the Bohhs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This is a novel of San Francisco, and it may be recommended roundly as a work of historical accuracy and of art. Its period may be judged from the fact that some of the characters are represented as going to the Tivoli to hear "Tetrazzini and the dago bunch sing and Paul Steindorf's orchestra."

The hero is John Hamilton Arnold, and he is a hero, although we make his acquaintance as a "push" politician of a pronounced type who has never done a day's honest work in his life and who seems to be wholly saturated with the villainies of his trade. We see the dawn of a better impulse in his chivalrous treatment of the country girl to whom he has thoughtlessly made love and who gives him his first suggestion of better things. We see the soul within him steadily growing through the familiar infamies of his daily life until finally it wrenches him from his associations and drives him for freedom to the bottom of the social scale and to the lowest manual labor for his bread. And this is done without a word of cant, without a suggestion of "conversion," without any of the conventions that are ordinarily used to explain a moral ascent that is as natural as the growth of a daisy.

The book has many claims to be considered a work of art. The author is able to picture the ugliest aspects of city politics and to throw upon them the mitigating ray of good fellowship and comradeship. He allows nothing to be wholly bad, as the indifferent craftsman is likely enough to do. There is always the glint of sunshine everywhere, and his imagination always supplies something redemptive. His art is sustained all the way through, and it is nowhere so fine as in his sketch of Nel, who was the mistress of the chief of police and who seems so close to the streets when she is finally discarded by her lover. We feel a real enthusiasm for Nel and a greater admiration for her than for the other two women, who had never sinned at all nor perhaps been capable of it. The picture of Nel ministering to the old soldier,

trying to sew and to cook, and supporting Arnold with all her strength in his resolution to "cut it all out" is worthy of the masters of fiction. For a time we fear that the author's courage will fail him and that he will be tempted to dispose of Nel in the wrong way, but he makes no concessions to prudery anywhere and so completes his story as he began it with broad, free, and sympathetic strokes.

*Woman's Work in English Fiction*, by Clara H. Whitmore, M. A. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$1.25.

It may be doubted if any literary work sinks into undeserved oblivion, and certainly no literary work suffers because of the sex of its author. We are told that the writings of many of the women considered in this volume have been overlooked partly because the books on literature have been written from a man's standpoint. But men have written histories also, but they have not slighted Joan of Arc, or Queen Elizabeth, or Catherine of Russia. They have written most of the books on art, but they have dealt fairly with Rosa Bonheur, for example. Every literary work possesses as much vitality, and no more, than its author has given to it. If Mary Manley and Charlotte Smith and Sophia Lee and Susan Ferrier have been allowed to slip out of sight it is not because they were women, but because their work was lacking in the buoyancy that would have kept them on the surface. Our histories of literature contain just as many scant and cursory references to men whose work has been similarly deficient.

It seems a pity to lay an emphasis upon sex in literary matters and still more to assign a predominance of purity. What, for instance, can be more unwarranted than the statement that "no woman can read a novel of Smollett's without loathing"? Why, then, do women write novels that are as dirty as Smollett's and without his genius? Why do women give a feverish support to a drama that is much worse than Smollett ever imagined? There is no sex line between virtue and vice.

But the book is a valuable one, although the author's unfortunate wish to make a showing for her sex leads to the inclusion of some names that had better be left to the fate assigned to them by unbiased literary judgments. The author's critical faculty is so keen that we could wish that she had given to Jane Austen, Maria Edgeworth, and others of a like calibre the space that she devotes to some worthy nonentities. But was there ever a time when "George Eliot was placed at the head of all writers of fiction, with Dickens and Thackeray as rivals for the second place?"

*Travels of Four Years and a Half in the United States of America During 1798-1802*, by John Davis. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; \$2.50.

We are indebted to the publishers for this reminder of a work that ought not to be forgotten. The original title page tells us that the work was dedicated by permission to Thomas Jefferson, Esquire, and that it was published in London in 1803.

John Davis, we learn, was a vagrant from his youth. He was born at Salisbury, England, in 1776, was "reared in the lap of opulence," he never went to school, and began his career of vagabondage by running away from home. He was the only traveler of that day who walked through a great part of the fifteen States, and as he had an enthusiasm for self-education and a cultured literary style he was well equipped to relate his experiences acceptably. In his preface he promised to avoid the "vicious persecutions" of his predecessors and to "make no mention of my dinner, whether it was fish or flesh, boiled or roasted, hot or cold." Moreover, he would "never complain of my bed, nor fill the imagination of the reader with mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, and other nocturnal pests." In addition to these benefactions he would make no drawings of "old castles, old churches, old penthouses, and old walls, which, undeserving of repair, have been abandoned by their possessors. Let them be sacred to the Welsh tourist, the Scotch tourist, and *id genus omne*." Admirable John Davis! To think that so shining an example has been wasted upon two generations of travel-book makers who still believe that they pay a debt to posterity by telling us what they had for dinner.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Davis's book is intensely quaint and amusing. He must have been a thoroughly good fellow, overflowing with the humor that has no malice and finding in his fellow-men an inexhaustible object of study and reflection.

*The Stronger Claim*, by Alice Perrin. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is an Anglo-Indian story and apparently intended to indicate the miseries that await the white woman who marries a half-caste. Paul Vereker is the son of an Englishman who has married an Eurasian. His father dying, he is sent to England while still a little boy and grows up in ignorance of the mixture of his blood. Then he marries an English girl, secures an appointment in the

Indian civil service, and so returns with his wife to India, only to discover that his mother is still alive and that his own social position must rank with hers. That the Eurasians owe their existence to the immorality of the white man is perhaps one of the reasons for the low esteem in which they are held, although they would seem more prone to inherit the vices than the virtues of their mixed parentage. The author tells her story with directness and interestingly, although it has the defect of an entire lack of sympathy with the native races.

*A Critical Introduction to the Study of the New Testament*, by Arthur S. Peake, M. A., D. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 75 cents.

This volume belongs to the Theological Library under the editorship of Professor Charles A. Briggs, D. D., and Professor S. D. F. Salmond, D. D. If the other parts of the series are governed by the same erudition and the same detachment from sectional theory it should prove a valuable addition to theological literature.

A critical impartiality is indeed the main distinction of Dr. Peake's work, which gives the idea of theory founded upon facts rather than facts selected and emphasized for the support of theory. The author takes each part of the New Testament in turn and subjects it to a searching analysis, historical and theological, displaying always a fine spirit of dialectics and assigning a natural and proper reverence to the subordinate position demanded by such a work. Many of his conclusions will be unacceptable to certain sections of thought, and notably his antagonism to the symbolical theories of Scripture narrative, but there will be no question either of scholarship or impartiality.

*The Order of the 15*, by F. Homer Curtiss, M. D. Published by the Curtiss Publishing Company, Denver; \$1.10.

It would seem that the author of this book has some kind of occult philosophy to advance, and if we may judge from the correspondence contained in the volume it would appear that its following must be somewhat extensive. It is perhaps unfortunate that we are introduced to the system only by means of letters written in response to requests for information and advice. It would have been better to give a clear outline of the theories, which seem to be closely akin to those of theosophy. It may at least be said that the letters of advice, of which the book is nearly full, bear every mark of culture, of sincerity, and of a lofty thought.

## New Publications.

The American Book Company, New York. Cincinnati, and Chicago, has published an edition of the "Germelshausen" of Friedrich Gerstäcker, edited with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by A. Burse, Ph. D. Price, 30 cents.

An attractive little volume of "Plantation Poems," both written and illustrated by Eloise Lee Sherman, has been published by Frederic Fairchild Sherman, New York. There are thirty-three of these dark poems, all of them with the right sentiment and lilt and with attractive illustrations. The price is \$1.25.

"The Facts of Faith," by Charles Edward Smith, D. D., is an exposition of a crudely orthodox Christianity, marked by misrepresentation, perversion of fact, arrogance, ignorance, and intolerance. As a religious work it is among the most unpleasant of the day, an affront and an injury to the cause of religion. It is published by Sherman, French & Co., Boston. Price, 80 cents.

"Little Gardens for Boys and Girls," by Myrta M. Higgins, is a well-written book intended to give "just the information that is needed by boys and girls and older people who are helping them to make gardens at home." Twenty illustrations help to show what can be done, and the book as a whole should be especially acceptable to his young readers, inasmuch as there is no effort to "write down" to their supposed standard of intelligence. The price is \$1.10.

Charles H. Caffin, whose "How to Study Pictures" is so well and favorably known, has now produced another volume entitled "The Story of Dutch Painting." He describes how the new school was established in the seventeenth century, its influence upon art, the work accomplished by the chief Dutch painters, their choice of subjects, and the motives actuating them. The book is interesting to laymen as well as to artists, and it derives a special value from the twenty-five half-tone reproductions of notable Dutch paintings. It is published by the Century Company, New York. Price, \$1.20.

From John W. Luce & Co., Boston, comes a little volume of stray thoughts from Nietzsche arranged by Henry L. Mencken. It is entitled "The Gist of Nietzsche" and the editor has so selected his material as to give a representative view of the Nietzschean philosophy within the space of some sixty pages. For example, opening the book at random we notice the following gem: "The

weak must perish! That is the first principle of our charity. And we must help them to do so. What is more dangerous to the human race than any crime? Active sympathy for the weak! Christianity!"

John W. Luce & Co., Boston, have published an authorized edition of "The Soul of Man Under Socialism," by Oscar Wilde. Its central idea seems to be that socialism will minimize suffering and so lead to an economy of human sympathy. "The area of the sentimentalists," he says, "will be lessened, and the sympathy of man will be large, healthy, and spontaneous. Man will have joy in the contemplation of the joyous lives of others."

"Paul and Paulinism," by James Moffatt, D. D., belongs to the series of "Modern Religious Problems," edited by Ambrose White Vernon and published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. It is a minute examination of the Pauline doctrine distinguished by its erudition, but with traces of orthodox limitations that will commend it to certain departments of theological thought while estranging it from others. The resemblances between Paulinism and Gnosticism are a stumbling block to modern theology, but they are not to be disposed of by cursory references to the "alien purposes of the latter." The price of the book is 50 cents.

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**LITERARY NOTES.**

**History and Its Makers.**

*Historical Essays*, by James Ford Rhodes, LL. D., D. Litt. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$2.25.

Mr. Rhodes tells us that all but two of these eighteen essays have been read before various public audiences, but we are fortunate to possess them in a form that permits of many and convenient readings. Mr. Rhodes is one of the few living authors whose books should be kept within reach of the study table, and perhaps his essays may be placed a little nearer than his history and in readiness for the lighter moments of literary labor.

It is natural that of the eighteen essays at least half should be devoted to history and to history writers. They are interesting for the light that they throw upon the author's ideals, for his comments upon other historians, and for the advice that he gives to those who would follow a branch of literature that is perhaps of all others the most dignified and the most responsible, as it is also the branch in which we have made the least progress. Mr. Rhodes believes that if the English, German, and American historical scholars should vote as to who were the two best historians a large majority would be given to Thucydides and Tacitus. A third choice would lie between Herodotus and Gibbon. The merit of the two former is their compressed narrative, and herein they are contrasted with Macaulay, who devotes five volumes to a period of seventeen years, while Thucydides deals with twenty-four years in one volume. Macaulay was over-tempted by the unimportant material that lent itself to his literary treatment, while the Athenian must have ruthlessly sacrificed whatever deviated from his selected line of narrative.

Sometimes Mr. Rhodes seems a little severe. "Quite properly," he says, "no one reads Buckle now." This seems a little sweeping, although we shall all agree that "one loses little by not reading Alison's 'History of Europe.'" Carlyle and Macaulay should be read with care—and watchfulness. No one believes that Marat was a "half-eyed dog leach" or that Robespierre had a green complexion. Macaulay was a partisan. Froude is dangerous for his inaccuracies. Green is not infallible, and it has been said that in his reference to the Thirty Years War he has hardly stated a single fact correctly. And so on.

We may wish that Mr. Rhodes had attempted some definition of the ideal history with a recognition that democracy has done much to change its proper subject matter. History is no longer the record of a few individuals as once it was, and the action of masses of men now assumes the same importance as formerly belonged exclusively to rulers. This seems to give a new complexity to the writing of modern history.

In addition to the essays of a general historical nature we have valuable chapters on Gibbon, Gardiner, Lecky, Spencer, Walpole, Green, Godkin, and others. Of special interest are the essays on "The Presidential Office" and "A Review of President Hayes's Administration," nor must the short paper he forgotten on "A New Estimate of Cromwell." The estimate is that of Mr. Gardiner, who says it is time for us to regard Cromwell as he really was, "with all his physical and moral audacity, with all his tenderness and spiritual yearnings, in the world of action what Shakespeare was in the world of thought, the greatest because the most typical Englishman of all time."

**Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.**

It seems odd that the first American printing press should have been set up in the City of Mexico. It is nevertheless true that in that city the first press was installed in 1536, and it was forty-four years thereafter before the first printing was done in the British colonies of North America.

Paul Elder & Co. announce for publication two volumes of poems by James Henry MacLafferty. One of the books, "My Soul's Cathedral," is to contain about a score of poems, varied in subject, but each in its way conveying some uplifting thought. The other book, a small volume, presents a longer poem in blank verse entitled "Light Through the Valley." Being an ode to death and in the nature of a consolation, this book should awaken an answering chord in many a heart. The volumes are to be published in the early fall.

The extraordinary perseverance and fortitude which Henry M. Stanley subsequently showed are well forecasted in an extract from a letter quoted in his "Autobiography." It was written in Madrid in 1869 in explanation of his success as correspondent for the New York Herald: "How have I done this? By intense application to duty, by self-denial, which means I have denied myself all pleasures, so that I might do my duty thoroughly, and exceed it. Such has been my ambition. I am fulfilling it. Pleasure can not blind me, it can not lead me astray from the path I have chalked out. I am so much my own master that I am master over my own pas-

sions. It is my interest not to throw up my business. You do not—can not suppose that I have accepted this position merely for money. I can make plenty of money anywhere—it is that my future promotion to distinction hangs upon it. Even now, if I applied for it, I could get a consulship, but I do not want a consulship. I look further up, beyond a consulship. To — with a vacation. I don't want it." The Bureau of Equipment of the Navy Department has just added this hook to the list for ships' libraries, United States Navy.

The Baroness Hermione von Preuschen Telmann, the German artist, has attracted as much attention in Paris and Rome as she has in Germany. She is also widely known as the author of several novels, while her last work, a hook on India, has attracted much attention.

Even if we do return to the days of the pamphlet, we are hardly likely to find emulators of the prolific pamphleteers of an earlier day. There was, for instance, William Prynne, whose efforts cost him both his ears and a branding on the cheek as a seditious libeler. In all, he wrote some two hundred books and pamphlets—"A Gagge for Long-Haired Rattleheads" is an example of their titles—and, according to Wood's estimate, produced a sheet for every day of his life. His manner of study, too, would hardly be followed today, for he worked on a roll of bread and a pot of ale every three hours "to refocillate his wasted spirits," making only one big meal at the close of the day.

M. Francois Fertiault of France, poet, novelist, and hibliographer, recently issued a volume of essays written in his ninety-fifth year. The same country can boast of the oldest editor in the world, in the person of M. de Molinari, who, despite the burden of ninety-one years, conducts the *Journal des Economistes*, and writes largely for its pages.

Banishment from the public schools of Boston of John Greenleaf Whittier's famous poem, "Barbara Freitchie," is asked of the school committee by Mrs. B. A. Keane of Roxbury. In a communication to the board Mrs. Keane complains of the unfairness to the "noble and pure-hearted men of the South," which, she infers, is expressed in the lines:

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,  
Over the face of the leader came,  
The noble nature within him stirred, etc.

There was no need for a "blush of shame" and the "noble nature" was not reserved for emergencies, writes Mrs. Keane. She adds that she is not a Southern woman, but a good American, and wants her children to be such.

**New Books Received.**

"By Inheritance," by Octave Thanet. Bohls-Merrill.

"Germelshausen," Von Friedrich Gerstaecker. Amer. Book Co.

"Lincoln," by Isaac Newton Phillips. McClurg.

"Mary of Plymouth," by James Otis. Amer. Book Co.

"Murder Point," by Coningsby W. Dawson. Hodder & Stoughton.

"Plantation Poems," by Eloise Lee Sherman. Scribner's.

"Predestined," by Stephen French Whitman. Scribner's.

"Ruth of Boston," by James Otis. Amer. Book Co.

"Revelation and Worship," by Rev. James Orr. Scribner's.

"Social and Industrial Conditions During the Civil War," by Emerson David Fite, Ph. D. Macmillan.

"Stoic and Epicurean," by R. D. Hicks. Scribner's.

"Simon Bolivar," by F. Loraine Petre. John Lane.

"The Carleton Case," by Ellery H. Clark. Bohls-Merrill.

"The Crown Imperial," by Unkichi Kawai. McClurg.

"The Cook-Ed-Up Peary-Odd-Ical Dictionary," by Paul R. Dash. Luce.

"The Fatal Ruby," by Charles Garvice. Geo. H. Doran Co.

"The Gist of Nietzsche," by Henry L. Mencken. Luce.

"The Girl from His Town," by Mark Van Vorst. Bohls-Merrill.

"The Glory of His Country," by Frederick Landes. Scribner's.

"The Philosophy of the Enlightenment," by John Grier Hibben. Scribner's.

"The Soul of Man Under Socialism," by Oscar Wilde. Luce.

"The Scar," by Warrington Dawson. Small, Maynard.

"The Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art." John Lane.

"White Magic," by David Graham Phillips. Appleton's.

**CURRENT VERSE.**

**Slavery.**

Sweet, I know your fleet evasions  
But too well—  
All the delicate persuasions  
Of your spell!

Laughing lures and witching glances,  
Voice that charms;  
Every art that chains, entrances,  
And disarms!

Strange my bonds I do not sever  
Some folks say—  
Rather slavery forever  
And a day!

—Clinton Scollard, in *New Orleans Picayune*.

**The Miracle.**

She's but a little colleen gay,  
Scarce thicker than me thumb,  
But oh, the word she spoke the day!  
'Tis blind I am, and dumb.  
Her small mouth had a pleadin' twist  
As though 'twas wishful to be kissed;  
I thought it gave the true word whist,  
And hope leapt in the heart o' me.

But when I tried it—oh, the blow  
The little hand laid on me cheek!  
'Twas but a feather's weight, I know,  
But sure, it left me faint and weak!  
And oh, the look that changed her eyes!  
'Twas like the change of Erin's skies  
From shine to storm—the black surprise  
And sorrow hurst the heart o' me.

She stood there lashin' me bold ways—  
So weak the gentle tongue of her,  
Compared with some I've got 'twas praise—  
Then somethin', sudden, seemed to stir  
Within me hreast. The truth it leapt  
Straight out, helike as it had slept;  
Then—right into me arms she crept.  
Sure, joy's near crazed the heart o' me.

—Charles F. Rogers, in *Harper's Weekly*.

**To Some Dead Viol-Maker.**

Oh, viol-builder of long ago,  
Wherever you lived and whoever you were  
—Stradivarius, Maggini, or Gasparo—  
Does not your dead heart quiver and stir  
At the thought of her fingers and flitting how

Speak to your fiddle in accents such  
That every glistening swell and curve  
Which you fashioned so carefully, loved so much,  
As you fashioned it, throbs like some sensitive  
nerve,  
Under the tender spell of her touch?

\* \* \* \* \*

None of us, doubtless, will ever find out  
Whether she plays like the Prince of Sin  
Or whether, perhaps, when there's no one about,  
She talks with the soul of her violin.  
I only know that the dear child looks  
Her heart 'neath the lid of her viol-box.

—A. L. M. Gottschalk, in *Musical Courier*.

**A Spring Lilt.**

There's a ripple on the river, where the water is  
agleam;  
There's a brown bird singing to its shadow in the  
stream;  
And the harren woods are blooming, and its people  
are a-wing,  
For over hill and over dale they hear the coming  
spring!

Here's a snow of huds ahlow in the apple tree;  
Overhead a sunny wind, howling to the sea.  
Who will come a-roaming? Come with me today.  
And, oh, the yearning faces on the broad highway!

There's a ruffle on the water and a drowsy cloud  
above;  
There's a blue sky spilling out a shower for its  
love.  
For sweet April is a-weeping and is laughing as  
she cries,  
And she gathers up a rainbow end and dries her  
pretty eyes.

Here's the way to Yesterday; take it, an you  
will.  
April's but a bit ahead, dancing on the hill.  
Who would woo the madcap? Hurry, while you  
may!

And, oh, the feet that wander from the broad  
highway!—Herman Da Costa, in *Smart Set*.

**To W. F. C.**

I have not seen your face for full three years;  
I hardly think of you when I am glad,  
But when my heart is heavy, and my tears  
Betray me at a word, and all is night,  
I lean upon the thought of you as on a staff,  
And just the knowledge that you are alive,  
That some one sees you pass and hears you laugh,  
Seems suddenly to set the whole world right.

—Rose Chambers Goode, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.



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## A LEAF BLOWN IN FROM DAYS TO BE.

The Future Historian set his psychograph on the table before him, clasped the band of the transmitting wire about his head, lay back in his easy-chair, and closed his eyes. The record, of which ten thousand copies were automatically delivered, follows:

"In the year 1909, as the ancient Americans reckoned time, President Thaddeus Rosenfelt was for some offense not now known banished from his country and sent under heavy guard to Kalamazoo, an African penal colony noted for the number and ferocity of its tigers. To these he was thrown by his keepers, as was secretly commanded by Congress, sitting as a high court of impeachment and conviction. But from a contemporaneous chronicle by Wee Chandler (whose works are now in the imperial library of Timbuctoo) it appears that the tigers would not eat him. On the contrary, he ate them, 'a marked instance,' says another writer of the period, 'of interposition by an overruling Providence.'

"Awd by this obvious miracle, the fallen President's keepers renounced the faith of their fathers and worshiped him as a deity. Not only so, but by force and arms they set up for him a temporal sovereignty which he administered from an ancient palace known as the Bleak House. He bore the title of It, a word signifying Me. The meaning of Me is unknown.

"In subduing the natives, who, according to Herodotus the Tetrarch, were known as Gringos, Rosenfelt came into conflict with many powerful kings, chief of whom was Rhi Nosey Rose, who could summon fifty thousand warriors by a blast upon his horn. Allied with this potentate was the scarcely less powerful High Potamus, of Riparia. (Riparia was a Theocracy; the word potamus appears to have meant priest, and probably alluded to the 'pot' in which hierarchs of another faith were purged of their error by boiling.)

"Contemporary accounts of military operations incident to the conquest have not come down to us. It is known, however, that Rosenfelt, armed with a big sticker, penetrated to the interior of Kankakee and fought the fierce battle of Waterloo, in which the Gringo power was disastrously overthrown by the leader's lone charge up the hill of San Juan Smith. With that memorable feat African independence ceased to exist: the entire continent came under the sway of Bueno Gumbo, 'the man who ate tigers.'

"Among the spoils of war was an almost incalculable number of domestic animals: the gorilla (*Lignifer docilis*), the elephantom, the long-necked graft (*Latro circumspector*), the hobby horse, the teddi-bear, the skunk (*Curio flabbergastor*), the three-legged opheleide, the gargoyle, the lion (*Leo arator*), used by the natives in plowing corn, the aeroplane, and many other species now long extinct. So great was the multitude of these animals that the task of slaughtering them in order to sell their bones to Smith's Onion Institution for fertilizing was one of extreme difficulty. It was proposed by Nairobi (or Niobe), a friendly chief, that they be shot, but no one would undertake the work but Rosenfelt himself, and he was unacquainted with the use of firearms, having always in his native land hunted with his bare hands, making his kills by a cruel process known as the presidential massage. The animals were finally chloroformed and shipped to the port of Hohokus, where they were admitted duty free as works of fiction.

"Weeping freely because there were no more worlds to conquer (it was not then known that Arkansas had not been brought under the sway of the Whites), the victor resolved to invade his own country and carry away the Presidential Chair which he had once occupied, and which was then considered the most precious object existing since the Golden Fleece and the Holy Grail.

"Placing his son Kismat on the throne, he gathered a great army of Blacks, and traveling incognito under the name of 'Stanley,' reached the western boundary of his new realm amid the acclamation of his troops, who shouted, 'Thalassa, thalassa!' that being their name for the river Rubicon, separating Africa from America. There at the island of Ellia he crossed on a secret bridge and was received with effusion by the populace, by whose spokesman, Lord Gifford of Pinchot, he was thrice offered a kingly crown, which, according to Shakespoor, an obscure chronicler of the time, he did thrice refuse. This occurred in the reign of William the Fat, whom as an afterthought he deposed and bastinadoed.

"Firmly reseated in the Presidential Chair (which had itself been firmly reseated for William), Rosenfelt resolved to remain in the land that loved him for the ructions he had made. By way of assuring the peace, he proceeded to destroy a colony of Auaniasites who had fortified themselves in the fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains, and then he marched against the Nacherfaquers, a formidable tribe of the Bostonee hinterland. Afterwards he subdued and sold into slavery a troublesome people known as Democrats, who were taken to Lincoln, Nebraska, loaded with chains, the name of the purchaser is unknown.

"From this time on, the career of this remarkable personality is lost in the mists of antiquity. Some say that the earth opened

and swallowed him; others that he wrote a book; and in an extant fragment of an ancient poem he is represented as chained to a rock in a caucus, with 'vultures' (epicures) eating his liver. Whatever may have been the manner of his second removal from office, he is now, doubtless, as dead as the vivacity of his disposition permits."—Ambrose Bierce, in *Town Topics*.

## IN A FAR-OFF WORLD.

There is a world in one of the far-off stars, and things do not happen here as they happen there.

In that world were a man and woman; they had one work, and they walked together side by side on many days, and were friends—and that is a thing that happens now and then in this world also.

But there was something in that star-world that there is not here. There was a thick wood: where the trees grew closest, and the stems were interlocked, and the summer sun never shone, there stood a shrine. In the day all was quiet, but at night, when the stars shone or the moon glinted on the tree-tops, and all was quiet below, if one crept here quite alone and knelt on the steps of the stone altar, and uncovering one's breast, so wounded it that the blood fell down on the altar steps, then whatever he who knelt there wished for was granted him. And all this happens, as I said, because it is a far-off world, and things often happen there as they do not happen here.

Now, the man and woman walked together; and the woman wished well to the man. One night when the moon was shining so that the leaves of all the trees glinted, and the waves of the sea were silvery, the woman walked alone to the forest. It was dark there; the moonlight fell only in little flecks on the dead leaves under her feet, and the branches were knotted tight overhead. Farther in it got darker, not even a fleck of moonlight shone. Then she came to the shrine: she knelt down before it and prayed: there came no answer. Then she uncovered her breast; with a sharp two-edged stone that lay there she wounded it. The drops dripped slowly down on to the stone, and a voice cried, "What do you seek?"

She answered, "There is a man; I hold him nearer than anything. I would give him the best of all blessings."

The voice said, "What is it?"

The girl said, "I know not, but that which is most good for him I wish him to have."

The voice said, "Your prayer is answered; he shall have it."

Then she stood up. She covered her breast and held the garment tight upon it with her hand, and ran out of the forest, and the dead leaves fluttered under her feet. Out in the moonlight the soft air was blowing, and the sand glittered on the beach. She ran along the smooth shore, then suddenly she stood still. Out across the water there was some-

thing moving. She shaded her eyes and looked. It was a boat; it was sliding swiftly over the moonlit water out to sea. One stood upright in it; the face the moonlight did not show, but the figure she knew. It was passing swiftly; it seemed as if no one propelled it; the moonlight's shimmer did not let her see clearly, and the boat was far from shore, but it seemed almost as if there was another figure sitting in the stern. Faster and faster it glided over the water away, away. She ran along the shore; she came no nearer it. The garment she had held closed fluttered open; she stretched out her arms, and the moonlight shone on her long loose hair.

Then a voice beside her whispered, "What is it?"

She cried, "With my blood I bought the best of all gifts for him. I have come to bring it him! He is going from me!"

The voice whispered softly, "Your prayer was answered. It has been given him."

She cried, "What is it?"

The voice answered, "It is that he might leave you."

The girl stood still.

Far out at sea the boat was lost to sight beyond the moonlight sheen.

The voice spoke softly, "Art thou contented?"

She said, "I am contented."

At her feet the waves broke in long ripples softly on the shore.—*Oliver Schreiner*.

"I lunched with Winston Churchill at the Ritz in London," relates a New York journalist, "during his remarkable campaign. This brilliant young cabinet minister, with his American blood through his mother and his dual blood through his father, praised American journalists. He gave me an example of our perseverance. No less than forty-seven American correspondents called on him at the board of trade offices for an interview one week on the American tariff, and, as none of them had sufficiently good credentials, he refused to see them. Finally a correspondent came with a letter from Mr. Lloyd-George, and him Mr. Churchill saw gladly. 'Do you know,' he said to the young man, 'that I have refused to see forty-seven of your compatriots on this very subject?' 'I ought to know it,' the correspondent answered, 'for I'm the whole forty-seven.'"

Arrangements have been nearly completed for the presentation to Brown University of the library collected by the late Hammond Lamont of New York. The library consists of 4700 volumes, and is said to be one of the best of its kind, being devoted particularly to the study of English composition, rhetoric, and literature. It is to be purchased chiefly by two of the classes which were in Brown while Dr. Lamont was on the faculty, each giving \$1000. The collection will be presented for use in the English department.

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VAUDEVILLE AND MELODRAMA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The bill at the Orpheum doesn't sound particularly entrancing this week, and yet, although I only heard part of it, that part was sufficiently entertaining to leave a very agreeable impression on the mind. And besides I have made a discovery that lots of other people who used, with me, to feel superior and high-browish about vaudeville have shared in. It is that seeing vaudeville becomes a habit that one can not break.

For one thing the quality of vaudeville entertainments has improved. Many good players of established reputation are not above occasionally doing a vaudeville turn in good plays cut down to the prescribed length. And the specialty people must have proved that they can hold the eye and ear of the public before they are taken on. Now there is little Miss Fay or Ray, who did a song-and-dance turn with two comedians a couple of weeks ago. I didn't care for her. Yet she had a trick of rolling her eyes about and lingering lovingly over the sentimentalities in her ditties that took with the house, and I find that instead of being absorbed in the composite stream of humanity that surges across the Orpheum stage, her little dowry of individuality holds good, and I can still see her distended eyes rolling bluey, and hear her crooning, sometimes with a shade of emphasized vulgarity, over the uninteresting coon songs in her repertory.

The coon-song singers this week are the two colored comedians, Avery and Hart. Both do a lot of amusing buffoonery with African spontaneity, and each knows how to throw in touches of comedy that is comic. The act, however, is prolonged unduly, there not being a sufficiency of amusing matter to fill in the last three or four minutes, which rather limp to the sound of diminished laughter. And, besides, the chicken-tinted climax is old and uninspiring.

Stelling and Revell, the two horizontal bar gymnasts, have worked out some very amusing clowning to add further prestige to an already extremely clever and unique exhibition of tumbling and balancing.

And music, as ever, proves that it has charms to soothe the savage breasts of the good-natured, larkly grown-up children who make up an audience at the Orpheum. How they love to take a hand occasionally in the performance! When Rosner and his band played a medley of Alice Lloyd's songs the other day there was a full and true chorus of whistlers from the auditorium that gradually joined in. As the number went on the chorus swelled, and grew more and more bold and brilliant, until finally it became a recognized stunt in the afternoon's programme. The non-whistling members of the huge Orpheum audience-family looked on and listened with sympathetic exhilaration; the orchestra played a trick on the improvised chorus of whistlers and stopped suddenly, but the chorus went surely and brilliantly on in one huge impetus of unpremeditated melody, and everybody was happier and better for this refreshing divagation.

Witt's "Girls from Melody Lane" are four healthy looking, happy looking warblers with good ringing voices who balance each other very satisfactorily in their quartet. Their numbers, which were all composed by Max Witt, were not familiar to the Orpheum audience and not sufficiently individual to win a popularity of their own. But if the programme of the quartet had been interspersed with a few popular numbers "Witt's Merry Girls" would have made enough of a hit to be happy.

Much as they enjoy the vocal bleats and blarings of the music-hall school, and joyfully as they rise to the comic insinuations of the topical song, a vaudeville audience will sit in the rapt stillness of genuine delight when they are listening to true music. To be sure, they are, like all the rest of the world, susceptible to the charm of the eye, even when the ravishing of the ear is the primary object. But pretty little "Nonette," who handles her bow like an artist, knew what she was about when she set off her daintily turned little figure with a striking gipsy costume, and every dash of scarlet and gold, every glint of the gilded sequins that fringe her becomingly short skirt, acts as an added lure to admiring eyes. And there are girlish tossings of flowing hair, bewitching sways and attitudinizing of the gay little figure, and dreamy glances of tellingly large,

half-closed eyes, while she tosses off her spectacularly staccato numbers, or plays with dreamy sweetness Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" or the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." These little charms and graces please our appreciative eyes, and win additional indulgence for the young performer.

Mme. Morichini is another marked attraction on the programme in the way of decorative and musical charm. Delightfully young and charmingly pretty though she is, she has almost too impassive a manner for one who seeks to win the favor of the public. But when she opens her very pretty mouth and begins to sing she subjugates us immediately. Her voice is deliciously young and of a melting sweetness. She sings without pyrotechnical brilliancy, but with distinct, individual charm, lulling us by languid, caressing sweetness of manner, face, and voice into a state of dreamy acquiescence in the spell of youth, beauty, and vocal charm.

The number that is featured this week is "La Petite Gosse," which is practically the same playlet in pantomime which many of us took special pains to see at the ten-cent theatres in town a year ago. For some reason this pantomimed incident of life among the criminals of Paris made, upon me at least, a stronger impression at that time than it did in the present representation. The domination of the male Apache seemed more terrible and irresistible, the subjugation of the female more complete. She seemed to be in a state of abject, terrified fascination, while Mlle. Morio's "gosse" is harder to win, and, when dominated, is in more of an amatory mood than her predecessor, although it took a display of money to win her from her second wooer. But the piece is worth seeing, as much from the ability of the dancers as from the strong impression, as of something outré and terrible, yet realistic, that is left upon the mind.

Nobody should be hasty and leave before the motion pictures this week. Some enterprising and enthusiastic photographer has taken numerous pictures of birds and their progeny, going into the most intimate haunts of birdlife, and snapping off parents in the act of apparently throttling their young with choice scraps of the early grasshopper, while the birdlings become nothing but bill. Every picture is worth seeing, from the quick-glancing thrush to the acrobatic tom tit and the monkey-like owl, all unsuspecting of human observation of his ugliness.

\* \* \*

This is a dull week in the matter of plays, and the Savoy Theatre was not lucky enough to make an exception. "As the Sun Goes Down," however, drew a hopeful audience of lovers of melodrama, who seemed to extract a fair amount of amusement from an over-talky play. There is not enough action for melodrama, although the usual amount of sentiment prevailed.

The author (George D. Baker) seems to be an artless thing. I think George must be an actor. He has one of his characters who has been pursued by the attentions of the villain remark, in faltering accents, "The chance to go on the stage came like an answer to a prayer." And before we had recovered from this shock, she added "I went out with a road company."

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

Next to making the trip the most interesting and satisfactory way of seeing foreign lands is to attend a course of the Burton Holmes Travelogues, where by means of hundreds of beautifully colored lantern views, thousands of feet of original motion pictures, and a running fire of bright and witty description one may actually see the beautiful scenery, active street scenes, religious festivals, parades, etc., reproduced with lifelike fidelity.

The course to be delivered this season by Wright Kramer, who for years has made these trips with Mr. Holmes and who now does most of the public work, is called "The Beautiful Way Around the World," and is the result of a tour made last season, starting from this city. The subjects are "Our Own Hawaii," "New Japan Today," "Old Japan Today," "Java: the Eden of the Dutch Indies," and "More About Paris." The course of five will be given three times, and it is so arranged that subscribers need go but twice a week in order to hear the entire course.

The sale of course tickets will open Monday morning, April 4, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and the single seats will be ready Thursday morning. Course tickets will be sold at \$2, \$3, and \$4, for the entire five subjects.

In Oakland a course will be given at Ye Liberty Playhouse on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, commencing April 12, the subjects and prices being just the same as in San Francisco. For the convenience of teachers and students these afternoon Travelogues will commence at 3:30 o'clock.

Lady Beerholm Tree is appearing at the Liverpool Empire Theatre in "The Sirocco," an adaptation of the Swedish "Simoon," by A. Scott Craven. Salary is not mentioned, but Lady Beerholm Tree is handing over £1000 to local charities.

Maud Allan, the Classic Dancer, this Week.

Maud Allan, the classic dancer of world-wide fame and the first of the exponents of this new, or, rather, revived art, and who is said to be one of the world's very greatest pantomimic actresses, will give four of her interesting entertainments at the Garrick Theatre during the coming week, the dates being Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday nights, April 5, 7, and 8, and Sunday afternoon, April 10. From all indications a warm welcome is assured the courageous and clever San Francisco girl.

A number of beautiful musical compositions of the highest class will be given a Terpsichorean interpretation by Miss Allan, assisted by a symphony orchestra of nearly half a hundred players under the direction of Paul Steindorff. The complete "Peer Gynt Suite," by Grieg, is said to be one of the finest efforts. Between the dances the big orchestra will play some splendid numbers, the whole programme offering a quite unique and artistic evening's entertainment.

Of Miss Allan's artistry there seems to be but one opinion, for both European and American critics agree that her work gives great pleasure to every lover of the artistic, the graceful, and the imaginative, and in no way offends as does that of her cheap imitators.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, corner of Kearny and Sutter Streets, and mail orders addressed to Will L. Greenbaum will receive careful attention.

Next Wednesday night, April 6, Miss Allan and her grand orchestra will appear at Ye Liberty Playhouse, Oakland, the stock company being laid off for that night. For this event seats are obtainable at Ye Liberty box-office only.

Third Sunday "Pop" Concert.

The third of the charming Sunday afternoon "Pop" concerts under the Greenbaum management will be given at Kohler & Chase Hall on April 10, when Mr. Allan Bier, a young San Francisco pianist, will make his debut, playing the difficult piano part in a Schumann Quartet. Miss Mary Pasmore, the first violin of the Lyric Quartet, will offer the newly discovered violin concerto by Haydn, with Miss Harriet Pasmore, accompanist, and the string quartet of the afternoon will be one of the Schubert posthumous works. Seats may be secured all the week at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The final performance of "The Round-Up" will be given at the Columbia Theatre Sunday night.



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## VANITY FAIR.

Albany, just now, is the home of scandals, but it was believed that they began and ended with dollars. But now comes a depth of depravity that can hardly be believed even of a New York politician. Its disclosure before the legislature produced a profound and painful impression and the members are said to have sat with their hands over their faces to hide their mantling blushes while peeping through their fingers at the chief delinquent.

Of course there was a suffragette at the bottom of it. The old adage *cherchez la femme* has given place to the new command *cherchez la suffragette*, for woman has invaded the domain of politics and she has brought with her all the charms and all the wiles that have already given to her as much dominance as she can use aright. The mine was exploded at a meeting of suffragettes called to consider the progress of the cause. Miss Henrietta Mericy was on the platform to make known the results of her personal canvass among the legislators, and she asserted without a tremor in her voice, without a blush upon any visible portion of her anatomy, that when she asked Mr. Oliver for his vote on the forthcoming bill that gallant legislator had said that it was at her service if she would give him a kiss. Painful as it is to record the shameful charge, the demands of truth are inexorable and not to be gainsaid.

Now Mr. Oliver represents the Bowery of New York and he is appropriately known by the nickname of "Paradise Jimmy." These facts should be noted in his favor. Mr. Oliver is in a state of indignation because the discreditable charge was not only made verbally, but it was printed, and when the indicted legislator read the report he rushed into the assembly room waving the newspaper excitedly over his head and denounced the whole business as a "miserable plot."

Certainly we have our doubts. We should like to cross-examine Miss Mericy. We should like to know if nature's gifts have been of a kind to incite such a proposal, for much depends upon that. For the mental endowments of the average suffragette we have the most profound reverence, but we do not wish to kiss her. Indeed, it would take several policemen to persuade us to that act. Does Miss Mericy belong to the pitifully small minority of the kissable or to the large majority of the un-kissable? It is possible that if this matter should come before a jury the twelve good men and true would say at once that the accusation belonged to the obviously impossible. In the meantime the suffragettes as a body intend to move heaven and earth to prevent the reelection of Mr. Oliver. Presumably they will process through the Bowery as a part of their campaign. Will they take Miss Mericy with them as an exhibit? Will they make an appeal to the electors of the Bowery to withhold their votes from the man who wanted to kiss Miss Mericy? There are some delicate points involved, and they had better walk warily. The Bowery is a peculiar place and likely to form judgments of its own. If Miss Mericy is divinely fair—though a suffragette—Mr. Oliver's stock may go up instead of down. On the other hand, if Miss Mericy's beauty is one of character rather than of person the campaign may be successful, and Mr. Oliver may be condemned as lacking in taste, discrimination, and intelligence. Certainly no elector will even consider the charge without a glimpse at the lady, inasmuch as there are some suffragettes who would be kissed only by men who were mentally incompetent—and therefore unfit to legislate.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson has incurred the displeasure of King Edward, and this means a good deal to a woman who has learned to look upon the royal favor as a valuable asset. It will be remembered that Lady Stewart-Richardson's specialty is dancing with bare feet, and if we may trust some of the pictures that have appeared so liberally in the public press the lady's feet are not the only part of her anatomy that has been displayed to the public gaze. It need hardly be said that Lady Stewart-Richardson's motives are charitable, and it may be remarked incidentally that ladies of social position who have the usual craving to see themselves named and pictured in our newspapers are usually driven to the pretense of charity in order to achieve their purpose. We need not go very far away to find illustrations of this.

King Edward has no particular objection to Lady Stewart-Richardson's bare feet. He has looked at them himself upon more than one occasion. He has seen her presentation of Salomé when her bare feet were a mere insignificant detail in the varieties of clothing that she did not have on—and if there is a more delicate or ungrammatical way of putting it than this it has yet to be found. But this was at a private house party, and it was only a select few who shared the privileges ordinarily reserved to Providence and the lady's maid of seeing the beautiful aristocrat with so little on. But Constance grew bolder with immunity. She came to New York and appeared in public, and rumor had it that to bare feet had been added bare legs, and that

but for its charitable object the performance might really be considered as shocking. Still the king said nothing, nor did the final explosion come until the fair dancer returned to London and accepted engagements at the London music halls. Then the royal fiat was issued. Never again must Lady Constance appear at any function where the king was expected. She had committed the unpardonable sin of proving to the multitude that the legs of an aristocrat were startlingly similar to those of a plebeian.

The king's veto is no small matter in England. It means that Lady Constance will be dropped from the lists of all those who entertain royalty or who expect to do so. It is practically a sentence of social banishment, for no one cares to show himself less particular than the king, and to receive Lady Constance would probably mean to share her fate. In spite of his liberality the king is easily offended by a breach of his own code and resents deeply the slightest familiarity that he has not invited. Even ignorance of usage is a poor defense for a false step.

One of the great American hostesses in London discovered this to her cost some time ago, although she ought to have known enough to avoid the error into which she fell. She had often been invited to royal functions, but upon one occasion she accepted an invitation to dinner and begged permission to bring a certain friend with her. The request was courteously declined, but from that day to this the lady has never again been invited to a royal function.

We have the word of a New York magistrate that his salary of \$7000 a year is scarcely big enough to enable him to pay the expected tips at the New York restaurants. The magistrate in question was called upon to settle the matrimonial disputes of a waiter and his wife. Incidentally he asked what pay the waiter received and he was told \$29 a month. "And how much in tips?" inquired the magistrate. The waiter hesitated and finally confessed to \$15 or \$20 a month. "You can't expect me to believe that," said the court, "for I dine at Sherry's often and I know that if a person gives the waiter a tip of less than \$1 he is scowled at. One can't even look at the head waiter without it costing him \$5. My salary of \$7000 a year is scarcely big enough to cover the expense of tips."

Tattooing has become a fashionable craze in London. Not only do the professionals reap a harvest, but amateur tattooing is one of the favorite amusements of the house party on Sundays, when popular prejudice forbids more noisy pursuits such as shooting or tennis. Men and women visit each other's bedrooms—that is to say, men visit other men in their room and women visit other women, and very weird are some of the indelible designs thus traced upon the skin.

There is a tattooer in New Bond Street who carries on a lucrative trade with the needle. To an interviewer he said recently:

Oh, yes, tattooing is most popular. Why, a good many ladies have the portraits of their husbands—of course, one husband to each lady, so don't mistake my statement—tattooed upon them. Among my clients is a titled gentleman who brought his wife to have the family crest and coat of arms tattooed on her arm.

Not more than a week ago a French gentleman and his wife came in. On his arm I tattooed a design embracing her name, and on one of her arms I inked in a similar design inclosing his name. Not long ago, too, a lady came to me to have a cat's head tattooed on her arm. It was a portrait of a pet animal which she recently had lost. Well, I preserved the animal's outline in colors, and it cost her five guineas.

Also some ladies resort to the tattooing process to furnish them with an indelible "complexion." One can in that way produce a far more delicate tint than with the rouge pot, but it is a very delicate and costly process, for the shading off of the colors has to be done with great exactness.

But the strangest commission I ever executed was to tattoo the portrait of the king on the bald head of a man. I did that about a year ago. And—would you believe it?—the same man came back a few days ago. He wanted the design so enlarged as to include the Union Jack. Popular? Oh, yes, very much so.

Such an appeal had the enameled beauties of a Louis XVI gold snuff box to Ormond G. Smith of New York that he left a bid upon it with no limit but the blue sky. When the battle of the bidders closed recently in the American Art Galleries, in Madison Square South, where the collection of snuff boxes and bonbonnières of the late James A. Garland was up at auction the exquisite gem of a lost art had been sold for \$4050, and to him.

It was wrought from gold and bears exquisite chased designs. On the top is a field of red enamel and a panel painted in miniature in the manner of Boucher. The signature of the French goldsmith, "Louis Regnard, 1743," is on the rim of the lid, and part of the legend in which he evidently proclaimed himself jeweler to the king yet remains, although the words, which were undoubtedly "du roi," seem to have been erased by a graver after the downfall of the king as a concession to republican susceptibilities. The total amount realized from the sale

of the 104 boxes was \$51,107.50, while a few carvings and other small objects raised the amount obtained for the Garland collection to \$51,941.

Writing of "Big Business and the Sherman Law" in the *March Century*, Oscar King Davis relates:

"One of the distinguished legal members of the administration at Washington was recently discussing this situation (which shall be modified, business ways or the law?) and declared with great emphasis that it is high time for the managers of big business to wake up to the fact that they, too, are just as amenable to the law as their neighbors. Then he told this story to illustrate their attitude.

"He went to church one day with a woman who was, as he described her, the best round dancer I ever saw. She was extremely fond of dancing, and was a specially good waltzer. It chanced that the pulpit was occupied that day by a visiting clergyman, who delivered a sermon of tremendous vigor, devoted largely

to a denunciation of dancing, and particularly round dances. He said that waltzing was the path to perdition, the road to everlasting damnation, with much that was even more vehement.

"When the service was over and they were leaving the church, the woman turned to the administration official, with whom she had waltzed many times, and said:

"Wasn't that a grand sermon?"

"The gentleman smiled, and answered with a counter-question:

"Are you going to give up dancing?"

"Utterly astonished that such a personal application of the sermon should be made, the woman replied with great earnestness:

"Why he didn't mean us."

"Then I am to consider myself rejected?" asked the young suitor. "You are to consider your proffer of marriage returned with thanks and the regret that it is impossible at this time to accept it," said the daughter of the magazine editor.—*St. Louis Star*.



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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

An old dorky, plodding along a country road with a frazzled looking mule, was asked what the mule's name was. "I calls him Trust," he replied, "becuz he kin take mo' abuse an' pay less attention to it dan any animal dey is."

A nervous looking man walked into a grocery store with his baby on one arm and a kerosene can on the other, placed the can on the counter, and said: "Sit there a moment, dear." Then holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added: "Fill this thing up with kerosene."

After a silent study of her father's somewhat unprepossessing countenance little Gertrude patted his face. "Father," she said, "did God make you?" "Yes, dear." "And did he make me, too?" "Yes, dear." She gazed into the mirror a moment and then looking at her parent again inquired: "Don't you think he's doing better work lately?"

A tall, gaunt disappointed-looking woman walked into the office of a southeast Missouri county clerk. "You air the marriage licenser, aint y?" she inquired sourly. "I am," the clerk replied. "Well, here's one y' kin take back an' sell over. Me an' Jim Jones wuz a goin' to git married, but Jim he kind o' got cold feet an' before I knowed it he escaped."

The self-made man wrote his name in the hotel register, remarking in a grandiloquent manner, "I'm one of those chaps who always pay as they go." "Any baggage?" queried the clerk, as he swung the book around. "No," answered the other. "Then," rejoined the clerk, "you are one of those chaps who are expected to pay as they come. Two dollars, please."

The proprietor of a Westchester dairy recently received the personal application for work of an East Side boy. After a careful scrutiny of the lad, the dairyman said: "Well, I need a boy of about your size. I'll give you three dollars a week." "Will I have a chance to rise?" asked the applicant, with anxiety plainly apparent. "Sure," was the response, "I want you to be here by four o'clock in the morning."

Edward FitzGerald, the translator of the Persian poet, Omar Khayyam, was a more or less genial opponent of matrimony as a state. One day he said to his friend Miss Ellen Churchyard of Woodbridge: "Do you know, Nell, what marriage is?" Miss Churchyard thought not. "Then I'll tell you," said he. "Marriage is standing at one's desk, nicely settled to work, when a great big bonnet pushes in at the door and asks you to go for a walk with it."

A young lady living in Atlanta visited the home of her fiancé in New Orleans. On her return home, an old negro "mammy," long in the service of the family, and consequently privileged to put the question, asked: "Honey, when is you goin' to git married?" The engagement not having been announced, the Atlanta girl smilingly replied: "Indeed, I can't say, auntie. Perhaps I shall never marry." The old woman's jaw fell. "Aint dat a pity, now?" she ejaculated, and, after reflection, she added, consolingly, "Dey do say dat ole maids is de happiest critters dey is, once dey quits strugglin'."

A popular girl was departing from an Ontario town for the Far West, and her masculine friends were gathered in gallant array to see that she was supplied with violets, roses, magazines, chocolates, and all the various comforts which the twentieth century girl demands. Her brother addressed a few words of advice to the porter, backed by a silvery enforcement, when a second young man approached. "Here," he said, handing the half of a torn bill to the porter, "I've given the lady the other half, so if you look after her well until she reaches her destination you'll know where to get the rest of your money."

The rector of an English church, seeing that there was only one almsdish and that the congregation was unusually large, heckoned to a rustic and bade him to go through the garden to the rectory dining-room and bring a dish from the table. "Take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other," he said, "and then bring it to me." The rustic came back with the dish, as ordered, and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle. Then, approaching the rector, whispered in his ear: "I've done as ye told me, sir. I've taken it down one side the aisle and up t'other—they'll none on 'em' ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits.

Senator La Follette tells of a friend who went to New York for the Hudson-Fulton celebration and while there had a counterfeit five-dollar note passed on him. One night after a banquet he handed a cab driver this

bad note by mistake. The driver gave him his change—a one-dollar bill—and whipped up his horse. Suddenly he realized what he had done. "Hey, there! Stop!" he shouted after the man. "That bill's bad." "It's good enough for you!" shouted back the driver, without stopping. And Senator La Follette's friend, examining his change under a street light, found that he had exchanged his bad five for a spurious one with a cab ride thrown in.

Once upon a time a fond mother disapproved of her daughter marrying. This was the more awkward because the young lady had picked the young man out. Also he had wealth. And the mother, who was widowed, had not the wherewithal to furnish her daughter with the variety of frocks and things which her youthful heart craved. "I might not object to the man so much," said the mother one evening, "if you would only let me see him. But here is a man whom I have never set eyes on, and yet one whom you insist on taking for a husband. I don't understand such secrecy!" The daughter replied: "If I ever introduced him you'd insist on marrying him yourself."

**THE MERRY MUZE.**

**Extended Credit.**  
He stole a kiss.  
Said the pouting miss:  
"For that you'll pay  
On Judgment Day."  
"By Jinks," said he,  
"If you trust me  
Till Judgment Day  
I'll steal some more."  
And ere, they say,  
He slipped away,  
He stole a score.  
—Washington Star.

**To the Critic Higher Up.**  
There may be small excuse for it,  
You may have little use for it,  
And curl your super-story lip in supercilious way;  
You may regard it banefully,  
And pass it up disdainfully,  
But when it gets the money wotinel have you to say?  
—Chicago Tribune.

**The Poet's Wife.**  
The wife of the poet, biographies show it, has happiness rich and rare;  
In rapturous revel he deigns to disbelieve her carefully done back hair.  
He calls her to listen, with glances that glisten, to songs of his sensitive soul  
While she is discerning by odors of burning, that cook, with her fancies of penny romances, is finding a Heaven with X37, and dinner is done to a coal!  
—Adrian Ross, in House Beautiful.

**The Town of No Good.**  
Kind friends, have you heard of the town No-Good, on the banks of the River Slow,  
Where the Some-time-or-other scents the air and the soft Go-casies grow?  
It lies in the valley of What's-the-use, in the province of Let-her-slide;  
It's the home of the reckless I-don't-care, where the Give-it-ups abide.  
The town is as old as the human race, and it grows with the flight of years;  
It is wrapped in the fog of the idler's dreams; its streets are paved with discarded schemes,  
And are sprinkled with useless tears.  
—Crocker Quality.

**Elektra.**  
The bass fiddles groan and the large trombone  
Gives a bellowing yowl of pain,  
While the deep bassoon grunts a sordid tune  
And the flutes make wind and rain.  
The flageolet squeaks and the piccolo shrieks  
And the bass drum bumps to the fray,  
While the long saxophone with a hideous groan  
Joins in the cacophonous lay.

It's a deep blood lust and we're taught we must  
Gulp it down and pronounce it grand,  
And forget the lore when Trovatore  
Was sweet to understand.  
Ah, those dear old airs, it now appears,  
Were not to be classed as Art;  
We must shake with fear through a great night-mare  
And awake with a terrible start.  
O, the nameless dance and the hideous trance  
That the audience wallows in,  
And the strange, strange noise and the murderous joys,  
And the fun of a far-flung Sin!

No more, no more; it was fun galore  
While we plunged through the rotting weeds,  
But the time has come to be going home  
To the fine old musical creeds.  
—John A. Morosco, in New York Times.

A Harvard football player, after the recent unfortunate encounter with Yale, thought he would escape the public eye by cutting across the fields. A big bull, which looked as if it could do good work in a mass play, bobbed up and cast an evil eye upon the jersey of Harvard crimson. "Why didn't I take my father's advice," the young man reflected, "and go to Yale! This is no place for a Harvard man."

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Deposits .....22,151,922.56

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

There was but little of a social nature to break in on the quiet of Holy Week. Informal luncheons and dinners at the different hotels, and the rehearsals for tableaux and plays, formed the principal events up to Easter Sunday. The rehearsals for the fête to be given for the Armitage Orphanage April 5 and 6, and the preparations required for the costumes of the famous paintings to be reproduced, mean a great deal of time and many meetings. The San Francisco Stage Society is equally busy rehearsing for the three short plays to be given April 12. Easter week has brought its quota of weddings, a general air of liveliness, and the return of many from Coronado. At the Presidio an attractive feature has been inaugurated in the Wednesday and Friday concerts of the Thirtieth Infantry Band. There were many informal teas at the post after the music. The giving of gifts at Easter has become universal enough to make it seem like a miniature Christmas almost, and the novelties displayed in the stores have been plentiful.

A dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kearny, who have been on a visit here from their home in Morristown, New Jersey, was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Preston at the Fairmont last week. Among those invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Kearny were Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. George Sperry, Mr. and Mrs. Willard Brown, and Mr. Stuart Lowery.

A farewell banquet to Dr. Ignacio Rodriguez da Costa Duarte before his departure for Hamburg, where he will occupy a similar position to the one he held here as consul-general for Portugal, was given at the Palace Hotel on the evening of Tuesday, March 22.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hammersmith gave a dinner on Thursday evening, the 24th, at which their guests were Dr. and Mrs. Coffey, Mr. and Mrs. John Breunier, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Grey, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ames.

Miss Miriam McNear was hostess at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club on Thursday of last week in honor of Miss Dorothy Holbrook of Portland.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst, who has been stopping at the Fairmont, was luncheon hostess on Thursday of last week.

On Wednesday of this week Miss Wilmot Holton was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Miss Mildred Baldwin.

A dinner was given at the Fairmont by Mr. W. C. Peyton on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Peyton's guests were Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Downey Harvey, Mr. Frank B. Anderson, Colonel Biddle, Dr. Nichols, Judge Cooper, Mr. Cory, Mr. George Cameron, Mr. Hunt O'Neil, Mr. Oscar Cooper, Mr. Wellington Bregg, and Mr. H. C. Breckon.

The junior members of the California Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion gave a banquet at the St. Francis on Friday, the 25th, complimentary to the senior members who served in the Civil War.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Dickens and Mr. Luman W. Chandler took place on the afternoon of March 27. Mr. and Mrs. Chandler will live in San Francisco.

A wedding to be celebrated in Los Angeles Easter week is that of Miss Almee Brunswieg and Mr. Alexander Field of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Field expect to make their home in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Walker to Mr. Burke will take place in Philadelphia on April 14, and not here at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. Mr. Walter Martin will be Mr. Burke's best man.

The wedding of Miss Maud Bourn and Mr. Arthur Rose Vincent took place at the San Mateo Episcopal Church on Wednesday, March 30, followed by a wedding breakfast at the Burlingame home of Mr. and Mrs. William Bourn. Many people went over from town for the wedding.

Another wedding of Wednesday was that of Miss Henriette von Schraeder, daughter of Colonel Frederick von Schraeder, U. S. A., to Lieutenant Prentiss Bassett, U. S. N. This was a home wedding at which were represented many of the army and navy people in town.

Thursday evening at the Fairmont there were many small dinners of an informal character, among the hosts being Mr. and Mrs. Allen Anderson, Mrs. Parker Whitney, Mrs. J. Hart, Dr. Bush, Mr. F. W. Morehead, and several others.

Mrs. Walter Martin entertained at an informal

lunch in Burlingame last week, among those from town being Mrs. Laurence Scott, Mrs. Latham McMullin, and Mrs. Augustus Taylor.

Miss Marian Miller was hostess at a card party on Tuesday of this week in honor of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick.

Miss Dorothy Woodward's card party for Miss Mildred Whitney, which was given in Berkeley on Monday, March 28, took a number of guests over from this side of the bay, among them being Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Boericke, and Miss Lillian Whitney.

In honor of Mrs. J. G. Kittle the early part of last week.

Mrs. Edgar de Pue gave a tea last week complimentary to Mrs. Edward C. Wright, who has lately returned from Europe, where she has resided for the past four years. Mrs. de Pue was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Elva, and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Charles Slack, Mrs. Alfred Ford, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Anna Beaver, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Olive Wheeler, and Miss Anna Olney.

At the Army and Navy Club, Ladies' Day is celebrated during this month by a tea one afternoon in each week.

Week-end house parties and Easter holiday celebrations combined have been held by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell at Fair Oaks, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillman at Los Gatos, Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick at Pleasanton, the Misses Brewer at Mill Valley, and Mr. and Mrs. Orville Pratt at Burlingame, besides many others.

Mrs. David Kennedy was hostess at an informal dinner at the Palace on Wednesday evening of last week.

Mrs. Gerrit Livingston Lansing was hostess at a dinner in honor of Mr. Frank Unger before his departure for Honolulu last week.

Mr. William Bourn was host at a luncheon at the Palace on Thursday of last week, and among his guests were Colonel J. C. Kirkpatrick, Mr. W. H. Crocker, Mr. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. T. B. Berry, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Frank Michael, Mr. Carter Pomeroy, Mr. Truxton Beale, Dr. Prince, and Mr. James Ellis Tucker.

A temporary kitchen having been arranged at the Burlingame Club house, which was burned a couple of weeks ago, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Coleman were hosts at a luncheon on the grounds.

On Tuesday evening, March 29, the St. Francis Musical Art Society gave its fourth concert of the winter at the St. Francis. It was preceded by a number of dinners, and supper parties were numerous after. Among some of the entertainers were Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, and Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller.

A picnic that was to have been given at Burlingame was changed, on account of inclement weather, into a luncheon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mountford Wilson. Among those in the party were Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. Flora Magee, Miss Genevieve Harvey, Dr. Tracy Russell, and Mr. Richard McCreary.

Miss Ellen Berry was hostess at a dance at Fort Mason on Monday evening of this week in honor of Miss Henrietta von Schraeder.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Genevieve King, who has been spending the winter in the East with Mrs. Horace Hill, is expected home this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard returned from their trip to the Grand Cañon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell left for Santa Barbara last week to spend the Easter vacation with Mrs. Mendell's daughter, Miss Louise Janin.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter has been visiting in town, having come up from Monterey, where she is staying with her daughter, Mrs. Downey Harvey.

Mrs. Russell Wilson has been spending some time in Rome and expected to be there over Easter.

Mrs. Horace Pillsbury has returned from a visit to her parents, General and Mrs. Taylor, in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett have returned from New York and are at their home in San Mateo.

Miss Marjorie Shepard has been visiting friends in town before going to Monterey. For the last year Miss Shepard has been in Seattle with her sister, Mrs. Edwin C. Long.

Mrs. Wakefield Baker is planning to spend the summer at Castle Crag.

Mrs. Wellington Gregg, with Miss Enid and Miss Ethel, will soon leave here for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff and Miss Florence have left the Fairmont and opened their home at Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their family will spend the summer in San Mateo. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker have been occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot McAllister during the winter.

Miss Minnie Rodgers is in Bremerton, visiting Rear-Admiral and Mrs. John A. Rodgers.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers will spend the summer in Mill Valley.

Miss Babette Heller has left here for a trip to Europe with Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Neustadter.

Mrs. David Kennedy of Philadelphia is spending several weeks in this city, where she was well known as the daughter of Mrs. William Burling before her marriage.

Mrs. Norman McLaren and Miss Elizabeth Ashe have returned from their visit to the southern part of the State.

Mrs. Eugene Murphy has planned to sail for Europe with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy next month. They expect to be abroad for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fry are visiting Mrs. Walter MacGavin.

Mrs. Teresa Oclrichs will not visit San Francisco this summer, but has planned to go abroad instead.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins and Miss Florence expect to return to San Francisco in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse F. Liddell have returned from Los Angeles, but will return and spend the summer at the seashore just out of Los Angeles.

Among those who will be returning from Hono-

lulu early in April are Mrs. William Matson and Miss Lurline, Mrs. Eugene Breese, and Miss Metha McMahon. Miss Lottie Woods returned from her visit to the islands last week.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase is spending several weeks at Bakersfield as the guest of Mrs. William S. Tevis.

On their return to San Francisco Captain and Mrs. Guy Brown will reside at the Naval Station.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer will leave early in April for Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Ryer expect to spend the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Ehrman are en route for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Miss J. C. Cherry, who has been in the Orient with Mr. and Mrs. James Gibb and Miss Margaret Gibb, plans to leave for home shortly.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Donaboe have been visiting Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce will spend the summer in Burlingame, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight expect to leave San Francisco next month for a trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor have returned to their country place at Menlo Park.

Mr. Emile Bruguiere expects to be away in Paris for some time.

Mrs. Leonard Chenery has gone to the southern part of the State for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Sharon have decided to remain abroad this summer instead of coming to Menlo Park, as they had planned. Mrs. Sharon's daughter, Mrs. Thomas Hesketh, is settled in England and Mrs. Sharon will visit her this summer.

Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan left here last week to return to her home in London. Mrs. O'Sullivan has been visiting her parents for a couple of months. Returning with her to England is Miss Helen Cowles, daughter of Mr. Paul Cowles.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Kearny, who have been at the Fairmont, have left for their home in New Jersey.

Mrs. August Schilling, Miss Elsa Schilling, and Miss Beatrice Simpson have returned from a trip to the Bermudas.

Mrs. William H. Barron left last week for a trip to New York and then to Europe.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt have given up their apartments in town and are at Lincoln, in the Santa Cruz Mountains, temporarily.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Young are visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender. Mr. and Mrs. Young arrived from the East recently for a visit to Mrs. Young's relatives.

Mrs. John Murphy is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Webster Jones, in San Rafael. Mrs. Murphy has recently made her home in Leavenworth.

Mrs. William R. Wheeler has been spending several weeks in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. John Bidwell, who was accompanied by Miss Harriet Alexander on her trip abroad, is spending the spring months in Paris.

Dr. Philip King Brown and Mrs. Brown and Mrs. L. J. Holton have gone to Santa Cruz County for a trip.

Mr. W. H. Herrin, accompanied by Mr. W. J. Byrne, went East on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Warren E. Murray sailed for a two months' trip to Hawaii on Saturday, March 26.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Green have left the St. Francis, where they have been spending the winter, and have gone to their home in San Mateo.

Mr. Edward Greenway has returned from a visit to the southern part of the State, where he went about a month ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Sloane Watson will leave town during April and spend the summer months at Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Baker have returned from Washington and are making a brief visit in Oakland. Mrs. Baker is known to Californians as Miss Pansy Perkins.

Among those returning from Coronado this week are Miss Jennie Crocker with her party, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Du Val, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Driscoll, Mrs. J. B. Crockett, and many others who went south for polo.

Mr. Clarence Follis, who has made his home in New York for several years, has come here for a visit to his relatives in this city and will spend part of his time with Mrs. Frank Griffin and part with Mr. and Mrs. James Follis in San Rafael.

Quite recently Professor Harry Morse Stevens, Mr. Frank Goad, and Mr. Joseph Eastland have been traveling through Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene returned from Coronado on Tuesday of this week.

Miss Mildred Baldwin, who has been the guest of Miss Kate Peterson at Belvedere for the past week, is now at her home in the city.

Mrs. Cuyler Lee of San Francisco is at Del Monte with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Webber, of Warsaw, Indiana, who are making a tour of the coast. Mrs. Lee will accompany her father and mother as far south as Los Angeles.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, who has a suite of apartments at Del Monte, is in the city for a few days.

One of the many week-end parties at Del Monte of well-known San Francisco people last week included Mr. and Mrs. George D. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Kennedy, and Mr. C. Gillespie.

Admiral Sebree went down from the city to Del Monte on Friday with Mr. Horace G. Platt, and is visiting with one of his relatives, Mrs. John W. Gilkeson, who has had apartments at Del Monte through the winter.

Dr. Ernest Barry of San Francisco is at Del Monte for several weeks of rest and quiet.

Miss Anna Beaver has returned from a three months' visit East and is now at her home—Walnut Street, corner of Pacific Avenue.

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#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Direct from a long prosperous run in New York, Otis Skinner returns to the Columbia Theatre next week with his latest success, "Your Humble Servant." This new comedy by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson is a radical departure from Otis Skinner's previous lines of dramatic endeavor. The play is essentially modern and may best be described as a romance of stage life and stage folk. The chief characters are Thespians, and we are initiated into that mysterious and fascinating realm known as the world "behind the scenes." The atmosphere of the play is not so artificial as its subject might suggest, and there is a vein of strong human interest throughout the play. The comedy episodes are really funny, and it is worth noting the fact that Otis Skinner, who has heretofore been regarded as an actor of the highest power in serious work, is possessed of the most unmistakable talent for fine comedy. If this new play "Your Humble Servant" were of no other value, it is serviceable in showing this conclusively. Miss Izzetta Jewell will have the leading feminine rôle. The matinee on Wednesday will have special prices. Seats are now on sale.

"As the Sun Went Down," with Estha Williams and an excellent company, will be presented for the last times at the Savoy Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening, and at the Sunday matinee one of the world's cultured entertainers will follow.

Pauline, the French scientist, whose demonstrations of the superiority of mind over matter have been the talk not only of vaudeville lovers of this country and Europe, but also of physicians and psychologists in every city where he has appeared, comes for a brief engagement. Pauline is making his first trip to the West, but he has been the subject of magazine and newspaper stories for the last year. It is doubtful if any hypnotist has ever received the publicity and attention that has followed in his wake. He is a French physician, graduate, and degree holder of many European medical schools, a student of the great Charcot of Paris, and is now recognized by medical men as an advanced investigator into the science of hypnotism and auto-suggestion. Every critic that has written of him declares that Pauline's personality is just as wonderful as his work. He wins his audience the moment he appears. With a gentlemanly bearing, a pleasant smile, an easy way, and courteous manners, with a voice that vibrates and fascinates, he takes command and holds in a gripping interest all within hearing.

Pauline will appear at the Savoy Theatre with a high-class company of vaudeville artists, and during his engagement there will be a matinee every day, when the prices will be half of those at night.

A musical comedy condensed into a twenty-five-minute sketch, but retaining all the brilliancy of a big production, is "The Leading Lady," which will be presented for the first time in this city next week at the Orpheum. The principal rôles are intrusted to Marguerite Haney, a vivacious soubrette who scored a hit in "Paradise Alley," and two clever London comedians, Ralph Lynn and

Ed. Coleman. To form the chorus is a sextette of Broadway show girls who introduce a number of catchy songs. Next in interest on the new Orpheum bill is Edwin Holt, who will return, after an absence approximating a year and a half, in George Ade's comedy "The Mayor and the Manicure," which is one of the greatest hits of its kind in vaudeville. Mr. Holt will have the support of Mattie Choate, Pearl Dawson, and Edward B. McGuiness. That thin musical comedian, Charles F. Semon, will introduce next week a comedy act that is not only bewilderingly original, but which fairly bubbles over with fun. T. Roy Barnes and Bessie Crawford will appear in the breezy comedy skit entitled "The Patent Fakir and the Lady," which abounds in melody and comedy. Miss Crawford is a popular vocalist, and Mr. Barnes as a card sharper performs many apparently marvelous tricks. Next week will be the last of Stelling and Revell, Nonette, Witt's Girls from Melody Lane, and Mlle. M. Corio and Signor Bartoletti in their original Apache dance, "La Petite Gosse."

That delightful comedy, "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," which May Robson offered at the Garden Theatre in New York two seasons ago, will be the attraction that will reopen the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, April 11, remaining there for two weeks only. Since her New York engagement Miss Robson has visited all the principal cities of the Pacific Coast, where she has duplicated her metropolitan success in every particular. Of the play it may be said that it contains just the proper mingling of the grave and the gay, just enough pathos and humor to make it interesting. Aunt Mary keeps you laughing almost the entire evening.

Sunday afternoon is the date set aside for the presentation of the double bill composed of Shakespeare's comedy, "The Taming of the Shrew," and "The Old Guard," at the benefit matinee to be given in aid of the Bush-Street Synagogue and Eternal Home Cemetery at the Van Ness Theatre. The tickets have been on sale at the box-office of the theatre since Tuesday morning and there are indications that a capacity audience will be in attendance. Many ladies have shown great interest in this affair since the first, and they have taken orchestra seats in blocks.

Mr. Paul Gerson is in charge of the productions and will himself appear as Petruchio in "The Taming of the Shrew" and in the character of old Havresack in "The Old Guard." The latter will be used as a curtain-raiser. Others to be seen are Rose Yvonne Harding, James McGushin, Egbert Thompson, William Lahl, Walter Allen, Vera Verplanck, Katherine Schuyler, Edward Fitzgerald, Adele Frey, Egbert Adams, William Bisbee. The orchestra, composed of picked men from the Van Ness and Columbia Theatre orchestras, will have at its head Genaro Saldierna. Mr. Saldierna has composed several numbers especially for the occasion.

The Actors' Fund of America expect to raise \$100,000 through the series of benefits to be given from one end of the country to the other, as well as in Canada. That they are in a fair way to achieve what they are striving after is shown by the receipts of the Washington benefit, which was over \$4000, and the one held in Chicago, which netted \$6000. New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, New Orleans, and Los Angeles will all add their portions during the month of April. In each of these cities society amateurs will vie with professional players on the programmes of the benefits. Some unusual numbers are promised by those in charge of the benefit to be held at the Columbia Theatre in the latter part of the month.

Maurice Hewlett, who is mentioned as a probable Liberal candidate for a Welsh constituency, is one of the many famous literary men who have spent a portion of their lives in government offices. Perhaps from the archives of the Land Revenue Record Office he got his first taste for romance. It was as a lecturer that Mr. Hewlett first became famous, and many an amusing anecdote he tells of those days. Once speaking at a small Scottish village, the chairman, having referred to "the mon wha's come here tae broaden our intellects," remarked that a short prayer would not be out of place. "And, O Lord," the good man went on, "put it intae the heart o' this mon tae speak the truth, the hale truth, and naething but the truth, and gie us grace tae understand him." Then, with a glance at Mr. Hewlett, he added: "I've been a lecturer mesel!"

Daisy—Oh, Dolly, I have had such a nasty, spiteful, anonymous letter. Dolly—Whom was it from? Daisy—I don't know; can you guess? The wicked creature says I am a vain, silly, frivolous, chattering, over-dressed, empty-headed flirt. Dolly—I really can't imagine, dearest; but (reflecting) I think it must be some one who knows you quite well.—*Stray Stories.*

#### "Boys' Week" Festivities.

"Boys' Week" begins next Monday. It is planned to show to San Franciscans the nature of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, and the achievements of its 250 members, and to concentrate the efforts of the friends of the organization to raise a \$50,000 fund for the building and maintenance of a suitable clubhouse for the youngsters. It will be a week of festivities, starting off Monday evening next with the inauguration of the "boy mayor" at the St. Francis Hotel, and a lecture by Sidney S. Peixotto, illustrative of the workings of the organization of which he has been the head for fourteen years. Tuesday evening there will be a concert by the united Columbia Park Boys' bands at Dreamland Pavilion. Wednesday and Thursday evenings there will be vaudeville entertainments by the boys at the Valencia Theatre. Friday afternoon, at the Columbia Park grounds, 458 Guerrero Street, there will be a public reception and a boy baby show. Saturday afternoon there will be a burlesque street parade, followed by burlesque football and baseball games at the Ocean Shore grounds; and, at night, the great Chanticleer ball at the Fairmont Hotel.

#### Maud Powell's Farewell Concert.

Maud Powell, a violinist such as one hears but a few times in one's life, will give her farewell concert at the Garrick Theatre Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

The programme for this occasion is simply one great and beautiful work after another, and lovers of "the instrument with a soul" will certainly enjoy an exceptional treat. The list of works includes the old masterpiece, Sonata in F minor, by Locatelli (1693-1764); the Mendelssohn Concerto in its entirety; a rare Etude by Paganini, and another by Fiorillo; the simple but lovely air in D by Gluck; Mozart's quaint "German Dance"; Hubay's "Zephyr," which Kubelik loves to play; Schumann's "Evening Song," and the brilliant "Polonaise" by Wieniawski. In addition to all this the artist has generously consented to play Debussy's characteristic number "The Golliwog's Cake Walk," which made such an impression at the St. Francis concert last Tuesday.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will be open after 9:30 at the theatre.

#### Mail Bags as Clothes.

United States mail bags are used in some foreign countries as material for clothing, for saddle cloths, and for packs on mules. This curious fact was developed by an investigation into the circumstance of a steerage passenger who arrived in New Orleans a few weeks ago having her belongings carefully tucked away in a mail bag of this country. The woman came from Guatemala. Her belongings were seized by the customs officers and she was detained. She explained that she acquired the mail bag in Guatemala, where it was on sale, not knowing that she was committing any wrong. After an examination she was dismissed.

It is shown by the records of the Postoffice Department that a large number of mail bags in which foreign mail is sent disappear each year, but it is impossible to keep definite trace of them. Diplomatic representatives of the government have reported from time to time that the material used in United States mail bags frequently is found in possession of natives of countries like those of Guatemala. The loss sustained by this country through the disappearance of mail bags, however, is comparatively small, not exceeding, probably, 150 a year.

Baroness von Hutten has entered upon a dramatic career. She made her first appearance on the stage of His Majesty's Theatre in London in the revival of the Christmas play, "Pinky and the Fairies." The part which the baroness took was one which Miss Ellen Terry played the year before. Mr. Beerbohm Tree thinks there is the making of a great actress in her, although she enters the profession somewhat late. Before her marriage to the chamberlain to the King of Bavaria she was Miss Riddle, of Erie, Pennsylvania.

The only living lineal descendant of Confucius is expected to be one of the star attractions at this year's centennial jubilee of the University of Berlin. The proposal to have him represent China at the jubilee emanates from the Chinese minister at Berlin, General Yinch'ang, who is trying to induce the Peking government to act on his suggestion. The present-day representative of the Confucius family, like his predecessors, has the title and rank of duke and enjoys all the honors of royalty.

Maye—Which would you rather marry, a rich bachelor or a rich widower? Joy—The widower. He will have learned to give up without a struggle.—*Cleveland Leader.*

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—I asked your father's consent by tele-  
phone. She—What did he say? He—He  
said, "I don't know who you are, but it's  
all right."—Homic Life.

Teacher—Jimmy, you look very pale this  
morning. Are you ill? Jimmy—No, ma'am.  
Ma washed my face this morning herself.—  
Woman's Home Companion.

Frugal North Briton (in his first experi-  
ence of a taxi)—Here, mon, stop! I have  
a weak heart. I canna stand that hang't wee  
machine o' yours markin' up thae tuppences.—  
Punch.

"What did you do in the army?" "Most  
of the time I was in charge of a squad of  
men." "On special duty?" "No—they were  
taking me to the guardhouse."—Cleveland  
Leader.

"What makes the trust magnate look so  
worried?" "He has just read that the Ameri-  
can farmer is very prosperous, and he feels  
that he must have overlooked something."—  
Houston Post.

Actor—I have been in your company now  
for two years, and I think it's time I had an  
increase in salary. Manager—All right, you  
can have the parts in which there is eating.—  
Fliegende Blätter.

"With all your wealth are you not afraid  
of the proletariat?" asked the deliver in  
sociological problems. "No, I aint," snapped  
Mrs. Newrich. "We boil all our drinkin'  
water."—Philadelphia Record.

First Boy—Where yer goin' in such a rush?  
Second Boy (on the rim)—Fire alarm! First  
Boy—Where? Second Boy—Boss said he'd  
fire me if I wasn't back from his errand in  
ten minutes.—Boston Transcript.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple, after  
viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my  
dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There  
aint a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker  
wouldn't be pleased to 'andle.—Punch.

Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara,  
that I had two offers of marriage last week?  
Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted,  
dear! Then the report is really true that  
your uncle left you his money?—Pick-Me-Up.

Hewitt—It took the suffragette parade three  
hours to pass a given point. Jewett—Were  
there many women in line? Hewitt—Not so  
very many, but they had to halt every time  
they approached a dry goods store.—Chicago  
News.

"I am a poor man." "When we are mar-  
ried I can learn to cook." "Hadin't you—  
—better begin practicing," suggested the  
thrifty suitor, "while your father is yet sup-  
plying the raw material, so to speak?"—Stray  
Stories.

Mother—Do you think that young man has  
matrimonial intentions, my dear? Daughter—  
I certainly do, mama. He tried to convince  
me last night that I looked prettier in that  
two-guinea hat than in the three-guinea one.  
—Scraps.

"You say you have quit smoking?" "Yep,  
never going to smoke again." "Then why  
don't you throw away those cigars?" "Never.  
I threw away a box of good cigars the last  
time I quit smoking and it taught me a  
lesson."—Houston Post.

"So there is to be a divorce," said the  
woman who discusses everybody. "It seems  
but a little while since he asked for her  
hand." "Yes," replied the rude man. "He  
got the hand all right. But it turned out to  
be a misdeal."—Washington Star.

Murphy—Poor O'Reilly is dead. And a  
good old soul he was. Casey—Yis, and a  
thoughtful wan, too. Sure, before he died  
he called all his creditors to him and told  
them where they could borrow enough to cover  
what he owed them.—Brooklyn Life.

Customer—My wife told me to stop in and  
buy her a bathing suit. What are your prices  
and sizes? Dealer—We have a very nice  
one here that I'm sure she will like. A fifty-  
dollar bill will just cover it. Customer—That  
is just about the size she wants. How much  
is it?—Springfield Union.

"I think I have made a speech that will  
echo down the corridors of time," said the  
self-confident statesman. "Yes," replied his  
colleague, "it will attract the same sort of  
attention in the corridors of time that a man  
singing off the key at two a. m. attracts in  
an apartment house."—Washington Star.

"I don't like these women who gossip  
about others, do you?" "I should say not.  
Now, there's Mrs. Green. She's always tell-  
ing mean things about her neighbors. And  
Mrs. Hunter talks perfectly dreadful about  
her friends. Thank goodness, I never say  
anything about anybody!"—Stray Stories.

Casual Acquaintance—So you were always  
opposed to cigars? But one never knows  
what these husbands do once they are out  
of your sight. I wouldn't be surprised if your  
husband was smoking now. Young Woman  
(in horrified tones)—Oh, don't suggest such

a thing! Casual Acquaintance—Why not?  
Young Woman—Because—because—my—my  
—husband's dead!—Baltimore American.

"Oh, doctor, my husband must be real sick!  
He has just had his sixth stein of beer, and  
the fever is as great as ever!"—Simplicissi-  
mus.

"Why are you so sad?" "My wife has been  
ordered to the country for three months." "I  
understand." "No you don't; she won't go."  
—Fliegende Blätter.

"He seems to be cheerful." "He is. He  
found a dollar in an old suit of clothes yes-  
terday morning, and now he thinks his luck  
has turned."—Detroit Free Press.

"So your wife wants to vote?" "Not ex-  
actly," replied Mr. Meekton. "She wants the  
opportunity of voting if she wishes. Then  
she will do as she likes about it."—Washing-  
ton Star.

Editor—Have you got that poem on the  
political situation ready yet? Distracted  
Tame Poet—Not quite, yet. But I've got the  
rhymes fixed, and I've only got to fill in the  
lines.—Scraps.

Gunner—You can't get the best of those  
railway porters who hang your things about.  
I labeled my trunks "China," and thought they  
would handle them with unusual care. Guyer  
—And did they? Gunner—No; but blamed

if they didn't ship 'em all the way to Shan-  
hai, and I haven't seen 'em since.—Tit-Bit

Barber—Do you shave yourself? Knick-  
—Yes, and talk to myself, too.—New York  
Sun.

First Child—We've got a new baby at our  
house. Second Child (contemptuously)—  
We've got a new pa at ours.—Presbyterian  
Standard.

Po—But, young man, do you think you can  
make my little girl happy? Suitor—Do I  
Say, I wish you could 'a seen her when  
proposed!—Cleveland Leader.

A—When I was in the East I met with  
many heggung dervishes. B—I thought the  
called them hawling dervishes. A—That  
what they become when you don't give the  
anything.—Meggendorfer Blätter.

"So your wife is a suffragette?" "Yes," an-  
swered Mr. Meekton. "Why does she want  
to vote?" "I don't think Henrietta really dis-  
sires to vote. She's merely tired of talkin'  
to me. She wants a larger and more intelli-  
gent audience."—Washington Star.

Suitor—I suppose your father is altogether  
taken up with business? Her Little Brother  
—Yes, dad thinks of nothing else. That mu-  
have been why ma said to sister last night  
that if you meant business it was about time  
you talked to papa.—Brooklyn Life.

# HUNTER

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Conboy Case.

The conviction of Conboy for manslaughter is one of those curious inconsistencies into which juries are apt to be led by sentiment or prejudice. The criminal law assumes that a man intends the natural results of his actions, and Conboy therefore intended to kill the unlucky man at whom he deliberately fired and whom he did actually kill. The law takes no cognizance of drunkenness as an extenuating factor, although juries persist in doing so, and this was undoubtedly the consideration that led to the disagreement of the jury in the first trial and this unsatisfactory verdict in the second. The finding should have been one of murder, and then if there were any extenuating circumstances they would have formed proper ground for an appeal to the mercy of the governor.

But with all possible inclination toward leniency it is hard to find a reasonable basis for it. This is the second murderous outrage committed by the convicted

officer, and it reflects little credit upon the police system that a second opportunity was allowed to occur. Even if it be admitted—which it can not be—that intoxication may furnish some sort of palliation in the case of ordinary people such a plea falls to the ground in the case of a police officer, who has peculiar responsibilities toward the public and is specially pledged to its protection. Conboy had been an officer for many years and was therefore entitled to carry firearms on the presumption of experience in their use, knowledge of their effect, and reliability of character. Whatever may be said for the average man who in a moment of intoxication uses an unfamiliar weapon with fatal effect it can not be said of Conboy. Drunkenness, indeed, seems almost to aggravate the offense of a man on whom lie such special obligations of sobriety and discretion. It is therefore unfortunate that there should be one more precedent in support of the mischievous theory that a man may escape any part of the proper penalty for one offense by proving that he has committed also another.

### The Vatican Incident.

The Vatican authorities are rarely at fault in matters of diplomacy, but in the encounter with Mr. Roosevelt they have certainly allowed themselves to get into a false position. They evidently thought that the initiative of publicity would lie with them and that the supposed privacy of the communications would justify a certain freedom of utterance. By this time they have doubtless a better insight into the adroitness of Mr. Roosevelt's mind, and perhaps even into a political situation where popular sentiment weighs heavily. It may be said at once that Mr. Roosevelt acted in the only possible way when he refused to allow himself to be laid under restraint of action. Evidently he had no intention to visit the Methodists or any other religious organization, but to ask from him a guaranty that he would or would not follow a certain course in relation to his personal movements was sheer presumption and impertinence. Whatever stake might have depended upon it, he had no option but to declare himself free to go where he pleased and to associate with whom he pleased, and the Vatican authorities might easily have foreseen what actually happened. To say the least of it, the attempt at coercion was a clumsy one, while the references to Mr. Fairbanks were peculiarly infelicitous. They sounded like a warning to Mr. Roosevelt to beware of the fate that had fallen upon his predecessor.

The same tact that prevails in private life would have saved the situation. An invitation that has been given or accepted can always be canceled with courtesy by either side if some intervening event should make it desirable to do so. The Pope has a right to receive whom he wishes, and only whom he wishes, and it would have been easy to say if necessary that unforeseen occurrences had rendered the interview no longer possible. But to make the cancellation of the arrangement a conditional one was a clumsy procedure in which we may recognize the fine Spanish hand of Cardinal Merry del Val. It may be remembered that the cardinal's father was once Spanish ambassador to the Vatican, and his anti-American sentiments are a matter of notoriety. In spite of a certain cosmopolitan air, the cardinal is typically Spanish, and in this fact we may find a key to his treatment of both Mr. Fairbanks and Mr. Roosevelt.

The incident has no religious significance and may as well be forgotten, as Mr. Roosevelt suggests—to which end he hastens to give it all the publicity in his power. The Methodists are regarded by the Vatican as responsible for a series of personal affronts offered to the Pope, and in this respect they stand alone. Mr. Roosevelt would have been free to visit any of the other denominations without offense to the Vatican, but association with the Methodists is regarded as a

participation in their methods of personal attack and is resented accordingly. It is unfortunate that the meeting of two interesting personalities should have been rendered impossible by a lack of tact, but Mr. Roosevelt's course will certainly meet with approval among his own people, and no one is better aware of this than himself. Indeed, the incident is but another illustration of the luck that always seems to attend Mr. Roosevelt, a luck that is steered by a remarkable tactical prescience.

### The Pittsburg Scandal.

The graft scandal at Pittsburg is still so far undeveloped that it is impossible to apportion the guilt between the bribe givers and the bribe takers. The report of the grand jury sets forth that a large sum of money—over a hundred thousand dollars—was paid jointly by six banks for the privilege of being the depositaries of the city's money. The recipients of this sum were the councilmen who constituted the finance committee, and they seem to have acted with a certain amount of concerted calculation, seeing that a portion of the bribe fund was set aside for the corruption of two of the city clerks whose connivance was essential, another portion for a defense fund in case of exposure, and still another portion for the quieting of any newspaper reporters who might become unduly inquisitive. Judging from present appearances it is not likely that the defense fund will prove nearly adequate, while the activity of the newspapers might lead to the supposition that the press fund was a failure. The final exposure came through one of those unforeseen accidents that are usually found to intervene between crime and its success. One of the minor parties in the affair fell under suspicion, his nerve failed him, and he made a full confession. Some other weak links in the chain broke under tension, and there is reason to believe that every detail of the plot is now well known to the authorities, who seem inclined to keep their own counsel until they are ready to make a full presentation. In the meantime they ask for suspension of judgment in the case of the banks, and they even go so far as to vouch for their solvency, although the city's money, amounting to nearly four million dollars, is to be withdrawn gradually and placed elsewhere. If the exposure had come a few weeks later there would have been several million dollars more on deposit.

The request for suspension of judgment has more than one obvious meaning. In the first place, it is not known whether the banks offered the bribe or whether they paid it under threat of losing business to which they were fairly entitled. The citizen who gives up his purse to the highwayman may be guilty of a certain lack of courage, but he is not usually held as *particeps criminis*, and a good deal depends on whether the banks initiated a scheme to corrupt the councilmen or whether they were victims of a black-mailing plot. Secondly, it has to be shown whether the directors of the banks were aware of the method used to obtain business or whether certain department chiefs acted upon their own responsibility in paying the money. The report of the grand jury suggests that this is an open question, and one that can not be answered without the inquiry that is now in progress.

It is at least evident that there is to be no immunity. The grand jury and the district attorney do no more than recommend the trial court to exercise its leniency toward those who have confessed or who may confess in the future. There is no suggestion of exemption from punishment, no bargains between law officers and criminals, no partnership between judges and prisoner, none of the unsavory atmosphere in which our own graft cases were plunged from the beginning. There is every sign that Pittsburg intends to go about her task of civic purification in the right way and by the ordinary and all-sufficient processes of law. If the San Francisco prosecutors had been content to do



same thing, to keep clear of chicanery, jugglery, and knavishness, they would have had an abundant success instead of a grotesque fiasco to their credit. The *Argonaut* looks to Pittsburg with some confidence for a justification of its resistance to illegality and to the importation of private malice and vengeance into proceedings that should have been dignified and orderly. The Eastern city has already obtained a marked success by methods that are as aboveboard and open as those of the San Francisco prosecutors were clandestine and illegal. Pittsburg has only to continue on the same lines to rid herself of the incubus of civic graft.

This is by no means the only lesson that is to be drawn from the scandals of which Pittsburg furnishes the latest illustration. It is strange that these repeated exposures of civic incapacity, of the lack of even the common decencies of fair play, have no effect upon the municipal ownership people. After making all allowance for good intention these worthies seem to be wholly incapable of drawing an inference from plain facts or reasoning from incontrovertible experience. It would be easy to find examples all over the country, but those furnished by Pittsburg are enough. Here are a number of elected councilmen who are assigned to essential civic duties and who not only betray the people who elected them, but play the part of common thieves and highwaymen. Having shamelessly misused the powers given to them, we are told that the remedy is to be found in giving them still more powers. Having shown that they are incapable of managing the city's tax money without resorting to plunder and blackmail, the amazing lesson is drawn that everything would be all right if they were only intrusted also with the transportation, lighting, and water systems. The merchant who knew that his clerk was stealing the postage stamps and who then deliberately gave him the cash to keep would be rightly judged as unfit for his position, but this seems very like the policy of the municipal ownership people, who argue that the remedy for the robbery of our cities is to quadruple the amount of the possible plunder. To imagine what municipal ownership would mean in Pittsburg we have only to suppose these same councilmen in charge of the finances of the street railroads, the water system, and the gas system. It is hardly necessary to say that there would be a carnival of extortion and theft that would baffle description, but this is actually the amazing remedy of municipal ownership, advocated with a constantly louder voice. It is justifiable to believe that much of this counsel comes from those who are animated by the same reasons as Judas Iscariot when he asked for contributions for the poor. He "carried the bag."

#### The Canadian Agreement.

No one seriously believed that there would be a tariff war between the United States and Canada. Tariffs themselves are a sufficiently burdensome necessity, but a tariff war would prove a lack of good sense and good intention on one side or the other. Fortunately the Canadian delegates to Washington came with the full intention to settle the problem, and as their dealings were directly with President Taft the negotiations were lubricated at every point and resulted in mutual satisfaction. There is much to be said against the principle of making the President the arbiter as to whether discrimination against the United States is or is not "undue," but Mr. Taft's character is a guaranty of intelligence and good intent in relation not only to the interests of his own country, but the treaty obligations of others.

Canada has a trade treaty with France that makes it impossible for her to extend to the United States her minimum rates upon all classes of imports. But there were several items in Canada's maximum tariff which were not necessarily covered by the French treaty, and Canada showed that she was willing to do all that she could within the limits of her agreement with France. She gave way on thirteen items of American production, and this concession proved satisfactory to Mr. Taft, who frankly recognized that Canada ought not to be penalized for the trade arrangements that she made with another country before the Payne law had been formulated. In addition to this Mr. Taft received assurances that the Dominion will not prohibit the exportation of pulp wood or wood pulp, and there were mutual promises of good treatment in the use of canals and waterways and of cooperation in the making of trade arrangements for the future. The undertakings were so informal and personal that there will be no need to bring the matter before the Canadian

Parliament, and so we may congratulate ourselves upon an understanding that is creditable to civilization and that may easily prove to be more binding and more productive of good-will than the most formal of treaties.

Canada is the last of the important countries to come into line under the minimum and maximum clauses of the Payne tariff. These clauses have threatened danger more than once, but thanks to the good will and good sense of both the American and Canadian authorities there are now no more complications in sight.

#### The Bad Luck of the League.

The Lincoln-Roosevelt League is said to be seriously perturbed by the lack of enthusiasm so noticeable at Mr. Johnson's meetings. At San Jose the audience was pitifully small, and at no point upon the route has there been anything approaching a triumphal progress. With the primary still four months away, there is time and to spare for the fizzle in which this particular candidacy is likely to end.

The apathy displayed toward Mr. Johnson is easily explicable upon two grounds. First and foremost, the average elector has no confidence in the Lincoln-Roosevelt League. It has done nearly all the things that brought the graft prosecutors into public contempt, and, indeed, the resemblance between the two organizations is a marked one. Starting out with a flourish of moral trumpets, with impudent claims to be the sole patentees of political decency, it showed at once that it was prepared to use all the arts of chicane that it was supposed to overthrow. Loudly proclaiming the death of the convention system, it was the one organization that resorted to a convention. Not one of the old methods was omitted, and several new and particularly objectionable ones were added, such as a secrecy that was intended to be profound, but that was not quite profound enough to stifle the sounds of perpetual quarrels. It would be hard to imagine anything more laughable than the spectacle of half a dozen gentlemen, most of them with personal grievances, meeting in discordant privacy to dictate the electoral affairs of the State and taking this burden upon themselves without the flimsiest pretense of representative character. If this is actually the alternative to the old elected convention, we seem to have jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire.

It is hardly less remarkable that Mr. Johnson personally should prove unacceptable to the voters, who would naturally prefer some man for the governorship who knows his own opinions without having to wait for his brief. Mr. Johnson as a criminal lawyer has been a success, but it is precisely the qualities that have made him a success that are undesirable in the governor's chair. Mr. Johnson can argue with equal ability upon either side of any question so long as his clerk tells him in good time for which party he is retained. He is equally at home in the prosecution of the criminal or in his defense, and he finds no inconsistency in assailing Ruef on one day and defending Ridder on the next. And if his fee is not large enough he says so frankly in open court, as in the Conboy case, and effects a more or less graceful withdrawal. These things are not discreditable to the attorney. They may belong to the ethics of his profession, but the voter may be pardoned if he wishes to keep hired advocacy in its proper and even honorable place and to exclude it from the highest position in the gift of the State.

#### Another School Quarrel.

Another very pretty squabble has broken out among the educational authorities of the city. The teachers, or a large number of them, object to teaching drawing, and they have said so in unqualified terms. They describe the duty as an "incubus" and a "bugbear," as all duties must be to those who are unqualified to perform them. It is not to their discredit that they are unqualified. Drawing is not to be learned like the multiplication table, and to regard the ordinary normal school course as sufficient to produce a drawing teacher is a naked absurdity.

The testimony of Mr. Goddard Gale seems to be conclusive. He says that the pupils who come to him after eight years' drawing instruction in the grammar schools know nothing at all and must begin at the beginning. Professor Judson of the California University says practically the same thing, and this seems to settle the matter. A prodigious quantity of time is wasted in an unsuccessful effort to teach something that ought not to be taught at all in the grammar

schools and that will never be needed by 99 per cent of the children. It is a part of the fatuous theory that supposes a child to be fully clothed because it has rings on its fingers and pink ribbons in its hair.

These periodical disputes are valuable in that they will eventually draw the public attention to the fad-dists and the theorists who now dominate the schools. Under their guidance the schools have lost nearly all relation to the serious business of life, and the children are sent forth wholly unequipped with necessities and overburdened with superfluities. When we find that grammar school children, or even high school children, are able to spell and cipher, to read intelligently and write plainly and neatly, we may look with more patience upon the frills and the fancies that take up so much of the school time, but it would be hard to imagine anything more objectionable from the educational point of view than the modern product of the grammar school, who knows nothing useful and nothing well.

#### The House of Lords.

Confusion grows worse confounded in the domain of English politics. Lord Rosebery has once more shown himself a master in the art of creating perplexities and withdrawing gracefully by the back door as soon as the situation grows acute, and while it is now evident that the House of Lords is to be reformed we are still in the dark as to whether these august legislators are to reform themselves or whether it is to be done by the lower house and at the point of the bayonet.

Lord Rosebery was counted as among the sturdiest opponents of the Liberal government at the last election. He detested the budget as socialistic, and presumably he applauded the Lords for rejecting it. Nevertheless he has now become the sponsor for a set of resolutions which he has persuaded the upper house to accept and which entirely abolishes the hereditary principle and substitutes an electoral process in its place. It is true that more than half the House stayed away, but the resolutions were none the less passed. It is equally true that a resolution is only a resolution and carries with it nothing more than a moral weight, but none the less the House of Lords has placed itself upon record as opposed to the hereditary principle in legislation, a feat that would have been scouted as impossible a few months ago. The hereditary principle, said Lord Rosebery, lay at the root of all the trouble. No matter how great the inherited wisdom, it would be of no account in the popular mind so long as the vicious principle was to the fore. Even though a house were composed of "Shakespeares, Bacons, Newtons, and Burkes" the objection would remain just as acute as it is today. So the House of Lords must no longer be accounted as among the champions of the hereditary principle. It has voted against that principle as applied to itself by a reasonable majority.

But this, it seems, is not all what the Commons want and the ministerial organs have been quick to array themselves in opposition. The prime minister and his satellites do not want to see the House of Lords strengthened by this sort of reform. They do not wish to see the Peers made respectable by elective methods, but would rather have them remain disreputable and then cut away their power to do very much mischief. A second chamber, they argue, must necessarily be conservative unless it is elected by a popular vote, and in this case why have a second chamber at all if the same machinery is used at the same time for the election of both? A House of Lords elected by county councils, as Lord Rosebery suggests, would inevitably be conservative, probably overwhelmingly so. It would therefore be just as great a menace to liberal legislation as under the present system, while its representative character would save it from the bullying process which has always been more or less effective. Moreover, the election of peers would mean that they could no longer be created, and the threat of swamping opposition by a wholesale creation of peers would forever be a thing of the past. Lord Rosebery's plan, therefore, would leave the Peers much stronger than they are now and just as mischievous. They would be stronger because they could point to their elective character, and they would be just as mischievous because they would be just as conservative. Moreover, they would be out of reach of the threats to which they are now accustomed to succumb at the eleventh hour.

The Liberal government is therefore posing as the defender of the hereditary principle against the attack of the hereditary legislators. Mr. Asquith's resolutions that have been presented to the House of Com-



utions are careful to preserve the present composition of the upper chamber while denying to it all right to interfere with money bills and limiting its power of veto upon other measures to a single session of Parliament. It is not likely that the Lords will tolerate these suggestions. They are willing to base their legislative powers upon the elective principle, but they demand that their present measure of authority must accompany such a concession to political virtue. The liberals, on the other hand, do not intend that the Lords shall have any effective power at all, whether they are elected or not.

That the House of Commons should be unwilling to see the extinction of the hereditary principle may be something to the weaknesses of human nature. There are very few cases upon record where a seat in that much abused chamber has been refused. Mr. Gladstone, and a few such as he, rightly believed that a merely titular dignity could be anything but a discent, but the average member of the House of Commons looks forward to a day when his merits, never in doubt to himself, shall be recognized by a grateful country and when his transfer to the House of Lords shall be the mark of national gratitude. Many eminent radicals have gone there in the past to the detriment of their eminent radicalism, and there are many other eminent radicals who hope that they may one day have an opportunity to succumb to temptation. The House of Lords is an admirable institution to use, but not to destroy, and so it may yet run the untried safely between its friends who would destroy and its enemies who would preserve it.

The Fish Trust.

A few weeks ago there was a public inquiry as to the doings of the fish trust in San Francisco. A large amount of evidence was collected and more or less factually sifted from the accompanying perjury, and it was shown clearly enough that tons of fish were being destroyed in order that fancy prices might be maintained. The *Argonaut* was not enthusiastic about the inquiry, as all the facts have been notorious for years, and it was still less enthusiastic at a report which placed the chief blame upon a few shrinking Chinamen who have neither friends nor votes. Now it seems at the same thing is being done at Sacramento, and the city is actually required to pay for the destruction of fish that dealers refuse either to sell or to give away. The city street superintendent says that on one day no less than 4500 pounds of fish were taken to the emporium. The fish trust, he says, seems to be in a position to do as it pleases with prices and supply. It is the same in Sacramento as it is in San Francisco. The independent fisherman goes on the water at the peril of his life, and river and ocean alike are regarded as the private preserve of a number of foreign fishermen.

Vice and Its Profits

A correspondent whose letter appears elsewhere is inclined to question the emphatic opinion of the *Argonaut* that the "open town" hurts business. Hating vice as much as any one, he feels that there is something to be said for the deplorably common opinion that the money spent in red-light districts, in bagnios, saloons, and dance halls reacts in some way to the benefit of the city and therefore that the vicious town is likely also to be the prosperous town. There is, of course, no evident answer. No matter what the material advantage, there can be no compensation for vice. There can be no way to make it tolerable. There can be no adequate return for the widespread degeneration that accompanies it.

But even from the most material point of view there is nothing to be said for the contention that depravity and prosperity go hand in hand. The argument is very similar to the plea that used to be advanced in defense of the Civil War, that it stimulated trade and gave employment to thousands in the manufacture of military munitions and in the subsequent repair of devastations. But soon became evident that wealth could never result from destruction, and that the nation engaging in war was the poorer by precisely the extent of that destruction.

A city is the poorer and not the richer by the support and encouragement that it gives to vice. If it is the advantage of San Francisco that a certain number of acres of its downtown districts shall be given over to unspeakable things, why not double the advantage by doubling the area? Indeed, why limit it at all? Why not throw off all restrictions of every kind?

The argument of course refutes itself. It will not bear a moment's examination. Every cent that is spent in Mr. McCarthy's "Paris of America" is drawn from commerce and from labor, and the channels of legitimate trade are correspondingly depleted. There is less money for the stores, less money for the wages of labor, less money for improvements and extensions. To a large extent the wealth that is spent in debauchery is as effectually destroyed as though it were fired from a cannon or consumed in a fire, and this is so obvious an economic fact that its restatement should hardly be necessary. The newly opened district in San Francisco is a direct drain upon the resources of the city, and every man and woman in San Francisco will be financially the poorer for it. The moral contamination is of course far greater.

The Late George H. Williams.

Oregon loses her most interesting personality in the death of George H. Williams, which occurred on Monday of this week. Judge Williams's career—not merely the length of his years, but the term of his public life—spanned the period in which Oregon has been transformed from an isolated and unpeopled wilderness into an important and progressive modern State. He came to the then Territory of Oregon fifty-seven years ago under appointment as supreme judge of the Territorial court. His talents were large for that day, or any day, and he fell naturally into place among the leading figures in the political life of the country. In 1859, as a member of the Oregon State Constitutional Convention and chairman of its judiciary committee, he had an important part—perhaps the leading part—in the creation of the Oregon State constitution. It was a work so well done that it still serves the people of Oregon, despite the fact that times and conditions have so tremendously changed.

In 1864 Judge Williams's national career began in an election to the United States Senate. He at once took an effective place in the work of national legislation, so effective indeed as to become a foremost figure in the great business of reconstruction which followed the termination of the Civil War. In 1871 he was made a member of the Joint High Commission which framed the treaty between the United States and Great Britain in settlement of the *Alabama* claims and in adjustment of a long sustained boundary dispute between the United States and British Columbia. In 1872 Judge Williams became a member of President Grant's Cabinet as Attorney-General, holding that post for three years, during which the issues growing out of readjustment in the South were in their most critical stage. In 1874, while serving as Attorney-General, Judge Williams was nominated by President Grant to be Chief Justice of the United States, a post which he was eminently qualified to fill. The contentions aroused by this appointment, with the ultimate withdrawal of Judge Williams's name at his own request, are points of familiar history.

Judge Williams returned to his Oregon home at the termination of his service at Washington, where now for a period of nearly thirty years he has stood as a supremely respected and honored figure. His unofficial title—the Grand Old Man of Oregon—was well earned and well sustained. In public affairs, in social life, and as a lawyer he has held the highest rank always. At a time of special need for personal dignity and moral prestige, and despite his advanced years, Judge Williams was elected mayor of Portland in 1904. His death at the ripe age of eighty-seven removes not only a great citizen of an American State, but also one of the conspicuous landmarks of that historic time which included and followed the period of the Civil War.

Editorial Notes.

The announcement that the Hon. James W. Lowther has again been elected Speaker of the House of Commons emphasizes the difference between the English Speakership and our own. Mr. Lowther is an ultra conservative and a protectionist of the country squire type, but he was unanimously chosen by the last House and by the present one, although both were overwhelmingly radical and held in abhorrence practically the whole of Mr. Lowther's political creed. The Speaker of the House of Commons is chosen first of all for his character, and secondly for his knowledge of parliamentary law, and while the duty of his proposal depends upon the majority leader it is almost a point of honor to nominate some one who shall be equally acceptable to the other side and who may therefore be elected by an unanimous vote. The English Speaker has no par-

tisan functions whatever. His sole duty is to administer the rules impartially, and although he is elected to the House by some constituency in the ordinary way his election is either uncontested or he holds himself aloof from a party fray. The Speaker of the House of Commons still holds himself rigidly to the ideal laid down by Speaker Lenthall of the Long Parliament, who when asked by Charles I where the five accused members had hidden themselves replied: "May it please your majesty, I have neither eyes to see nor ears to hear but at the will of this House, whose servant I am." It was a memorable answer, indeed the only memorable thing Speaker Lenthall ever did, but it has served as a model for a quarter of a century.

That the Committee on Rules should fall into the hands of Mr. Cannon's friends in spite of the action of the House in excluding the Speaker himself from the committee, is no evidence that the liberating effort of a few weeks ago has been a failure. It is true enough that the House might have made a better choice, but the fact remains that the choice was made by the House itself, and not by the Speaker, and that the principle has now been established that the power lies on the floor and not in the chair. The use of that power may not yet be the best possible, but the establishment of the principle is no small gain.

The sale of 55,000 acres of the Philippine sugar lands to one individual seems to need a little looking into. The act of 1902 forbids any one person to hold more than forty acres of the public domain, and the land now disposed of belongs unquestionably to the public domain, seeing that it is a part of the friars' lands acquired in 1902 and specifically constituting "a part and portion of the public property of the government of the Philippine Islands." The contention of the Washington authorities that the public domain is not the same thing as the public property is a strain upon the obvious meaning of the language and is especially serious when we remember that this particular cession is in direct contravention to the expressed national policy of preserving the Philippines for the use of their own people. Moreover, it was stated again and again when the friars' lands were acquired that they were to be cut up into small holdings and to be used in no other way. The individual to whom these 55,000 acres have been sold is of course a representative of the sugar trust, which has now planted its foot firmly within the islands and is on its way to become a permanent and a dominant interest therein.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"The Paris of America."

OAKLAND, CAL., April 3, 1910.  
EDITOR ARGONAUT: The article on "The Paris of America" that appeared in your last issue must be read with approval by every one who wishes to live in a clean city and to be spared the sights and sounds of licensed licentiousness. But the considerations of morality and business seem to be very different propositions, and you will not find many nowadays to agree with you when you say that "immorality is distinctly bad business." Is it "bad business" from the material point of view when money is persuaded to circulate even in the most reprehensible ways? It seems to me that if people could be persuaded that they are distinctly the losers by open-town politics we should not bear much more of them, but at the present time there are a good many citizens whose natural inclinations are toward decency, but who are persuaded to look the other way for the sake of the general gain.

JAMES ANKELL.

There are all kinds of negroes in the West Indies, from the voodoo worshippers of the interior of Haiti and San Domingo to the cultured, highly polished, ever hospitable college graduates of the English and French islands. The average American traveler compares the negroes and men of color in the islands with those he is familiar with in his own country, and he is almost invariably surprised at the difference. Laughter, unprovoked mirth, and an utterly happy-go-lucky disposition is characteristic of the American negro of the South, but as a rule the natives of the West Indies take themselves much more seriously. They are exceedingly voluble when aroused, but the chattering gayety is lacking. The nearest approach to the American style of negro is among the coal-passers of St. Lucia, who, as they wind in and out from the coal piles to the ship, maintain an incessant flow of banter and chaff.

To the question, "How old are the Niagara Falls?" geologists have returned replies varying by tens of thousands of years. At first it was estimated that the Niagara River came into existence through changes in the level of the land around the Great Lakes, about 55,000 years ago. Later this was reduced to only 12,000 years. Lyell increased the estimate again to 35,000 years, and still later other scientists lowered it to about 9000 years. At one period, many thousands of years ago, the height of the falls was 420 feet.



## CURRENT TOPICS.

Massachusetts seems to have no difficulty in accounting for the success of Mr. Foss in the Fourteenth District and the defeat of the Republican candidate. The *Boston Globe* points to the election as showing that the insurgent movement has hundreds of thousands of voters outside of Congress:

The effacement of party lines which took place yesterday in the Fourteenth District is not local. It is national. Wise statesmen will not overlook that fact. Mr. Foss saw it written in large type, and took advantage of it. Therefore he won. He deserved to win, on account of his sincerity as well as his strategy.

The *Boston Herald* also draws attention to the insurgent movement and sees nothing wonderful in the success of Mr. Foss:

The result, startling as it may be to those who wilfully or carelessly have ignored the very evident signs of the times, is only the natural working out of causes which have been contributed by the leadership of the Republican party in Congress.

The *Boston Post* says that the voice of the Fourteenth District is the voice of Massachusetts. She is weary of "professions that have produced few results":

She is disgusted with a tariff law that is still in the interests of monopolies and overgrown "infant industries"; that she demands relief from high prices on foodstuffs, beef in particular, which could be easily brought about by a few simple changes in customs clauses, and that, finally, she wholly distrusts the party in power and would gladly see it turned out as soon as possible. Like "Truthful James," she may say, "Which is why I remark, and my language is plain."

The *Boston Journal* says that if the Republican party is to live it must return to the service of the people:

It must learn, to quote from Judge Harris, "the difference between a schedule and a principle." And in this commonwealth the one pressing necessity is for new and progressive leadership. How long must that necessity be ignored?

The *Boston Advertiser* lays the whole burden upon high prices and says that the revolt against them is too deep and too widespread to be answered by pointing to what has happened in the past:

If the people are convinced, by next November, that the real hope of relief from high prices lies in the election of a Republican Congress, there will be a Republican victory all over the country. President Taft's pledge of still lower duties, wherever they are consistent with absolute protection to American labor, might have been a winning argument for the Republicans in the Fourteenth District; but the failure to use it left Mr. Foss's campaign apparently irresistible.

The *Hartford Courant* thinks that the admirers of revision work in Congress are entitled to all the comfort they can get from the election—"only a heart of stone could grudge it to them."

The *Boston Transcript* finds it hard to believe that the great hives of industry have repudiated the principle of protection and thinks the result might have been different if Mr. Foss's opponent had been a man of greater distinction.

Outside of Massachusetts the Eastern press generally looks upon the election as a warning. The *New York World* says that the issues of Aldrichism, Cannonism, and the tariff are not local, but national:

They have the same power to stir men's souls in Ohio and Kansas that they have in Massachusetts. After all its splendid victories for sixteen years, with all its prestige and its power and its magnificent organization, Republicanism is today fighting on the defensive.

The *New York Times* maintains that the significance of the election can not be clouded:

The first opportunity the Republican voters in Republican Massachusetts, and a stronghold of protection, have had to express their dissatisfaction with the Payne-Aldrich bill and the circumstances of its enactment, they have expressed it vigorously and unmistakably.

The *New York Evening Post* says that the President must now realize how the country feels about the tariff:

Rarely is the meaning of an election so clearly written on the face of the returns. Ten thousand men who in 1908 voted the Republican ticket voted, a year and a half later, for the Democratic candidate. More than that, they cast their ballots for a man who only recently deserted the Republican party because he could not stand the tariff iniquity. Mr. Foss made his campaign on the tariff and the high cost of living and let every voter in his district understand his attitude.

The *New York Mail* describes the returns as the most startling piece of political news since 1896. "So far as it is fairly significant of general conditions, it indicates a political revolution, a shifting of the balance almost beyond precedent."

The *Chicago Tribune* has now extended its poll of editors of Republican and independent newspapers on the tariff law to include New England and the Atlantic States. In New England it was found that 39 Republican editors were for the tariff and 184 against it. Of the independent editors, three were for the tariff and 57 against it, most of the affirmative votes coming from Rhode Island.

In the other Eastern States the vote was nearly the same. It was found that 142 Republican and 13 independent editors were in favor of the law and 406 Republican and 142 independent editors were against it. The result in a way is surprising, as it shows that New England feels more strongly against the tariff even than the West, which was supposed to be the stronghold of insurgency.

It is assumed that Mr. Pinchot's sudden departure for Europe was in response to an invitation from Mr. Roosevelt, who wished to be posted on the matter of the dispute with Mr. Ballinger and on politics in general. It may be so, but, on the other hand, there is no reason to believe that Mr. Pinchot was not acting upon his own initiative and under the common motive of getting his "blow in fust."

In this connection the *American Magazine* quotes a letter addressed by Mr. Roosevelt to Mr. Washington Dawson of

the Associated Press. The letter was written for the purpose of denying the authenticity of an interview that appeared in the *Journal of Paris*, and it seems to have a close bearing on the events of the moment. Its important clause is as follows:

Before leaving America, I announced that under no circumstances would I consciously hold any interview with a representative of a newspaper, and that under no circumstances would I talk on any question of politics with any one, whether a representative of a newspaper or not; and that any interview which might appear as purporting to come from me could be set down without further question as a deliberate and absolute fabrication. I wish to repeat this statement. After leaving Africa, I shall probably be for six weeks or two months in Europe. I shall have nothing to say of any kind or sort to any representative of the press during that time; and I shall have nothing to say on politics, or even remotely touching on politics, to any one, whether a representative of the press or not.

The last clause is much in the nature of a self-denying ordinance, but it would certainly apply to such interviews as those that are supposed to be taking place between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Pinchot.

The ship subsidy bill seems to have failed once more, and with each failure its chances of becoming a law are more remote. The immediate cause of the failure was the statement of Representative Stevenson that improper influences were at work on its behalf. The House ordered an inquiry and something definite may result, but that the influences invoked are improper ones in a broad sense is hardly open to denial. The demand for the subsidy came from those who are financially interested in the scheme, and practically from no others, but the patriotic note was always the one selected for popular appeal. It is perhaps fortunate for the Republican party that it has been saved from this further act of protection at a time when a governmental partnership with special interests is not in favor throughout the country. The ship subsidy bill was practically an extension of the tariff, and the subsidy people have been particularly keen to point this out. Other industries, they say, are protected, and why not ours? They would have shown a better policy to keep the identification of their scheme with the tariff in the background.

James W. Osborne's summing up of the case against Senator Allds of New York, who is charged with receiving a bribe, contains a spark of homely philosophy that is worth recording. It will be remembered that Senator Allds, although relatively a poor man, was unable to remember the source of various sums of money placed to his credit at the bank. Commenting upon this lapse of memory, Mr. Osborne said:

Now I want to tell you one of the things in this world a man never forgets. He never forgets his first love. Another thing he never forgets, a client that has paid him money. Take it from me, I can recollect every man in this world that ever paid me any money, because money is so eloquent, money is so impressive, money is so useful. You never forget the time the man handed you a thousand-dollar fee.

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Herald* believes that Statehood for Arizona and New Mexico will not pass the Senate. It is more than a probability that on becoming States the two Territories would send four Democratic senators to Congress. This, with possibilities of defeat for Republicans who must fight for reelection next fall, endangers the regular Republican control of the Senate. There is a present Republican strength in the Senate of fifty-nine. From this there must be taken eight "insurgent" Republicans who can not be controlled by the Republican leaders, Senators Aldrich and Crane. This leaves the regular Republican strength in the Senate only fifty-one. "Insurgent" Republicans have on big party questions voted with the Democrats. This adds their strength to the Democratic minority of thirty-three. Four Democrats from Arizona and Mexico would make this combined "insurgent"-Democratic strength forty-five. Four Republican senators lost to the Democrats in coming elections would place the Senate in the power of the Democrats and "insurgents." There are at least seven senatorial Republicans who must make a hard fight for reelection.

This is the reason that Statehood for the two remaining Territories outside of Alaska is likely to wait until Senator Aldrich and Senator Crane can keep the Senate lid on. There has been a tremendous bubbling, but up to this time the Statehood bill has not made further progress than a favorable report from the Committee on Territories.

Keeping the Statehood bill from passing the Senate is likely to be a harder job than passing the administration's railroad bill, and that is not an easy task. President Taft has been through the two Territories and pledged his support to Statehood. But President Taft had not then and has not now seen the mathematical demonstration of what may happen to the Senate. If he keeps on urging Statehood upon the Senate they will be laid before him.

Turkey's war minister has just ordered forks for the convenience of soldiers in barracks. The fork did not appear in Europe as a common table implement until the seventeenth century, though as early as the thirteenth century gold and silver ones were made for special purposes. The ordinary diner was only provided with a trencher, a napkin, and a spoon. For knife he used his own, which he carried about. There was no second trencher, no second spoon. When the several courses came along he exercised his ingenuity and mopped his trencher with his bread.

Ten years ago the immigration to the Argentine republic was almost exclusively Italian and Spanish. Today there are colonies of Russians near Bahia Blanca; 10,000 Poles are settled in Misiones, and 7000 Finns are arranging to be their neighbors. Bulgarians, Croats, Greeks, and Turks from Asia Minor are distributed in increasing streams by the immigration offices.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Rizzio's Song.

Lord Love went Maying  
Where Time was playing,  
In light hands weighing  
Light hearts with sad;  
Crowned king with peasant,  
Pale past with present,  
Harsh hours with pleasant,  
Good hopes with bad;  
Nor dreamed how fleetly  
Than Time's swift metre,  
O'er all things sweeter  
How clothed with power,  
The murderous maiden  
Mistrust walks laden  
With red fruit ruined and dead white flower.

How close behind him  
Ere man's faith find him,  
How strong to bind him  
With fears for bands,  
Lest once beholden  
Of man the golden  
God's face embolden  
All hearts and hands;  
For if doubt were not,  
Whose sore shafts spare not,  
Large life would care not  
For death's poor hour,  
Seeing all life's season  
By love's sweet reason  
Made wise would seem in his eyes a flower.

By Love's side flying  
As Time went crying  
Glad news and lying  
In all men's ears,  
With blind feet gliding  
She came deriding  
Their joyous tiding  
That ends in tears;  
From Time's side failing  
As Love sank quailing,  
Her strong winds sailing  
Made all heads cower,  
Her wings untethered,  
With fleet thoughts feathered,  
Made weak the summer and bleak the flower.

Hope found no cover  
Wherein to hover,  
And Love no lover,  
And Joy no place;  
Till when Time creeping  
Had left him sleeping,  
Love knelt down weeping  
Before her face,  
And prayed, soul-stricken,  
One flower might quicken,  
Though spring should sicken  
And storm devour;  
She from her bosom  
Flung one sere blossom,  
Then passed him dead on the last dead flower.

—Swinburn

## Dog's Epitaph.

Poor Irus' faithful old-dog here I lie,  
That wont to tend my wolf-blind master's steps,  
His guide and guard; nor, while my service lasted,  
Had he occasion for that staff, with which  
He now goes picking out his path in fear  
O'er the highways and crossings; but would plant,  
Safe in the conduct of my friendly string,  
A firm foot forward still, till he had reach'd  
His poor seat on some stone, nigh where the tide  
Of passers-by in thickest confluence flow'd:  
To whom with loud and passionate laments  
From morn to eve his dark estate he wail'd.  
Nor wail'd to all in vain: some here and there,  
The well disposed and good, their pennies gave.  
I meantime at his feet obsequious slept;  
Not all-asleep in sleep, but heart and ear  
Prick'd up at his least motion; to receive  
At his kind hand my customary crumbs,  
And common portion in his feast of scraps;  
Or when night warn'd us homeward, tired and spent  
With our long day and tedious beggary.  
These were my manners, this my way of life,  
Till age and slow disease me overtook,  
And sever'd from my sightless master's side.  
But lest the grace of so good deeds should die,  
Through tract of years in mute oblivion lost,  
This slender tomb of turf hath Irus reared,  
Cheap monument of no ungrudging hand,  
And with short verse inscribed it, to attest,  
In long and lasting union to attest,  
The virtues of the Beggar and his Dog.

—Vincent Bourne

## Evening.

The Moon is up, and yet it is not night—  
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea  
Of glory streams along the Alpine height  
Of blue Friuli's mountains; heaven is free  
From clouds, but of all colors seems to be,  
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,  
Where the day joins the past eternity;  
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest  
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
With her o'er half the lovely heaven hut still  
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains  
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhatian hill,  
As day and night contending were, until  
Nature reclaimed her order—gently flows  
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil  
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows.

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which from afar  
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,  
From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
Their magical variety diffuse;  
And now they change; a paler shadow strews  
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day  
Dies like a dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new color as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

—Byron

Among the clocks of Versailles is one of great interest historically, for it belonged to Marie Antoinette, hapless consort of Louis XVI. It is a musical clock.



## MEN, WOMEN, AND DIVORCE.

Piccadilly" Cites the Heterodox Opinions of the President of the English Divorce Court.

The English woman reformer has received a shock, and like Mount Etna she is in a state of eruption. A public inquiry into one of her own pet problems has produced an opinion from the highest source in direct conflict not only with her views, but with her most cherished convictions, with her absolute and most unqualified certainties. Small wonder that she should be in a state of seething indignation and that the red-hot lava of her protests should be the most conspicuous feature of the landscape.

The trouble arose over the question of divorce, although why divorce should be a woman's question more than a man's it is hard to understand, seeing that it takes two to make a divorce just the same as it takes two to make a quarrel. But women always adopt the question of divorce as one of their own hobbies. It is they who are the sufferers and it is they who agitate ceaselessly for a reform that shall be more in accord with human—that is to say their—rights.

So persistent have they been that the government has lately appointed a royal commission to inquire into the whole matter and to make a report. The government never does anything without a royal commission, and upon so delicate a matter as divorce it was thought advisable to appoint an archbishop and two women to participate in the inquiry. But once more, why an archbishop, who ought to know less about divorce than ordinary sinful people?

Now among the witnesses was Sir John Bigham, who is the president of the divorce court, for the delicate work of loosening the marriage knot is intrusted to a specially appointed judge. What Sir John Bigham does not know about divorce is not worth knowing, and it is commonly believed that some of the stories his lordship has heard *in camera*, or when he invites the parties into his own room, would bring a blush to the face of a polar bear. Naturally Sir John's evidence was anticipated with interest, for it never occurred to the women reformers that the eminent jurist would fail to show his enlightenment by agreeing with them.

But alas, what a fall was there! Sir John Bigham went over the points in dispute and pronounced his opinion with all the gravity becoming a *decree nisi*. First and foremost came the question of equal facilities for the rich and poor. Sir John thought that it was a pleasing sentiment and a good thing to talk about, like universal peace and the kingdom of heaven, but he really did not see how it was possible unless some way could be found to prevent rich people from buying better legal advice than poor people. "I agree," he said, "that everything ought to be done to make divorce as cheap as possible for the poor, but don't let us talk about quality."

But there was worse to come. Sir John had opinions on the "one standard of morality" theory that is the most treasured mental possession of the woman reformer. Let it be understood that the English law does not admit the "one standard" theory, and it is just upon this point that the women want the reform. An act of misconduct on the part of a married woman is a proper ground for divorce, but a married man may omit that same act and be in no danger of divorce unless he add to it the offense of cruelty, and cruelty in these cases usually has a certain narrow and technical meaning. How could there be a more glaring roof of inequality before the law or a more clamorous need for reform? Here at least the women felt sure that the president of the divorce court would be upon their side and that words of sweet assurance would certainly fall from his lips.

Not a bit of it. Sir John Bigham is incapable of slang or even of colloquialism, but what he said may be paraphrased by the words quite right, too. So far from denouncing the double standard, he upheld it. He seemed to think that it was a law of nature, and that inasmuch as nature imposes very different penalties upon the man and the woman it would become our courts to imitate nature in that respect and to make the way of the woman transgressor harder than that of the man. "I do not think," said Sir John Bigham, "that an act of unfaithfulness on the part of the man is anything like the same significance that it has on the part of the woman, and I think all men know it perfectly well. An act on the part of a man may be more or less accidental. An act—I am not talking of continuous misconduct or anything of that kind—on his part is not inconsistent with his continual esteem and love for his wife, whereas an act on the part of a woman is, in my opinion, quite inconsistent with the continual love and esteem of her husband."

Of course, repeated the judge, he did not refer to continuous misconduct on the part of the husband, which ought to be ground for divorce. He did not refer to cases where the husband's infidelity had been of such a nature as to inflict indignity upon the wife. That also ought to be actionable. He knew of cases where the erring husband had brought the other woman into the same house with his wife, and he could only regard such behavior as inexcusable and he would give the woman a divorce in such cases or wherever it could be shown that the man had kept up a double establishment, but he did not believe that the woman was entitled to a divorce because of a single act of infidelity on the part of the husband. On the other hand, he did believe that the husband was entitled to a

divorce for a single act of infidelity on the part of the wife.

It was all very distressing and very disconcerting. The lady members of the commission busied themselves with their notes, while the grim-faced judge went on his wild career and the archbishop looked as though he were trying to recall the memories of a well-spent youth in which temptation was invariably accompanied by successful resistance. Of course there will be other witnesses, who may do something to counteract the judicial opinion, but none the less it was a damaging blow, an uncomfortable confrontation with frigid facts.

And so the women's clubs are in an uproar. If Sir John Bigham could be skewered upon innumerable fourteen-inch hatpins it would be only a small part of his deserts. But there is absolutely no way in which he can be reached except by psychological treatment of the absent kind. Not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can move Sir John Bigham from the judicial bench, and the women may furiously rage together from now until doomsday and the learned judge will never even know it. If the law should be changed he will of course conform his judgments thereto, but it is hardly likely that the law will be changed by a Parliament that consists, so far, entirely of men, and of men who know that the judge spoke the words of truth and soberness, and that nature knew what she was about when she imposed special penalties upon the woman for even a single divergence from the straight and narrow path while she imposed practically no penalties upon the man.

Some legislation will of course result from the report of the royal commission. Divorce will be made easier for the poor. That at least is demanded by common justice and by expediency, but it is not likely that there will be any concession to the "one standard" theory—not at least unless nature shall show her acquiescence by changing her ways and by a removal of the curse pronounced upon the original Eve.

LONDON, March 15, 1910.

PICCADILLY.

In order to show the natives of India how far German manufactures are ahead of those of Great Britain and how much more cheaply they may be sold in the empire of India, the German government has just decided that not only are German manufacturers to be subsidized to enable them to exhibit, but at the expense of the government a whole section devoted solely to German exhibits of interest to India is to be organized at the Indian Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition, which is to be held at Allahabad in 1911. The German exhibit is to be made a link in the series of determined efforts on the part of Germany to beat England in the Eastern markets, as she has already done in Mexico and South America. The German commercial methods are, if anything, aggressive and up to date, and far superior to the English, for while British manufacturers endeavor to make their oversea customers buy what they manufacture, whether their products be the most suitable or not, special commercial experts attached to every German consulate abroad keep home manufacturers posted on what is specially needed in their locality, and German commercial travelers study the tastes and needs of the natives of every foreign country that offers a possible market. The great German steamship companies offer special low rates to distant countries where it is supposed German manufactures may find increasing sales, and two of the greatest subsidized German steamship companies, the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American section, are even now in more frequent communication with England's great Asiatic empire than is England herself. Altogether there is every reason to suppose that England will not easily forget the coming Allahabad fair, which for the first time will open the eyes of the natives, who hate her most heartily, to the advantage they will derive from commercial dealings with Germany instead of English manufacturers.

Lord Archibald Campbell has presented to the army museum in Paris a curious relic of Napoleon. This is the flag which the latter flew in the isle of Elba during his captivity there. The flag, which seems to have been entirely invented by Napoleon, although some say that it was in part suggested by that of Cosmo del Medici, a former sovereign of the island, is rather a strange standard. It is square, white and fringed with gold, bearing three gold bees and a diagonal scarlet stripe. The staff carries a white and scarlet scarf, having also three gold bees. Napoleon does not seem to have used the flag he invented elsewhere than in the isle of Elba, where he was a dethroned and captive monarch. In France, although bees were always his emblem, and were embroidered on his state robes, his standard was the tri-color.

Khartoum is a rather young city, having been founded in 1823 by Muhammed Ali, but it has known many fluctuations in prosperity during its short life. A population of 40,000 in 1859, it dropped in the '70s to 14,000, rose again to 70,000 before the Mahdi's revolt, and in 1901 was given as 20,000. Its Arabian name of "Elephant's Trunk" was suggested by the shape of the tongue of land on which it stands at the confluence of the two Niles. Since 1901 Khartoum has begun to attract European visitors by its salubrious climate, and, as the starting point for all travelers going inland by the Nile route, it is rapidly increasing in prosperity and importance.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Frederick O. Macmillan, head of the famous publishing house of Macmillan Company, has been knighted by King Edward VII.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University, recently celebrated the seventy-sixth anniversary of his birth at Cambridge.

Midshipman Herbert O. Roesch of the United States Naval Academy is now the holder of the greatest number of individual honors won in national rifle matches.

King Ferdinand and Queen Eleonore of Bulgaria recently visited Constantinople at the invitation of Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey. This is Ferdinand's first appearance in Turkey since his assumption of the title of king.

General R. S. S. Baden-Powell, whose "Boy Scouts" are causing so much interest just now, is a very clever artist, and has a fine collection of pictures which he has painted and drawn himself. Most of these are studies of South African life.

Elvira de Hidalgo, who is now appearing at the New York Metropolitan Opera House, is the youngest prima donna in the world. She is eighteen years old. Her mother is a marquise. The young woman has already had two years' operatic experience. She is a coloratura soprano.

For criticizing the National Guard of Connecticut, Walter M. Pickett, assistant State attorney for New Haven County, has been expelled from membership in the regiment. He says he wrote the criticism as a newspaper man, not as a soldier, but he stands up for his statements.

Franz C. Kuhn, Michigan's new attorney-general, recently appointed by Governor Warner, is thirty-eight years of age and a native of Detroit. Most of his life has been spent in the practice of law in Mt. Clemens. He has served as circuit court commissioner of Macomb County and prosecuting attorney, and was until recently judge of probate.

Francis Wilson is taking a leading part in the movement to have the Massachusetts legislature modify the act which prohibits the employment of children as members of theatrical companies. In refutation of the averment of the child labor committee that few child prodigies have become famous as adult actors, Mr. Wilson has prepared a long list of juvenile performers who afterward "made good" in adult rôles.

His imperial highness, Prince Tsai-T'ao, brother of the Prince Regent of China, is on his way to the United States to study the American military system. In an official letter received at the State Department it is announced that the prince will reach the United States about May 1. Notwithstanding the fact that his stay in the United States will be short, he will be accompanied by a large retinue of attachés and servants.

Miss Martha Berry, head of a school for poor white boys near Rome, Georgia, has just succeeded in raising the \$50,000 necessary to secure an equal sum from Mrs. Russell Sage and Andrew Carnegie. This school grew out of a little Sunday-school that Miss Berry started in the mountains of Georgia about ten years ago. The school now owns 1000 acres of land, a large part of which is under cultivation, and several good buildings. It has 150 pupils and fifteen teachers. The \$100,000 will be used as an endowment fund.

Mathilde von Herrich of Kansas City, a charming American singer, has recently scored a great triumph in Italy and made a phenomenal success at her début in grand opera at Milan. In Italy they call her "the beautiful madonna with the heavenly voice." Mrs. von Herrich is the wife of the Rev. John von Herrich, formerly rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Kansas City. She is an example of what ceaseless energy and a firm will can accomplish. She is a daughter of America whose dreams have come true.

The proposal to put General Dan Sickles on the retired list of the army with the rank of lieutenant-general brings a very picturesque wartime figure once more into the public eye. General Sickles is in his eighty-fifth year. He lives in New York in one of the old-fashioned residences of what is known as the Washington Square quarter. He was in the National Guard of New York before the war. He resigned to go to London as secretary of legation. When the war broke out President Lincoln commissioned him to raise a regiment, and he organized five, one after another, and was made a brigadier-general. His life has been full of romance and adventure.

Rev. Lambert Louis Conrady is reported to be dying of leprosy in the leper colony near Canton, China. Father Conrady labored among the lepers in the Hawaiian Islands for eight years before going to China. Prior to setting out for China he spent two years lecturing in the United States and raised about \$30,000 for his project. He bought an island in the river sixty miles from Canton, transported 500 lepers thither, and built them shelters. This took \$10,000 of his money, and from the remainder he had an income of \$1000 a year. As he was physician, nurse, attendant, office force, and executive head for the colony, and as food cost only three cents a day for each person, he has been able to carry his great burden.



## THE LEARNED DANE.

How Two Letters of Introduction Were Exchanged and Made Complications.

Mme. de Sainte-Epave has a mania for introducing people. From morning till night she is at infinite pains to "bring together," as she expresses it, persons who could sustain a reciprocal remoteness with admirable fortitude. But she would fail in her sacerdotal character did she permit an opportunity to escape her of giving a letter of introduction, of recommending some worthy personage, or of providing with a situation an exceptional housemaid. She keeps, as it were, a shop of celebrities, of incomparable tradesmen. To permit her to supply the demand for either of these articles is to afford her the greatest felicity. Having traveled much, she has made acquaintances as far as the North Pole, and was even known upon one occasion to number among her intimate friends a distinguished Esquimau.

As Mme. de Sainte-Epave is a thoroughly estimable lady—not foolish, and truly obliging—the world, which occasionally is of one accord without knowing why, smiles upon her, nor refuses to honor the bills of exchange which she sends to the four quarters of the globe. Since she is possessed of an innocent mania for introducing foreign academicians, the world graciously takes her word for it, and receives them as such. It can be readily imagined that so wide and diverse an acquaintance can not be carried on without an extensive correspondence; and that of Mme. de Sainte-Epave is infinite. She writes when she is not talking, and as often writes while she is. The known impetuosity of her character thus betrays itself in her style, and the disorder in her writing is accredited to superabundance of ideas. The *tout ensemble*, owing to an optical phenomenon difficult to explain, affords an original woman.

Mme. de Tys, whose drawing-room is agreeable—or, in other words, whose wealth permits of her entertaining frequently—is one of the victims selected by Mme. de Sainte-Epave, especially during those months of the year which Mme. de Tys spends in the south. She never fails, during this season, to receive there some rare subject, formerly or lately—generally lately—discovered by Mme. de Sainte-Epave. Mme. de Tys, who is always gracious, hospitable both by inclination and principle, never fails to tender a cordial welcome to the new-comers; and, as she oftentimes wearies in one circle, necessarily limited to those city acquaintances formed during the winter, the appearance of an unfamiliar countenance is hailed with real pleasure—the more so that one is not apt to receive the world at large without occasionally stumbling across a *rara avis*.

Mme. de Tys was precisely in this state of lull when an enormous envelope, displaying penmanship ten centimetres in height, brought her news from Mme. de Sainte-Epave. The lady announced the immediate arrival of a very remarkable personage, a Swede, or Norwegian, or it may be a Dane; but, at all events, whatever his nationality, he was a great celebrity—an astronomer, an emherited traveler, to say nothing of being a distinguished author. His conversation was simply delicious; but of that Mme. de Tys could judge for herself, since Mme. de Sainte-Epave could not allow two such distinguished personages, so thoroughly adapted to understand one another, to be in the same country without meeting and exchanging impressions. As to Mme. de Sainte-Epave herself, she confessed to having been rarely so impressed as she had been by this remarkable northerner.

Mme. de Tys knew that Mme. de Sainte-Epave's effusions must be taken *cum grano salis*. She judged that the heralded bird of passage, whose barbarous name was absolutely undecipherable, must be, at least, unobjectionable, and she awaited him unflinchingly.

She did not have long to wait. Two days after this, while at her toilette, a visiting card was handed her, upon which, under a fanciful coronet, was inscribed in Gothic characters the name Mzcheydki. Beneath this was written in pencil, "In the name of the Baroness de Sainte-Epave."

Mme. de Tys sent a message to the effect that she would be with him presently; she smiled in her mirror, to assure herself that her countenance wore the proper expression of kindly welcome. Satisfied as to this, she took a volume in her hand, to bear testimony to her literary proclivities, and entered the drawing-room with her most gracious manner. In the dim light of the drawing-room she perceived, standing in an embarrassed way, a small, thin gentleman, whose long hair fell carelessly on his neck. In his hands he held a hat which sadly needed brushing.

"Through the kindness of our dear friend, Mme. de Sainte-Epave," said Mme. de Tys, advancing, and at the same time casting a glance at the card, "M. Mzcheydki, it is with much pleasure that I have anticipated your visit, announced by our friend." And as M. Mzcheydki persisted in the same silence, the same immobility, bowing to the floor while she spoke, she insisted, with renewed politeness, that he would be seated.

Mme. de Tys was not to be embarrassed by a bashful visitor. She inferred that the traveled academician very naturally spoke French imperfectly; and, with her inimitable grace, she determined to put him at ease. During the space of ten minutes or more she bore the entire burden of conversation, supplying both questions and answers. She felt that her efforts were rewarded

when finally M. Mzcheydki, who had been listening to her with an air of evident penetration, said:

"The Baroness de Sainte-Epave has written to you, madame?"

"Yes, certainly, monsieur; and she has imbued me with an ardent desire to meet you. She mentioned your merited celebrity—your works—"

This powerful personality seemed to confuse him. "I will be extremely grateful, madame, if you will judge for yourself of my powers."

"Indeed, monsieur, it would delight me beyond measure to have you come frequently to converse with us; you will find me, I fear, very ignorant of the interesting subjects to the study of which you have devoted your life; but M. de Tys, by way of compensation—"

"Ah! monsieur has cultivated—"

Mme. de Tys thought the strange phraseology of her new friend rather peculiar, but laid no particular stress upon it. "Yes, my husband's tastes incline very strongly toward those kinds of things, and I am assured that you will understand each other perfectly."

"I am entirely at your service, madame," replied the academician.

"Knowing, monsieur, that your sojourn among us will be, unfortunately, brief, at the same time desiring that you should meet some few of our friends, who would be happy to join in paying you the honors of our small country, I would be glad would you do me the pleasure of dining here at an early date—in a couple of days, say, on Thursday, at seven o'clock. I will then take pleasure in making you acquainted with my husband."

M. Mzcheydki listened, his eyes fixed upon vacancy; he appeared overwhelmed by this last act of politeness on the part of Mme. de Tys. Finally he stammered that he would come after dinner, if she would permit him to do so.

"How after dinner? Permit me to insist that we will count upon you at 7 p. m. without fail."

M. Mzcheydki now arose, and, making a profound bow, assured Mme. de Tys that he would endeavor to surpass himself. It was not without a feeling of astonishment that she saw him take his departure; but on reference to Mme. de Sainte-Epave's letter, she convinced herself that a man who had passed the greater part of his life in exploring the arctic regions and in contemplating the heavenly bodies had a right to be original. She even congratulated herself that he was eccentric in so marked a degree, for it would insure to her dinner a spice of novelty which could not but be refreshing. She then prepared to issue her invitations, and wrote several notes, inviting the majority of her friends to meet at her house a distinguished savant just arrived from the pole, who was a renowned author. The little society of Mentone was shaken to its foundation. Those who were not invited to this interesting dinner evinced their chagrin by speaking disparagingly of it. One charming lady, the Marquise d'Egyrl, who was so fortunate as to be numbered among the invited, immediately selected from the libraries a choice collection of works touching upon travels in the northern seas, resolving to charm this lion of Mme. de Tys—to astonish him by showing her acquaintance with the scenes of his exploits. The other guests, without going quite to this length, yet refreshed their memories, as far as was practicable, upon this subject; and the glorious shade of Franklin, escorted by others of more modern date, was evoked and prayed to grace the feast with his presence.

The evening arrived. Mme. de Tys had contrived a rich menu, where *carpe à la suédoise* and *poulardes en banquette* intermingled agreeably. The *entremets* was *riz à la mer de glace*; but we are fain to admit that the classic *aufs à la neige* lacked the desired originality. The hero of the banquet was punctual. He arrived at the stated hour, and confided to the surprised footman who assisted him to remove his overcoat a voluminous package wrapped in a red woolen cloth; then, shaking out his tawny locks, he entered the room. Mme. de Tys thought that he looked the personification of a foreign savant, with his coat a mile too large, an immense white cravat, and a pin sufficiently noticeable as to decorations, but of form absolutely unknown. The charming hostess hoped that the "delicious conversation," announced by Mme. de Sainte-Epave, would shine forth in so sympathetic a circle. She presented M. Mzcheydki to the assembled guests with as choice a supply of adjectives as was consistent with good taste, which seemed to overpower him. He bowed low to one and all, murmuring, "You do me too great honor," then relapsed into silence. Mme. de Tys counted upon the social atmosphere of the dining-room to dissipate a bashfulness which she began to find paralyzing. But M. Mzcheydki took his seat in silence, and replied to the delicate allusions of the young Marquise d'Egyrl with merely "Yes, madame," "Certainly, madame," which acquiescence very nearly precipitated his nose into his plate.

The dinner was truly glacial—the *poulardes en banquette* had come into an atmosphere which nothing could thaw. Mme. de Tys kept up a brave heart, keeping the ball of conversation rolling to the very end; the charitable construction which she put upon the matter was that the notable savant was doubtless sick and dared not confess it; she knew by experience the misery of cramps, and to what a degree they extinguished the most vivacious spirit. Therefore, she pressed upon her guest with kindly insistence a second glass of wine, which he accepted without any visible reluctance. After this he began to rub together the

palms of his hands, and to play with his cuffs. M. de Tys triumphantly determined that he had appearance of one who was about to wake up and t. At the same time she noticed that he glanced all nately at the clock and the door. As the former str nine he approached his hostess, and, somewhat to surprise, whispered:

"Does madame expect other guests?"

"Certainly not, my dear sir; the circle is complete. I forewarned you that we would be among ourselves. That being the case, madame, I may begin my li experiments."

Mme. de Tys regarded him vaguely for a moment then appeared confused, finally charmed.

"Certainly, monsieur, since you are so kind; but are injudicious, perhaps?"

"You will permit me, madame, to go and complete certain preparations."

Notwithstanding that Mme. de Tys could not conceive what might be the nature of the experiments question, she still placed with cordial alacrity her host and servants at M. Mzcheydki's command.

"I have all that is necessary, thank you, madame," he said, and, without allowing Mme. de Tys time to protest, he disappeared.

The hostess arose, with an air of triumph. "My turn savant is about to show us some experiments; you know he is an astronomer of the first order, and, under this beautiful sky, he will doubtless show us some very interesting things."

This announcement was received with a certain degree of curiosity, evinced by all save the Marquise d'Egyrl, who had renounced all desire to interest a man who was as dumb as a fish. Meanwhile the servant entered, bearing a table. Mme. de Tys regretted bitterly not having a telescope, and asked herself how she could have been guilty of such an oversight.

Some minutes elapsed, and M. Mzcheydki reappeared; he marched straight to the table, looked about him with an air of assurance, pulled up his elbows, and smiled benignly. "Ladies and gentlemen," said he, bowing, "I have the honor to perform for your benefit some curious experiments, based upon purely scientific principles. First, let us turn to the subject of hydrostatics, that science which treats the equilibrium and motion of liquids." Hereupon followed a learned dissertation upon some few of the most important principles involved—to the edification, he said, of the attentive audience. The gentleman summed an air of having known all about that particular branch of science from their infancy; the ladies, on the other hand, appeared thoroughly satisfied at having had the subject so clearly elucidated.

"I see," continued M. Mzcheydki, looking around the room with a bland smile, "that it is unnecessary for me to explain my explanation. I will now proceed to demonstrate my proposition."

In compliance with a motion from M. Mzcheydki, a servant stationed in the antechamber now placed upon the table a small bowl, surrounded by glasses. The savant turned to his hostess and said:

"I am sure, madame, that you will consider it a reflection upon your gracious hospitality should I offer to these, your guests, any beverage which they may individually fancy."

Thereupon he concocted a steaming punch, which he served from the bowl into the glasses; this same bowl yielded wines of all kinds.

"Make your selections, ladies and gentlemen. A pure, unadulterated wines, I assure you."

The polite guests cast upon one another glances of utmost astonishment, mingled with consternation, breathed not a syllable. Mme. de Tys fell back upon the sofa, regarding her guest wildly. The ladies showed unmistakable evidence of having lately joined a temperance society; but the gentlemen did not allow the punch to go begging. Every man took his glass and would have done so had the contents of the bowl been of the "devil's own brewing."

Interpreting in his own way the looks of amazement which everywhere met his eye, M. Mzcheydki proceeded to explain that what appeared to be magic was in reality but a forcible illustration of the principles of hydrostatics.

He next took up the subject of electricity, which he demonstrated by planting an orange seed, which instantly sprouted and visibly grew, attaining in the space of a few moments perfect maturity. This marvelous growth, he averred, was due to no phenomenon but to electrical influence. Thus one trick succeeded another. Neither the stars nor the North Pole was in question. Finally, M. Mzcheydki made his parting bow. He was not detained. His exit was succeeded by general stupefaction, followed by an outburst of uncontrollable laughter.

"The man is crazy!"

"But what, under the sun, is the man?"

"Have I lost my mind?" said poor Mme. de Tys.

Just then her eye fell upon the evening mail—which had been brought in with the tea things. The writing of Mme. de Sainte-Epave blazed upon an envelope. She tore it open precipitately.

"Dear friend," wrote the baroness, "I am in despair. I find that I have committed a very great error regarding a letter. I addressed to Mrs. Dixon, in London a note introducing an eminent savant; the same day I recommended to your benevolence an excellent juggler. The letter addressed to you I sent to her, and vice versa."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of "Mosca."



THE RECORD OF A WANDERJAHR.

A Young University Graduate Tells How He Worked His Way Around the World.

The lure of the "wanderlust" breathes forth from every page of "A Vagabond Journey Around the World," a thoroughly delightful book of travel by Harry A. Franck. The author tells in a foreword how the journey resulted from a chance discussion which took place while he was still an undergraduate at the University of Michigan: "If I only had a few thousands," sighed a senior, "I'd make a trip around the world." "Modest ambition!" retorted a junior, "but you'd better file it away for future reference till you've made the money." "With all due respect to bank accounts," the author observed, "I believe a man with a bit of energy and good health could start without money and make a journey around the globe." And start he did. With a money capital of but one hundred and four dollars, and a baggage equipment consisting of a kodak, he shipped aboard a cattle boat bound from Montreal to Glasgow and spent the first ten days of his trip at sea. After arriving at Glasgow he made a few preliminary rambles and gives us an interesting picture of the British tramp:

The next day was Sunday and the weather calorific. For all that, the high road had its full quota of tramps. I passed the time of day with any number of these roadsters—they call them "moochers" in the British Isles. Some were sauntering almost aimlessly along the shimmering route, others were stretched out at apathetic ease in shady glens carpeted with freshly blossomed bluebells. The "moocher" is a being of far less activity and initiative than the American tramp. He is content to stroll a few miles each day, happy if he gleans a meagre fare from the kindly disposed. He would no more think of "heating his way" on the railroads than of building an air-ship for his aimless and endless wanderings. It is always walk with him, day after day, week after week; and if, by chance, he hears of the swift travel by "blind-haggage" and the full meals that fall to his counter-part across the water, he stamps them at once "bloody lies."

In stranger contrast to the American, the British tramp is quite apt to be a family man. As often as not he travels with a female companion whom he styles, within her hearing and apparently with her entire acquiescence, "me Moll" or "me heifer." But whatever his stamping ground the tramp is essentially the same fellow the world over. Buoyant of spirits for all his pessimistic grumble, generous to a fault, he eyes the stranger with deep suspicion at the first greeting, as uncommunicative and noncommittal as a hivalve. Then a look, a gesture suggests the world-wide question, "On the road, Jack?" Answer it affirmatively and, though your fatherland be on the opposite side of the earth, he is ready forthwith to open his heart and to divide with you his last crust.

After a series of rather purposeless wanderings, the author drifted into Italy and spent some time there studying people and conditions, finding that poverty was everywhere and that the universal cry was "bread." In Verona, with his capital already much impaired, he found a strike on among the bakers and was forced to join the "bread line" to secure his food. The conditions he pictures as existent in Italy no doubt explain the influx of Italian immigrants into the United States:

Poverty stalks abroad in Italy. Even in this richer northern section it required no telescope to make out its gaunt and furrowed features. Ragged children quarreled for the possession of an apple-core thrown by the wayside; the rolling fields were alive with harefooted women toiling like demon-driven serfs. A sparrow could not have found sustenance behind the gleaners. In wayside orchards men armed with grain-sacks stripped even the trees of their leaves; for what purpose was not evident, though the heds to which I was assigned in village inns suggested a possible solution of the problem.

The peasant of these parts possesses three beasts of burden: a team of gaunt white oxen—or cows—an undersized ass, and his wife. Of the three, the last is most useful. The husbandman does not load his hay on wagons; a few blades might fall by the wayside. He ties it carefully in small bundles, piles them high above the baskets strapped on the backs of his helmpet, and drives her off to the village, often miles distant. They are loads which the American workman would refuse to carry—so does the Italian for that matter; but the highway is animate with what look, at a distance, like wandering haystacks, from beneath which, on nearer approach, peer women, or half-grown girls, whose drawn and haggard faces might have served as models to those artists who have depicted on canvas the heings of Dante's hell.

After more or less trying experiences through Italy the author spent some pleasant days upon the borders of the Mediterranean, finding every place along the road a *cameraderie* among the vagabonds that evidenced itself in the way they shared their possessions with their less fortunate brothers of the road. The author gives a picture of trying days when he was a beach-comber in Marseilles:

Long, hungry days passed, days in which I could scarcely withstand the temptation to carry my kodak to the *mont de pieté* just off the sailors' square. Among the beachcombers there were daily some who gained a few francs, by an odd job, by the sale of an extra garment, or by "grafting," pure and simple. When his hand closed on a bit of money, the stranded fellow may have been weak with fasting. Yet his first thought was not to gorge himself, but to share his fortune with his companions under hatches. In those bleak November days, many a man, ranked a "worthless outcast" by his more fortunate fellow-beings, toiled all day at the coal-wharves of Marseilles, and tramped back, cold and hungry, to the Place Victor Gélu to divide his earning with other famished *miserables*, whom he had not known a week before. More than one man sold the only shirt he owned to feed a new arrival who was an absolute stranger to all. These men won no praise for their beneficence. They expected none, and would have opened their eyes in wonder if they had been told that their actions were worthy of praise. The stranded hand grew to be a corporate body. By a job here and there I contributed my share to the common fund, and between us we fought off gaunt starvation. In a dirty alley just off the Place was an inn kept by a Greek, in which one could sleep on the floor at three sous, or in a cot at six;

and every evening a band of ragged mortals might have been seen dividing the earnings of some of them into three-sou lots as they made their way towards *l'Auberge chez le Grec*.

Through Palestine the way led, and everywhere were people who had been in the United States. From these people the author received letters of introduction that served him in good stead, but found himself always an object of tremendous interest. He tells of his impressions when, in the distance, well above the horizon, he saw a long, dark cloud that gradually assumed the aspect of a long gray city bounded at one end by a great tower, at the other shading off into nothing. Thus he speaks of his first view of Jerusalem. His stay in the Holy City, however, was not entirely free from excitement:

A howling horde swept me away through markets infinitely dirtier and far less picturesque than those of Damascus, up and down slimy stone steps, jostling, pushing, trampling upon me at every turn, not maliciously, but from mere indifference to such familiar heings as farachees. At the end of a reeking street I turned for refuge to an open doorway, through which I had caught a glimpse of a long greensward and a great mosque with superbly graceful dome. A shout rose from a rabble of men and boys at one side of the square. In Damascus, such demonstrations, hursting forth each time I entered a mosque inclosure, had soon subsided. So I marched on with an air of indifference. The shouts redoubled. Men and youths came down upon me from every direction, howling like demons, and discharging a volley of stones, some of which struck me in the legs, while others whistled ominously near my head. I heat a hasty retreat. Not until later in the day did I know the reason for my expulsion. I had trespassed on the sacred precincts of the mosque of Omar on the summit of Mt. Moriah, where no unbeliever may enter without an escort of hired soldiers.

A second attempt to escape the throng led me down more slimy steps and along a narrow alley to a towering stone wall, where Hebrews, rich and poor, filthy and hediamonded, alternately kissed and heat with their fists the great heveled hlocks of stone, shrieking and moaning, with tears streaming down their cheeks. It needed no inquiry to tell me that I had fallen upon the "Jews' Wailing-Place."

Cairo, the author declares, is the loafer's paradise. Rich or penniless, he who does not enjoy the winter season in Cairo must be either an invalid, a prisoner, or an incurable pessimist. The sojourner knows as he goes to his rest at night that whatever misfortune the morrow may bring forth it will be lightened by joyous sunshine. In Cairo the wanderers of the world seem to foregather, and a picture is presented of the German tramp:

"Ei! Gute Kamaraden!" he cried, "I have something to show you! Guk! mal! Here is a comrade who is an American—do you hear—a real American, not a patched-up one; and this real American—in Cairo—wants to work!"

"Work?" roared the chorus, "*Work* in Cairo—and a real American—Lieber Gott—Ist's denn ein Esel?"

I ate a meagre supper and crawled away to bed. On the following day I tramped even greater distances, and returned to the wine shop with only the price of a lodging left from the missionary's donation. Pia rose and took a seat beside me.

"Lot of work you found, eh?" he hegan. "Didn't any of them offer you money?"

"Most of them," I answered.

"And you didn't take it?" cried the German, "Why, you—you're a disgrace to the union."

"I know how you feel, though," he went on, "I was the same once. When I ran away from Germany—to escape the army—I wouldn't take a cent I hadn't earned; and I starved a month in Pietermaritzburg, looking for work as you are here, before I got over my silly notions. Ach! I was an ass! I tell you it's no use. You won't find work—especially in those rags. If you will work, let me take you where you can get some clothes first."

It was all too evident that he was right. Weather-beaten garments might pass muster in the wilderness of Palestine, but they were wholly out of place in the Paris of Africa. Twice that day those who had refused me employment had offered to fit me out in their cast-off clothing. I concluded to profit by the experience of Pia.

The blood brotherhood that exists between Englishman and American is well illustrated by the treatment accorded the author by T. Atkins, Esq., beloved of us all. This cheerful individual, at home wherever he sets his foot, took the American wanderer to his bosom in Cairo and made much of him. He is presented as the unfailing friend of the Anglo-Saxon wanderer in the East:

When all other resources fail him, the Anglo-Saxon wanderer has one unfailing friend in the East—Tommy Atkins. However penniless and forlorn they may be, the glimpse of a red jacket and a monkey cap on a lithe, erect figure, hurrying through the foreign throng, is certain to give him new heart. Thomas has become a familiar sight in Cairo since the days of the Arah rebellion. Down by the Kasr-el-Nil bridge, out in the shadows of the pencil-like minarets of Mohammed Ali's mosque, in parade grounds scattered through the city, he may be found any afternoon perspiring chasing a football or setting up his wickets in the screaming sunlight, to the astonishment and delight of a never-failing audience of apathetic natives. He doesn't pose as a philanthropist—simple T. Atkins—nor as a man of iron-bound morality—rather prides himself, in fact, on his incorrigible wickedness. But the case has yet to be recorded in which he has not given up his last shilling more whole-heartedly than the smug tourist would part with his cigar band.

Thomas, however, has no overwhelming love for "furriners"—Dutchmen, dagoes, and such like." It would he out of keeping with his profession. That was why Pia, after pointing out to me the least public entrance to the cavalry barracks, on this Sunday noon, strolled down the street. The officers' dinner was already steaming when I was welcomed by the six privates of that day's mess squad. By the time it had been served, I was lending the cooks able assistance in disposing of the plentiful remnants, amid the stories and laughter of a redcoats' messroom. Even the hulging pockets with which I departed were less cheering than the last hellow from the barracks kitchen: "Drop in to mess any day, Yank, till you land something. No bloody need to let your helly cave in while there's a khaki suit in Cairo."

In Ceylon the author foregathered with some boom companions. "Model youths," he says, perhaps would have shunned them, owing to their checkered past. He, however, was not controlled by any question of ethics, but

took the wanderers as he found them, and gives a very interesting picture of the various types that surrender to the wanderlust:

Henderson, the oldest, was a deserter from the Asiatic squadron. Arnold, middle-aged, laden with the spoils—in drafts—of a political career in New York, awaited in Ceylon the conclusion of the Japanese-Russian war before hastening to Port Arthur to open an American saloon.

Down at the point of the breakwater, where we were wont to gather often for a dip in the brine, I made the acquaintance of Marten. He was a boy of twenty-five, hailing from Tacoma, Washington. Arriving in the Orient some years before with a record as a champion swimmer, he had spent two seasons in diving for pearls on the Coromandel coast. Not one of the native strplings who surrounded each arriving steamer, clamoring for pennies, was more nearly amphibious than Marten. It was much more to watch his submarine feats than to swim that the beachcombers sallied forth each afternoon from their shady retreats.

We swam cautiously, the rest of us, for the harbor was infested with sharks. On the day after my arrival, the *Worcestershire* had hurried in the European cemetery of Colombo the upper half of what had been one of my companions in the "glory-hole." The appearance of a pair of black fins out across the sun-flecked waters was certain to send us scrambling up the rough face of the breakwater.

But not so Marten. While we fled, he swam straight for the coming monsters of the deep. When they were almost upon him he dived with a shout of hilarity and a dash of foam into their very midst, to come to the surface smiling and unscathed, perhaps far out across the harbor, perhaps under our dangling feet. How he put the sharks to flight no man knew. The "gang" was divided in its opinion between the assertion of the swimmer himself that he "ticked 'em under the helly," and the conviction of Askins that he had merely to show them his face—for Marten was not afflicted with manly beauty.

The last member of our party was a hully horn on the Bowery, younger in years than Marten, older in rascality than Henderson. As to his name, he owned to several, and assured us at the first meeting that "Dick Haywood" would do well enough for the time being. His chief claim to fame was his own assertion that he had escaped from Sing Sing after serving two years of a seven-year sentence. The story of his "get-away," with which he often entertained twilight gatherings on the jetty, smacked of veracity. For all an innate skepticism, I found no reason to disagree with the conclusion of the "gang" that his "song and dance" was true. Certainly there was no doubt among his most casual acquaintances of his ability to get into Sing Sing. He was clever enough, fortune favoring, to have broken out.

In Japan the traveler who departs from the beaten path is subjected to a ceaseless espionage. Spies followed the author from village to village, he declares, asking ridiculous questions as to the purpose of his wanderings. And the curiosity of the people was unquenchable. They watched him at his meals as a crowd of children watches the animals in a Zoo. He even discovered a party of Japanese women occupying reserved seats upon a balcony which surrounded a courtyard where his bath was prepared. He says:

It needed a very few hours on the road to teach me that Japan is the home of the ultra-curious. Compared with the rural Jap the Arah is as self-absorbed as a cross-legged statue of the Enlightened One. I had but to pass through a village to suspend every activity the place boasted. Workmen dropped their tools, children forgot their games, girls left their pitchers at the fountain, even gossips ceased their chatter; all to stare wide-eyed if I passed on, to crowd around me if I paused. Wherever I halted for a drink of water the town rose en masse to witness my unprecedented action. My thirst quenched, the empty vessel passed from hand to hand amid such a chorus of gasps as rises from a group of leant-faced antiquarians examining a vase of ante-Christian date. To stop for a lunch was almost dangerous, for the mob that collected at the entrance to the shops threatened to do me to death under the tramping clogs. In the smaller villages the aggregate population, men, women, and children, followed me out along the highway, leaving the hamlet as deserted as though the dogs of war had been loosed upon it. Once I passed a school at the recess hour. Its two hundred children trailed behind me for a long mile, utterly ignoring the jangling hell and the shouts of their excited masters.

After an enforced and disagreeable wait in Yokohama the author shipped upon a windjammer bound for Puget Sound. From Seattle he worked his way across the mountains into Montana and from there, ending his journey as he had begun it, he went to Chicago in charge of a trainload of cattle. The book is one of rare and fascinating interest. The author saw most of what the usual tourist sees and many things beside. He slept and tramped and ate with hoboes of every creed and color. Occasionally he accumulated a little money, but very often he had nothing except his cherished kodak and the rags upon his back. Simple and vivid in description, illustrated with snap shots taken by the author, the book is extremely interesting reading and thoroughly worth while.

"A Vagabond Journey Around the World," by Harry A. Franck. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$3.50.

Color photography has been made an important auxiliary to eye-examination, and an eminent Paris eye-specialist is now employing it daily in his work. The ordinary examination of the eye is very painful sometimes to the patient, who has to submit to a prolonged scrutiny with a strong illumination thrown on the eye. M. Monpillard has now described at the Photographic Society of France how an instantaneous photograph in natural colors is taken of the eye, the photograph itself being submitted to critical examination afterwards. The patient is placed in front of a special camera, and a powerful light is thrown on the eye from an electric arc lamp. A snapshot is taken, an autochrome plate being used for the purpose. This plate, as is well known, gives on being manipulated in the usual way, a perfect rendering in natural colors of the object photographed. The pigment colors are faithfully recorded, and the photograph serves in the way for the specialist's examination, so that the patient has only to submit to a moment's discomfort.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Jane Austen and Her Country-House Comedy*, by W. H. Helm. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$3.50.

Although the author devotes the first chapter of his general appreciation of Jane Austen to the causes of her present unpopularity it would seem that we have not far to seek. Jane Austen's world was a singularly circumscribed one. She lived on a small social domain surrounded with high walls, and she never looked over them or seemed to wish to. There is now no such society in existence as that to which she consecrated her delicate pen, and so the average reader of today finds no point of contact between himself and her character. The popular novel is the one that tells us about ourselves, and to do that it need not necessarily be modern. We more readily find ourselves in "Ivanhoe" than in the pages of Jane Austen. Her unpopularity is due more to this than to the absence of "exciting" qualities, as the author suggests, or the avoidance of "situations." To speak frankly, we do not like her characters because they are not human beings. As Miss Brontë said of her: "The passions are perfectly unknown to her; she rejects even a speaking acquaintance with that stormy sisterhood. Even to the feelings she vouchsafes no more than an occasional graceful but distant recognition—too frequent converse with them would ruffle the smooth elegance of her progress." Jane Austen belonged to a narrow caste that never opened its doors except to a cultured propriety sustained by adequate wealth, and she never allowed a breeze of unfettered human sentiment to disturb her.

The author devotes himself to the influences surrounding the novelist and from which she drew her material. We have a consideration of her equipment and method, her contact with life, her ethics and her personal characteristics. The result comes very close to being a portrait, and we seem to know more of the novelist than we ever did before and more than we could learn from her letters. The book contains a charming frontispiece portrait.

*The House of Mystery*, by Will Irwin. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.15.

Mr. Irwin has done a thoroughly good bit of work, in spite of the ugliness of some of its features. While on a vacation Dr. Blake makes the casual acquaintance of Annette Markham and falls in love with her, but is thwarted by some mysterious mission to which the girl is consecrated. When he calls upon her in New York he finds that her aunt, Mme. Paula, is a sort of aristocratic spiritualist medium who is evidently using the girl for her own ends and has rendered her absolutely negative to her will. In desperation Dr. Blake enlists the aid of Mme. Rosalie Le Grange, who also is a clairvoyant, but of the lesser grade, and who has, moreover, a warm heart, an impulsive nature, and the extraordinary power of observation that is the chief tool of her trade. Rosalie Le Grange secures the position of housekeeper to Mme. Paula and so learns the peculiar methods of fraud favored by that interesting and astute lady. She discovers that Annette is an innocent participant, and that under hypnotic influence she plays the part of the ghostly apparition at the materialization seances. Exposure follows by means of a counter suggestion, and so the faithful lover secures his bride and Mme. Paula is persuaded to leave her country for her country's good. All the characters are well drawn, but that of Rosalie Le Grange is a *tour de force*. The author seems to take the view that in spite of the nearly invariable fraud of the mercenary medium there is none the less "something in it," but that the something, not being available on demand, is supplemented by trickery. Even after Rosalie has made a clean breast of it all to Dr. Blake she still maintains that she has a supernatural power, but that it is of little real use to her, as she can not control it.

*The Screen*, by Vincent Brown. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of English episcopal life and to be recommended to those who wish to know something of church establishment, episcopal law, and the position occupied by a bishop in English rural society.

Arthur Havelock is the editor of a country newspaper. His mother on her deathbed tells him that he is not the son of Mr. Havelock, but was born before her marriage. She tells him the name of his father and gives him a packet of letters written to her by her lover after he was made aware of the results of their early folly. The writer of the letters is now a canon of the Church of England and is on the point of being raised to the bishopric of the diocese in which Havelock is living. The appointment is duly made, but the canon keeps his identity a secret until a sharp issue arises and he uses his knowledge and his possession of the letters in an effort to force the bishop to rescind his order for the removal of a crucifix given by the mother

to the parish church. It seems that the display of a crucifix in English episcopal churches is forbidden by law, although the law is often evaded, and so we have a vast amount of discussion on church law, the respective powers of the civil and episcopal authorities, and matters of this kind that have an inexplicable importance for minds of a certain order. The animated and colloquial style of the book compensates for its emphasis on trivialities, while the repeated duels between father and son are remarkable for their skill and dignity. The story is saturated with the episcopal aroma, but it is notably clever, faultlessly arranged, and with a human interest that is sometimes intense.

*Peggy the Daughter*, by Katharine Tynan. Published by Cassell & Co., New York.

The author can always be trusted to tell a good story and without the aid of sensational incidents. Indeed, she seems to avoid them even when they present themselves invitingly.

Her latest story introduces us to Sir Pierce Rowan, a young Irish nobleman whose manner of life has so reduced his fortunes that a second and wealthy marriage seems the only road open to him. Priscilla Penn, the daughter of the Quaker merchant, is the only available lady whose fortune is large enough, but Sir Pierce has never seen her face and must, moreover, encounter the bitter hostility of her father. But needs must when the devil drives, and so Sir Pierce, with the aid of his friends, abducts Priscilla and then finds to his amazement that she has been in love with him for a long time and wishes nothing so much as the ceremony that shall make her evidence useless in case her father should proceed to extremities against her abductor. Nevertheless Sir Pierce is arrested, having unluckily shot a man during the pursuit, and being tried before a judge who has strong views on such matters he is found guilty and sentenced to twenty-five years' imprisonment.

Priscilla proceeds to lead her own life with Sir Pierce's daughter by his first wife. In a few years Peggy has become a beautiful young woman and Priscilla then tells her that her father is still alive and that she must go to the viceroys court and use her heauty to wrest a pardon from the impressionable young man in whose hands is the power of royal clemency. The rest of the story may be left to the reader, who will appreciate the sincerity and the delicacy of a narrative equal to anything that the author has yet done.

*Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Thrale*, by A. M. Broadley. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$5.

This delightful book will hardly convince us that Mrs. Thrale deserved the high encomiums passed upon her literary ability by Mr. Thomas Seccombe, who supplies the interesting introduction. Mr. Seccombe compares Mrs. Thrale with Lady Mary Montagu and Mrs. Carlyle, but this seems rather like a literary adulation than a critical judgment. Mrs. Thrale was a fascinating woman if somewhat fickle and heartless, but her literary radiance is rather a reflected one from Dr. Johnson than the result of her own internal fires. Horace Walpole was severe in condemnation of her style. He called it "high-varnished" and vulgar, and the more modern critic will be inclined to agree with him.

But Mr. Broadley has given us a vivacious story, and much of it is new. We have a pleasing picture of Mr. Thrale, who seems to have eaten himself to death, although "I checked him rather severely," while Dr. Johnson said, "Sir, after the denunciation of your physicians this morning, such eating is little better than suicide."

But we are still without an explanation of the curious tie between Johnson and Mrs. Thrale. Perhaps it is a matter for the psychologist rather than for the biographer. It was a tie that wore itself naturally to the rupture point. We see a frayed end in Johnson's notes on the Welsh journey, and there is certainly a sting in such an entry as this:

Mrs. Thrale lost her purse. She expressed so much uneasiness that I concluded the sum to be very great; but when I heard of only seven guineas, I was glad to find that she had so much sensibility of money.

Later on we find Mrs. Thrale's hysterical protest at having to live in Southwark instead of Streatham. She had hoped to live in quiet and comfort, "to have kissed my children and cuffed them by turns," but here she is shut up in an odious dungeon where "I am never to see a face but Dr. Johnson's." Mr. Seccombe says that Mrs. Thrale was "the bride-elect of the great doctor's intellect for nearly twenty years," but there were many signs of divorce before the final rupture came.

*The Danger Trail*, by James Oliver Curwood. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

This story is told with such a fascinating wealth of incident that we forgive a certain improbability of plot. Jack Howland is a young engineer who is intrusted with the building of the Hudson Bay Railroad. He takes the place of two other engineers who show a sus-

picious eagerness to get away from their job, and Howland begins vaguely to understand the reasons when he finds that a series of fiendish attempts is made upon his life by men of whom he knows nothing and who refuse all explanation of their rancor. Of course a beautiful girl is involved in the matter, and when she finally disappears into the far north Howland pursues her, although she is evidently in the company of his enemies. Not until we have had a surfeit of adventure and fighting is the original misunderstanding cleared up, and it is the nature of the misunderstanding that seems a little thin.

*Peter Homunculus*, by Gilbert Cannan. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of a boy who climbs from poverty and obscurity into a successful literary career. He is befriended by an old hook-seller and then becomes secretary to a newspaper owner, who recognizes the stuff of which the boy is made. The story has some merit and two or three love incidents are well described. The first is with the daughter of a clergyman and this ends in disappointment, as the girl has no conception of her lover's inner character. Then comes an infatuation for an actress that has a more satisfactory ending. The psychology of young manhood is handled with some insight.

## New Publications.

"Christian Unity in Effort," by Frank J. Firth, is a comprehensive plea for unity throughout Christendom to be attained by a broad agreement upon essentials and a consequent subordination of creed. It is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.50.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, has published a handsome volume of the shorter stories by Ouida. Of these stories there are four—"A Dog of Flanders," "The Nürnberg Stove," "In the Apple Country," and "The Little Earl." The type is clear and there are numerous colored illustrations.

"The Value of Happiness," edited by Mary Minerva Barrows, and with an introduction by Margaret E. Sangster, is a collection of prose and poetical writings on the subject of happiness and the place that it should fill in human life. It is printed on tinted paper with marginal decorations and published by the H. M. Caldwell Company, New York and Boston.

Two volumes, entitled "Mary of Plymouth" and "Ruth of Boston," by James Otis, have been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. They are intended to tell the stories of Plymouth Rock and of Boston from the child's point of view and are suitable for use as supplementary readers. The price is 35 cents each.

"The Little Colonel's Good Times Book," by Annie Fellows Johnston, is a volume of blank pages intended for the diary purposes.

of girls, or even of boys. Not that the pages are entirely blank, seeing that each has a tastefully decorated border and a rhymed couplet for a heading. These are preceded by an almanac, two pages to a month and with the day lines blank, and this again is preceded by a few pages of sensible advice as to diary keeping, with recommendations to self-unconsciousness and against introspection. The author is known universally as the writer of the Little Colonel series, and her portrait forms a frontispiece for the present volume. The publishers are L. C. Page & Co., Boston, and the price is \$1.50.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Religious History.

*Orpheus*, from the French of Salomon Reinach, by Florence Simmonds. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; \$3.

This book professes to be a "history of religions," which seems a somewhat large claim for a book of about four hundred pages. As a matter of fact, it is not a history at all. It is a mere scamper through the world-old story of crude superstition, savage misconception, idolatry, and cruelty, all of it intended in defense of the author's definition of religion as "a sum of scruples which impede the free exercise of our faculties." But the word scruple does not entirely please him. He would prefer the word *taboo* in the Polyesian sense of something that must be irrationally avoided. This definition occurs upon the third page, so that we have a premonition of what is to come. Even in his preface the author speaks of religions as "the infinitely curious products of man's imagination and of man's reason in its infancy."

The contention is of course a perfectly legitimate one, but it should be urged legitimately, without prejudice, arrogance, or misstatement. We seem to find all three in Reinach's book. Nor need we go far in search of them. Speaking of the progress of the modern Hindus, we find a statement that the doctrine of evolution "will gradually raise them to the level of cultured Europeans, to whom the religion of social duty is all-sufficient." Are we to understand that this is one of the tests of culture, and that those to whom the religion of social duty is not "all-sufficient" must be denied the possession of culture? We feel that the author should have added a chapter on bigotry with illustrative excerpts from his own writing.

His misinformation is similarly varied. Why does he say that "the dog is taboo practically throughout Europe" in the same way that the cow is taboo to the Hindus? It is true that dogs are not eaten in Europe, but neither are rats, nor donkeys, nor cats. Are these also taboo? He says that the fish is an ancient Syrian totem and connects this with the early Christian identification of Christ with "the great fish." Does he not know that this identification was a glyph of the passage of the sun into the sign of fishes? He tells us that Buddha died of an indigestion caused by a meal of rice and pork. Buddha was a rigid vegetarian, and he references which he interprets literally and with evident malice has a symbolic meaning. He says that Nirvana is "non-existence." It is the non-existence of the selfish personality, not of the real ego. Two pages further on we read of the Hindu trinity "consisting of Brahma, the creative spirit, Siva, the preserver, and Vishnu, the destroyer." Vishnu is the preserver and Siva the destroyer. Elsewhere we read that the idea of hygiene awoke very late in the Greek world," and this in face of the rigid hygiene of the Mosaic law. These and others of a like nature are to be found in the first fifty pages.

The work is indeed worthless as a history of religions. A worse than ecclesiastical fanaticism pervades every page, and an arrogance that outdoes the church in its palmiest days. The enemy of dogma will find in it such valuable ammunition, but we had better try his references before using them, but be sincere and tolerant religionist need fear nothing from an attempted demonstration at humanity even in its lowest forms has ever wavered in its recognition of an unseen spiritual reality underlying phenomena.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John Brown of Harper's Ferry is the subject of a new biography by Oswald Garrison Villard, one of the editors of the New York *Evening Post*. Mr. Villard has devoted years to this work, which will be published in the fall.

Josephine Preston Peabody has been awarded the prize of \$1500 offered by one of the governors of the Shakespeare Memorial theatre at Stratford-on-Avon for the best play out of 615 submitted for production at the theatre. Her play is entitled "The Piper," and was recently published. It will be produced at Stratford on May 5, when, according to the conditions of the competition, the prize will be presented to the author on the stage of the Memorial Theatre.

Mr. James Bryce says that there are two books he would like to have written—the biography of Abraham Lincoln and a political memoir of the late Lord Kimberley.

*Putnam's Magazine*, which suspended publication with the April issue and was combined with the *Atlantic Monthly*, was founded in 1853 by George William Curtis and was suspended in 1857, having numbered among its famous contributors Lowell, Thoreau, Longfellow, Stoddard, and Stedman. As revived in 1906, it represented the absorption of the *Literary World*, the *Reader*, and the *Critic*, the last named founded in 1881 by Miss Jeanette L. Gilder and Joseph B. Gilder, and published at first fortnightly, then weekly,

and, finally, as a monthly. Mr. Gilder had been editor of *Putnam's* since its revival, and Miss Gilder had contributed "The Lounger" department of comment and gossip. Miss Gilder and Mr. Gilder will discontinue their connection with the magazine upon its suspension.

Walter Williams, dean of the Missouri University School of Journalism, says that Moses was the first great editor.

Macmillan & Co. of London announce a new library edition of Walter Pater's works in ten volumes, the first of which will be issued in April.

Felix Tournachon, French journalist and caricaturist, died in Paris recently. M. Tournachon was ninety years old, had been in the newspaper field since his twenty-second year, and was founder of the *Revue Comique*.

The collaboration of father and son in the production of a novel is somewhat unusual, yet this combination is found behind "A Village of Vagabonds," in which F. Berkeley Smith appears as writer, and his father, F. Hopkinson Smith, as illustrator. The scene is laid in Normandy, where the son makes his home.

Andrew Carnegie has signified his intention of beginning an investigation for the need of a non-political, non-religious national daily newspaper, and if the results warrant it he promises to start such a publication, either in New York or in Washington, D. C.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish writer, author of "Quo Vadis," is arranging to visit the United States, to be present at the Polish National Congress, which is to meet at Washington in the spring.

What is said to be the most singular book in the world is possessed by the Prince de Ligne. It is neither printed nor is it a manuscript, the text being formed of characters cut in vellum and pasted on blue paper. All the letters are cut with remarkable skill and precision. The unique volume bears the title, "The Book of All Passions of Our Lord Jesus Christ, with Characters Not Composed of Any Materials."

The first volume of Dr. Conrad Müller's "Bismarck's Mutter und ihre Ahnen" has just been published in Germany. The marked influence of the maternal lineage is clearly set forth and the intellectual qualities which distinguished the first German imperial chancellor are traced back through his mother, Wilhelmina Menken, to her distinguished ancestors.

Major James McLaughlin, author of "My Friend the Indian," got his title from having been Indian agent. Major McLaughlin knows the Indians as few white men do, and his book includes for the first time the Indian side of the story of the Custer tragedy at Little Big Horn and the story of Chief Joseph's famous retreat with his Nez Percés.

Shelley's "Address to the Irish People," for which fancy prices are now asked, was originally given away, the 10 cents at which it was published being in many cases too much for the class of persons to whom the pamphlet was addressed. Shelley's intention was "to disseminate truth and happiness" throughout the world, and he regarded Ireland as a favorable base for his propaganda.

Judge Parry, the author of many quaint books for children, has just taken a residence at West Llandudno, in Wales, within a few yards of the house in which "Alice" spent her summers and "Lewis Carroll" wrote much of his philosophic nonsense for her amusement. In fact, Judge Parry's new home

faces the expanse of white, firm sand, where the carpenter shed a bitter tear over the futility of maids with mops.

According to Mr. W. B. Yeats, a poet's life must necessarily be troubled. "All songs," says Mr. Yeats, "are those of victories won in the poet's mind. If you could find a perfectly steady nature, you would find a silent one."

Rene Doumie, in his book of essays upon George Sand, compares her to Mme. de Staël as follows: "In order to be pitied by Mme. de Staël it was absolutely necessary to be a woman of genius. For a woman to be defended by George Sand it was only necessary that she should not love her husband, and this was a more general thing."

Dr. F. J. Furnivall, who recently celebrated his eighty-sixth birthday, was entertained at dinner the other evening in London by the Authors' Club. He asked the members of the club to use their influence in directing the channel of scholarship to English. "In Derbyshire," he said, "I came across a village on a hill named Thorpe Cloud. People wonder why it is called 'Cloud.' Let them turn to their Anglo-Saxon dictionary and they will find that 'cloud' means 'rock,' and clouds were originally called clouds because they looked like rocks. All these things ought to be familiar to all English people."

New Books Received.

"According to Maria," by Mrs. John Lane. John Lane.  
"A Modern Chronicle," by Winston Churchill. Macmillan.  
"A Holiday with the Birds," by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody. Harper's.  
"Business! Practical Hints for Master and Man," by T. Sharper Knowlson. Warne & Co.  
"Cavanagh, Forest Ranger," by Hamlin Garland. Harper's.  
"China and the Far East," Clark University Lectures. Crowell.  
"Caleb Trench," by Mary Imlay Taylor. Little, Brown.  
"English Literature in Account with Religion," by Edward Mortimer Chapman. Houghton Mifflin.  
"Fishing Kits and Equipment," by Samuel G. Camp. Outing Co.  
"Government by Influence," by Elmer Ellsworth Brown. Longmans.  
"Gwendia," by Mabel Barnes-Grundy. Baker & Taylor.  
"How Americans Are Governed," by Crittenden Marriott. Harper's.  
"Manual of Gardening," by L. H. Bailey. Macmillan.  
"Personal Power—Counsels to College Men," by William Jewett Tucker. Houghton Mifflin.  
"Poppy," by Cynthia Stockley. Putnam's.  
"Real Letters of a Real Girl," by Betty. C. M. Clark Co.  
"Swimming," by Edwin Tenney Brewster. Houghton Mifflin.  
"Tess of the Storm Country," by Grace Miller White. Watt.  
"The Adventures of an A. D. C.," by Shelland Bradley. John Lane.  
"The Crowds and the Veiled Woman," by Marian Cox. Funk & Wagnalls.  
"The Diary of a Daly Debutante," anonymous. Duffield.  
"The Godparents," by Grace Sartwell Mason. Houghton Mifflin.  
"The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells. Duffield.  
"The Hermit of Capri," by John Steventon. Harper's.  
"The Owls of St. Ursula's," by Jane Brewster Reid. Baker & Taylor.  
"The Red House on Rowan Street," by Roman Doubleday. Little, Brown.  
"The Unfathomable Sorrow," by Oliver Opp-Dyke. Fleming H. Revell.

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## BEFORE THE BALL.

The Story of Two Lovers and Two Roses.

Countess Marie Antoinette Helversen was indisputably beautiful. She possessed the rare beauty that no one questions—not even women. When such a beautiful woman passes along the street all turn to look at her, just as in the morning when their paths lead in an opposite direction, they turn to behold that spot in the east where the sun rose clear and radiant.

Countess Marie Antoinette knew how beautiful she was. How would it have been possible for her not to know it? Was she coquettish! Certainly, but not in that unpleasant way that is often obtrusive. She rejoiced in her pretty face; she rejoiced, as a consequence, in all that tended to enhance its prettiness—in adornment, ornament, and fine toilets.

Naturally, Countess Marie Antoinette had endless admirers and suitors. The most earnest of them were the two neighbors of her parents, Camill von Leeringen and Ernst von Prinzthal. Camill was the most dashing officer that could be imagined; he was not only a famous dancer and horseman, but he talked well, and played the piano brilliantly. His castle was magnificent, and superbly arranged. His stables were well supplied. He had, in fact, debts, but debts are for the most part an evidence of riches. Ernst von Prinzthal was, on the contrary, quiet but earnest.

Both sued for Marie Antoinette's hand, and each in his own way was filled with distrust and jealousy toward the other. This uncertainty could not continue longer. One of them must yield his place, if murder or a death-blow did not remove him. But which one? The parents permitted to the daughter her free choice. And Countess Antoinette? Really she had not considered whom she would choose.

The day before the garrison ball (before a ball Antoinette was more radiant, more joyous, and more conquering than ever) the two suitors came to Castle Helversen at the same moment, and almost attacked each other in the salon. The result was that they urgently and earnestly begged Countess Antoinette to render her final decision.

"Make known to us by some token which of us is the favored one—which of us you will make happy with your hand," cried Camill von Leeringen.

"Yes, let us know our fate today, for only under this condition can we give up the duel which the scene of today has rendered almost unavoidable. The one whom you reject will leave the scene of combat. Will you do so?"

"Oh, you must, indeed," cried Ernst von Prinzthal, "for, Antoinette, I can no longer endure the torments of this uncertainty. I love you. Do you understand what that means? It means that I shall suffer always if you do not say, 'You shall find new life with me.'"

"Well, for my part," said Countess Antoinette, laughing, "I will give my decision this evening. At this moment I really have not the time. My head is so full. The modiste has promised me my ball-dress at noon, and it is now eleven o'clock. It comes direct from Paris, and I have no idea of the style, scarcely of the color. Then, until this evening—"

"And let us know at the first glance which of us has to hope, and which of us has to despair," said Ernst von Prinzthal, in a hoarse voice, while his breath came fast. "If I am the one to whom you will give life and happiness, then wear a red rose in your hair. Will you? But if it is Cavalier Leeringen then—"

"Then, of course, wear a white one," smiled the officer, showing his whitest of teeth. "Roses vary commonly in these two shades, as does wine."

"So let it be, so let it be," merrily said the Countess Antoinette. "But now adieu. I hear a carriage in the court. I wager it is the modiste and my ball-dress."

The evening came. Antoinette stood before her mirror in all the magnificence of the dress from Mme. Leontine of Paris. She was beside herself with delight. In its style, material, and shading of colors the ball-dress was a master-work of elegance. It was of the palest rose tint, not the rose red that recalls the color of the hundred-leaved rose, but the shade that suggests either the winter-rose, when fully blown, or the tip of the diamond petal that has almost a yellow shimmer. In this toilet, which harmonized wonderfully with her complexion, her eyes, and her chestnut-brown hair, Antoinette was sweet enough to kiss. There remained only the question of the flower for her hair. Before her lay a cluster of dewy roses that the gardener had just brought. She must choose. She thought of the important rôle the color of her flower must play this evening.

But did she think of the woosers themselves? Did she love one more than the other? She was extremely fond of both, but of which one particularly? That she scarcely knew. Did she think that the handsome officer was a little fickle, and a little frivolous—that he was somewhat skeptical, as well, somewhat reckless, and somewhat extravagant?

Did she remember that a true heart-tone had sounded in the voice of Ernst von Prinzthal; that he was benevolent to the poor; and that on this very morning she had seen a tear sparkle in his eye?

No. Who thinks of such things before a ball?—who thinks of such things in the blissfulness of a new toilet?

It was really impossible to wear the red rose with the blossom tint of the dress, that shaded so softly. But the tea-rose, the heart of which softly glowed into a creamy shade, completed her toilet in the most enchanting manner.

"Oh," murmured Antoinette, as she fastened the rose in her hair. "Triumph for the cavalier! The prize is his."

Many years after, a woman sat grieving in a cold back room of a great house in a large city. She was sick, and suffering, and aged before her time. She was a widow—although her husband lived somewhere in the world outside, in disgrace and degradation. After he had spent her fortune, deceived and scorned her, he had left her. The deserted woman, now sick and poor, turned the leaves of a prayer-book by the feeble light that a street lamp threw in the miserable room. Her glance was attracted by a dead blossom that lay, dry as dust, between the leaves. It was black and dry from age, but it had once been beautiful.

It was the wreck and ruin of a once white rose.—Translated for the Argonaut from the German.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Song.

Sad hours—sad hours these he  
Oh, fond and true,  
With the long, lonely leagues  
'Twixt me and you!

And yet—and yet I know,  
Dear heart of grace,  
Love's power can overcome  
Both time and space!

By love—by love (ah, joy!)  
The gulf is spanned;  
Across the vast of night  
I touch your hand!

—Clinton Scollard, in *Ainslee's Magazine*.

## Toward Spring.

Long have we tracked with heavy pace  
The valley of the wintry year;  
At last, an upward path we trace,  
And all things speak of vernal cheer.

Even the frost, that on the pane  
Still speaks its garden silver-white,  
Foretells that soon will spring again  
The living flowers that drink the light.

And the wind that by the casement sweeps—  
It lapses with a summer-cloze;  
The brook through icy lattice peeps,  
And on, toward freedom, singing, goes!  
—Edith M. Thomas, in *St. Nicholas Magazine*.

## The Homing.

Out of the deserts of night, he came home to me,  
Wrack, and the fear-haunt aglow in his eyes;

Crept to this heart that had yearned through the years  
For the clasp of his hand, and the sun of his smile.

Weak, and the will of him broken and poor  
From defeat in the battle with Mammon  
and Guile—

Straight to his father he came—with the day-star's rise.

Once on threshold he paused as in fear lest some  
other had taken his place in my heart;  
Paused, then the hunger for solace gnawed deep  
in him, swiftly he sped to me, breathing  
one word—

"Father!"—more wondrous than ever a melody  
thrilled from lute-strings by an angel hand  
stirred,

Straight to his father he came—nor in life to part.

Never a word of reproach did I breathe to him,  
only I looked on him, smiling through tears,  
Wistful I noted the smile of him hardened,  
the pitiful wounds that the long years had wrought.

Then as he slept, by his bedside I wept for him,  
hungered of heart, yet appeased in the thought,

Straight to his father he came—through the husk-strewn years.

—Clarence Richard Lindner, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

## Sonnet to a Violin.

Strange shape, who molded first thy fragile shell?  
Who carved these melting curves? who first did bring

Across thy latticed bridge the slender string?  
Who formed the magic wand, to weave the spell  
And lending thee his spirit, bade thee tell,  
When o'er the quivering strings he drew the bow,

Life's history of happiness and woe—  
A ringing psalm, or a funeral knell!

Come, O beloved responsive instrument!  
Across thy slender throat, with gentle care  
I'll stretch my heart strings, and he quite content  
To lose them, if with man I may but share

The springs of song that in my soul are pent,  
To cease his toil, and help his load to bear.  
—From "Overtones," by Bertha F. Gordon.

For many years the railroads of England were prohibited from carrying persons who were bound for a prizefight.

## The Schatchens.

There are 5000 schatchens, Jewish marriage brokers, in New York, and they assert that the old scale of dowry no longer attracts the Hebrew young men into wedlock. The New York Times quotes a schatchen as saying the common, uneducated man in business, at a salary of not more than \$25 a week, can now reasonably expect to get \$500 with his wife.

Saloon-keeping ranks about the lowest of all on the schatchen's list, yet, only a week ago, a young man, "two years out of Russia," an assistant bar-keeper, "refused even to look at a match with \$1000." He expected \$3000. The schatchen declared this to be exorbitant, for, she explained, \$3000 is the regular price of a medical school graduate.

An ordinary college graduate now commands \$2000 with his bride. A medical, legal, or dental beginner, with no practice at all, can obtain \$3000 in the marriage market, while one with an established business expects to receive anywhere from \$6000 to \$25,000 through the schatchen. It is a mistake to assume, the schatchen told the New York Times, that only the poor Hebrews arrange their marriages on a business basis. The custom is general among all classes.

"It is a family affair, though," explained the schatchen. "A father comes to me and says he wants his daughter to marry. She can have \$500, or \$1000, or this or that. Then I ask what kind of a man he wants—business, professional, how old, and so on until I get an idea of the man he desires. Next I look over my lists till I find some one who seems to fit. I give his name, those of his family connections, his employer, where he works, what he earns, and what his prospects are.

"Then, if the father likes the description, he looks up the man's record from all the names I have given him. If this is satisfactory, he can call on the man. If it is still agreeable, he asks the man to call. Sometimes the girl knows what is going on and sometimes she doesn't, but generally she guesses.

"But if it is a man who wants to marry and comes to me I do the same thing. He

tells me what he wants, and I give him the names of the family and relatives, and I can look them up. In this way, you know what you are doing, and it makes a very safe marriage."

## Pears'

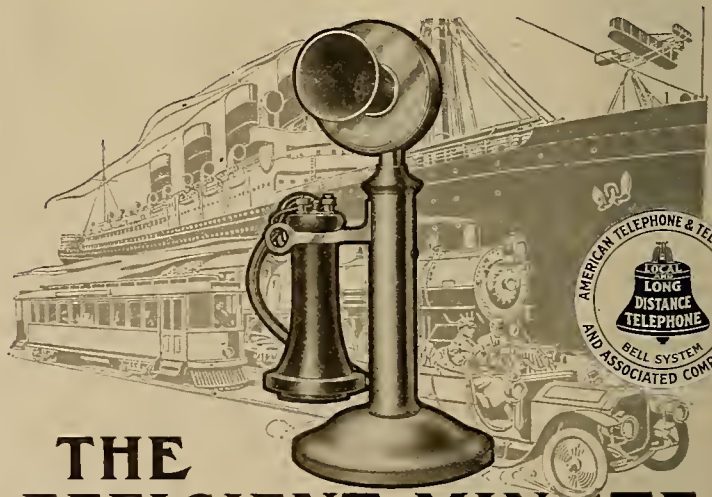
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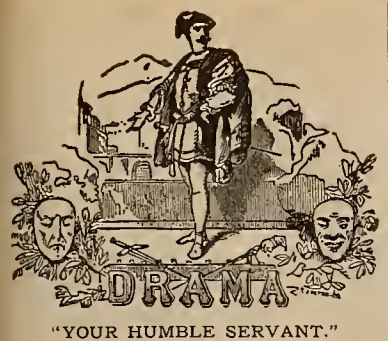
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“YOUR HUMBLE SERVANT.”

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson were in big luck when Otis Skinner accepted their play and raised in highest relief every good quality it possesses. But if he hadn't, others would have done so, for "Your Humble Servant" has decided merits, in spite of its faults. It however belongs to the lighter class of drama, and has a predominating atmosphere of artificiality. The two authors are fairly hursting with sentiment, as evidenced by their novels, and their play is frequently exaggerated beyond the degree that makes for simplicity and naturalness.

The merits of the play are the very interesting, humorous, yet sympathetic character sketch of Lafayette Towers, self-styled actor; the well-devised situations, and the amusingness of the dialogue. Of actual wit there is little, but the grandiloquent verbal shifts and evasions of the ever-fluent actor when he is driven into a corner by his ruthlessly logical comrade are happily conceived and, in the matter of diction, well expressed. And then, above all, the heart of this vagabond, would-be actor, who seems made only for the vocation in which he was a failure, is warm, kindly, and true, and thus he wins our sympathy.

As to the truth of the picture, we who see mimes only from the front can not pass upon it. It is, at all events, very plain that anything so lengthily oratorical and actory when off the stage as Lafayette Towers can not be a common product of this practical, money-making, hurried age. There is a quality of old-fashionedness to the portrait, which gives Towers the effect of having been inadvertently left over from a previous epoch. There are, no doubt, actors of that kind, but the careless, unidealizing indifference of the youth of the twentieth century toward a loquacious failure would prevent Lafayette Towers from having the audience—off the stage, I mean—that he craved.

The authors have created a man of the type that is continually posing. But the pose is assumed with such childlike pleasure and self-satisfaction by the poseur that it does not irritate his one faithful friend. She knows how sterling is the sentiment that bubbles underneath the rolling periods.

But Dick, the stage-struck scion of wealth, who has cast in his lot with a couple of harnstormers, is driven into a frenzy of impatient wrath by the impracticability of this poor grasshopper, who sheds his dollars with far more facility than he earns them.

One of the most amusing situations in the play is that in which is depicted Dick, emerging from the stage-glamour, his common sense and American practicality reasserting themselves, and vainly trying to tutor Lafa, the incorrigible debtor and lender of dollars, into paying his way.

The episode of the absconding manager reads true. As to his kindly treatment subsequently by the incorrigibly forgiving Lafa, that, too, seems to be in keeping with what we hear of human nature, quite aside from the profession of acting. What, however, does not quite carry is the wind-up of the play in the matter of Maggie's affections. It is utterly impossible, somehow, to conceive of her as falling in love with Lafayette Towers. His very virtues, that so endeared him to her, were of the kind that would infallibly prevent her from loving him. It seems, indeed, as if the authors forswore realism with full knowledge when they caused the curtain to be rung down on a new rôle for Lafayette—that of the lover triumphant. Their sentiment got in the way, and, furthermore, they were in need of a wind-up and a climax. It would have been even more illogical to reunite Dick and Maggie, so they made Lafayette, and, presumably, the audience happy by pairing him off as the matrimonial partner of Maggie in her new pathway toward success. And since such an end was not logical and inevitable, we found ourselves asking, "What in the world will she do with him?" more particularly as Lafayette the improvident was never cut out for the obvious destiny of a star's husband: that of being her business manager.

What the authors did succeed in conveying is a perception of the real pathos in the lives of the innumerable derelicts in the ever-growing ranks of players. We realized that Lafayette Towers was one of many, that such as he are just about as practical as a well-disposed lunatic; that this stage mania, when

not carried out into practical results and a working career, is a form of harmless mania; that the luckless wretches who are cursed with it either earn a precarious living or none at all, and that the shore which separates the stage world from the sea of life is stranded with just such wrecks as Lafayette would have become if Maggie had not stepped into the warm atmosphere of success. "Believe me, sir, the artist's life is not a bed of roses," says Lafayette, in a sad moment of alcoholically induced pessimism; "we have our golden moments, but the glamour passes, the lights go out, and we step forth into the dark and rainy alley."

During the representation we experience a conviction that Otis Skinner is made for better things than this rôle. Yet it is surprising that we do feel it, since he makes the rôle so peculiarly his own by the absolute perfection with which he plays it. His domination of the stage, from the moment he enters it, is complete. So colossal does he make the childlike vanity of the player that the others seem to give way before it instinctively when Tower is behind the scenes in the mimic theatre. When he is confronted with the actualities of life those around him who have thinking machines give him up. He is incorrigible. These and other characteristics Mr. Skinner causes to live before us.

The authors have endeavored to outline the credulity of this type of player, his superstition, the inflated self importance, the unbalanced imagination, the instability of purpose, the ready sympathy, the unreflecting generosity, the unquestioning trustfulness, all those unworldly traits that, though lovable, lead to failure. And of all these, blended in one harmonious whole, Mr. Skinner makes a portrait so dominating, so appealing, so warmly colored with the hues of life that we are apt to forget to give due credit to the literary creators.

But, indeed, they would find no other personality on the American stage that would so completely fill the picture. Although Mr. Skinner has absorbed the modern methods of acting he was trained in the old school, and a certain robust breadth of treatment that he gives causes one to realize how anemic many actors of the modern school would seem in this representation. The portrayal of Lafayette Towers's expansive vanity, his swelling pose, his unctuous periods, as well as his tenderness of heart, requires uncommon gifts. Another feature in the representation being the graphic make-up, which, when Lafayette sheds his stage costume, reveals him as "a bum actor." It was there in feature, expression, attitude, and dress.

Miss Izetta Jewell, whom we so favorably remember as Salomé, has had a quick promotion, but it was to be anticipated, from what we saw of her admirable emotional work during her long season at the Colonial. As yet she has not, in the lighter phases of acting, acquired the art which conceals art. But she has that inner strength which causes us to realize that she always holds forces in reserve. Her full-toned, agreeable voice is a great gift, and a very valuable element in the always admirable reading of her lines.

The support throughout is particularly competent, the players well chosen. The crooked manager with his sinister squint, and his deep-dyed Hebraic worship of money, was done to the life by A. G. Andrews. Alfred Hudson's stage-struck youth was particularly well played in the second act, when Dick was leaving glamour behind and coming to. Not so well in a later scene of which the emotion was rather shallow.

Jessie Cromette's landlady, with fixed, even-toned cynicism, her weary incredulity of actorial pledges and promises concerning the rent, her immovable determination to "run no woodyard for down-and-outs" was one of the admirable features of an admirable whole.

The play works up to a telling, if theatric, climax in showing us the success of "little Maggie" as a star. There is a tendency nowadays in plays to gratify the curiosity of what the players collectively call the "muts" in front by showing us life behind the scenes. There are two views afforded us, in "Your Humble Servant," both interesting in their different ways. The authors succeed, too, in the last act, in reaching our sympathies. There is something pitiable, pathetic, in the intoxication of a player's success. For the

time being, his ardent imagination carries him away, and the careless, cruel, self-centred public out in front are the high gods holding his destiny in the hollow of their hands. Somehow, I carried away from "Your Humble Servant" a strengthened conviction that the player's life, whether crowned with success or made gray by failure, has, in the long run, more of ashes than glow.

In this last act Mr. Skinner showed what he could do with silence. Lafayette is in Maggie's dressing-room while the newly risen star wins her stellar honors. There are flowers, an excited manager, callers, felicitations. And all the time a silent figure, of which we are always conscious, sits somewhat apart, re-joining unselfishly, and mentally bidding a long farewell to the "little spindling girl" whose face is now turned to success. For the first time Lafayette Towers's histrionic garment was rent from him, and a silent, suffering man sat there. The star was enough of a star to dare to be realistic and to stay away for many moments from the centre of the stage, with a deepened impression of sincerity as the result.

—♦—

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues, delivered by that splendid speaker and fellow-traveler of Mr. Holmes, Mr. Wright Kramer, will commence their season at the Garrick Theatre Monday night. On this occasion "Our Own Hawaii" will be the subject.

Last summer these globe-trotters visited the Hawaiian Islands and eleven years ago also, before they became an American colony, and therefore Mr. Kramer will be able to present his audiences a widely contrasting series of glimpses at the past and present of this Paradise of the Pacific. In these eleven years annexation has wrought marvelous changes and those who attend this interesting travelogue will see through the eyes of Mr. Holmes's cameras the thatch houses and the taro-patch, the mule team, and the hula dance in marked contrast with the up-to-date residences and hotels of the present day, the automobile and the trolley car.

Life in Honolulu will be vividly portrayed, and by means of beautiful lantern slides and motion pictures Mr. Kramer will take his audience on short tours to Waikiki, to Maui with its crater of Haleakala, to Hilo, and to the active volcano of Kilauea, which will be shown in an amazing motion picture in the midst of eruption.

"Our Own Hawaii" will be given Monday and Tuesday nights and Wednesday afternoon at 3:30. The school teachers of San Francisco will be the guests of Manager Greenbaum at this travelogue.

On Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon the subject will be "New Japan Today"—a truthful, striking, and realistic "scene transference" of the actual Japan of the present time, the Japan of the trolley cars, automobiles, rapid-fire guns, vast manufacturing and commercial interests, in fact a vigorous young world power upon whom it behooves the entire world to keep a watchful eye. This new Japan is still very beautiful, and as it is, so will it be shown here with wonderful motion pictures and colored views.

Seats for these entertainments are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, prices being 50c, 75c, and \$1.

In Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, "Hawaii" will be given Tuesday afternoon, and "Japan Today" Friday afternoon, at half-past three, this hour having been set to accommodate teachers and their pupils.

"Old Japan" and "Java" will be given the following week.

—♦—

In appreciation of the action of President Taft in granting a pardon last year to John Joseph von Schiller, a grandson of the German poet Schiller, sentenced for desertion from the United States Army, German admirers of the poet intend to produce in Washington a Schiller play and give the proceeds to the National Soldiers' Home.

—♦—

Maeterlinck's play, "Blue Bird," is likely to be barred from production in Boston next season, because there are many parts for children, who under the Massachusetts law are not allowed to appear.



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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.

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## VANITY FAIR.

We continue to hear rumors of disharmony between Mr. and Mrs. Asquith, and while some reports say that all the fault is with the husband, every one is agreed that Mrs. Asquith used to belong to the society known as "The Souls." The nature of this strange organization is never divulged, but it is always mentioned as though it were a very suspicious circumstance in itself and one tending to account for any quantity of marital disagreements. As a matter of fact none but its members know precisely what "The Souls" is, or are. It was a secret society to which aristocrats belonged, but it is said to have engrossed so much of Mrs. Asquith's attention, with other affairs of a like nature, that she could hardly tolerate the conversation of ordinary people, and so frequently got her husband into trouble by her lack of the social savivies.

Secret societies have always had a fascination for minds of a certain order, and not necessarily a low order either, but it is only recently that women have shown much inclination to join them. At the present time there are over a dozen such societies in England, and their membership is mainly feminine and aristocratic. Almost without exception they are of a psychological order, and are more or less founded on the disposition toward occult research that finds its more public expression in societies for psychical investigation and the pseudo scientific study of the mysterious. There is of course nothing scientific about the ladies who belong to "The Souls" and kindred organizations. Many of them dabble a little in spiritualism, in mesmerism, in thought transference, and in the induction of strange states of mind by means of mental concentration and perhaps of drugs. It is a new and engrossing sensation, a sort of mental dram-drinking, a reaction from purely physical excitements to which the women of the old world are peculiarly liable. Some of the societies carry out rituals founded on the ancient Egyptian rites and profess a search for the philosopher's stone, the elixir of life, and the secrets of alchemy. They have pass-words, grips, and tokens, and they look down upon the rest of the world as outsiders and Philistines. Naturally this sort of thing produces an exclusiveness and a certain weirdness of mind that is distinctly repellent.

Mr. Frederic E. McKay is to be congratulated upon the success of the theatrical dinner that he gave a few days ago at the Hotel Gotham in New York. It was served in one of the small banquet rooms, and the only floral decorations were roses strewn about the table and heaped in the centre in the form of a miniature theatre. The souvenirs were particularly appropriate and free from the detestable costliness that is always so much the mark of innate vulgarity. Each lady received a doll dressed to represent the present stage character of its recipient. Thus Miss Julia Sanderson had a little Irish doll and Miss Billie Burke was presented with a demure little widow.

The guests were Miss Maxine Elliott, Miss Mary Mannering, Miss Blanche Ring, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Miss Billie Burke, Miss Augusta Belasco, Miss Pauline Marr, Miss Mary Fairfax, Mrs. George M. Cohan, Mrs. Samuel H. Harris, Miss Laura Nelson Hall, Mrs. Donald Brian, Miss Adrienne Augarde, and Miss Julia Sanderson.

London is said to be crowded with Americans, who have all that they can do to find accommodations. Circumstances have combined to produce the unusual assembly now in London. The English political situation has prevented the customary dispersal to the country and the continent, and then, too, there is the international horse show, the Festival of the Empire at the Crystal Palace, and the Anglo-Japanese Exposition. As a result, the rents are something enormous, but this does not count for much with the multi-millionaires, who are glad enough to get anything at any price. Mrs. Frank Mackay has taken Lord Granard's house in Berkeley Square and may buy it outright for \$500,000, and Mrs. Milleier Grabam, widow of the California millionaire, has secured Lord Nunburnholmes's town house. A house agent is reported as saying that Americans are willing to pay anything from \$5000 to \$15,000 for a three months' term in a West End house, while \$500 a week is a common demand.

A curious feature of most of the renting leases is a clause stipulating that the tenants shall not allow any original paintings in the house to be copied, and this is because a number of unique pictures have been copied in previous years and the copies taken back to America as originals.

Why do women marry their chauffeurs? Perhaps the practice has hardly yet become an epidemic, but it is evidently on its way, if we may judge from an article appearing in one of the automobile newspapers and by a less an authority than Lord Montagu of Beaulieu. Lord Montagu says:

One often hears nowadays of fair women eloping with their motormen, and the commonest

remark when such events happen is, "How could she?" or "Just fancy; with a motorman!" But is there nothing more than an ordinary masculine attraction for the feminine mind in a smart looking motorman, a skilled driver gifted with a good mind, deferential yet independent, and well educated also, as often happens now? I think there is. Just as the fair sex on a steamship say of the captain, "What a dear!" and often wish they were Mrs. Captain, and just as the most feminine of them adore the actor, the singer or the author, so women in general love a man of action who does things, controls things and could control them, too, if the occasion arose. The sense of being absolutely dependent upon the man at the wheel has a peculiar fascination, and results in the sense of trust broadening sometimes into senses of other things.

And, looking back, this attraction toward the driver or guider of moving vehicles or ships is very old. A hundred years ago it was the most interesting form of tit-tattle and gossip to discuss how so-and-so's stud groom or horseman had run away with an heiress, or proposed to a ward of court. The seventeenth and eighteenth century histories and plays are full of allusions to such events. Perhaps Jehu, who drove furiously to the common danger, was a charmer in his time; at any rate, there is no doubt that rapid motion has a distinct effect upon the human mind. Sometimes it induces sleepiness, sometimes thought, sometimes affection for the god or maybe goddess controlling the car; but it is certain that no human person remains quite uninfused or normal in a good car by the side of a good driver and in congenial company, to which, if you add picturesque scenery, the picture and the sensations should be complete.

Mr. Vanderbilt intends to play the coachman in England once more this year. The four horses that he used on the last occasion, the famous Vanderbilt grays, were returned to America, but they have now again crossed the ocean and are in England. The first trip will be on May 3 and daily thereafter except on Sundays, and it is said that the seats have been well booked up by aristocratic customers, who will try to imagine that they are back in the old days before steam abolished the coach and the coaching inn.

It is a strange amusement for a man of wealth. The pleasure of driving a fine team is of course unquestioned and second only to riding a fine horse, but it is rather a different thing to undertake a fifty-mile journey between London and Brighton every day and to carry paying passengers. Mr. Vanderbilt should vary his amusements somewhat. Much enjoyment might be obtained from driving a London omnibus, or a water cart, or a cab. He might try the life of the policeman, although this is said to be "not a happy one." To turn out every day and in all weathers in order to drive a coach to Brighton must be monotonous, especially after a week or two, but no doubt it suits Mr. Vanderbilt's peculiar type of intelligence, so we need not complain. But if there is some special charm in the revival of the old coaching days it should be done with a close attention to detail and local color. Why not employ bigwigs to "hold up" the coach every few days and so produce the genuine, old-fashioned thrill?

The detention of the crown prince in his palace for two days by the Kaiser for what he considered a terrible breach of the imperial family's dignity (he was unable to get into a theatre because it was full and he had forgotten to announce to the management his intention of being present) is something unique in royal discipline. But then (says *Cassell's Saturday Journal*) the Kaiser is original or nothing.

Although it may seem incongruous and strange, there have been several occasions when royalty have been placed under arrest, though not by members of their own family, but by the less ceremonious and over-zealous members of the police.

Only quite recently the Kaiser left the imperial residence at Potsdam clad in an ordinary suit of brown tweeds. The guard, however, seeing him go out, did not know who he was, and questioned an official of the palace shortly afterwards concerning the stranger. This aroused some suspicion, and the emperor was followed, still unrecognized. He went to Berlin, where a regular detective was set to watch him, for any stranger at Potsdam is always well looked after.

The Kaiser went to a restaurant, and dined as an ordinary mortal might, for he is given to these little incognito excursions. He did nothing particular beyond buying some cigarettes at a tobacconist's, and the detective, joined by another plain-clothes man, dogged the unsuspecting monarch back to the palace, which he entered unconcernedly. The guard saluted, but the innocent detectives, now convinced that something was wrong, dashed forward and laid their hands on the Kaiser's shoulders and demanded to know who he was. It took twenty minutes, and the corroboration of half the palace, to satisfy them that they had "pinched" the Kaiser, who enjoyed the joke hugely. He ordered the crestfallen men to be given a sumptuous dinner and a hundred marks (equal to \$25) apiece as an appreciation of their zeal.

The late King of Italy, who fell by the hand of an anarchist, was fond, like the famous Arabian Nights' monarch, Haroun-al-Raschid, of dressing in plain clothes, and moving among his subjects as one of themselves. It was on one of these occasions,

while traveling in a third-class railway carriage from France to a town a short distance away, that King Humbert was accused by an orange-woman, who sat next to him, of picking her pocket. She seized his wrist and held on to him most valiantly till they reached the station, where she gave him in charge. The king disproved the charge without disclosing his identity; but he was recognized immediately afterwards by one of the officials of the police court.

The Emperor of Austria, just before he came to the throne, was arrested on a charge of suspicious loitering, "with intent to commit a felony," by a constable, who found him sauntering and smoking quietly in a secluded part of some public gardens at Buda-Pesth. The police of the town used to be very prone to extorting blackmail by threats of arrest for alleged offenses. This policeman, however, caught a Tartar, and the sequel went far toward stamping out the practice.

It seems that there are two sides to the international marriage. Over here we weep, wail, and gnash our teeth because our young women marry foreign aristocrats, but in England they are going through somewhat similar performances because their young men marry American girls. Why is it, they ask, that their own girls are not good enough, and why is it that in the spring, when a "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," it turns him inevitably westward? They do not admit that it is because of money con-

siderations, because as a matter of fact the money element is not present with the majority of these alliances.

A writer who signs himself "Algernon" discusses the delicate point in the *Gentlewoman*, and he finds the sufficient explanation that the American girl is so much more fascinating than her English sister, and so he advises his fair compatriots to bestir themselves and remedy the omission. He says:

Either American or theatrical young women still seem bent on capturing all our eldest sons; scarcely a week passes but one of our young lordlings or budding baronets succumbs to the charms of a transatlantic belle or a young woman from Daly's Theatre or sometimes a combination of both. The precise fascination of the musical comedy "young lady" as helpmeet for a young man of birth and breeding it is difficult to imagine, but as regards American society belles, they have the inestimable advantage of being much gayer, more independent, and more forthcoming even in their "teens" than are our *jeunes personnes* at a similar age. Moreover, the American girl is nothing if not adaptable, and into whatever *métier* she marries there will she be as much in the picture as if born to the place. Whereas English girls until they marry are so often overshadowed by their more agreeable mothers that they seem all at sea when the moment comes for fulfilling the duties of a great position.

Why do not parents, instead of cramming their girls with accomplishments (for which they very likely have no aptitude) try to teach that best of all qualities in a wife, adaptability? Then, perhaps, the plums of the matrimonial market might occasionally fall to English belles, instead of almost invariably to their more "cute" American cousins.

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2:00p	10:00a	1:50p	2:00p	1:45p	11:52a
*4:40p	11:00a	*2:55p	3:03p	4:25p	1:45p
.....	1:00p	4:30p	4:26p	*9:15p	2:52p
.....	2:00p	.....	5:10p	.....	4:15p
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STORYETTES.

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Johnny had two presents at the same time—one a diary, which he kept very carefully, and the other a pea-shooting popgun, which he fired indiscriminately on all occasions. One day his mother found the following terse record in his diary: "Mondy cold and sloppy. Toosdy cold and sloppy. Wensdy cold and sloppy shot gramma."

A little girl whose father was a commercial traveler sat on the porch holding a kitten, and creeping up close her mother heard this: "Kitty," said the young miss, "I know you an' I know your mamma an' I know all your little brothers an' sisters, but I aint ever seen your papa"—then after a brief pause—"I spec he must be a traveling man."

It was three o'clock in the morning as Mr. Younghusband crept softly up the stairs. Everything was peaceful in the house. Opening the door to his room noiselessly, he stepped upon the tail of the family cat. Naturally a penetrating yowl resounded through the night. "John," said his wife, awakening, "don't you think it's rather late to be singing; the neighbors might complain."

Ethel, aged four, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee, and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she. "That is nice," said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He aint done it yet."

The retired insurance agent was telling a friend some of his experiences: "I once got a man to take out a \$50,000 life insurance policy," he said, "only the day before he was killed." "My word," replied the friend, "that was rough on the company. I expect you wished your persuasive powers had not been so successful?" "H'm! No," said the agent. "You see, I married the widow."

In a California town a drummer brought the hotel porter up to his room with his angry storming. "Want your room changed, mister?" politely queried the porter. "Room changed, no!" fumed the drummer. "It's the fleas I object to, that's all." "Mrs. Leary," shouted the porter to the housekeeper down below, "the gent in No. 11 is satisfied with his room, but he wants the fleas changed."

A Highlander fell into a river and after desperate efforts managed to reach the bank in safety. His wife, who had been a distressed onlooker, exclaimed, as soon as her anxiety was relieved, "Ah, Donald, ye should be verra thankful tae Providence for saving your life." Donald was somewhat aggrieved at what he deemed an unequal apportionment of the credit. "Yess, yess," he replied; "Providence wass very good, but I wass ferry clever, too, whatefer."

The newly elected mayor was about to make his first journey through the town in his official capacity. The people had arranged that from an arch of flowers under which he was to pass a floral crown should hang, surmounted with the words, "He Well Deserves It." But the wind blew away the crown, and when the pompous mayor passed under the arch only a rope with a noose at the end of it dangled there, with "He Well Deserves It" standing out in bold relief above it.

Some years ago the captain of one of his majesty's ships, while in quarantine at Auckland, New Zealand, owing to one slight case of fever, received some valuable carrier pigeons. He gave his colored servant strict orders to take great care of them. A few days afterward the captain, wishing to make use of the birds, inquired of his servant if he had taken care of them. "Oh, yes," replied he; "me hab taken berry great care of dem. Dey no fly away, 'cause I hab clipped dere wings!"

When "Fingy" Connors got the political bee he purchased the Buffalo Courier and made Samuel G. Blythe managing editor. Shortly afterwards he called Blythe in and told him to go out to the local room and fire some reporters. In all there were nine, according to Mr. Blythe, who were slated for the axe. The managing editor went to the local room, broke the sad news to the luckless boys, and then told them where they might catch on in some other town and returned to the boss. "I have fired the men," he told Mr. Connors. "Good," said the politician-owner, "now fire yourself."

Once upon a time, when Senator Robert Taylor of Tennessee was "Fiddling Bob" Taylor, and on a lecture tour, he picked up an old railroad man who was on the bum and transported him north from Louisiana. The bum was an interesting fellow and the governor enjoyed his conversation immensely. While the train was rolling along between

Lake Charles and Alexandria on a branch of the Texas Railroad, it entered a thick pine forest. All of a sudden it stopped. A lone flagman's shanty was the only sign of human habitation. A passenger on the train grabbed a small handbag and got off the train. "Governor," said Senator Taylor's bum friend, "a man that gets off at a place like this is guilty of something."

A gaunt and kilted Scotsman recently made his appearance in a country village, and was endeavoring to charm the locals to charity with selections on his bagpipes. A shaggy-haired man opened the front door of a house and beckoned to the minstrel. "Gie us a wee bit lilt just oot here," he said, in an accent which told that he also was from the land of the haggis. "My auld mither's in a creetical condection oopstair. The doctor's wi' her the noo, and says the pipes may save her life." Up and down in front of the house marched the braw Hiellander, discoursing music that might well have been incidental to a cat and pig fight. Presently the shaggy-haired man came out again. "Gie us the 'Dead March' noo," he said. "Is the puir auld lady gone?" questioned the piper. "Na, na, mon; ye've saved mither," came the reply; "but ye've killed the puir doctor."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Tact.  
She asked him to supper,  
This maiden so cute,  
Preparing to land him  
By feeding the brute.  
—Detroit Free Press.

St. Ives.  
As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives,  
Each wife had seven rats,  
Puffs, curls, braids, and hats,  
Rats, curls, bats, wives,  
How many were going to St. Ives?  
—Saturday Evening Post.

The Wireless Age.  
Our history, in moving on,  
Has turned another page  
Upon the top of which we note  
The words, A Wireless Age.

The farmer's wildest cattle will  
Securely graze inside  
The new barbed-wireless fences which  
Some genius will provide.

The fowls, unhampered by the sight  
Of firm, unyielding guard,  
Most happily will strut within  
A chicken-wireless yard.

Our pet canary-bird will sing  
More sweetly, I'll engage,  
And cheerfully will hop about  
Within a wireless cage.

Then, in our windows, to debar  
Mosquitos gaunt and lean,  
And flies, and other insects, too,  
We'll have a wireless screen.

And, best of all, we ought to find,  
Before this page is full,  
That when it comes to pulling wires,  
There'll be no wires to pull.  
—Century Magazine.

The Cautious Mother.  
"Mother, may I go study bridge?"  
"Yes, my darling Mabel.  
Learn all the rules you can by heart,  
But don't go near the table."  
—Harper's Weekly.

Thy Hosiery.  
The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,  
Mean quite a pile of work to me;  
I count them over, every one apart,  
Thy hosiery, thy hosiery.

Each sock a mate, two mates a pair,  
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold;  
I count each sock unto the end, and find  
I've skipped a hole.

Oh, carelessness, this is thy reproof,  
See how it looms across my sole,  
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth  
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole!  
—Puck.

A Call to Science.  
When you mourn o'er the bison that fades from the plain  
And weep for the dodo of yore,  
When game laws you pass in the hope to maintain  
The world's zoological store;  
When the auk you're discussing in speech of a kind  
That's instructive, though far from succinct,  
Has it ever occurred to your erudite mind  
That the sea serpent's growing extinct?

Shall we lose this gay monster who gambled about  
In a genial though cumbersome style?  
Shall we cease to salute him with welcoming shout  
As he gives us a cavernous smile?  
In the studious solitude wise men affect  
And likewise where glasses are clinked,  
Let's organize swiftly and try to protect  
An old friend from growing extinct.  
—Washington Star.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Easter week has been followed by "Boys' Week," originated for the benefit of the Columbia Park boys. The week, ushered in on Monday by a vaudeville entertainment, parades, and everything that helps to make a jolly time, will close with a big ball at the Fairmont on Saturday evening, April 9, as a grand finale in which all may join. So many are interested in making this hall, the last great hall of the winter, a success that it has formed as large a part of the conversation and thoughts as the fête of April 5 and 6 for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage. And the fête, with all of society to watch its tableaux except those who were in them, was a matter of no small interest. Many of those who spent the winter months in town have opened their country homes, but as they come over for weddings, charity affairs, and social happenings of one sort or another, their absence has scarcely been apparent. The city contingent that has been at Santa Barbara and Coronado during the Lenten season have all returned. And so it may be said that the summer exodus has not yet begun.

At the big hall which is to close Boys' Week, Mr. Edward M. Greenway is chairman of the hall committee, and the patronesses of the hall who will assist him in making it a success are Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. Thomas Barry (wife of the commanding general of the Department of California), Mrs. Joseph Grant, Mrs. George Newhall, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. E. F. Green, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. California Newton, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. N. Walter, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Miss Jennie Blair.

The officers of the Presidio were hosts at a dance on Thursday evening of last week which was attended both by people from town and those belonging to the service. The hop was in the nature of a welcome to the new arrivals at the post.

On Friday evening, April 1, a hall masque was given by the Friday Night Club in California Hall, the patronesses for the affair being Mrs. Frank Bates, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon, Mrs. Robert Bentley, Mrs. Frederick Thompson, and Mrs. Frank Powers.

Mrs. N. G. Kittle was hostess at a tea on Thursday afternoon of last week in honor of Miss Anna Scott, whose engagement to Mr. Almer Newhall was recently announced. Mrs. Kittle was assisted in receiving by Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Frances Newhall, and Miss Louise Boyd.

A bridge party complimentary to Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick was given on Tuesday evening of last week by Miss Marian Miller at her home on Pacific Avenue. Among the guests invited to meet Miss Kirkpatrick were Mrs. Drummond MacGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fry, Miss Ruth Boericke, Miss Louise McCormick, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Laura and Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Jean Tyson, Miss Keeney, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Kate Peterson, Miss Amy Bowles, Mr. Allen MacDonald, Mr. Rudolph Bernheuer, Mr. Bernard Ford, Mr. Christian Miller, Mr. Kenneth More, Mr. Ethingham Sutton, Mr. Ralston White, Mr. Harry Weihe, Mr. Duval Moore, Mr. Frederick Tillman, Mr. Melville Bowman, Mr. Paige Montague, Mr. Walter Hush, and Mr. Richard Penwyer.

In St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, March 28, Miss Florence Woods, daughter of the late Surgeon George Woods, U. S. N., was married to Mr. George A. Crux, formerly of Kent, England, but now a resident of San Francisco. There were present about fifty persons, intimate friends and relatives of the couple. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. John P. Chidwick. A reception was held at the house of Mrs. Charles H. Baldwin, No. 4 West Forty-Ninth Street, where Miss Woods had spent the winter. Mr. and Mrs. Crux will soon come to San Francisco.

On Saturday afternoon, April 2, Mrs. A. J. Moore entertained at a card party at the Fairmont Hotel. Tea was served later in the Laurel Court and many who did not play joined the party there.

A tea in honor of Miss Everson, who expects to leave here soon for an indefinite stay abroad, was given by Miss Emma and Miss Susie Mahoney on Wednesday afternoon of last week.

Mrs. Edward von Adelung was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace on Wednesday of last week. Among her guests were Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, Mrs. Archibald Borland, Mrs. Arthur Munson, Mrs. Louis Bartlett, Mrs. William Davis,

Mrs. Loring Cunningham, Mrs. Gilbert Graham, Mrs. Thomas Olney, Mrs. Guy Earl, Mrs. William Hart, Mrs. Warren Olney, Jr., Mrs. Noller, Mrs. Clifton Mason, Mrs. Russell Selfridge, Mrs. W. Olney, Mrs. J. L. Pease, Mrs. North, Miss Dorothy Pease, Miss Olney, and Miss North.

A luncheon complimentary to Miss Ruth Boericke was given by Miss Maud Wilson on Wednesday of last week. Miss Florence Williams and Miss Emilia Christy were also hostesses last week in honor of Miss Boericke.

Mr. Leo de Waele, who has left here for Brussels, was guest of honor on Thursday of last week at a farewell luncheon given by Mr. Joseph B. Coryell at the Pacific Union Club.

At her home in San Mateo Mrs. George Howard was hostess recently at a luncheon, when she entertained Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, Mrs. James Sargent, Mrs. Robert J. Woods, and Mrs. Cuyler Lee.

A card party was given by the Chrysanthemum Auxiliary of the Children's Hospital on Thursday of last week for the benefit of the building fund. The acting president of the auxiliary is Miss Edith Bull. Mrs. John F. Merrill is the honorary president. Among the patronesses of the party were Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mrs. Fred McNear, Mrs. Augustus Taylor, Mrs. Clement Bennett, Mrs. Russell Bogue, Mrs. Florence Pfingst, and Mrs. Samuel Boardman.

Mrs. Charles McCormick was hostess at a bridge party on Tuesday of last week in honor of Mrs. Horatio Laurence, who sailed with Lieutenant Laurence for Manila the first part of this week. Those present included Mrs. Grayson Dutton, Mrs. Jessie Bowie Detrick, Mrs. Harry Willard, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Frederick McLeod Fenwick, Mrs. Raymond Benjamin, Mrs. Alfred Baker Spalding, Mrs. Gerald Buckley, and the Misses Buckley.

Mrs. Ernest Heuter was hostess at a bridge party on Saturday, April 2, at which about fifty of her friends were present.

Mr. William H. Crocker was host at a dinner on Monday evening of last week in honor of Dr. H. S. Pritchett. The dinner was given at Burlingame in the new house into which Mr. and Mrs. Crocker have lately moved. Among the guests invited to meet Dr. Pritchett were Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, Judge Morrow, Mr. William Bowers Bourn, Mr. Arthur Vincent, Mr. Mountford Wilson, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

A dinner dance was given by Mrs. James Moffitt at the Claremont Country Club on Tuesday evening of last week in honor of Mrs. George Doubleday, who has been here for several weeks on a visit from her home in New York. Among the guests from town who crossed the bay to be present were Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, Miss Joliffe, and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney.

Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Van Vliet entertained at a dinner in their Clay Street residence last week.

Some of those who are interested actively in the Columbia Park Boys' Week met for luncheon at the St. Francis on Saturday, April 2. Those present were Mrs. James Jordan, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mrs. Phebe Hearst, Mrs. Alfred Hunter Voorhies, Mrs. R. M. Tohin, Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. Katherine Angelo, Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. F. A. Stark, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scott, Jr., Miss Hawkins, Miss Mears, Dr. Philip King Brown, Mr. Sydney Peixotto, Mr. Charles Deering, Mr. Stanley Spedder, Mr. Alfred Skafie, Mr. Paul T. Carroll, and Mr. E. M. Greenway.

A dinner in honor of Mr. Joseph M. Quay was given on Monday evening of last week by Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King.

In honor of Captain Wilbur, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wilbur, of New York, Mrs. Robert J. Hancock gave a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Tuesday evening of last week.

On Tuesday evening, March 29, the officers of the Army and Navy Club gave a banquet at their rooms on California Street as a farewell to the old club rooms before moving into their new quarters on Post Street.

Mrs. John Drum was hostess at a dinner succeeded by an evening of bridge on Tuesday evening of last week at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. Phebe Hearst is giving a series of luncheons of an informal nature at the Fairmont Hotel.

On Thursday of last week Mrs. Josiah Howell entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Genevieve, to Mr. Ward Barron, the son of Mrs. Edward Barron.

Mrs. Alfred Tubbs was hostess on Thursday at a luncheon at her home on Broadway.

Mr. William G. Henshaw was host at a dinner at his home in Piedmont on Saturday evening to which several went over from town.

Mr. J. K. Wilson was host at a luncheon on

Saturday, April 2, at the St. Francis, complimentary to Mr. George M. Reynolds, who is here on a visit from Chicago. Those invited to meet Mr. Reynolds were Mr. G. A. Newhall, Mr. George Pope, Mr. William Pierce Johnson, Mr. William J. Dutton, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. F. B. Anderson, Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. W. G. Irwin, Mr. James Horthburgh, Jr., Mr. James K. Lynch, Mr. Alden Anderson, Mr. F. W. Wolfe, and Mr. R. M. Welch.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark gave a garden party complimentary to ex-Senator Clark of Montana on Saturday afternoon, April 2, at their home in San Mateo. Among those invited to meet the senator were Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis, Miss Eleanor Sears, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Agnes Tohin, Miss Elizabeth Fish, Miss Frances Howard, Mrs. W. K. Vanderhilt, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. M. A. Tohin, and Mrs. C. O. Alexander.

The Flonzaley Quartet.

A Swiss millionaire named E. J. de Coppet, with a passion for the highest class of chamber music compositions and a fad for collecting rare and valuable instruments, is the man who has made it possible for an organization like the Flonzaley Quartet to exist. Eight years ago he engaged Messrs. Betti and Ponchon, violinists; Signor Ugo Ara, viola player; and M. Archambault, violoncellist, and founded the quartet which bears the name of his beautiful villa on Lake Geneva. These artists were not permitted to play in public or even to teach, devoting their entire time to practicing ensemble works and playing them for Mr. de Coppet and his friends.

Now that the organization has reached a remarkable stage of perfection and is admittedly the greatest quartet in the world, Mr. de Coppet has kindly allowed them to do as they please in the matter of public playing and simply reserves the services of the quartet for certain weeks each year. The instruments used by the Flonzaleys are valued at over twenty thousand dollars and are loaned to them by De Coppet.

Manager Will Greenbaum at large risk has secured the quartet for three concerts in this city and one in Oakland. The first will be given Sunday afternoon, April 17, at the Garrick Theatre, when quartets by Mozart and Schumann and a rare old sonata for two violins and 'cello by L'Eclair will be given.

On account of the Burton Holmes Travels at the Garrick Theatre, the second concert will be given at the Novelty Theatre on Friday night, April 22, when works by Beethoven, Smetana, Max Reger, and Haydn will be the offerings, and the farewell concert will be at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoon, April 24, with works by Mozart, Dohnanyi, and Sanmartini on the list.

Seats and complete programmes ready next Wednesday, April 13, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Oakland concert will be given Thursday afternoon, April 21, at Ye Liberty Playhouse. Seats ready Monday, April 18.

On Wednesday night, April 20, a special programme will be played before the St. Francis Musical Art Society, and the night previous (Tuesday) the Palo Alto Ladies' Club will hear the splendid musicians. The Wednesday Musical Club of this city will entertain its members at a Flonzaley Quartet concert in place of the usual meeting of that week.

Third "Pop" Concert This Week.

The third of Will Greenbaum's Pop concerts will be given Sunday afternoon, April 10, at Kohler & Chase Hall at 2:30. On this occasion the Lyric Quartet will play the beautiful posthumous string quartet of Franz Schubert; Miss Mary Pasmore will introduce to music lovers the hut lately discovered Concerto in C major by Haydn, with Miss Harriet Pasmore at the piano; and Mr. Allan Bier, a young San Francisco pianist of exceptional ability, will assist in the performance of Schumann's Quartet for piano and strings, Op. 47.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday after one o'clock at the hall.

The final concert of this splendid series will be given Sunday, May 1, with Miss Therese Ehrman assisting.

Creston Clarke, last seen here in "The Ragged Messenger," but more recently playing the Drain Man in "The Servant in the House," died in Asheville, North Carolina, March 21. Mr. Clarke was the son of John Sleeper Clarke, nephew of Edwin Booth, and grandson of Junius Brutus Booth. He was a finished actor with ability in classical and romantic comedy rôles much above the ordinary. Tuberculosis ended his career at forty-five.

Grace George in "A Woman's Way" will be seen at the Columbia Theatre early next month. Miss George won a triumph here when she presented "Divorçons" and her coming engagement should therefore attract widespread attention.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Booth Knox, in London, has been brightened by the advent of a son.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Captain Dudley Knox, having recently been appointed aid to Rear-Admiral Osterhaus, Mare Island will once more be the home of Mrs. Knox, who is well known to Californians as Miss Lily McCalla. Mrs. Knox is at present visiting Admiral and Mrs. McCalla at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bell Wakefield expect to leave here within a month to spend the summer in Europe traveling.

Mrs. Frank Powers has returned from her visit to Mrs. Ernest Thompson-Seton, her sister, in New York. Mr. and Mrs. Powers have planned to spend a part of the summer at their place at Carmel.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, with Miss Martha and Miss Margaret, are expected to return to San Francisco from New York about the middle of April.

Among those who sailed for Manila on the transport *Sherman* the early part of this week were Colonel and Mrs. Woodruff, who have spent the past few months in San Francisco, Lieutenant and Mrs. Horatio Laurence, Lieutenant Emery Smith, and Captain and Mrs. Rethers.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. McCormick are expected to return to San Francisco in the fall and make this their home permanently.

Mrs. Henry Voorhies has returned from a visit to the East.

Mrs. J. A. Wagner has arrived from Fort Wingate on a visit to her mother, Mrs. Zoe Coryell, and they are at the Athens Hotel in Oakland.

Mrs. Downey Harvey has been in town from Monterey and has been visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Ethel Dean has returned from her visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hussey in Santa Barbara. Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Berry and Miss Lillian Berry have left here for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendell P. Hammon and Miss Georgia are at Palm Beach, Florida, for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stott expect to remain in New York and the country thereabout until the autumn.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith expects to go East for the graduation of her son Millen from Yale, and together they will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Willard O. Wayman have returned from a visit to the southern part of the State.

Mr. Richard Tobin will be obliged to remain in the south for the next few weeks on account of his accident on the polo field.

Mrs. William Matson, Miss Lurline Matson, and Miss Meta McMahon have returned from their trip to Honolulu.

Captain and Mrs. William McKittrick have been in the city for a brief visit from their home in Bakersfield.

Dr. Arthur Fisher and Mrs. Fisher, who have been abroad for about a year, have returned to San Francisco and have taken apartments at the Richelieu.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Belden, who are touring the continent, accompanied by their daughter, are spending some time in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock are in Egypt.

Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins are en route to Europe, where they expect to remain until the autumn, when they will return to California.

Miss Ethel McAllister, Miss Louise Boyd, and Miss Harriet Alexander are traveling through Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have returned from Coronado and are again at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Ludwig Schwabacher, with their sons, have gone to Europe for a trip of some duration.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton and their niece,

Miss Wilmet Holton, who have been spending the winter in town, have returned to their home in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Loughborough and her niece, Miss Elizabeth Zane, have returned from a visit of several months to New York.

Lieutenant Emery Smith, after a short visit with his mother, Mrs. W. H. Smith, sailed on April 5 for Manila. Lieutenant Smith has been at Fort Sam Houston, Texas.

Miss Coppee will not be in Ross this summer, having gone East for several months.

Mrs. Edward McCutcheon is staying in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. M. Armer is visiting relatives in New York and expects to be away for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Bishop have returned from a visit to their ranch in Southern California.

Mrs. James Shea and her niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell, have returned from their trip to Santa Barbara and Coronado, where they spent the Lenten season.

Mrs. Raoul Duval, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles W. Clark of San Mateo, has left for her home in England.

Mrs. W. D. Leahy is visiting her mother, Mrs. William Harrington while Lieutenant Leahy is with his ship at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteside have returned from the southern part of the State and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Hammond at their home on Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith, accompanied by Miss Grace Sperry, have left here for New York and expect to spend several weeks on Shelter Island before sailing for Europe, where they have planned to stay for about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. John Judge, who spent several months here this winter, have returned to their home in Louisville, Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Greenwood have returned from their trip abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee have returned from their visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker are again in town, after a visit to their country place at Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Graf expect to sail from New York for Europe on April 16.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter, who has been the guest of Mrs. Moses at the St. Regis, will visit Mrs. Henry L. Dodge before her return to Monterey.

Mrs. Laura Pike Fuller has left for New York.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger and their daughters have returned from a trip to the Grand Cañon.

Mr. and Mrs. James C. H. Ferguson leave next week for Philadelphia and New York. They expect to sail for Europe during the first week in May, to be gone several months.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. William G. Volkman, Mrs. A. F. Holmes, Mrs. James Irvin and family, Mr. M. A. Breen, Mrs. I. J. Talbot, Miss S. M. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Greer, Miss Genevieve A. Greer, Mr. Arthur Furber Greer, Mrs. R. H. McCord, Miss T. A. McKee, Mr. Robert McCord, Miss Portia McCord, Mr. J. F. Reilly, Mrs. M. C. Gile, Mr. W. R. Patton, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mrs. Henry P. Dimond, Mr. A. W. Dimond.

### The Maud Allan Performances.

Maud Allan, the famous classic dancer, and her big symphony orchestra will give their farewell performances at the Garrick Theatre this Friday night, April 8, and Sunday afternoon, April 10. These artistic performances have given the greatest pleasure to music and art lovers and have proved that San Francisco will appreciate really good things even if they are quite new to them.

Miss Allan will change her programmes at each performance and the orchestra will add no little to the pleasure of the audiences by modern and classical selections under the able leadership of Paul Steindorff.

Manager Will Greenbaum deserves the greatest credit for the atmosphere with which he has surrounded Maud Allan's work, the musical setting, stage effects, and even the advertising being all of a refined and artistic type. It would have been so easy to cheapen and vulgarize Miss Allan's appearances here, but instead they have been made a model of attractiveness.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office of the theatre will be open at nine o'clock and phone orders will receive courteous attention.

Nearly all great statesmen require liquid refreshments in the course of their principal orations. That is the discovery of Mr. A. S. T. Griffith-Boscawen, who was himself for fourteen years a member of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone, he declares, was reputed to indulge in a queer concoction of eggs and sherry; Mr. Balfour usually had whisky and soda; one of the present Cabinet used to take a glass of well-concealed champagne; while in the German Reichstag, Prince Bismarck is said to have carried an army bill with the aid of eight lemon-squashes. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach always took port. Port, too, provided the inspiration for some of Disraeli's finest flights of oratory.

Cosima Wagner has authorized a Munich writer named Fritz Feldmann to adapt the librettos of Wagner's operas as dramas and tragedies for the dramatic stage. In their production fragments of the music will be played between the acts.

### Buttercup Taffies.

A taffy candy—delicious—wholesome, and in a variety of flavors—crisp, brittle, and chewing varieties. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

The attraction that will reopen the Van Ness Theatre next Monday night will be Miss Mary Robson in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." The popular comedienne will remain in this city for two weeks, with matinees on Saturdays only.

The story of the play concerns a maiden aunt who lives in the country and hates the city. Her nephew is attending college and between times manages to get into all sorts of scrapes, the last one being with a cabman who heats him up pretty badly. To get out of this it is necessary to get \$500 from Aunt Mary, as the cabman's wife will sue for this amount. His next escapade is a breach-of-promise suit, although he is not to blame for this. This is too much for the aunt and she disinherits him, but all is explained and everything ends happily after Aunt Mary's trip to the city, during which the "rejuvenation" takes place.

The comedy is a ludicrous one, it being claimed that there is not a dull moment in the play, and Miss Robson keeps the audience laughing from the rise to the fall of the curtain. An innovation in the scale of prices of the Van Ness is to be given a trial, and Gottlob, Marx & Co. announce that there will be three hundred choice orchestra seats to be sold at \$1.

Otis Skinner's success at the Columbia Theatre in "Your Humble Servant" is one of the most notable of the year. It is an achievement of which the actor may well be proud. Izetta Jewell is Mr. Skinner's leading woman this season, and has come here with him after having won the unstinted applause of New York theatre-goers and the praise of the critics in the metropolis. Mr. Skinner's engagement will continue for a second and last week, commencing with Monday night's performance. Matinees are given on Wednesday and Saturday. At the Wednesday matinee the best seats are \$1.50.

Dr. Pauline, the hypnotist, with Daphne Pollard and a clever vaudeville company, will appear at the Savoy Theatre for the last times this Saturday afternoon and evening. Next week the McAllister Street playhouse will be dark, but it will be reopened Sunday afternoon, April 17, when "The Prince of Tonight," with Henry Woodruff in the title-role, will be presented for the first time in this city. Mr. Woodruff is well known here and this, his first appearance in musical comedy, will be watched with particular interest. Seats will be ready Thursday.

The Orpheum programme next week will be headed by Nellie Nichols, the songstress and comedienne, who will introduce her medley reviews. She is the only Greek comedienne on the vaudeville stage and at one time was Greek interpreter in the New York law courts. She has been with "The Sultan of Sulu," "Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed," and other musical comedies. She is gifted with a magnetic personality and has a unique way of getting her songs over the footlights. Under the odd title of Al. White's Dancing Bugs, a quartet of skilful dancers will present a terpsichorean feature which is appropriately named, for no more rapid or varied dancing evolutions have ever been presented in vaudeville. Walsh, Lynch and Company will appear in a one-act melodramatic comedy called "Huckin's Run." It is pronounced by the Eastern press a cleverly written piece, combining fun with a touch of pathos and an interesting story. The Picquays, Maurice and Ethel, who have but recently arrived from Europe, will offer something entirely new, the details of which they prefer not to announce, in order that their act may come as a complete surprise to the Orpheum audiences. Next week will be the last of Edwin Holt and his clever company in George Ade's comedy, "The Mayor and the Manicure." It will also conclude the engagements of Charles F. Semon, Barnes and Crawford, and Marguerite Hancy in the musical playlet, "The Leading Lady."

The Columbia Theatre management has made way for a return engagement of the Lombardi Grand Opera Company, and the brilliant aggregation of songbirds will be heard at the Columbia for two weeks, commencing Sunday night, April 17. It has been arranged that the repertory for the coming season will include no less than half a dozen operas not sung during the recent appearance of the company, and the opening bill will be "La Tosca" with Adaherto singing the title-role. Surrounding this artist in the cast will be many other stars of the company, and taken as a whole the production should prove the most brilliant offered here by the Lombardi management. "Tris," "La Bohème," "Mme. Butterfly," "Rigoletto," "Mignon," and "Il Trovatore" will be among the works sung. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays. A special popular scale of prices has been arranged. The advance sale of seats opens next Thursday.

She—You look badly this morning. I have a cold or something in my head. She—It must be a cold.—*Lampoon.*



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Willy—What's the difference between lunch and luncheon? Nilly—About two dollars.—*Yale Record.*

"Did Simkins get any damages in that assault case?" "Did he? My dear fellow, you ought to see his face."—*St. Louis Star.*

"I'd like to get a tablet," said the customer, addressing the drug clerk. "Dyspepsia or writing?" inquired the clerk.—*Ames Times.*

"How did you get the reputation of being taciturn?" "Possibly because I only discuss matters that I am familiar with."—*Pittsburg Post.*

Jinks—I saw something cheap at a hargain counter today. Binks—What was it? Jinks—A man waiting for his wife.—*Record-Herald.*

Golfer—I can't get the thing out, and I've hit hard enough! Superior Caddie—Ah, sir; it's not strength wot's required; it's intellec'.—*Punch.*

Scorcher—Have you heard the latest auto record? Fleigher—No; what is it? Scorcher—An auto made an hour in fifty-nine minutes!—*Puck.*

'Arry—Wot's yer 'urry, Bill? Bill—I've got to go to work. 'Arry—Work? Why, wot's the matter with the missis? Aint she well?—*Illustrated Bits.*

Knicker—Now we have children taught how to play. Bocker—Fine! Next we shall have animal training to show lambs how to gamhol.—*New York Sun.*

Hubby—What! You paid \$50 for that imported hat? It's monstrous—it's a sin! Wife (sweetly)—No matter; the sin will be on my head!—*Lippincott's.*

"I don't understand you, Linda. One day you're hright and jolly and the next depressed and sad." "Well, I'm in half-mourning, that's why."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"He seems to be an up-to-date politician." "I should say so. Before proposing to Miss Specie he got up a petition with 2000 signatures urging her to accept him."—*Life.*

Londlady—The man who has the third floor back is behind in his rent, and they say he won't work. Second Floor Lodger—Well, I wouldn't worry about an idle roomer.—*Milwaukee News.*

Optimist—I don't believe in climbing over an obstruction until one comes to it. Pessimist—And, judging from your appearance, I should say that you never see an obstruction until you bump against it.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

Mr. Bigheart—Wiggins, old hoy, we have raised \$50 to get the boss a Christmas present, and we want something that will make a show for the money—something that will look

big, you know. Can't you suggest something? Wiggins—Sure. Buy \$50 worth of rice and boil it.—*Men and Women.*

Mistress (hiring servant)—I hope you know your place? Servant—Oh, yes, mum! The last three girls you had told me all about it.—*St. Louis Star.*

Hopeless Duffer (who continually asks his caddy the some question, with much grumbling at the non-success of his clubs)—And

what shall I take now? His Unfortunate Partner (whose match had been lost and gone spoilt, at last breaking out)—What'll ye tak noo! The best thing ye can tak is the fower fifteen for Edinburgh!—*Punch.*

The Minister—Mackintosh, why don't you come to church now? Mockintosh—For three reasons, sir. Firstly, I dinna like yer theology; secondly, I dinna like yer singin', and thirdly, it was in your kirk I first met my wife.—*Musical America.*

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Case of Reaction.

A year ago when the authorities of Los Gatos, Santa Clara County, enacted a ridiculously overwrought scheme of prohibition it was remarked in these columns that fanatical extravagance inevitably worked its own destruction. It will be remembered that the scheme of "regulation" attempted nothing less than complete annihilation of the traffic in and use of liquors, legitimate as well as vicious. It penalized the private possession of liquors, prohibited their sale in any form even upon a physician's prescription, and laid penalties not only upon their sale, but upon their transportation by common carrier. Extravagant as was this system, those who made it nevertheless had the support of a heavy majority of the Los Gatos voters. Under the spell wrought by a fervent agitation, in which the religious spirit was absurdly evoked, there was a fixed determination on the part of the total abstainers not merely to restrain their own appetites, but to snatch the cup from the lips of their neighbors.

It hardly needs to be told that a scheme of prohibition so extreme and unreasonable failed abjectly at the

point of execution. One who knows Los Gatos familiarly bears witness that there has never been the least difficulty in the getting of anything really wanted in the way of a stimulant. The effect has been (1) to stigmatize as criminals worthy people who declined to permit interference in their private habits by social fanatics; (2) to enforce secret methods in the laying in of domestic supplies; (3) to add fraud to the ordinary illegitimacies of a secret liquor traffic; (4) to make a nominal criminal of every man who took liquors of any kind under any circumstances; (5) to classify the town in the list of freak communities. As a matter of course it did not take long for these absurdities and demoralizations to create disgust and resentment among people of common sense.

Now we have the ultimate result precisely as it was foreseen and foretold. The returns of a local election held within a week show that the heavy majority of a year ago for extreme prohibition has been lost. Los Gatos has returned to her senses—that is to say, common sense and decent respect for individual rights will control in the making of community policies. The "drys," to be sure, under the hold-over principle are still in nominal authority, but the majority is against them.

It should be understood that those who support what is called a "wet" policy do not stand for an unbridled debauchery. They do not even stand for the ordinary saloon, only for table license for hotels and for non-interference with individuals in the matter of possessing and using liquors.

The record at Los Gatos merely duplicates for the ten thousandth time a familiar and universal experience. Fanatical extravagance in its ultimate effects invariably defeats its own purposes and itself collapses in immeasurable contempt. Severe prohibitory laws do not enforce abstinence or temperance; they tend on the other hand rather to irritation and to vice in concealed forms. In brief, men are not made virtuous and temperate by enactments—not in this age nor in any other.

### EDITORIAL LETTER.

WASHINGTON, April 8.—That the Taft administration has measurably disappointed the country is not to be denied or ignored. To one who has gone about as I have during the past month, talking with multitudes of men of various minds, this conclusion is inevitable. It is attested, too, by obvious facts, among which must be reckoned the disturbed status of the national councils, an open unfriendliness to administration proposals not only in the West but in the East, the conflict of furious resentments exhibited in the Ballinger-Pinchot quarrel, the recent bye-elections in Missouri and Massachusetts, the doubt manifested at Washington respecting the fate of pending legislation, and, by no means least, the intense popular interest in the homecoming of Mr. Roosevelt.

At the start-off, impossibilities were expected from Mr. Taft. It is not too much to say that when he entered the White House all sections, both parties and all factions, looked to find in the new President a special sympathizer and champion. The extreme partisans of Mr. Roosevelt believed, and not without reason, that the ideas and methods of the new administration would precisely reëcho those of the Roosevelt presidency. The critics of Roosevelt believed that the new administration would be calm, judicial, and inspired by an absolute respect for law—that it would give the country what it grievously needed, namely, a period of rest with a comfortable sense of security from sensations and surprises. The North expected an orderly and poised administration. The South expected understanding and sympathy in the White House for the first time in half a century. Everybody expected integrity, dignity, intelligence, tact.

It might have been foreseen that somebody must be

disappointed; that it would be impossible to please both those anxious for peace and those eager for conflict; that it would be impossible to satisfy the business interests and at the same time to command the approval of those imbued with the notion that the most important immediate function of the government is to break down or at least to harass these interests; that it would be impossible to so guide legislation as to please men of all opinions and all desires.

Mr. Taft began wrong. He tried to be all things to all men, failing of course, as any man must fail in the presidency or in any other responsibility when he attempts to balance and coördinate unequal and unreconcilable forces. His primary mistake was in failing to give the country to understand that in the presidential office he was his own man and not a mere understudy and substitute for Mr. Roosevelt. The American people, as the career of Mr. Roosevelt abundantly demonstrates, like a man who plays off his own bat. They will, as the career of Mr. Roosevelt further demonstrates, pardon no end of blundering and even folly in a man whom they are convinced means well and acts upon his own initiative. For proof, witness not only the case of Mr. Roosevelt, but that of every other independent and courageous figure in the presidential office from the day of Washington down to the present time.

In assuming the presidency Mr. Taft would have gained respect by taking to himself the entire responsibilities of his own course and at the same time making it plain that he had in mind both definite purposes and definite plans. Next to the man who plays off his own bat, the American people like a man of fixed purpose—one who knows where he is going. It was both a moral and tactical mistake in Mr. Taft in the several utterances marking his induction into office to reiterate his obligation to Mr. Roosevelt with his devotion to the so-called Rooseveltian policies. It served to chill the spirits of the multitude to whom the methods of Roosevelt had become a nightmare; it served among the admirers and followers of Roosevelt to emphasize the temperamental contrasts between the overwrought hell-bent Rough Rider and the man of quiet manners and severe subordination to the law.

Furthermore, it meant nothing definite, for without the temperamental idiosyncrasies of Mr. Roosevelt there are no such things as the Roosevelt policies. There is, indeed, an idea, a very definite and meritorious idea, associated with the name of Roosevelt. It is nothing less than the idea embodied in the moral responsibilities of large business operations. Whether in the beginning it was Mr. Roosevelt's idea or some other man's idea, or an impersonal development of moral sentiment growing out of times and conditions, it is not necessary here to inquire. Be the fact as it may, the people of the United States associate with Mr. Roosevelt and accredit to his name and fame that movement which, beginning with the insurance investigations in New York and continuing to this hour, has tended largely and widely to moral scrutiny of business operations. But all this is an idea as distinct from a policy. What goes with the country as the Roosevelt policies is not a defined and consistent scheme of administration, but that carnival of more or less moralized circusing, that series of drum-beatings and shoutings with which Mr. Roosevelt filled the air for a series of years and which, as I write, he has revived in connection with his discovery of Egypt and his interchange of courtesies with the Papacy.

As events have shown, Mr. Taft entered upon the presidency without a fixed purpose—without a working plan. He didn't know where he was going. And here we must consider his temperament and history. Honesty, optimism, graciousness, cheerfulness—these are his dominant traits. He is a lawyer of high capability



but his experience has been on the bench rather than at the bar. His mind has been trained to impressionability rather than fixedness of aim. His habit is to listen to all sides and to determine upon the relative weight of facts and reasons. He is a judge—an arbitrator—not only by practice, but by instinct. Now a great executive post like the presidency calls for judgment; so, too, it calls for action towards definite purposes. Mr. Taft has not comprehended this necessity; nor has he understood that anybody has the right to question the finality of a judgment once authoritatively declared. There is abundant proof in his own utterances prior to the determination of Congress as set forth in the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill of Mr. Taft's dissatisfaction with that measure. Yet as President and as the head of the Republican party he has felt it his duty to accept that measure and to justify it before the country in spite of its open and manifest faults. He has done this in entire honesty, because in his conceptions of things a final judgment at the hand of those in authority is a thing to be dutifully accepted—to be swallowed whole, so to speak. A man with a less fixed sense of the sacredness of authority, a man with a truer instinct of public opinion, would have taken quite another course. Mr. Roosevelt in a like situation, instead of accepting the tariff bill as it came from Congress and giving it the support of his public sanction would have kicked it into the street, appealing to the country to witness the moral dereliction of its representatives. He would have detected not more clearly than did Mr. Taft the delinquencies of the measure as compared with the promise of the party, but his political instinct would have discovered a dramatic opportunity. He would have rallied the country at his back and he would either have enforced action in conformity with the pledge of the Chicago platform or have discredited the legislative department of the government and made himself the hero of the situation. That such a course would have been wiser or so wise I will not say; but that it would have won approval and favor and made a popular idol of the man with the courage to do it there is not the first doubt. The course of Mr. Taft has pleased nobody. It has grievously damaged his standing with the progressive elements without winning cordial approval among the stand-patters. In truth, it is palpably inconsistent, for while emphatically asserting the sufficiency of the Payne-Aldrich measure it flies in the face of this justification by recommending a renewal of the tariff inquiry by a special commission, looking to still further legislation.

It is an elementary principle in the doing of things great or small that administrative agents must be in working harmony with the methods to be employed and not antagonistic to the ends in view. No man of administrative experience undertakes to win results under any other plan. But it appears that when Mr. Taft entered upon the presidency he had this lesson yet to learn. He undertook to carry on the government largely with Mr. Roosevelt's personal organization, with men trained in the Roosevelt way of doing things and inspired by Roosevelt's ideas. In many minds, too, the notion prevailed that Mr. Taft was a mere *ad interim*, holding office as a substitute for Mr. Roosevelt and subject to his theories and wishes. In not a few cases, notably that of Mr. Pinchot, administrative subordinates held themselves responsible not so much to the President in office as to his predecessor. This was due partly to the intense personality of Mr. Roosevelt, but in greater degree to Mr. Taft's own repeated statements with respect to the Roosevelt policies. These professions gave every little underling a sort of license to interpret the famous "policies" for himself and to swell up as coördinate with the President under the general overlordship of Mr. Roosevelt. Thus Mr. Taft by his own course stood in a manner discredited with the agents of his own administration. His spirit was misunderstood; even his direct instructions were misinterpreted or ignored by persons holding office under his authority and subject to his will. Mr. Pinchot's presumptuous attempt to combat the aims and arguments of the President in direct appeal to the national Senate is an extreme manifestation of a spirit which has prevailed within the government. It goes without saying that no administration thus obstructed in its working machinery can carry the responsibilities of government successfully and creditably.

Even more serious in its public effects was the effort of the President to promote certain legislative schemes

through men historically and temperamentally antagonistic to him and to his ideas. I have already said that Mr. Taft, in assuming the presidential office, had no working plan—that he didn't know where he was going. What he did have was an intense desire to do right, with a definite bent towards progressive as distinct from reactionary courses. A man politically skillful and thus minded would immediately have drawn the progressive and reformatory elements in the Senate and House of Representatives to his support. And with such support he could safely have counted upon the working coöperation of the conservative or reactionary elements. Even in his most extreme proposals Mr. Roosevelt held the Aldriches and the Cannons in line, for they had nowhere else to go. Mr. Taft might have commanded them quite as effectively if he had had the politician's insight to see that the force of conditions and circumstances would under all conditions have made them amenable to discipline, obedient to the crack of the administration whip. He made the practical mistake of measurably disregarding his natural allies and of undertaking to carry forward his legislative projects through the help of his natural opponents. He made the Cannons and the Aldriches his intimates in a political sense and in the end was impelled to stand before the country as an approver of schemes of legislation not precisely originated by them, but modified in harmony with their views. How damaging this association has been, how fatal to the President's plans, has been made apparent in these recent weeks. In the view of the people at large Mr. Cannon represents a stubborn and aggressive absolutism in legislation, while Mr. Aldrich stands for the spirit of entrenched and selfish wealth. If Mr. Taft had been possessed of even a little political insight he would have comprehended these facts and would have avoided embarrassing entanglements. That the public, which so resents Cannonism and Aldrichism, still yields its confidence to Taft is an interesting proof of the popular capability to look behind the scenes, to get at the truth even of a mixed and anomalous situation.

We come now to another condition tending popularly to discredit Mr. Taft's administration for which neither Mr. Taft nor anybody else connected with the government is directly responsible. There has come an oppressive increase in the cost of living. Prices of everything entering into domestic consumption have gone up, so far up indeed as appreciably to affect the comfort of 95 per cent of the people—of all, in truth, excepting the limited number beyond the necessity of close economy. That this condition coming on concurrently with a change of administration and with a modified tariff scheme should appear to multitudes to be a direct effect of these changes is inevitable. Women, who as a rule don't know much about tariffs, are the universal purchasers, and when a woman finds domestic prices higher she is ready enough to blame the fact upon the first and most tangible idea presented to her mind. The handiest explanation of the retail storekeeper in justifying his advances is that the new tariff has made general increases necessary. Thus hundreds of thousands of families are instructed from day to day that the new tariff—in other words the new administration—is responsible for a vexatious increase in the cost of things. How little the tariff has to do with the change is easily explainable where there is a disposition to hear and to comprehend the truth, but in the vaster number of instances people are more than willing to find a handy scapegoat for a condition which all are eager to condemn. There is no help for it; the Taft administration and the party which it represents must in large measure bear the political burden imposed by enhanced and enhancing values of domestic supplies. How serious this burden must prove in a practical sense is now a matter for speculation. Individually I shall not be surprised if in conjunction with other things already discussed in this writing it shall result in giving the House of Representatives to the Democratic party in the coming fall elections. Not, indeed, that any politically intelligent person looks for any measure of relief through Democratic initiative, for be it known that the anti-protective principle is no longer a Democratic tenet. In the congressional procedure by which the Payne-Aldrich bill was worked out the representatives of Democracy were as eager for preference and advantage under the tariff scheme as were the Republicans. Very notably the South, in former times devoted to the free trade idea, has swung round to support of protection. The explanation is not far

to seek. After a long period of semi-paralysis and stagnation, the South is now alert and progressive. No other part of the country is expanding more rapidly in a productive sense. The South no longer concentrates its energies upon one or two crops designed for foreign markets. The South is a keen competitor in the general productive life of the country, and its representatives in Congress are as eager for advantage under the protective scheme as are the legislative agents of Massachusetts or Pennsylvania.

It is now given out that the Taft administration is preparing to defend itself by an aggressive talking campaign. The President or members of his Cabinet will accept invitations to speak throughout the country to the end of justifying the course of events as developed during the past year. In my judgment this is a mistaken course. The administration does not so much need exploitation as reorganization of its policies. Exploitation must result in an attempt to justify things which even though justifiable have been unfortunate. No amount of explanation will render the President's close coöperation with the Cannon-Aldrich faction acceptable. No amount of argument will convince the country that the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure is a fair performance of the pledge made to the country by the Chicago convention. No amount of explanation will dissociate in the public mind the new tariff and the current increase in the cost of living. Efforts to justify, to explain, to persuade, will tend rather to the embarrassment than to the rehabilitation of the administration in public consideration.

To declare that the administration needs to be reformed would be saying too much, for that would imply demerits which may not fairly be charged against it. It has, in fact and in the public mind, both character and good intentions. Nobody doubts that Mr. Taft and all associated directly with him are straight and that they have the will to do right. The administration needs not so much to be reformed or to be reorganized as to be set on the right track. It needs to assert its own responsibility in all things, independent of any personal influence. By this means, and this means only, can it gain the respect of a people who will readily enough excuse mistakes but will not justify subserviency, theoretical or actual, to anybody or anything. It needs to cut loose from responsibility for the mistakes and delinquencies of Congress with respect to the tariff or to other things. It needs to so enlarge its affiliations as to stand in working coöperation with all elements of the Republican party in Congress or out of it, bearing always in mind that progressive policies call in their execution for agents of progressive temper and purpose. This is an absolute necessity, for no triumph ever was won by forces eager for defeat rather than for success. It needs to weed out from the administrative bureaus all subordinates so committed to adverse ideas and schemes of policy as to render them unfit for useful service. Above all—and here the requirement relates directly to President Taft—the administration needs to develop within itself fixed convictions and schemes of policy based upon the character, the principles, the temperament, and the propensities of the one responsible man.

The recent election in a Missouri district to fill a congressional vacancy, with the more recent election in Massachusetts, has thrown some easily excited Republicans into a panic of apprehension. There are those who can see nothing ahead but a political upheaval. It is not, indeed, unlikely that the Democrats may control the next House of Representatives, but what of it? This sort of thing has happened before in off years without disturbing the integrities of government, or without other effect than to give the dominant party a taste of discipline. Suppose the next House of Representatives should be Democratic; it will not alter the political character of the administration or of the Senate nor imply anything for the future that need alarm anybody. Production and business throughout the country are at high tide; as a people we are prosperous. That a general Democratic success, involving change in all departments of the government, would put the current prosperity in hazard is the universal belief. And this being so, there would seem to be small danger of a radical overturn of things. Even if the elections this fall shall be favorable to the Democrats, there would be little cause to fear a more radical outcome in 1912. Usually the voter who abandons party affiliations for



the sake of party discipline is ready to return to fixed political associations in presidential years.

So far as the Taft administration is concerned, it is far more likely to correct its mistakes of the past year than to make new ones during the coming two years. Mr. Taft has had experience and he is neither lacking in intelligence nor in openness of mind. There are indications that the lessons of the year have sunk deep into his consciousness, indications that he will proceed in a more positive and masterful spirit from this time forth. The mistakes he has made have not robbed him of public confidence, nor have they destroyed hope in the ultimate sufficiency of his administration. I find everywhere in close-in circles expectation that, upon the basis of experience and of the necessities of the situation, he will now take a firmer grip of his responsibilities and exhibit in connection with them the force which marked his work in the Philippines, in Cuba, and in the War Department. His prompt and emphatic action with respect to Mr. Pinchot when a crisis forced itself upon him illustrates the temper and the powers of the man when fully aroused to a sense of his obligations. The fortunes of the administration have yet to be made, and in the coming two years there is abundant time to make them in conformity with the highest hopes of Mr. Taft's truest friends.

It goes without saying that there is a large element in the country which looks to the return of Mr. Roosevelt to the presidency in the election of 1912. But here is likewise a large element unfriendly to this suggestion. It is an important fact that those who have served with him in coordinate departments of the government, do not look with friendly eyes upon the possibility of his return to power. Members of the Senate and of Congress, men in important political connections, don't like Roosevelt. They distrust his impulses, are careful of his methods, resentful of his assumptions. Broadly speaking, their influence, both national and in the several States, will be against him. Then there are multitudes everywhere who for a variety of reasons would not like to see Roosevelt again in the White House. In his own State of New York and in his own party his candidacy would be earnestly opposed. It is doubtful if he could carry New York, and this being so, his nomination is questionable from the purely political standpoint. Then it is by no means certain that Mr. Roosevelt will wish to be a candidate in 1912. He is a warm personal and political friend of Taft, and it is his fixed habit to stay with his friends. When he returns in June his first political utterance will almost certainly be a warm indorsement of the Taft administration. Nothing, I think, in the political sphere is more assured than that those who are looking to see Roosevelt assault Taft are destined to disappointment. It is possible, even probable, that if Mr. Taft shall want a second term—and that goes without saying—Mr. Roosevelt will give him cordial support.

But be all this as it may, as matters stand there are now only two presidential figures in the Republican armament. The nominee in 1912 will be either Taft or Roosevelt. The hopes of those unfriendly to the return of Roosevelt to the White House must in logic and necessity be placed upon Taft. This fact in itself is likely to be a profound aid to Mr. Taft in the immediate future, for his plans in all things tending to the success and prestige of his administration are bound to have the support of those whose dislike of Roosevelt is a dominating political motive.

A. H.

#### Lord Kitchener's Visit.

Lord Kitchener must have been a disappointment to the newspaper scribes who so industriously dogged his footsteps during his too brief visit to San Francisco. Beyond his few conventional phrases of courtesy at the banquet to Admiral Sebree, the distinguished visitor could not be persuaded to deviate from his programme, which was to proceed by the most direct route from Australia to London and incidentally to visit the reconstructed San Francisco and the points of interest immediately adjacent. He had only two or three days to spare, and he seems to have used them to the best advantage under the capable and constant guidance of Mr. W. R. Hearn, the British consul-general. Rapidly respecting whatever is of chief interest in the city, he was accompanied by General Barry on a trip around the bay, he visited Berkeley, San Jose, and Stanford, and finished up at the Yosemite in comfortable time to reach New York, from whence he will sail on May 20, after tasting the hospitality of Mr. Choate and of the Pilgrims' Club, and, of course, a visit to West Point.

The immediate object of Lord Kitchener's world tour after eight years as commander-in-chief in India is to inspect the defenses of the empire and to make an advisory report thereon.

Lord Kitchener's personality is an impressive one and carries with it the sense of power usually, and rightly, associated with the habit of silence. He is one of those men from whom success is naturally expected, and certainly his career shows none of those flaws from which so few are exempt. Just sixty years of age, he has an unbroken record of advance that is due in no way to favor or luck and in every way to merit and tremendously hard work. Outside of official circles he was almost unknown until he took command of the Egyptian cavalry in 1882. He accompanied the Nile Expedition in 1884, became governor of Suakim in 1886, adjutant-general of the Egyptian army in 1888, and sirdar in 1890. He commanded the Dongola expedition in 1896 and the Khartoum expedition two years later, while his subsequent achievements in South Africa belong of course to the history of today. In fact his whole active life has been spent amid a rain of hard blows. We may well hope that he has seen the last of them and that his future activities will be entirely of the precautionary kind.

It would have been interesting if we could have kept Lord Kitchener among us for a longer time. Eventually we might have succeeded in tempting him from his reticence and into an imitation of some other public figures that are now large upon the horizon. His career has been much identified with Egypt and he might have been persuaded into saying something on the difficulties of native rule and such benefits as are likely to accrue from a sudden eruption of foreign advice. Or he might have confined himself to the safer ground of strictly domestic affairs and counseled us on sectarianism in religion, spelling reform, the family virtues, and the proper number of our children. Unfortunately he allowed himself to be restricted by old-fashioned ideas of minding his own business and keeping himself and his identity in the background as much as possible. He was an omnivorous listener, but a parsimonious talker, and must therefore be counted as out of date among modern men of action. He did, indeed, show some curiosity respecting our co-educational system, and perhaps this was a sign of grace which may develop into the new statesmanship of universal knowledge and unrestricted interference.

#### The Vatican and the Methodist.

The Vatican incident is hardly likely to fade from the public mind without leaving a sediment of resentment against the Methodist community in Rome, and especially against the Rev. B. M. Tipple, who assumes the position of spokesman for that body. Mr. Tipple, if we may judge from his published writings, seems to regard Mr. Roosevelt not only as a special champion of Methodism against the Papacy, but as the representative of the American nation in an anti-Catholic crusade. "Mr. Roosevelt," he says, "has struck a blow for twentieth century Christianity. The representatives of two great republics have been the ones to put the Vatican where it belongs," and much more of the same insolent and indecent twaddle. It would be hard to imagine anything more repulsive. Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt did was in defense of Methodism nor in repudiation of Catholicism. He simply declined to fetter his movements by promises or undertakings, and he would have acted in just the same way if he had been asked to pledge himself to keep away from the Holy Rollers or the Latter-Day Saints. Mr. Tipple's attempt to make sectarian capital from an incident that has no sectarian bearing is intolerable and disgusting. It can not fail to bring discredit upon Mr. Tipple and his associates in Rome and upon their methods of advocacy.

Indeed, these methods seem to need an overhauling all along the line. It is a matter of common knowledge among visitors to Rome that the Methodists of that city are not content with the usual propaganda of persuasion and argument, but that they resort to gross personal attacks upon the Papacy and to conduct of the most offensive kind. These charges were freely made against the Roman Methodists after the Fairbanks incident, but they were discredited by many who are familiar only with the tolerant moderation of the churches in America. But after Mr. Tipple's letter it is not possible to doubt any longer. It is the letter of an ignorant bigot who has the effrontery to describe Mr. Roosevelt as the representative of the American

nation in an attack upon the Vatican and in this connection to advise Americans generally to crush "the uncompromising foe of freedom." For the credit of their church the Methodist authorities would do well to crush Mr. Tipple and to replace him by some one who will at least try to be a Christian and a gentleman.

#### Editorial Notes.

While factions at Washington are vying with each other in the formulation of restrictive land projects under the abused name of conservation, Canada, with a truer sense of the requirements of progress, is inviting the settlement and development of her wildernesses by a liberal policy of land endowments. One result is that 70 per cent of Canada's non-American immigrants during the past decade have come from northern and western Europe and only 30 per cent from southern and eastern Europe. In other words, Canada is getting the most desirable elements of European immigration at a time when the United States is getting the least desirable. Of the total number of immigrants going from the United States to Canada during the last three years, more than seven-eighths were classed as farmers or farm laborers. From 1900 to 1909 in western Canada 235,690 homesteads were entered for, more than 66 per cent of the entries being by immigrants, divided as follows: English, 20.32 per cent; Scotch, 5.20 per cent; Irish, 1.89 per cent; continental Europeans, 27.67 per cent, and Americans, 44.91 per cent. Canada gives great liberty to her administrative authorities in the matter of rejections or admissions, and allows her officials substantial freedom in the matter of deportation. All persons who become public charges within two years after landing may be deported. No one is debarred from Canada because of previous arrangements made for securing employment.

Responsibility is a great soberer. It proves itself effective as a working principle even where its powers have been least suspected. For example, the very first utterance of Emil Seidel, Milwaukee's newly elected Socialist mayor, tends to public assurance. "I want," he says, "to relieve the public mind of apprehension that our victory means the entire overturning of business in Milwaukee. There will be no Utopia, no millenium, none of the wild antics charged to us. Our plans are now embryotic, but nobody need be alarmed. As to corporations, I shall make them pay their share of the taxes. We shall do nothing revolutionary. If any question arises which the administration can not handle we will refer it to the electorate as a whole. After all they are the only 'bosses.' Socialism has been given a chance to show its merit. We can only do this by insistent and consistent conservatism." If Mayor Seidel is as good as his word, the Socialism of which he is the representative is not likely to hurt anybody.

The Republicans of Indiana have sounded the keynote of the Western progressives in formally approving the Taft administration without justifying the action of Congress in the matter of the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure. "We believe," they say, "in a protective tariff measured by the differences between cost of production here and abroad. Less than this is unjust to American laborers; more is unjust to American consumers." Concretely the Indiana Republicans demand "the immediate creation of a genuine, permanent, non-partisan tariff commission with ample powers fixed in the law itself. We believe with President McKinley that the 'period of exclusiveness' has passed." Comment is not needed to interpret this utterance. For all of its merit as a "revenue producer" Indiana does not accept the Payne-Aldrich bill as a moral or political finality.

No President of the United States has ever had a more perfect mastery of essential and vital principles than Mr. Taft. Likewise no President of the United States, not even Abraham Lincoln, ever had a truer courage in asserting essential principles at proper times. Especially illustrative of the President's wisdom and discretion was his assertion before a trade unionists' meeting at Worcester, Massachusetts, last week of the principles which must obtain in the relations of labor organized and unorganized. "I am," he said, "in sympathy with organized labor, but I put above everything the right of every man to labor as he will, to earn wages as he will, and if he chooses to stay out of labor organizations." That is the standpoint that the President of the United States must occupy in doing equal



to every citizen of the United States." This was admirably and manfully said, and the place in which it was said and those to whom it was said gave to it a noble emphasis as an expression of elementary and essential truth. It is in outgivings like this, in expressions rising far above the level of petty politics and reaching into the higher sphere of philosophic statecraft, that Mr. Taft challenges admiration and wins the approval of the best citizenship of the country.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Senator Jotham P. Allds of the New York legislature has been convicted of bribery by the State senate by a vote of forty to nine, but he saved himself from further proceedings by a resignation that was handed in immediately before the voting. It will be remembered that the charges were originally brought by Senator Conger, who complained that certain bridge-building interests had been held up by Allds and that money had been paid to Allds for the purpose of influencing legislation. The resulting investigation has been in progress for several weeks and a conviction became a certainty almost from the first. An examination of bank books showed numerous large sums placed to the credit of Senator Allds for which he was wholly unable or unwilling to account, and from that time the result was hardly a matter of conjecture. The forty who voted guilty was made up of twenty-nine Republicans and eleven Democrats, while the minority of nine for Allds included four Republicans and five Democrats.

The New York *Evening Post*, to whom the whole credit of the result is due, naturally raises a song of thanksgiving. That the legislature had trafficked in votes for years had been a certainty, but "honest governors, honest officials, honest reformers, and the honest press alike were baffled," for the bi-partisan political machine which shared the profits protected its own. The whole guilty crew of pirates stand condemned today with their pirate captain. "They are the men who have thwarted the most unselfish and the most high-minded governor New York has ever known in his efforts to redeem the reputation of the Empire State."

It was of course impossible to excavate the career of Senator Allds without uncovering other evidences of corruption, and it now seems likely enough that there will be a general inquiry into the bribery that has saturated the legislature at Albany for years. The investigation now going on before the State superintendent of insurance is a part and parcel of the same movement. Darwin P. Kingsley, president of the New York Life Insurance Company, has already testified that William H. Buckley offered to buy six State senators' votes for him at \$500 apiece. He refused the offer and therefore failed to get the legislation that he wanted. The following is an extract from Mr. Kingsley's testimony:

"How long have you been president of the New York Life Insurance Company?" was the first question put to Kingsley. "Three years."

"Were you in Albany after the Armstrong investigation of 1905?"

"Yes."

"In advocacy of what bill?"

"To amend a bill in regard to making public policyholders' lists."

"Who introduced that amendment?"

"Senator Horace White."

"It passed the first time?"

"Yes."

"Did you have any conversation with Mr. Buckley?"

"After the amendment was carried, that same night—yes."

"What was it?"

"Well, on that evening I was at the Ten Eyck Hotel. Some one telephoned me. I think it was Mr. Buckley, but I am not sure. The voice said I had won a great victory, but that I would surely lose it unless I had help. The speaker told me to go down the street and I'd be met by a man. I walked down the street and met Buckley. He said:

"You won a notable victory today, but you're going to lose it. The wheels are already in motion in that direction. For \$3000 I can deliver you six votes in the senate."

"I said: 'Mr. Buckley, I can't do anything like that.'"

"Then Buckley said: 'Did you think you came up here to run a Sunday-school? This is Albany. I can stop this for \$3500.'"

"I said: 'Mr. Buckley, I'm trying to keep what I got, and I'll sacrifice anything, but I'll be damned if I'll sacrifice my self-respect. You won't get a damned cent.'"

Five hundred dollars for a vote is cheap, and seems to be inconsistent with the present high price of living, but then it is evident that quite a lot might be made during the session if trade were brisk and the bidders numerous.

The death of Justice Brewer is likely to have a delaying effect on the Supreme Court decisions in the Tobacco Trust and Standard Oil Company cases. There are now only seven effective justices on the bench, as Justice William H. Moody has been ill and confined to his home for several months. It is the general opinion in Washington that there must be a rehearing of pleadings unless it shall be found that at least five of the justices are in full accord. A four to three verdict is not likely to be issued in cases of such immense importance, and especially in view of the fact that it might at any time be overruled by a full bench of nine. What Justice Brewer's decision might have been is, of course, a matter of conjecture. It is even possible that he had written an opinion before his death, but even in that event it would not be effective unless it had been formally handed in and signed.

Some of the utterances of the deceased justice are now being quoted in Washington, where he was always noted for the breadth of his knowledge and the freedom of his speech. Speaking of the railroad question, he said in 1901:

"There is much said about the railroads. It is a popular practice to say that they are very wicked; for instance, like life insurance companies. There has been a great deal of wrong, such as granting of special favors, bad stock speculations, and the like. But I say to you that, taking the earnings and the money invested in railroads as a whole, there is not a fair return on the money invested. The attempt to squeeze

those who built up the railroads, and through them the country, is not right. The men who invested their money are entitled to a reasonable rate of interest. My friend Folk of Missouri has my admiration in many ways. But suppose, through such laws as Missouri has passed, the railroads should actually lose money on carrying freight and passengers. Will the State make the loss good to them?"

Speaking in 1907 of the benefits of publicity, Justice Brewer said:

"Publicity has a tendency to prevent schemes and questionable transactions in corporate life. Publicity is one of the things that make it dangerous for men to practice such things. Publicity is not a new force in our national life, but its power is greater today than in the past. Publicity helps to form public opinion, and public opinion is the mighty force of the age."

Justice Lurton, who succeeded Justice Peckham is of course an unknown factor through his recent appointment.

The English press is divided in its opinion of Mr. Roosevelt's Egyptian speeches. Even those newspapers that are most heartily in accord with the general sentiments expressed in Cairo seem to doubt the wisdom of striking matches quite so close to a powder magazine. The *Westminster Gazette*, an evening newspaper of some gravity, says: "Disquisitions upon the readiness of Egypt or the reverse for self-government, while permitted to men without great position, are perhaps better hushed in the breasts of ex-Presidents." The *Westminster Gazette* fully appreciates Mr. Roosevelt's desire to help, but it fears that the path of the government in Egypt is not made smoother thereby.

Another section of English opinion is displeased by Mr. Roosevelt's frequent references to killing animals, and thinks that such strong sporting proclivities detract from the dignity of a statesman. This view finds expression in a *Punch* cartoon.

Pittsburg has held a mass meeting to protest against the graft disclosed by recent proceedings. Andrew Carnegie expresses his gratification at the meeting, which he says "shows the true heart of Pittsburg and demonstrates that the mass of the people stand firm against wrongdoing in any form."

It shows nothing of the kind, and Mr. Carnegie knows it. It shows that the "mass of the people" do not like unsavory publicity that "hurts business." For who elected the men who are now charged with selling their votes for an average price of \$81.10 each? And who will elect their successors, who will probably be of the same stripe? This fiction of a great pure-hearted, whole-souled public that hates corruption and that usually votes for the vilest men that it can find is worn a little threadbare. Indeed it should never be used at all in a democracy. Mr. Carnegie would have done better to ask his fellow-citizens to gaze upon their own handiwork in the shape of their "representatives" upon the city council, whom they themselves elected and to whom they gave a broad invitation to enter the city safes and to rob and plunder to their hearts' content.

The New York *Evening Post* expresses its gratification at the result of the Vatican incident and of Mr. Roosevelt's message in the following terms:

We can not feel too grateful to Theodore Roosevelt for his thoughtfulness in advising the American people how to think about this dreadful catastrophe in Rome. There would have been Orange riots in the streets of New York today and the burning of a Catholic church or two in Kansas, if this calm, manly, high-minded telegram from Rome had not appeared simultaneously with the shocking news that the Pope and Mr. Roosevelt will not meet. But we are sorry for the Pope. He will miss the grasp of the mighty hunter's hand and the assurance from his own lips that he did visit every Catholic mission within reach just as he visited the Protestant missions; that, on the one hand, he loves his Catholic fellow-citizens, and, on the other, he loves the Protestant and Hebrew fellow-citizens just as much. Later on, we are sure, when the Pope reads this magnanimous telegram, he will repent in sackcloth and ashes. As for the American public, it will never forget that Mr. Roosevelt prevented an outraged Protestant country from rising in its wrath and inaugurating religious warfare. All our people will today speak kindly to their Catholic friends, as he wishes, and put their revolvers back into their holsters.

The Senate is beginning to show a little wholesome skepticism on the subject of the hookworm disease. The matter came up during the consideration of the suggestion for a Department of Public Health, which was opposed, curiously enough, by Senator Gallinger, who is the only physician in the Senate. Senator Owen in support of the bill had laded out the usual folly on the subject of bacteria and had mentioned casually that the Pacific Coast is overrun with plague-stricken rats and squirrels. A Public Health Department would be able to cope with the Pacific Coast, and moreover it could extirpate the hookworm. "Well," said Gallinger, "we have the Rockefeller fund of \$1,000,000 to draw upon, you know." "How many cures will that effect?" asked some one. Senator Beveridge said that \$1,000,000 would cure 4,000,000 cases of hookworm at 25 cents a case, or a worm, whichever it is, as 25 cents worth of thymol is all that is needed. Then Senator Money registered his little protest against the insinuation that 90 per cent of the children of one of the Southern States were infected, and Senator Johnston of Alabama complained that a so-called expert had been down to his district for two days and with that prolonged investigation to guide him had reported that 90 per cent of the people were diseased. Then Senator Beveridge wanted to know something about the other expert who had found that children working in the mills were less susceptible to hookworm than others who had been denied the blessings of child labor. The Senate is evidently suspicious of a movement that doubtless has some real foundation in medical fact, but that is rapidly approaching the stage of medical graft and quackery.

Harry Graumann, who was recently elected mayor of Johannesburg, Africa, is the first Jew to receive such high distinction in that section of the world.

### ALEXANDER AGASSIZ.

The death of Alexander Agassiz, which occurred recently on board ship between Southampton and New York, closes a career of marked distinction. Born in 1835 in the little town of Neuchatel in the Jura Mountains, Switzerland, Alexander Agassiz was the son of Louis Agassiz, naturalist and scientist, and Cecil Braun, sister of Alexander Braun, the famous botanist and philosopher. His early education was obtained in Europe, and he did not come to the United States until 1850, after the death of his mother. He at once prepared for Harvard and at twenty years of age was graduated, Phillips Brooks being one of his classmates.

After leaving Harvard Mr. Agassiz studied civil engineering in the Lawrence Scientific School, graduating in 1857 with the degree of B. S. He then spent three terms in the chemical department, and in March, 1858, came to California, where he was appointed an assistant in the United States Coast Survey. While so engaged he proved himself an adept in drawing the fish caught along the western coast and furnished many specimens for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, to which place he returned in 1860. He was at once employed by the museum, where he served under his father until 1865. It was in this year that Mr. Agassiz became interested in Pennsylvania coal mining, and in the following year he became treasurer of the Calumet mine on Lake Superior. In 1867 he became superintendent of the Calumet and Hecla group of mines, and two years later was elevated to the presidency of these properties, said to be the richest in the world, a position which he maintained until his death. During the years in which he was adding to his wealth Mr. Agassiz by no means neglected his scientific researches, and from 1876 to 1881 he spent his winters in deep-sea dredging in the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea, adding no little to his fame. In 1875, while visiting the west coast of South America for the purpose of examining the copper mines of Peru and Chili he made an extended survey of Lake Titicaca and gathered an immense collection of Peruvian antiquities which is now in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge. In this same year also, at the invitation of Sir Wyville Thompson, he assisted in making up the collection of the *Challenger* exploration expedition. A portion of this collection was brought by Mr. Agassiz to Cambridge and materially assisted him in making his report on the sea urchins of this famous expedition which ranks high as a contribution to original research.

Mr. Agassiz continued his scientific researches more ardently than ever in his later years. In 1904, with a staff of seventy-five men and officers, in the United States ship *Albatross*, assisted by Professor Kofoid of the University of California, he headed an expedition to make deep sea soundings in the Pacific off the coast of Lower California and the Central American and South American coast as far south as Callao, Peru. Declining an offer of \$75,000 made by Andrew Carnegie because it was stipulated that the expedition should be known as the "Carnegie-Agassiz Expedition," Mr. Agassiz assumed the entire expense and carried his plans out under the name of the "Agassiz Scientific Cruise."

A scientific appreciation of him written some years ago said: "He is an original investigator and has substantially added to our knowledge of natural history. Simply to describe the work done by him and communicated to the learned societies of which he is a member would take more space than is here given to the labors of his life. What distinguishes his investigations is that they strike into the very heart of pure science. He is no theorist. He ventures nothing in which the facts will not verify his inductions. He is certain as far as he goes, and his work today is substantially the same as that in which his father distinguished himself, but between the two there is a wide difference. Both have the merit of patient, original research, but the father had the poetry of science, in which the son does not share; the father was never more at home than when before an audience with a crayon in his hand, while the son never faces an audience or makes a speech if he can help it; the father was so unconscious of the value of money except for the purposes of science that others had to keep his purse, while the son is one of the clearest-headed business men to be found in Cambridge or in Boston."

Mr. Agassiz was a liberal man, his donations to the cause of science and education aggregating more than half a million dollars. He was a citizen of Newport Rhode Island, where he owned a large estate. His writings have been extensive and his reports of the various scientific expeditions made by him are regarded as text-books of the greatest worth. He was appointed a member of the Order of Merit by the German emperor in 1902, was made an officer of the Legion of Honor by the President of France in 1896, belonged to the Academies of Science of Paris, London, Munich, Vienna, Rome, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, and served for years as president of the National Academy of Science and the American Academy of Arts and Science. Mr. Agassiz needs no monument. He has reared one for himself in the great museum of science which he produced for Harvard. The extraordinary fortune was his, through his remarkable combination of qualities, of creating and endowing a lasting record of his life for those thousands to come after him. The man himself was loved and revered; the scientist respected for his contributions to the knowledge of the world.



DARK BLUE vs. LIGHT BLUE.

"Piccadilly" Describes the University Boat Race and the Victory of Oxford.

The Oxford and Cambridge boat race shows no signs of losing its popularity. It can hardly be said to compete for public esteem with the Derby, which appeals to a larger audience and one of a somewhat different flavor, but the oldest habitué of the river course will assure us that the crowds are just as great as ever they were and the enthusiasm just as keen. Naturally a good deal depends upon the weather and also upon the day of the week. Only a zealot can keep the fires of his ardor burning under a drenching sky, while a mid-week race will keep away a large number of men who are chained to the unrelenting rock of business in the city. It was so in this instance. The race was run on Thursday and under a particularly blue sky. As a result the banks were packed from one end of the course to the other, but women were in an immense preponderance. It would have been easy to count a dozen automobiles in succession, each with its full complement, but without a man among them with the exception of the chauffeurs. Upon Barnes Railway bridge the women were twice as numerous as the men, and everywhere they were in the distinct majority. It would seem equally easy to run the race on Saturday—for nothing of the sort must be done on Sunday—and so allow downtrodden man a chance to enjoy himself, but the choice of day evidently rests with those who are indifferent to the popular convenience. To the undergraduate all days are equally free from harassing duties, and perhaps he believes that it is the same way with the rest of the world. At the best of times men are not lovely to look at in outdoor attire, and the women's spring dresses were far more consonant with the colors of sky and water. Then, too, the crowds were far less noisy than they would have been if the male element had been in greater force. The cheers that welcomed the winning boat were hearty and sincere, but they lacked the substance that accompanies male enthusiasm.

No one believed that Cambridge could win, and in this instance the result justified the prophets. Nevertheless the faith of some of the forecasters was shaken when Cambridge won the toss for position and consequently chose the favorite Middlesex side, which gave them smoother water over the first mile. The Cambridge boat was afloat at fifteen minutes after noon, and their adversaries followed them quickly. Everything was in readiness by the half-hour and both boats made a good clean start at the word. For a few minutes it really seemed as though Cambridge would falsify the prophets. Rowing a somewhat quicker stroke than her rival, the light blue boat slowly forged ahead, and within a minute she had a lead of a quarter-length. Then came the disaster of the day. Shields, the Cambridge stroke, in some unaccountable way, missed the water, and although he recovered himself instantly there was a momentary loss of balance, and instantly the Oxford boat was seen to be in advance. Two minutes and twenty-four seconds after the start both the boats were at Craven Steps, and they were both rowing thirty-four strokes to the minute, but Oxford was well ahead, certainly not less than the third of a length.

But the light blues were by no means beaten, or at least they did not know that they were. The heavy wind and water seemed to favor them. The Oxford men lowered their stroke, while Cambridge increased hers with the advent of smoother water, and the distance between the two boats was sensibly lessened. But to the onlookers, who as usual saw most of the game, it was evident that Oxford was holding herself in and was so sure of herself that she could afford to economize her strength. At Harrod's the dark blues began to let themselves out, and when Hammersmith Bridge was reached in seven minutes, fifty-two seconds, Oxford was three-quarters of a length ahead.

From this time there was no question of the result. By the time The Doves was reached clear water was visible between the boats, and just here Oxford clenched the nail by raising her stroke to thirty-four, and in less than a minute she was two lengths ahead. At Chiswick Steps she was three lengths ahead, and although she lowered her stroke to thirty-two, while Cambridge kept up to thirty-five and thirty-six it made no difference. At Barnes Oxford again lowered to thirty-one, but found her compensation in the disorganization that was now plainly apparent with the light blues. She was now four lengths ahead, but she was so close to the winning post that she allowed her rivals to gain a few yards, eventually winning by three and a half lengths in twenty minutes, fourteen seconds. This is just the distance by which Oxford won last year, but her time was twenty-four seconds less under more favorable conditions.

Cambridge lost the race, but she made an uncommonly plucky fight. There was not the slightest relaxation of effort until the post was passed, and that the effort was a severe one was shown by the exhaustion of the crew, who collapsed on their seats. On the other hand the Oxford men were in good condition and every one was able to sit upright in the boat. It was a triumph of good rowing and justified the general opinion before the race that the dark blue practice showed a better form and finish that was bound to prevail in the struggle.

The record for the course is eighteen minutes, forty-seven seconds, by Oxford in 1893 and by Cambridge in 1900.  
LONDON, March 25, 1910.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Highland Girl of Inversneyde, Loch Lomond.

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head:  
And these gray rocks; that household lawn;  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn;  
This fall of water that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake;  
This little hay; a quiet road;  
That holds in shelter thy Abode,—  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream;  
Such forms as from thy covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
But, O fair Creature! in the light  
Of common day, so heavenly bright,  
I bless thee, Vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart;  
God shield thee to thy latest years!  
Thee neither know I, nor thy peers;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
For thee when I am far away:  
For never saw I mien, or face,  
In which more plainly I could trace  
Benignity and homebred sense  
Ripening in perfect innocence.  
Here scattered, like a random seed,  
Remote from men, thou dost not need  
The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
And maidenly shamefacedness:  
Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
The freedom of a Mountaineer:  
A face with gladness overspread!  
Soft smiles, by human kindness hred!  
And seemliness complete, that sways  
Thy courtesies, about thee plays;  
With no restraint, but such as springs  
From quick and eager visitings  
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
Of thy few words of English speech:  
A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
That gives thy gestures grace and life!  
So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind  
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull  
For thee who art so beautiful?  
O happy pleasure; here to dwell  
Beside thee in some heathy dell;  
Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess!  
But I could frame a wish for thee  
More like a grave reality:  
Thou art to me hut as a wave  
Of the wild sea; and I would have  
Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
Though but of common neighborhood.  
What joy to hear thee, and to see!  
Thy elder Brother I would be,  
Thy father,—anything to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace  
Hath led me to this lonely place.  
Joy have I had; and going hence  
I bear away my recompense.  
In spots like this it is we prize  
Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes:  
Then, why should I be loth to stir?  
I feel this place was made for her:  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last.  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
And thee, the Spirit of them all! —Wordsworth.

The Priest's Heart.

It was Sir John, the fair young priest,  
He strode up off the strand;  
But seven fisher maidens he left behind,  
All dancing hand in hand.

He came unto the wise-wife's house:  
"Now, mother, to prove your art:  
To charm May Carleton's merry blue eyes  
Out of a young man's heart."

"My son, you went for a holy man,  
Whose heart was set on high;  
Go sing in your psalter and read in your books:  
Man's love fleets lightly by."

"I had liefer talk with May Carleton  
Than with all the saints in heaven;  
I had liefer to sit by May Carleton,  
Than climb the spheres seven."

"I have watched and fasted early and late,  
I have prayed to all above;  
But find no cure save churchyard mold  
For the pain which men call love."

"Now heaven forfend that ill grow worse,  
Enough that ill be ill.  
I know a spell to draw May Carleton,  
And bend her to your will."

"If thou didst that which thou can do,  
Wise woman though thou be,  
I would run, and run, and bury myself  
In the surge of yonder sea."

"Scathless for me are maid and wife,  
And scathless shall they bide.  
Yet charm May Carleton's eyes from the heart  
That aches in my left side."

She charmed him with the white witchcraft,  
She charmed him with the black;  
But he turned his fair young face to the wall  
Till she heard his heart-strings crack.

—Charles Kingsley.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Alvine de Ferency of New York is the greatest woman violin maker in the world.

Godfroi Langlois, managing director of *Le Canada*, of Montreal, has been appointed secretary to the International Waterways Commission.

The only feminine grand opera impresario in the country, Mrs. Frederick H. Snyder of St. Paul, has recently returned to the United States, after a trip to Italy, where she went to look up some new songbirds.

Miss Helen Cannon, daughter of "Uncle Joe," recently blossomed forth in a brand new touring car upon the streets of Washington. Sitting alongside her with his inevitable carnation and cigar, Uncle Joe seemed to radiate a fatherly and perfectly excusable pride.

James R. Keene, the banker, takes his love of horses into his business. The decorations in his private offices in New York are pictures of horses he has owned. The masterpiece of the collection is a great oil reproduction of Domino, Mr. Keene's most famous equine.

The Prince of the Asturias, three years old and heir presumptive to the Spanish throne, is named Pius Christian Edward Francis William Charles Henry Eugene Ferdinand Anthony Venancio. He is a soldier of the First Infantry Regiment and a Chevalier of the Order of the Golden Fleece.

The Rev. James Wilson, eighty years old, who retired recently after fifty-one years of active service as pastor of the Pleasant Prairie Presbyterian Church at Bethel, Shelby County, Missouri, was one who indeed did "labor for love." He never received a salary. His only compensation was wedding fees.

Senator Crane of Massachusetts is popularly supposed to be the wealthiest man in the United States Senate and is said to be the largest individual holder of stock in the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, which is perfecting the merger of telegraph and telephone properties all over the country.

The Hon. Newton J. Moore, premier of Western Australia, who is paying a brief official visit to England, has the distinction of being the youngest premier of the empire. He entered Parliament nearly six years ago and has held office for more than four years, most of the time as premier. He commanded the Eighteenth Regiment of Australian Light Horse from 1901 to 1908, since which time he has been in command of the Australian Intelligence Corps.

The German competitor in the race for the South Pole is First Lieutenant Filchner, who is attached to the General Staff of the German army. Lieutenant Filchner has already distinguished himself in exploration by his travels in Central Asia. He spent the years from 1903 to 1905 in Tibet and has also traveled much in Pamirs and Turkestan. In planning his approach to the polar regions he proposes to make his base on the coast of Weddell Sea and to approach the pole from the opposite side to that of Sir Ernest Shackleton's expedition.

Otto Herman Kahn, who is famous as an art connoisseur and who pays \$75,000 or \$100,000 or any amount at all for a picture he wants, comes of a banking family. He was born in Mannheim, Germany, in 1867, and received his early training in his father's bank. Then he moved on to Berlin, and learned all the bankers there knew. And then to London, with the same result. And then he went to New York. He has a few homes scattered about in New York City and suburbs, and belongs to a few clubs and a good many directorates, and can talk art and music without looking at his cuff every few moments to get his cue.

Arthur Lee, late English military attaché at Washington, during the Spanish War was a young captain in the British army serving as military instructor in Canada. Being detailed to go to Cuba, he was present at the battle of July 1 before Santiago and distinguished himself by leading a company of United States infantry up the hill at El Caney. This was a highly indiscreet thing for a military attaché to do, but, as Lee put it, all the officers were hit and somebody had to take charge. Returning to England after his marriage, Lee was immediately elected to Parliament, and in 1903 Arthur Balfour took him into the ministry. Thus in four years did an unknown captain emerge as one of the leaders of a great political party. And it all came about through that indiscreet charge up the hill at El Caney.

Judge Peter S. Grosscup believes in "trusts." "Trusts," he says, "are a necessity. Modern conditions demand that capital, like an army, be under a single command—but the army should be prevented from becoming of the freebooting order." Judge Grosscup is a very able jurist and is on the bench of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for the seventh circuit. Chiefly he is famous for his reversal of that \$29,000,000 fine against the Standard Oil Company. The judge is a Westerner—an Ohioan. He was born at Ashland fifty-eight years ago. He was graduated from Boston Law School in 1874, and he began practice in his home town. He was city solicitor for six years. Then he went to Chicago. His rise was rapid. By 1892 he was the judge of the northern district of Chicago. He handed down some opinions that made him known through the land, and in 1899 he was made judge of the Circuit Court.



## THE ORGANIST.

By Rene Bazin.

He was a very old gentleman, at whom the street boys pointed because of his long locks. He wore them long and curling, like the Bretons in pictures, although he had come from some obscure place in Flanders and was living in a little city in the south of France. The people of the neighboring villages, dwellers by the Rhone, folk of the land of garlic, sun, and wind, asked, when they heard him speak:

"Who is that strange man with the northern accent?"

"What! Don't you know him? That is the organist of our cathedral."

His clean-shaved face had the tone of old Delft faïences, in which a tinge of blue can always be seen beneath the white enamel. His face was broadly outlined, like a Roman bust. As to his eyes, they were buried underneath such a forest of eyebrows that only two persons claimed to have seen them—that is, really to have seen them. And yet these persons differed in opinion as to their color.

"They are dark blue," said M. Foliolis, the priest of the cathedral.

To which the blower of the great organ replied:

"I have seen them oftener than you have, I who blow the organ; they are brown, like the beetles on oak trees."

Blue or brown, they had an anxious tenderness when they looked at Catherine, the only souvenir of the most painful episode of M. Bretwiller's life, his marriage. M. Bretwiller, a musician of the northern school, whose very gaiety was pensive, and whose enthusiasm was melancholy, belonged to the race of those great barbarians who came down from their forests to sunny Rome at the time of the invasions. They felt the sunbeams delightful upon their helmets, and their hearts were stirred by the glow, which awoke within them a new song. Their weapons trembled in their hands at the sight of the beautiful Roman women, and they said to themselves that they would do well to pitch their tents in a land where the olive shades the twofold harvest of grapes and wheat. After their manner, and with great eagerness, they tasted the delights of that foreign land. But to understand is not to be understood. M. Bretwiller made proof of that truth. His southern bride had not the least suspicion what a German musician might be; and she died of it. Catherine alone remained to prove that the organist had been married. She was puny and ill-favored, as the product of two clashing civilizations. Her hair was too curly, her forehead too low, her eyes, which could not decide between the north and the south, had the hue of dead embers. Her mouth, however, was exquisite, modeled after antique types, full and severe, large and always moist, like the lips of shells which sing the eternal song. She sang divinely. Her father knew no greater joy, perhaps he really had no other joy, than to hear the melodies which he composed come forth from that beloved voice and pass above the mimosas in the garden, borne by the air of Provence, which carries music more lightly than any other air, by reason of habit, of the language, and of the fragrance of the flowers. He said to her, simply:

"See, Catherine, the greater part of men have not soul enough for two. They have only enough for themselves. Those who have more soul than they need for themselves are the poets, the philosophers, the musicians, and the composers. Above all the composers, for they speak the language least of all subject to restraint, and therefore the most universal. A note has no country. A melody is merely the key which opens the door of dreams in all dialects." He also said:

"I know very well that I am not understood, here in the south. All the members of the chapter have the Italian ear. The priest rebels against the fugue. The chapel-master, M. Catbise, may not even know the names of Bach, Franck, and Wagner. The air is saturated with Rossini's cavatinas. My great organ, if I would permit it, would play serenades, all by itself. Its tremolo is diabolically easy. It is my honor to strive to implant the German method in this Latin country. I will make it triumphant. It shall reign here some day, and you shall hear 'Tristan and Yseult' in Avignon, and the 'Phantom Ship' sung in sight of the sea by the herdsmen of Camargue!"

Sometimes they went to walk in the outskirts of the city, upon the bare hills where sparse groups of trees point toward the sky. M. Bretwiller tried not to hear the Rhone, which whistled an allegro of amazing lightness; he tried to hear neither the crickets, with their Neapolitan songs, nor the tamarisk shrubs, those unwearied murmurers of lullabies; but when he came upon a pine tree, he seated himself at its foot and took a lesson. "Master of masters," he said, "singer of the north and of the south, self-sufficing, and evolving the same meditative theme, alike beneath the sun and the fog."

But, far more often, M. Bretwiller did not go out. In the streets his tall, bent figure was seldom seen, unless it were on saints' days, half an hour before service and half an hour afterward. He walked along, already improvising, possessed by the idea which developed itself exuberantly in these moments of exaltation. He saw no one, bowed to no one, and did not know that he had reached his destination until

suddenly the shadow close to the Roman walls of the cathedral made him raise his head. Then, going in by a door of which he alone possessed the key, he mounted the organ gallery, seated himself, threw a terrible glance at the blower, and played a few chords, with his hand and his foot, to test himself. Then, the time having come, he abandoned himself to the charm of his composition, a charm which, alas, was confined to himself. He was no longer bowed down, but erect, solemn, bappy.

The only person who disturbed him in these joyful hours was Catbise, the chapel-master, who responded to him with the little choir-organ; Catbise, who played the chants, a pure southerner, and of the blond kind which never knows self-distrust. This Catbise, who had not composed even a waltz, delighted his audience with preludes, sorrowful airs with flowery variations, tearful strains mingled with Tyrolean warblings, the art, in fact, of the little Italians who smilingly play the violin in the streets. Bretwiller execrated him, all the more so because once or twice a year a certain worthy canon, who had no thought of ill-will, would come to him and say: "How you master your organ, M. Bretwiller! What a pity that you are not always clear! See M. Catbise, a young man with a great future. There is a man whom one can easily understand, and whom one can follow without fatigue!"

Catherine consoled her father for the injustice of men. She was the true cause of this sacrificed life. If you could have penetrated the secret of that old artist's soul, you would have seen what no one knew, not even Catherine herself, that if he remained in that southern land, so rebellious to his art, it was not in order to secure the triumph of his favorite composers or of his own works, but to save Catherine, who had been sickly from her childhood. A physician in whom M. Bretwiller had confidence had said: "If she leaves the south before she is twenty-five years old she will not live." He waited, watching with a growing hope the restoration of this child who had neither strength nor beauty. From year to year he observed new favorable symptoms. She had a faint color in her cheeks. She walked more firmly. Her voice assumed without effort the grave fullness which indicates a robust life. Would she live? And could they both leave the valley of the Rhone, and make their way to the north, she, after having passed her early youth, he, before his final old age? When she sang he said aloud: "What a joy to be so understood! What a queen of high art you are!" At the same time he thought: "We will leave them all, these lovers of farandoles! I will take you far away. You were almost sentenced to death, and now life smiles upon you."

Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five! She had reached her twenty-fifth year. M. Bretwiller only sought an occasion, and the occasion came to him without his suspecting it. The rumor spread through the city that M. Catbise had composed a mass in sol minor for the approaching solemnity of Easter. At first the organist did not believe it.

"Sol minor? Sol minor? Persons of his sort only write in major, sir! As far as he is concerned, how should he write anything at all, even in a common, hilarious tone? He has not an idea. Catbise can not have composed a mass; my own in re minor is not finished, although I have been working on it for fifteen years."

It was true, however. When he received the score from the priest's hands a rage took possession of the organist; a rage in which there entered musical passion and a great deal of jealousy. The priest said:

"You will accompany M. Catbise's mass on the little organ, will you not, dear M. Bretwiller? He will conduct."

"No, sir. I only accompany that which exists. Catbise does not exist."

His resignation followed on the same day. The organist wrote it offhand, without hesitation, without emotion. He was free. He could return to the north and realize his dream of twenty-five years. Only twenty-five years is a great age for a dream.

The first use which M. Bretwiller made of his freedom was to go back to the cathedral and to enter the organ-loft. He tried the haut-bois, which he found of a most superior quality; the celestial voice, which he often used; the trumpet, which did not displease him. With a sigh he said: "Fine instrument, into what hands you are about to fall!" And with the point of his knife he inscribed upon the largest pipe these words, which I have read: "This organ will think no more." It gave him a strange sensation to turn the key in the old lock of the organ-loft.

As he came down the street from the cathedral he went into the shop of a man who sold hot cakes. He used to buy one every Sunday, as he went home from the great organ.

"Adieu, M. Bességnet."

"Don't you mean au revoir?"

"No, adieu."

He did not explain himself, for he was affected. He felt the curiosity of a foreigner in this city which he had not wanted to see during all his life there. He observed the houses, measured with his eye the trees on the avenues, recognized the passers-by, and saluted them with a slow gesture which followed them.

When he came in front of his garden hedge, he saw a pomegranate blossom which had just opened. "I shall regret that," he said. He went along between the borders of violets which were so fragrant every morning when he settled himself at his piano, and he

went past the grape-arbors which he visited so gladly in the autumn, until he came to his daughter, feeling less proud than he had expected to feel. She had already approved of everything. She had more thing to regret than he had; but, after all, since he was so eager to leave the country—

M. Bretwiller was astonished to find that he was held by so many ties to a land which he detested. His nature was insistent. He loved to go to the bottom of questions. He said:

"What matters it to us, here or there? We shall carry with us our happiness, my little Catherine, our dear intimacy which is everything to us."

"Undoubtedly."

"We shall live in just the same way."

"Good heavens, yes!"

"How you say that! Are you not happy, Catherine?" He thought: "As to me, there are reasons why I should be sorry. But she? For twenty-five years she has lived for her alone."

Catherine let herself be urged to answer. She hesitated, and ended by saying, without understanding the cruelty of her words:

"I have been loved by nobody but you!"

And M. Bretwiller went to the north, having learned two things in a short time: that it is dangerous to try to realize an old dream; but that it is still more so, that it is an absolute imprudence, to wish to know the immensity of our happiness.—Translated for the Argonaut by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

It is just three centuries since the first telescope was pointed toward the sky. January 7, 1610, Galilei first tried his rude instrument, and was rewarded by discovering some of the moons of Jupiter. No great magnifying power was needed for this, as at least one of the moons is large enough to be seen by the naked eye did not the nearness of the brilliant planet prevent this. Lenses had been known for a long time and were at that time in common use by nearsighted persons. The name of the real discoverer of the telescope seems to be unknown, but the accepted story is that two young sons of a Middlebury optician, name Lippersley, some time between 1605 and 1608, while playing with some lenses, happened to hold two of them at a distance from each other and were surprised and delighted to find that the weather vane on a neighboring tower seemed to come near them when looked through the two lenses. In April, 1609, a little telescope, made in Holland, was offered for sale in Padua. The next month Galileo, then a professor in the university at Padua, heard of this instrument and realized at once its importance in the study of astronomy. From the description of the Dutch instrument he had made at once, and in August he astounded the people of Venice by showing them from the top of the campanile persons entering the doors of the church of Murano. This spyglass was less than two inches in diameter and magnified three times. From this crude instrument of Galileo to the monster telescopes, for inches in diameter of the present day, is the development of only three centuries.

The estimated area of southern Nigeria is 77,0 square miles, that of northern Nigeria, the hinterland of southern Nigeria, is estimated at 255,000, and the native population of the two combined at from 15,000,000 to 20,000,000, yet any effort at scientific agriculture or mining is confronted by the labor question. The wants of the natives are few, and on account of the primitive custom of acquiring only personal property and that in the form of cattle, wives, and children depending on the latter in old age for support, they give little thought to laying aside money for use in times of illness and old age. In the far interior traders state that the natives often refuse money in exchange for their products, gathered where they have not sown, but will receive tobacco, spirits, cotton goods, etc., which they desire them for immediate use. In some parts the hinterland tobacco is an absolute necessity for trading.

Count Reventlow in the German Reichstag recently suggested that if it prove impossible to make Heligoland impregnable the best course would be to blow it up. The inhabitants of this little island have changed masters several times, but, like most small communities they are intensely patriotic and consider their tiny homeland the ideal residence of the world. The air is so invigorating that one can, according to a visit during half the night and get up early the following day with no sense of exhaustion. There is plenty of color in the island, and no mud; the beach is perfect and the lobsters are the best in Europe. Cow's milk is a luxury and meat of any kind scarce, but the natives are content to drink the milk of sheep and goats and consider sea gulls an appetizing dish. They thrive on this diet; the average death age is sixty-three and epidemics are unknown.

In 1801 there were in Europe only twenty-two cities which had more than 100,000 inhabitants. These were London, Dublin, Paris, Marseilles, Lyons, Amsterdam, Berlin, Hamburg, Vienna, Naples, Rome, Milan, Venice, Palermo, Madrid, Barcelona, Lisbon, St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Copenhagen, and Constantinople. Two only of these cities had more than 500,000—London, 950,000, and Paris, 600,000. Naples came third, with 300,000, and Vienna fourth, with 230,000.



## THE ROOF OF THE WORLD.

Dr. Sven Hedin Tells of His Latest Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet.

Dr. Hedin needs little of introduction; his work in exploration has already made him famous; and his "Trans-Himalaya," a chronicle of discoveries and adventures in Tibet, tells of his last trip into that land of mystery. In the face of tremendous difficulties and with no official sanction of his undertaking whatever, he essayed to make a more comprehensive exploration than had ever been undertaken. Whetted by what little information he had been able to acquire in a former and less extensive pilgrimage into this unknown land, his desire for further travel and exploration gave him no peace of mind, and in the first paragraph of his book we find him telling how inevitable it was that he should return to look at Tibet once again:

In the spring of the year 1905 my mind was much occupied with thoughts of a new journey to Tibet. Three years had passed since my return to my own country; my study began to be too small for me; at eventide, when all around was quiet, I seemed to hear in the sigh of the wind a voice admonishing me to "come back again to the silence of the wilderness"; and when I awoke in the morning I involuntarily listened for caravan bells outside. So the time passed till my plans were ripened and my fate was soon decided; I must return to the freedom of the desert and hie away to the broad plains between the snow-clad mountains of Tibet. Not to listen to this secret voice when it speaks strongly and clearly means deterioration and ruin; one must resign one's self to the guidance of this invisible hand, have faith in its divine origin and in one's self, and submit to the gnawing pain which another departure from home, for so long a time and with the future uncertain, brings with it.

The author tells of his last preparations for his journey, how, while he could not secure any official sanction for his proposed trip, he achieved the personal approval of his many official friends and how, in Leh, he met the man regarded by many Tibetans as their rightful king:

The Raja of Stok, or, to give him his full name and title, Yigmet Kungak Singhe Lundup Thinlis Zangho Sodnam Nampar Belvela, Yagirdar of the State of Stok, awakes one's sympathy in his somewhat sad position; he is evidently painfully sensitive of the loss of the honor and power which fate has denied him. He was on a visit to Leh, for he owns an unpretending but pretty house in the main street. The Tibetans still look upon him as the true and rightful king, while the ruler of the country, the Maharaja of Kashmir, is only a usurper in their eyes. We therefore concluded that a letter of recommendation from this Raja of Stok might be very useful some day or other. He was evidently flattered by my request and quite ready to grant it. In his open letter he ordered "all men in Tibet of whatever rank, from Rudok, Jartok, and Rundor to Shigatse and Gyantse, to allow Sahih Hedin to pass freely and unmolested, and to render him all necessary assistance." This highly important document, with the date and the red square seal of the Raja affixed, was afterwards read by many Tibetan chieftains, on whom it made not the slightest impression. They quietly answered: "We have only to obey the orders of the Devashung in Lhasa."

The difficulties of travel were enormous. An immense outfit was required, and the undertaking of welding his unwieldy organization into shape gave the author many an anxious hour. The weather, too, was unfavorable. Pack animals died from cold. Many dropped by the side of the road from sheer weakness. The Tibetan horses, however, stood up well under the exposure. We are told that these hardy equines are carnivorous:

The two small Tibetan horses, which travel with us, take a great interest in their fellows; but they do not seem quite sure that the animals, so thin and wretched, are really horses. At this day's camp, No. 63, we saw them run up to their masters for two large pieces of frozen antelope flesh, which they eagerly ate out of their hands like bread. They are just as fond of yak or sheep's flesh, and the Tibetans say that this diet makes them tough and hardy. We can not help liking these small shaggy ponies, which live to no small extent on the offal of game, are at home in the mountains, and bear rarefied air with the greatest ease; their lungs are well adapted to it as those of the wild asses. The cold does not trouble them in the least; they remain out all through the night without a covering of any sort, and even a temperature of -22.7 degrees, which we had on the night of November 17, does not affect them. Though they are not shod, they run deftly and securely up and down the slopes, and the men on their backs look higher than the horses. We notice with great amusement how heartily they greet each other at every camp. Puntuk, who shows Muhamed Isa the way, rides a small bay pony, which is already grazing when we appear. As soon as the pony catches sight of his gray comrade with Tsering Dava he neighs with delight, cocks his ears, and runs up to him; and the gray one exhibits just as much satisfaction. This is very different from the conduct of our dogs, which fight wildly as soon as they see each other.

The author was much impressed by the Tashi Lama, the holiest man in Tibet. He tells us how he made himself as spruce as if he purposed attending some formal state function, how he ascended through gloomyabyrinths and was entertained for a moment by a fat little Lama who held the post of minister of state. After an exchange of presents, more labyrinths led to the Tashi Lama himself, an unaffected, kindly man, wonderful because impressive in his twenty-fifth year. The author says:

Wonderful, never-to-be-forgotten Tashi Lama! Never has any man made so deep and ineffaceable impression on me. Not as a divinity in human form, but as a man, who in goodness of heart, innocence, and purity approaches as near as possible to perfection. I shall never forget his expression: displayed unbounded kindness, humility, and philanthropy; and I have never seen such a smile, a mouth so delicately formed, so noble a countenance. His smile never left him: he smiled like a sleeper dreaming of something beautiful and desirable, and whenever our eyes met his smile grew broader, and he nodded kindly and amiably, as much as to say: "Trust in my friendship implicitly, for my intentions are good towards all men."

The incarnation of Amitabha! The earthly shell in which the soul of Amitabha lives on through time! Therefore a city full of supernatural wisdom and omniscience. The

Tibetans believe that he knows not only what is and has been, but also all that is to come. Can he be Amitabha himself? This much is certain, that he is a very extraordinary man, a singular, unique, and incomparable man. I told him that I thought myself fortunate to have seen him, and that I should never forget the hours I had spent in his company; and he replied that he should be very pleased if I came back again.

After I had thanked him once more for his generous hospitality and kindness, he called some lamas and ordered them to show me the temples. Then he gave me both his hands, and followed me with his wonderful smile as I howed myself out. His friendly eyes did not leave me till I had passed through the door leading into the antechamber. At the foot of the first staircase several lamas were waiting; they smiled in silence and with wide-opened eyes, no doubt thinking that so long an audience was an unusual favor. Henceforth they all treated me with greater respect, and it was evident that very evening that the whole hazaar and all the town of Shigatse knew that I had spent three hours with the holy one. For my part I could hardly think of anything else but the Tashi Lama and the powerful impression he had made on me.

The Tibetan people were a puzzle to the author, as he frankly admits. The women, he says, were very dirty. In Shigatse, where he had audience with the Tashi Lama, he lingered for some time, and he draws a picture of one Tibetan woman that, to all intents and purposes, will serve for all the rest:

Burtso was a little Shigatse lady of seventeen summers, and bore the dirt of those seventeen summers on her face. Like most of the others, her features had the sharply marked characteristics of the Mongolian race—oblique narrow eyes contracting to a point at the sides, and the lower part of the eyelid telescoped into the upper so that a slightly curved line is formed and the short lashes are almost covered; the iris is dark chestnut brown, and appears black within the frame of the eyelids; the eyebrows are usually only slightly marked, are thin and irregular, and never form the finely curved Persian and Caucasian arch like a crescent. The cheek-bones are rather prominent, but not so high as with the Mongolians; the lips are rather large and thick, but the nose is not so flat as among the Mongols. Faces with handsome features are seen among the male Tibetans. But the differences between individual Tibetans are often as great as between Tibetans on the one hand and Mongols, Chinamen, and Gurkhas on the others. The nomads of the Chang-tang are apparently a tribe of themselves, and seldom, if ever, intermarry with the others. Otherwise the Tibetan people is undoubtedly much mixed with neighboring elements. Chinamen living in Lhasa and Shigatse marry Tibetan women. In the Himalayas, south of the Tibetan frontier, live the Bothias, a mixed people, sprung partly from Indian, partly from Tibetan elements. The people of Ladak have mingled to a large extent with their Aryan and Turkish neighbors, because they have been in closer and more active contact with them. The Tibetan people present remarkable and peculiar problems in anthropological, ethnographical, and linguistic science, which must be solved by future investigation.

In his journeyings Dr. Hedin came across a hermit. His description of the place where this holy man was immured is interesting in the extreme. It was a single room, built over a spring, a square apartment with each side five paces long. There were no windows. The doorway was very low, the wooden door locked and sealed with huge stones. A tiny aperture in the roof to let out the smoke, for the hermit had tea every sixth day, and a small opening through which his food was pushed in were the only openings into the cell. Here the hermit lived. The author's curiosity as to this individual was only natural:

"What is the name of the lama who is now walled up in this cell?" I asked.

"He has no name, and even if we knew it we durst not utter it. We call him merely the Lama Rinpoche" (according to Köppen, lama means *quo nemo est superior*, one who has no one over him; and Rinpoche means gem, jewel, holiness).

"Where has he come from?"

"He was born in Ngor in Naktsang."

"Has he relations?"

"That we do not know; and if he has any, they do not know that he is here."

"How long has he lived in the darkness?"

"It is now three years since he went in."

"And how long will he remain there?"

"Until he dies."

"May he never come out again into daylight before his death?"

"No; he has taken the strictest of all oaths, namely, the sacred vow only to leave the cell as a corpse."

"How old is he?"

"We do not know his age, but he looked about forty."

"But what happens if he is ill? Can not he get help?"

"No; he may never speak to another human being. If he falls ill he must wait patiently till he is better again or dies."

"You never know, then, how he is?"

"Not before his death. A bowl of *tsamba* is pushed every day into the opening, and a piece of tea and a piece of butter every sixth day; this he takes at night, and puts back the empty bowl to be filled for the next meal. When we find the bowl untouched in the opening we know that the immured man is unwell. If he has not touched the *tsamba* the next day our fears increase; and if six days pass and the food is not taken, we conclude he is dead and break open the entrance."

Kang-Rinpoche, the holy mountain, also afforded the author an opportunity for observing some curious religious observances of the Tibetans. He found pilgrims there, holy men, who had journeyed far to walk around the mountain, an act of great merit in their eyes. Some of them, the more devout, perform the meritorious feat called *gyangchag-tsalgen*, which consists in measuring the length of the way by the length of the pilgrim's body. One such pilgrimage is worth thirteen ordinary circuits on foot. The author saw two young Lamas thus engaged:

When we came a second time to Diri-pu, some days later, we saw two young lamas engaged in the prostration pilgrimage around the mountain. They were from Kham, and from that part of the country "where the last men dwell," and had been a year on the way to Kailas. They were poor and ragged, and had nothing to carry, for they lived on the alms of the faithful. They had come in nine days from Tarchen to Diri-pu, and reckoned that they had still eleven days to finish their round. I accompanied them for half an hour on foot to observe their procedure. This consisted of

six movements. Suppose the young lama standing on the path with his forehead held slightly down and his arms hanging loosely at his sides. (1) He places the palms of his hands together and raises them to the top of his head, at the same time bending his head a little down; (2) he lays his hands under his chin, lifting up his head again; (3) he kneels upon the ground, bends forward, and lays himself full length on the ground with outstretched arms; (4) he passes his hands laid together over his head; (5) he stretches his right hand forwards as far as it will reach, and scratches a mark in the soil with a piece of bone, which shows the line which must be touched by his toes at the next advance; and (6) he raises himself up with his hands, makes two or three strides up to the mark, and repeats the same actions. And thus he goes round the whole mountain.

It is slow work and they do not hurry; they perform the whole business with composure, but they lose their breath, especially on the way up to the pass. And on the way down from the Dolma-la there are places so steep that it must be a gymnastic feat to lie down head foremost. One of the young monks had already accomplished one round, and was now on the second. When he had finished, in twelve days, he intended to betake himself to a monastery on the Tsangpo, and be there immured for the rest of his life. And he was only twenty years old! We, who in our superior wisdom smile at these exhibitions of fanaticism and self-mortification, ought to compare our own faith and convictions with theirs. The life beyond the grave is hidden from all peoples, but religious conceptions have clothed it in different forms among different peoples. "If thou lookest closely, thou wilt see that hope, the child of heaven, points every mortal with trembling hand to the obscure heights." Whatever may be our own convictions, we must admire those who, however erroneous their views may be in our opinion, yet possess faith enough to remove mountains.

Toward the end of his journey the author became wearied with the constant uncertainty and tired of his disguise, and longed to be free from perpetual worry. And finally the wished for deliverance took place. A party of Tibetan officials charged with the duty of finding Dr. Hedin chanced upon his caravan, or what was left of it. Faithful to the last, the author's retainers lied manfully for him, but to no purpose, and begged him to escape and hide among the mountains:

"No," I said to my men as I rose up, "I shall give myself up to the Tibetans."

Then they were all amazed, and began to cry and sob like children.

"Why do you weep?" I asked.

"We shall part here for good, and the Sahih will be killed," they answered.

"Oh no, it is not so bad as that," I said, for it was not the first time I had been caught by Tibetans.

When I walked out of the tent I heard behind me the murmur of Mohammedan prayers: "Allahu ekher—Bismillah rahman errahim."

In my usual disguise from top to toe, and with my face painted black, I walked with slow, deliberate steps straight to the circle of Tibetans. When I was close to them they all rose up, as if they knew that I was no ordinary Ladaki.

"Sit down," I said, with a dignified gesture of invitation, and sat down myself between the two principal men. In the one on my right hand I recognized at once the Pemba Tsering of the year before. I clasped him on the shoulder, saying, "Do you know me again, Pemba Tsering?" He answered not a word, but looked with wide-opened eyes at his comrades, and nodded towards me, as much as to say, "It is he." They were mightily dumfounded and disconcerted: no one spoke, some looked at one another, others gazed into the fire, one threw a couple of sticks among the stones, and another took small sips of tea.

Then I spoke again: "Yes, truly, Pemba Tsering, you are quite right; I am Hedin Sahih, who visited Sakadzong last year. Here you have me again; what do you mean to do with me?"

Ahdu Kerim, Lohsang, and Kutus stood behind, trembling like aspen leaves, and expecting that preparations for an execution would be the next move.

In a brief paragraph at the end of his narrative the author pictures the difficulties of his completed journey and declares that there is sufficient work for generations of explorers and travelers in this mysterious land where is the world's mightiest mountain chain, which he is pleased to call, "the roof of the world." He says:

My long journey backwards and forwards over the Trans-Himalaya can not be regarded as more than a cursory and defective reconnaissance of a country hitherto unknown. It is easier to go to Lhasa with a force armed to the teeth, and shoot down the Tibetans like pheasants if they stand in the way, than to cross Tibet in all directions for two long years with four governments and all the authorities of the land as opponents, twelve poor Ladakis as companions, and not a single man as escort. It is no merit of mine that I was long able to maintain a position which from the first seemed untenable. The same lucky star looked down, as often before, on my lonely course through vast Asia, and it is twenty-four years since I first took up my pilgrim staff. I have been able to follow and lay down only the chief geographical lines; between my routes many blank spaces are still left, and there is sufficient detailed work for generations of explorers and travelers more thoroughly prepared and better equipped than myself.

Undoubtedly the world owes Dr. Hedin a debt of gratitude for his Tibetan explorations, and has derived much of benefit from his difficult Trans-Himalayan trip. His contribution to the general fund of knowledge relative to this mysterious land entitles him to rank with the world's great explorers, and whatever technical faults his work discloses—it is undoubtedly too verbose and deals with too many unimportant details—none the less is it interesting and worth while. "Trans-Himalaya," by Sven Hedin. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York. Two volumes, \$7.50.

Not long ago an attempt was made to measure the height and length of the waves of an earthquake that occurred in Greece, the pulsations of which were perceived by the aid of a specially constructed pendulum at Birmingham, in England. The pulsations, or waves, passed through the rocky crust of the earth with a velocity of about two miles a second, and each of the largest of them, according to the investigator, must have been about twenty-eight miles in length, but only half an inch in height.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Philosophy and Religion*, by Hastings Rashdell, D. Litt., D. C. L. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 75 cents.

The impression produced by this book is that of the ingenuity of the author, as well as of the sincerity underlying it. That he should be able to take as a basis the idealism of Berkeley and upon it build a superstructure of belief in a personal God, in revelation, and in the broader dogmas of Christianity, is a feat of logical reasoning that is worth examination. That it is done in a scholarly way hardly needs to be said. Starting from the idealistic theory that "so far from matter being the only existence, it has no existence of its own apart from some mind which knows it," the author goes on to argue that there must be some mind that knows the whole of matter, or the universe, and that the one mind is God. But is not the terminology an unfortunate one, for how can matter be "known" unless it have an existence *per se*? Would it not be more permissible to argue that we know of nothing but the modifications of our own consciousness, and that what we call matter is the unknown stimuli of those modifications?

Difficulties of this nature pursue the author all the way through. He speaks of the universe as being an experience of God, as indeed he must do on his selected basis, but why should he be driven into an inconsistent doctrine of the separateness of God and man and into such a perplexing position as to regard "the human mind as derived from God, but not as being part of God"? This seems to result from an effort to reconcile logical philosophy with Christian dogma and to result in confusions from which not even his keen logic can save him. The same explanation may account for a certain brusqueness in dealing with such theories as those of pre-existence, a brusqueness that sometimes verges on a lack of tolerance. The book will be of value to thoughtful persons who are looking for reasons for the faith that is in them, but the author has too many vulnerable points for serious conflict.

*The Literary History of the Adelphi and Its Neighborhood*, by Austen Brereton. Published by Duffield & Co., New York.

This is the third edition of a volume as delightful to the book lover as to the antiquarian, a volume in no way to be overlooked by the student of literary London or even by the casual visitor who would identify the more obscure monuments of literary greatness. The Adelphi proper contains only about five hundred square yards, but it is associated with the names of Henry V., Henry VIII., Mary, Elizabeth, Raleigh, Lady Jane Grey, Dryden, Voltaire, Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Garrick, Dickens, and a host of others. Every building has its tale to tell, a tale of romance, of effort, of triumph, or of tragedy. It is indeed only from such a book as this that even the best informed can adequately appreciate the wealth of association that has the Adelphi proper for its centre and that spread throughout the neighborhood of the Strand, Charing Cross, and the district immediately south of the Thames. It is enough to say that the author has done his work well and in the easy and intimate way that befits his subject. Especially interesting are the twenty-seven well-chosen illustrations.

*Dan Merrithew*, by Laurence Perry. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; \$1.50.

This is a capital story of a sailor's life. Dan is the captain of a tugboat on the Eastern coast and he succeeds in rescuing a yacht that has broken her shaft during a heavy gale. But as a result of his efforts his tug founders and he in turn is rescued by the yacht and so makes the acquaintance of Virginia Howland and her wealthy father. In gratitude for his services Mr. Howland gives Dan the command of one of his own steamers, and as he and his daughter make a trip on the same steamer Dan and Virginia have a chance to improve their acquaintance. A whole series of adventures follows, perhaps more rapidly than is customary, but they are described so well and with such technical accuracy—so far as land-lubbers may judge—that we are heartily sorry when they come to an end even to the distinctly audible sound of wedding bells.

*Kings in Exile*, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

No doubt Mr. Roberts will be accused of nature faking in these ten stories of animal life, and incidentally we may wonder why Mr. Kipling's jungle stories have never been similarly branded. After all, there seems no reason why the maker of animal stories should be more rigidly subject to the limitations of probability and fact than the maker of stories about human beings, and it is certain that probability and fact can hardly be considered as oppressive burdens on the

shoulders of those who write the average "best seller." The gulf between the human and the brute consciousness is unbridged except by intuition and imagination, and we have no cause to complain if these are sometimes exuberant or even if they seem to conflict with what we believe we know of the facts of animal life. Stories so well written as those of Mr. Roberts are fascinating beyond all description to those whose inclinations lie in that direction, and these ten are as good as anything that Mr. Roberts has done.

*Sailing Ships and Their Story*, by E. Kehle Chatterton. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; \$3.75.

It is time that such a work as this should be undertaken if it is indeed true that in a few years' time there will not be a man alive who will know how to rig a sailing ship. The "marine mechanics" on board a liner or a battleship, according to the author, are undeserving the name of sailor, seeing that they can as a rule neither sail a boat, nor make a splice, let alone go up aloft. The art of the sailing ship is almost a lost one, and not likely to be revived.

We are not likely to get a more complete account of the sailing ship than is to be found in these 334 large size pages. The author tells us that he has taken infinite pains in their preparation, traveling from port to port to talk with all manner of sailors, ship-builders, and sail-makers, ransacking libraries, studying coins and even old fonts in churches dedicated to St. Nicholas. Certainly he begins his story at the earliest possible date. He shows us an ancient Egyptian sail boat, such as must have been used on the Nile 8000 years ago, and from that time to the present he leaves no links missing that industry and research could supply. It was from the Egyptian ship that all future builders took their plans, and, indeed, the author seems to have much respect for the sea-going skill of the ancients. Even the eyes painted upon the ships of the Greeks and the Romans still survive in the modern hawse holes, and Mr. Chatterton pauses for a moment to suggest that the ancient belief in the life of a ship, of all human works, may not be wholly a superstition.

The body of this delightful book may be left to the enjoyment of the reader. It is one of those rare works of research that deserve to be called thorough, while its style of composition is fully consonant with its subject. It should be an unceasing delight to the yachtsman, and even the confirmed land-lubber can hardly read it without fascination. The illustrations are especially deserving of praise. Of these there are one hundred and thirty, including a colored frontispiece, and their collection must have involved no small amount of creditable labor.

*A Fool There Was*, by Porter Emerson Browne. Published by the H. K. Fly Company, New York.

This is the author's first novel, and it contains a promise of much better work in the future. It is the story of a beautiful woman who wrecks the lives of several men and drives some of them to suicide. The fault of the story is the extravagance and lack of restraint with which the woman's power is described. Its virtue is the rather clever way in which her character is explained. She is the daughter of a French aristocrat who has first betrayed and then abandoned a peasant girl, and we are allowed to suppose that the child has inherited a certain vindictiveness against men and a fatal gift of beauty with which to gratify it. But the story would be more effective if it were more tranquil and more restrained.

*A Child's Guide to Music*, by Daniel Gregory Mason. Published by the Baker & Taylor Company, New York; \$1.25.

This book may be heartily recommended to parents who wish their children to take music seriously and to regard it not only as one of life's supplementary graces, but as very close to the centre of life itself. The book is simply written and with the object of showing its reader first the mechanical machinery of music and secondly its relation to states of consciousness and its correspondences with the human mind. Mingled with these is much biographical matter, all of it designed to dignify the subject, to raise it to its proper status as one of the greatest departments of natural force and to resist the vulgarizing tendencies which present music to the modern child as the mere mechanism for "playing tunes."

*The Winning Lady and Others*, by Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

Mrs. Freeman gives us eleven short stories in this volume, and once more shows her ability to make interesting the "genteel" suburban life that seemingly contains so little of the heroic and so much of the artificial, the sincere, and the pretentious. That Mrs. Freeman can make the heroic apparent under the tinsel is to her credit as a writer, and there is something heroic even in poor Mrs. Adeline Wyatt, who confesses that she has

cheated at the whist party only to find that every one else has done pretty much the same thing and that the much coveted punch bowl prize was also a cheat in its way, inasmuch as it only cost \$1.49 and was not cut glass at all.

*The Counterpart*, by Horner Cotes. Published by the Macaulay Company, New York.

This is a very fair story of the Civil War, and particularly good in its picture of the ambitions of General McClellan. Its hero is a young Northern officer who takes advantage of the capture of his cousin, who is in the Confederate Army and to whom he bears a striking resemblance, to assume his relative's uniform and name and undertake a trip of investigation through the enemy's ranks. The story is well arranged and vigorous.

## New Publications.

Under the title of "Roses," Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, have published four one-act plays by Hermann Sudermann, translated from the German by Grace Frank. The price is \$1.25.

"Fishing Kits and Equipment," by Samuel G. Camp, is a complete guide for the angler who is buying a new outfit. Prices are quoted and all manner of tests are described. It comes from the Outing Publishing Company, New York.

The Bishop Publishing Company, Denver, has published "A Square Look into Eternity," by J. C. Jensen. It seems to be made up of a supposedly clairvoyant revelation into the origin and evolution of the universe. The price is \$1.

"Business! Practical Hints for Master and Man," by T. Sharper Knowlson, is a book of advice upon almost every department of business. There is hardly a page without its piece of valuable counsel on the getting of business and its retention. It is published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York. Price, 40 cents.

Dr. Newman Smyth, D. D., is to be congratulated on his "Modern Belief in Immortality," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons. The attempt of a material science to tamper with a belief in soul and immaterial existence is of course an extravagance, but so long as there are those who can be influenced thereby it is well that so competent and scholarly a critic as Dr. Smyth should point out the dividing line between scientific knowledge and scientific speculation. The price is 75 cents.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have published a ninth edition of "Punishment and Reformation," by Frederick Howard Wines, LL. D., with new and additional matter by the author. That the work should enjoy such popularity is evidence of an awakening conscience. It may be heartily commended to those who recognize that our penal system should be based upon a wise combination of intelligence and sentiment, as well as to those who have need of an historical survey of the whole subject of punishment from early ages. The price is \$1.75.

John W. Luce & Co., Boston, have published a small volume hideously bound and with the following inscription upon its title-page: "The Cook-Ed-Up Peary-Odd-Ical Dictionary and Who's Hoot in the Best Arctic Circles, Including Advices on How to Find the Pole and Prove It, Geographic Observations, etc. Written by Degrees by Disagreeing Fellows of Various Degrees of Fearlessness, Commanded by Paul R. Dash of 40 Degrees North Latitude (meaning Boston). Pictorially Punctured by D. C. Bartholomew. A Voluminous Appendix has been carefully removed." Price, 60 cents.

William Grey Maxwell, author of "The Message of Song," just published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, has set himself to the collection of poems expressive of the pantheistic view of religion which he thinks belongs to the maturer spiritual life of the world. He finds his material in thirty-three poets, who contribute about one hundred and twenty selections. The list might of course have been much longer, for most poets have pantheistic inspirations. The author is to be commended for printing the twenty German selections in their original language. The price is \$1.50.

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**LITERARY NOTES.**

**A Book about Poetry.**

*The Inspiration of Poetry*, by George Edward Woodberry. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

These eight lectures begin with a consideration of "Poetic Madness" and end with an essay on "Inspiration." The intervening six lectures are devoted to illustrations of the author's theories, and for this purpose he selects Marlowe, Camoens, Byron, Gray, Tasso, and Lucretius, "the noblest Roman of them all."

It is perhaps unreasonable to ask for terms of precision in dealing with abnormal states of consciousness such as the poetic. Such terms as ecstasy are intelligible only to those who have been ecstatic, and it is natural that the man who is not a poet should explain the "poetic madness" in terms of his own normal experience. Ecstasy, we are told, is characterized by a "suspension of reason," and we are hardly satisfied with the suggestion that the temporary substitute for reason is "a survival from that period of exaltation which may have accompanied man's escape from brutish life." Surely we shall be on the safer side to suppose that poetic ecstasy is rather prophetic of human evolution on the whole than retrospective of some past stage. Not that the author pins himself in any way to the retrospective theory, but he seems to prefer it to the Emersonian idea that ecstasy is the perfect or ideal state of life.

But is it advisable to consider the inspiration of poetry apart from other forms of inspiration—that of art, for instance? In painting we recognize that genius—that is to say, inspiration—must show itself in some prophetic form, it must contain an evolutionary suggestion, a promise, or, in more homely phrase, a moral. The genius must prove that he knows more of the divine intention than lesser men, and we can hardly admit that this is due to an insurgence of "instinct," or "passion," or "emotion" that momentarily displaces reason. Rather we would go back to the Socratic idea and so suppose that "God himself is the speaker" and that the divine consciousness demands for its expression the temporary silence or paralysis of the mind in the same way that the moon can cast no clear image upon troubled waters.

But the author's discussion is suggestive and interesting, even though he try to explain abnormal states of consciousness by the terminology of the normal. Perhaps it is true of him as of other speculators that, finding himself upon the verge of bewildering his audience, he makes amends by a hurried descent into common sense. Perhaps the worst misfortune that can befall the pioneer in psychology is to be understood, but of that there may be little fear.

**Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.**

King Victor Emmanuel will publish a book shortly on the history of numismatics. It is written by himself. The king has been a coin collector for years and has already written a treatise on the subject, which was issued for private circulation among his friends. The new book, which is to be richly illustrated, is the result of long study by the monarch.

At a sale of old books held in London recently \$160 was obtained for "The General History of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles," by Captain John Smith.

The new House of Commons will hardly be as strong in literary men as was the old, but will include, however, many writers, the essay field being represented by Augustine Birrell and Hilaire Belloc, while Gilbert Parker, J. H. Yoxall, and Stephen Gwynn are the novelists. Journalism is represented by T. P. O'Connor, humor by R. C. Lehmann, and economics and politics by J. M. Robertson.

Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks deals with the problem of government interference in "Governmental Action for Social Welfare," to be added to Macmillan's Social Progress series this spring.

One of the most comprehensive works on South America ever published is Mr. Chase S. Osborn's "Andean Land." This work, handsomely illustrated, gives a great deal of detailed information obtained from personal investigation and can not fail to be valuable to the intending traveler to South America. Several excellent maps complete the usefulness of the work.

"John Steventon," who has been announced as the author of "The Hermit of Capri," just published, and whose name could not be further identified, is John Steventon Tarkington, father of Booth Tarkington. The elder Mr. Tarkington, having passed his seventieth birthday, may now be numbered among the oldest as well as the newest of Indiana authors.

The Paris Feminists are appealing for funds to complete a half-finished monument to Mme. de Staël.

The Alcotts were a remarkable family. Bronson Alcott, gifted, saintly in life, but absolutely impractical and visionary, was the friend of Emerson and Thoreau. The devo-

tion and sacrifice of his wife many times saved the family from disaster when it seemed as if the man of lofty philosophy would "contemplate into starvation" those dependent upon him. Louisa M. Alcott holds a secure position as our foremost writer of stories for young people. In "The Alcotts as I Knew Them," Miss Clara Gowing, a neighbor of the Alcotts during their residence at Concord, tells many delightful incidents of her acquaintance with this extraordinary and charming family.

The Macmillan Company has issued a new edition of the Dictionary of National Biography, which has the advantage of occupying only one-half the shelf space of the original edition, and costs about one-third the price.

Paris was treated to a good laugh recently when the Duchesse de Rohan invited to her literary soirée Paul Verlaine, who has long been dead. When the mistake was discovered, the duchess shifted responsibility to her butler.

According to a writer in *La Revue* of Paris the rank and file of novelists in France draw on an average of \$100 for each book, and many of them are thankful to get half that amount. On the other hand, those at the top of the tree earn large incomes, and some of them undertake more commissions than they can fulfill. Recourse is then had to literary "ghosts," of whom there are plenty in Paris, willing to furnish a passable imitation of any writer's work. Popular novelists do not always take the trouble to read the books published under their names. Some years ago a "ghost" with a grievance against his employer interpolated in the book ordered from him two chapters of "Mme. Bovary," altering nothing but the names of the characters. The woman who signed the book, in order to clear herself from the charge of plagiarism, had to confess that she had farmed it out.

**New Books Received.**

"A Square Look into Eternity," by J. C. Jensen. Jensen.

"A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines," by Mary H. Fee. McClurg.

"Bianca's Daughter," by Justus Miles Forman. Harper's.

"Cleaning and Renovating a Home," by E. G. Osman. McClurg.

"Hypnotism," by Edward B. Warman, M. A. McClurg.

"Maurice the Mysterious," by Jean Aicard. John Lane.

"Mental and Spiritual Health," by A. T. Schofield, M. D. Fenn.

"Modern Belief in Immortality," by Newman Smyth. Scribner's.

"Men vs. the Man," by La Monte and Mencken. Holt.

"My Friend the Indian," by James McLaughlin. Houghton Mifflin.

"On Everything," by H. Belloc. Dutton.

"Prince Izon," by James Paul Kelly. McClurg.

"Privilege and Democracy in America," by Frederic C. Howe. Scribner's.

"Raleigh," by William Devereux. Lippincott.

"Rear-Admirals Schley, Sampson, and Cervera," by Captain James Parker. Neale.

"Skid Puffer," Holt.

"The Awakening of Jojas," by Miriam Michelson. Doubleday, Page.

"The City of Six," by Chauncey L. Canfield. McClurg.

"The Duty of Altruism," by R. M. McConnell. Macmillan.

"The Education of Uncle Paul," by Algernon Blackwood. Holt.

"The Fir and the Palm," by Olive Briggs. Scribner's.

"The First Great Canadian," by Charles B. Reed. McClurg.

"The Lifted Bandage," by Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Scribner's.

"The Magada," by W. M. Ardagh. John Lane.

"The Messenger," by Katharine Holland Brown. Scribner's.

"The Mystery of Hamlet," by Robert Russell Benedict. Lippincott.

"The Shadow of Christine," by Evelyn C. H. Vivian. Fenn.

"Three Rivers: The Hudson, the Potomac, the James," by General J. P. Farley. Neale.

**Impudent Interviews.**

JACK LONDON.

In the hurly and the hurly of the Early Pleistocene,  
Ere the Adamistic Dynasty began,  
I went roaming through the gloaming with my little forest queen,  
Not a Monkey, nor an Evoluted Man.  
Oh, we teased the Woolly Bear,  
And we pulled the Mammoth's hair,  
And we took the Snarly Tiger by the paw.  
Though I've lived an awful lot  
I have never quite forgot  
Human Nature as I knew it in the Raw.

I'm a Railer and a Trailer and a Sailor of the Seas  
(In my Present Incarnation, let me add),  
Anarchistic, atavistic, pessimistic, if you please,  
For I've roved around the world and found it bad.  
In the cold Alaskan camps,  
On the road with grimy tramps,  
On the ocean in the howling of the gale,  
I have played a fitting part,  
And I learned the writer's art  
By inventing lies to keep me out of jail.

If you're burning to be earning over seven 'cents a word  
You must cultivate the Brutal and the Rude.  
Write a story that is gory; milder matter is absurd,  
For the Public has no taste for Baby Food.  
Give 'em Cruelty and Vice,  
Give 'em Misery on Ice,  
Give 'em rough-and-tumble, marlinspike and gun;  
Give 'em groans to wake the dead,  
Make it Gristly, Ripe and Red,  
For they like their Mental Beefsteak underdone.  
—Arthur Guterman, in *Life*.

The commercial value of the short story is a much-mooted question between author and editor, the former pointing to the extraordinary success of such authors as Sir Gilbert Parker, Rudyard Kipling, or Mrs. Freeman, while the latter refers to the sad fate of the general run of short-story fiction. A new contribution to the author's side of the discussion is made by the editors of the Harper Readers' Library, William J. and Coningsby W. Dawson, in the preface to one of the new volumes. Prejudice against the short story, say these critics, is largely due to the lack of definite standard as to just what a short story should be. "If the story succeeds, it appears to be by accident rather than design. Sometimes it is interpolated into the text of a novel by the most haphazard and clumsy means; sometimes it is really a long novel abbreviated." Accordingly the Messrs. Dawson suggest that "the true standard demands that the short story shall be complete in itself; that it shall be 'short' because it can not be long; and that it shall consist of but one incident."

Arthur Fraser Walter, the head of the London *Times*, who died recently, will be succeeded by his eldest son, John. The new head of the firm, and the fifth of the family to occupy the position, is thirty-seven years of age, was educated at Oxford, and has for many years worked on the staff of the *Times*, both in the office and as a foreign correspondent. At the time of his father's death he occupied the post of correspondent of the *Times* at Madrid.



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## MAY ROBSON'S COMEDY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Anne Warner, the authoress of "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," complained during the preliminary rehearsals of her play, now some time ago, that it was practically rewritten by the manager and the players. And, indeed, there is something about the humorous situations in the play very suggestive of the interpolations arising from an actor's point of view.

I can not say that I found "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" particularly funny. But I am fain to admit that the audience did. They broke out in continual risible explosions. Some of them got in such a state of anticipatory laughter that they occasionally got the impetus started too soon, and then suddenly realized that Aunt Mary was putting on the sentimental stop. A violently amused young thing near me made several breaks of the kind, noticeably so when Aunt Mary unexpectedly launched forth into her dead and gone love story. "It's a story that begins at the end," said Aunt Mary sadly; "he never came back." Whereupon the young thing near me promptly had a volcanic upheaval; her shoulders shook with subterranean laughter that was just going to burst forth in a mighty eruption, when she was suddenly conscious that the audience, with that babyish enjoyment of the sentimental stop so characteristic of certain kinds of audiences, was so silently and sympathetically hanging on Aunt Mary's words that you could have heard a gum drop. The young thing applied the brakes, and by a mighty effort held in. But all the same, as she had started in being amused by Aunt Mary's long departed beau having failed to materialize, she continued to be amused, and the pathos failed to reach her. Which casts an illuminating light on the nature of the pathos, doesn't it?

I should myself classify the "Aunt Mary" piece as a companion piece to "The County Fair." It is, to be sure, better and brighter than "The County Fair," but its humor is of the kind that is entirely devoid of subtlety and brain quality.

One did not find one's thinking faculties titivated by "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." In fact, Aunt Mary herself is really a young thing inadvertently grown old, and the humor of her is for the very young. She is of the nature of a sporting co-ed, who likes to have several male collegiates around making incoherent rapid-fire jokes with acrobatic accompaniments. Aunt Mary learns to like dizzy, pink-ribbed under-lineries, cigarettes and the smell of cigar smokes, joy rides, late hours, restaurant suppers, and the like. I have not read the book very recently, but I remember thinking while I was reading it that the lively young men who for some trifling, unrememberable cause put Aunt Mary through the painting-red process in New York would have suddenly discovered an ancient corpse on their hands if they didn't soon pull up in their and Aunt Mary's meteoric career.

I should judge that the author got her conception of Aunt Mary and of her enormous powers of endurance while in the pursuits of pleasure from the spectacle that so often strikes the European tourist of numerous white-haired old ladies having the time of their lives gallivanting over Europe. These plucky old girls, having by some means emerged from a lifetime of domestic thralldom, do much, and go everywhere, see everything, and they hold out better than many younger women.

Anne Warner, however, did not make her story so extremely farcical as the play is, and her humor in it is more endearing than in the play. Aunt Mary, as she speaks, never lived out of the theatre, and she is played in that spirit by May Robson. It is the right spirit, I suppose, since she is of the theatre theatrical, but I rather fancy that the character could be made amusing from a more strictly humorous point of view. Miss Robson unquestionably presents her conception with skill and address. As far as Aunt Mary is consistent, she is consistent in her treatment of her. Aunt Mary's serious, unconscious face in the midst of her most extreme bursts of ridiculousness made her seem one of those people that are sometimes naturally but unconsciously, unpremeditatedly funny. Such people are invariably deficient in a sense of humor; and so Aunt Mary seemed to be, until she broke out into a burst of extreme mirth at one point in the play because the star saw

the possibility of making a point there and winning a new laugh. There is a certain crazy consistency about Aunt Mary. She is generally unexpected, and remarkably changeable in her moods. In her venerable New England bosom sentiment and practicality are continually bumping into each other. These traits are indicated by Miss Robson with considerable skill. Also she gives the Yankee spinster an old woman's figure and gait. She makes a pretty old lady of her, with gray bobbing curls, and a winter bloom—a little too pronounced—on her withered cheek.

I do not admire Aunt Mary's taste in young men. I am quite sure they would be apt to give nervous prostration to their seniors by the violent physical gyrations in which they continually indulged. As it is, I wouldn't be a bit surprised if the four had really truly black and blue bruises all over them on account of the reckless way in which they buffet and thump each other. The actors who play the parts are like tender young veal cutlets, and, as is sometimes the case with these simple delicacies, the flavor of their art—so-called—is occasionally disconcertingly immature. Their voices are unfinished, their humor half-baked, their articulation underdone. I had been cherishing a sweet hope, of late, that this dreadful actor's habit of shouting unmodulated and incomprehensible remarks at each other that no self-respecting understanding can possibly assimilate had passed away. There has been a number of theatrical attractions here within the last six months, some even in the throes of a long run, the players of which were noticeably distinct and expressive in their delivery. But that old, dreadful, meaningless, concerted yelp broke out in "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary." I felt like rising and crying ungrammatically but fervently, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, slower, I beg, I am only a poor, humble deadbeat, but what am I here for, if not to know what you are talking about?" The ladies, I may remark, were more intelligible, and I will give the Jack-in-the-Box young man the credit of occasionally having prolonged hursts of distinctness. But even Miss Robson occasionally sacrificed intelligibility to gain an effect of comicality.

The company is only so-so, but Nina Saville's Lucinda was a bit of homely realism in the midst of farcical unrealities, and Faye Cusick as Betty, the beloved of Jack, offered a spectacle of youthful prettiness upon which the eye dwelt approvingly. Miss Cusick, by the way, with her dainty figure, her springing motions, her exaggerated coiffure, and her general air of smiling stage charmer, is suggestive of a musical comedy soubrette, or the end ornament to a pretty-girl chorus. Grace Morse's "Girl from Kalamazoo" was supposed to be a dashing, hardened, reckless young person, but the young actress is not yet sufficiently matured to carry out the idea, and that especial bit of characterization rather missed fire.

Blanche Lillian Kaplan, the gifted daughter of Rev. Dr. and Mrs. B. M. Kaplan, who surprised the music critics of San Francisco by her wonderful performance on the piano at the Van Ness Theatre a few months ago, will give a half-hour of music at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, on Sunday, April 17, at four p. m. Miss Kaplan will play the following programme: Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, Beethoven; Aria con variazioni (Harmonious Blacksmith), Handel; Fantasia Impromptu, Op. 66, Chopin; Waltz, Fischhof.

The entire afternoon of Thursday, May 12, will be taken up at the Columbia Theatre with the presentation of the long list of acts to appear at the benefit to be given on that occasion in aid of the Actors' Fund of America. All the theatre managers of San Francisco have been hard at work for days preparing for the affair, which will be the biggest undertaking of its kind ever known in the West. Society amateurs will vie with tried professionals for honors on the programme.

Booth Tarkington relates how he wrote for five years before he had a single manuscript accepted. During those five years his earnings were just \$67, of which the major portion came from a relative "for services rendered," \$20 from the sale of a drawing, part represented two prize essays, "and the rest," concluded Mr. Tarkington with pride, "was earned by shoveling snow for the neighbors."

## CURRENT VERSE.

## April.

After all is said and done—  
Shine or not the gracious sun,  
Blow or not the pungent breeze,  
Touched with Southern spices;  
Bend a sky of gray or blue,  
Bring the morning frost or dew,  
Be the grasses lush or dried,  
Meadows hare or daisy-pied,  
Be the furrows sludged with sleet,  
Bare the earth or green with wheat—  
Still is April fairer far  
Than the days of Summer are.

When the first tataras ring,  
April, hoyden of the Spring,  
Trips a dance and holds to us  
Cups to tempt a Tantalus:  
Then the blood begins to stir;  
Old and young we follow her.  
Witch she is thus to ensnare;  
None her magic can forswear;  
And her weeping is a wile,  
Full of danger as her smile;  
Worthless then the wit of schools,—  
April calls—we're April's fools.  
—John Northern Hilliard, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## Maize.

I sowed the maize, the Inca's maize,  
Within the red earth's furrowed ways—  
I sowed with magic rune;  
It scarce hath shown its lordly spear,  
When, list! I hear  
The whisper of the maize!

That spear (become a falchion) sways  
Through all the green and growing days  
Of sweet, long-lighted June;  
At mist-hung morn, or morning clear,  
Still, still I hear  
The whisper of the maize.

When tufted blooms a signal raise,  
And hees, thereina, make long delays  
At incense-burning noon,  
Still borne from far, or rising near,  
I hear—I hear  
The whisper of the maize.

And when its dues the ripe year pays,  
When leans toward earth, with deepening gaze,  
The silver-hrimming moon,  
While amber grows the milky ear,  
I hear—I hear  
The whisper of the maize.

When on the breeze the wan leaf strays,  
Amid the dim, forgetful days  
That follow summer soon,  
Lo! shriller still, and all austere,  
I hear—I hear  
The whisper of the maize!

Amid the red earth's furrowed ways,  
I sheaved the maize, the Inca's maize,  
And husked its golden hoan;  
Each lordly sheaf spake like a seer—  
And still I hear  
The whisper of the maize.  
—From "The Guest at the Gate," by Edith M. Thomas.

## The Man-Child.

The world's great Child, born and reborn, is  
Dream,  
Of parented by Sorrow and by Pain;  
Nor drifts he ever on a tranquil stream,  
His heritage is wind and cold and rain.

No sable wears he when the blast is keen,  
No couch of down e'er knows his weary frame;  
Upon no shoulder may he fainting lean,  
His breast is valleyed by the scorch of flame.

The sordid eye ne'er looks upon his face  
Till it is wrought in canvas or in stone,  
But ever comes he to the souls who know  
And claim and hold him for their very own.

He is the great Companion of the few  
Whose windows open toward the early sun,  
Who find all love within a drop of dew  
And worship where the silver hill Brooks run.

He sees the iron hidden in its earth,  
Black hallast of the whirling, circling sphere,  
And, shaping it, brings cities to their birth,  
While Nations pause to wonder and to cheer.

He seeks the attic where the genius hends  
Above his task with wan and nerveless hands,  
And spur of hope and tireless patience lends  
To him whose thought shall blossom through the lands.

Oh, Dream, live on! and live and live again!  
Scorned and derided thou art Prince supreme:  
Ruler of progress in the world of men,  
Ever thine own shall love and hail thee, Dream!  
—Richard Wightman, in the April Metropolitan Magazine.

Planning the preparations for the Panama-Pacific Exposition is well under way.

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VANITY FAIR.

What would the New York suffragists do without their Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont? What a boon and a blessing to the movement is that estimable lady who complained recently that selfish men frivolous and frittered away their lives in offices and stock exchanges while their poor, over-driven wives toiled unceasingly at the weary grind of social pleasures. Mrs. Belmont holds suffrage meetings at her house on Madison Avenue, and they promise to be an even greater attraction than an indecent play. Upon the last occasion twenty-five ladies were unable to secure admission on account of the crowded state of the Gothic library, which seats nearly seventy-five, and their disappointment was due not so much to their inability to hear a lecture on "Women and the Progress They Have Made in the World" as to the lost opportunity to inspect Mrs. Belmont's house and to expatiate upon its glories to their less favored sisters.

For of course Mrs. Belmont shows the house. That is why the ladies go there rather than to receive the glad and startling news that they have made progress in the world. They like to examine the walls that are hung with rare tapestries and antique paintings and the staircase and fireplaces that are of carved Italian stone. The rooms represent French, English, and Italian periods, and there are over a hundred sets of Chinese rugs. It all has such a delightful air of expensiveness and suffragism that it is no wonder that the ladies should flock to be instructed on their progress in the world with such a delightful prospect of a progress through the house in view. A curious feature is the invisibility of the doors. They are so cunningly let into the walls that you have to know exactly where they are before you can open them. This novelty of invisibility is of course a charming one, and it might advantageously be extended to the tables, chairs, and beds.

After the lecture the suffragettes were served with tea, and this must have been specially mortifying to those who had been excluded for lack of space. The tea was served in the marble dining-room by Mrs. Belmont's Egyptian servant, who wore his native costume of red embroidered with gold and must have been an impressive sight.

And talking about suffragettes reminds us of a terrible threat of reprisal that comes from one of the Southern States. Man, helpless, despised, and abject man, has still a resource left to him. Even the common or garden worm will turn, and so there are rumors of a league which has been formed among the so-called lords of creation for their self-defense. So long as woman continues to button up her dress at the back she can never be said to have reached those golden realms of independence toward which her soul soars. She can not alter the fashion. That is attended to for her by a few man milliners in Paris and elsewhere, and until they see fit to relax their decrees women must still seek the aid of husbands and brothers for the final operations of her toilet. Suppose the husbands and the brothers should strike. Suppose there should be a resolve on their part to do no more buttoning up and to leave the insurgent fair ones wriggling helplessly before the mirror like fishes upon books. What promises of amendment and reformation might not be exacted, what pledges of penitence might not be extorted from those whose boasted independence does not even extend so far as to say where their buttons shall be placed. If there should be an open rupture over the dress-buttoning business it will create a national situation and we shall hear of boards of conciliation and arbitration proposals from the highest quarters. But let us hope that the danger will be averted and revolution avoided.

During a recent English divorce case it transpired that the husband had taken the wife on a trip to Paris, and that while there they had visited Maxim's, the Folies Bergères, the Black Rat, and other resorts of a like questionable nature. It was explained that this was merely a conformity with the habits of the French capital and one of the items in the customary tour of inspection.

Now there is nothing that so surprises the decent Parisian as the spectacle of English and American tourists wending their way to such places of malodorous fame with all the gravity suitable to the performance of a duty. The Parisian naturally asks himself how it is that the Anglo-Saxon has a reputation for virtue when he has no apparent objection to going openly to places of amusement to which he—the Parisian—would under no circumstances think of going. If a man is to be judged by the company he keeps, then it is the Parisian who is entitled to wear the white flower, for not one of these nocturnal resorts could pay its way for a week but for the support of the American and English tourist. Here is, indeed, no spectacle under the sun so surprising as the staid Anglo-Saxon tourist who in his own village would hardly venture to go to a circus and who yet shows the utmost and the most unashamed eagerness to witness the salacious performances that are to be found in the French capital. Strictly

speaking, they are not French performances at all, seeing that Frenchmen do not go to them. They are maintained for the benefit of the tourist, as the opium dens used to be maintained in the Chinatown of San Francisco. But that English and American ladies should be found willing to witness scenes of vice of which they ought not even to know the meaning is one of those strange inconsistencies of human nature that are hard to explain.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton has something to say about divorce in one of his current essays. If Mr. Chesterton had nothing to say about divorce we might place a red ink mark around that topic as the one subject on the footstool of God upon which Mr. Chesterton is silent. But in this instance he seems to look upon the divorce problem as an immigrant into England from America. It is the American millionaire who has brought it into the domain of practical English politics. Without his suggestive aid the harassed husbands and wives of Albion would still look forward to death as the only possible relief from marital misery. Here is what Mr. Chesterton has to say:

The notion of regarding divorce as a natural and frequent cure for the normal sorrows of sex came to us chiefly from the millionaire class in America: the coarsest, the most trivial, the most thin-souled, and the most brazenly cruel class that has existed for many centuries. This idea of easy divorce is pestilently unpopular among overmastering millions of the English people. If you do not know it, you live in a small "advanced" set, which calls itself the English people—with about as much claim as the House of Lords. The teeming multitudes of ordinary men and women in trams and trains believe, as all their fathers did, that marriage is the choice of a life, a final form of loyalty like citizenship and the acceptance of a fatherland, and that the exceptions must be very exceptional indeed.

It is not surprising that kings and rulers should be superstitious, even more so than the rest of credulous mortality. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred, and all women, have within themselves a secret and hidden chamber where their superstitions are stored, their furtive beliefs in omens and portents, and all those other ways in which the deeply buried thread of fate sends its weird messages and warnings to our sight and hearing. The lives of rulers are peculiarly prone to such beliefs. They are so wholly artificial, they are so surrounded by the tremendous forces of popular sentiment, they are so continually haunted by the spectre of sudden and violent death, that it is small wonder that the mystery of it all should take the form of superstition, which is no more than the mark of human determination to read the unreadable and to pierce the veil which is the most conspicuous of all objects on the horizon of intelligence. Then, too, we must remember that the ruler is usually an egotist. He can hardly help believing that he is an object of peculiar interest to Providence—as indeed he must be if there is a Providence—and that for him at least there can be no event without its peculiar significance. And so nearly every ruler has his pet superstitions and all the science of the day can not uproot them.

For example, the King of England has a fixed belief that misfortune will happen to him if two knives are allowed to lie on the table before him at the same time. Nor will he allow any guest to be served with more than one knife at a time. As soon as a knife has been used it is replaced, but two must not lie upon the table together.

The German emperor has a still more strange superstition. He wears a ring which has descended to him through the line of the Hohenzollerns and which has always been worn by the head of the house. It is said that during the reign of John of Brandenburg a toad was observed to hop into the bedroom and disgorge a stone. The event was considered to be of great significance, and the stone was mounted in a ring and has been worn in the way described ever since. He has also another lucky ring which one of his ancestors took from a Saracen chief during the Crusades, but the ring originally bore a text from the Koran, and this has been removed and a Latin cross engraved in its place. Probably its magical properties took flight at the same time. These are merely examples of the superstitions that are to be found throughout all the royal families of Europe, and there must be something in them, for it is certain that most of these worthies have not maintained their places by merit.

A London newspaper wonders why we no longer invite people to breakfast. The reason is to be found in the state of mind that usually possesses the free and independent citizen at that hour in the morning, a state of mind that makes him unbearable to himself and to every one who comes near him. Presumably it was not ever so, because invitations to breakfast were once common enough, and not so long ago either. Mr. Gladstone used to have guests to breakfast every Thursday morning as recently as 1884, and it was thought sufficient to supply tea and coffee, eggs, bread and butter, and perhaps some cold meat. But the really solid break-

fast had come into fashion long before then, and it is said that the English learned the fashion from the Scotch. Motley when he was ambassador to England found that the substantial breakfast was grievously opposed to the simpler customs of his own country. He says: "When I reflected that all these people would lunch at two and dine at eight I bowed my head in humiliation and the fork dropped from my nerveless grasp."

England is full of rumors about the king's health. It is a part of the traditions of English newspaperdom that the king is always well and the stereotyped contradictions appear automatically as soon as there are reports to the contrary. The form taken by his present indisposition is said to be that of low spirits, and this was especially noticeable during his recent visit to Norfolk. But a still more disquieting sign was the fact that the king left the Porte Saint-Martin Theatre in Paris before the last act of "Chanteclair," a thing that he has never done before in his life, except upon one occasion when he left a theatre in Marienbad because of some objectionable verses directed against the abbot of the Marienbad monastery. King Edward has always shown the most punctilious courtesy toward professional entertainers, and has never been known either to be late at the theatre or to leave his seat before the final fall of the curtain without giving notice to the managers in advance that he will be under the compulsion of some public duty. That

he left the Paris theatre without furnishing an explanation is said to be proof positive of grave indisposition. But how many public men are there today of whom a discourtesy unthinkable and only to be explained on the ground of serious illness?

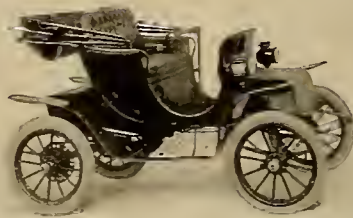
La Belle Otero has been arrested in Paris for gambling, and worst of all she was caught in the undignified act of hiding herself away in a small cupboard barely large enough to conceal so much beauty, which is said by gallant Parisian policeman to have radiated through the cracks of the door like the beam of a lamp. We shall begin to believe that San Francisco is the Paris of America when our policemen are able to give such evidence as this against the fair and frail ones who fall into their net.

La Belle Otero had to appear before the magistrate, and there she blushing admitted that she was a gambler for sheer love of the fun. "But do you win anything at the tables?" asked the sympathetic magistrate. "Alas, no!" replied the beautiful prisoner. "No one wins who gambles."

Boarding-House Keeper—Oh, of course, you are a professional gent. I should expect to make some allowance. Applicant—May I ask how much allowance? Housekeeper—Well, I should allow you to keep late hours do most of the talking at the table, and with your knife if you want to.—Chicago Daily News.

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2:00p	10:00a	1:50p	2:00p	1:45p	11:52a
*4:40p	11:00a	*2:55p	3:03p	4:25p	1:45p
.....	1:00p	4:30p	4:26p	*9:15p	2:52p
.....	2:00p	.....	5:10p	.....	4:15p
.....	3:00p	.....	.....	.....	5:59p

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An old man in a poorhouse who was asked by a visitor if he had any source of income replied, "Madam, if you must know, I haven't got any money, but I've got good hacking, I've got fine hacking. I'm hacked by one of the richest counties in the State."

The census enumerator was 'confronted at the door by a meek and apologetic little man. "Who's the head of the house?" asked the census man. "From a strictly legal standpoint," replied the little man, "I suppose I am, but when you get right down to brass tacks I aint."

A Northerner sitting on the veranda of a Southern home was enraptured by the beauty of the night. "How wonderfully beautiful is the moonlight falling on the water," he exclaimed. "It is indeed," replied his dignified but unconstructed Southern hostess, "but ah! you should have seen it before the war."

A Manchester man took his wife to the Palace Music Hall. The Palace girls came on and did their notable "danse aux jamhes dans l'air," or "dance of the uplifted limbs," as one might say in English. The Manchester woman, regarding this dance, sniffed. "Well, that heats me," she said. Without either sympathy or tact her husband chuckled: "You het it does!"

A colored blacksmith in Georgia was recently engaged in shoeing a mule when the mule switched around suddenly and kicked him on the head. A few days afterwards some one asked the mule's owner if the blacksmith was much hurt. "I don't know anything about the blacksmith," he said, sourly, "but I know one thing, I've got a fool mule that's going around on three legs."

Looking out of her window Miss Tahitha, far past middle age, saw her young nephew walking on his hands while his feet dangled ungracefully. "Johnny!" she called, opening the window and leaning far out. "You Johnny! Behave yourself. I wouldn't do that." Resuming his natural position Johnny looked up at her and made this unpolite reply: "Wouldn't? By Jinks, you couldn't."

The dehonair young man with the plush hat and the Turkish cigarette was patronizing the harher-shop manicure. "Don't you know, the thought often strikes me when I'm getting shaved," he chattered, "what a terrible position I'd be in if the harher suddenly became a raving maniac!" "Oh, don't worry about that," said the lady, sweetly. "I don't think anybody will ever go crazy over you."

After subjecting a lady witness to a troublesome fire of cross-questions, the lawyer, thinking that some apology was necessary, tried to square himself. "I really hope, madame," said he, "that I don't annoy you with all these questions." "Oh, no," was the prompt reply, "I am accustomed to it." "You don't mean it?" wonderingly returned the lawyer. "Yes," rejoined the lady, "I have a six-year-old hoy at home."

One spring, for some reason, old Eli was going round town with the face of dissatisfaction, and, when questioned, poured forth his voluble tale of woe thus: "Marse Geo'ge, re come to me last fall an' he say, 'Eli, dis wvine ter he a hard winter, so yo' be keerful, in' save yo' wages fas' an' tight.' An' I y'lieve Marse Geo'ge, yas, sah, I h'lieve him, in' I save an' I save, an' when de winter come it aint got no hardship, an' dere was I vid all dat money jes' frown on mah hands!"

A pupil in one of the grades at Brownell School startled his teacher the other morning by inquiring, "What is a feebly?" "A eebly!" repeated the teacher. "Feebly is an dverb, not a noun. Where did you ever see hat?" "Right here in this hook," replied the pupil. "It tells here about a youth that had one of 'em growin' on his chin." He pointed to a passage describing the appearance of a young man in the story. The sentence read: "He had a feebly growing down on his chin."

Mr. Johnston was injudicious enough to enter the parlor one evening without giving any warning of his approach. The consequence was that he found his daughter and her sweetheart occupying a single chair. "Mr. Brown," said he severely, "when I was courting Mrs. Johnston she sat on one side of the oom and I sat on the other." "Ah," said the daughter's admirer warmly, "that's exactly what I should have done if I had been courting Mrs. Johnston."

John P. Hopkins, former mayor of Chicago, and Roger Sullivan, national committeeman, have been inseparable companions for years. During a recent visit to Rome they decided that it would be a good opportunity to go to confession to an Italian priest. Mr. Sullivan went in first, but after he had spent

some minutes in the confessional the priest arose suddenly and rushed out, apparently to see some one to whom he desired to speak an important word. "What's the matter?" inquired the mayor. "Where's the priest?" "Blamed if I know," was the ready answer, "but I think he must have gone after a cop."

With the purpose of developing any latent literary ability which might exist among the hoys of her class a Sunday-school teacher offered a prize for the best short love story. This is one of the results: "A poor man fell in love with a lady whose mother was a rich toy dealer. The poor man could not marry the rich lady because he had no money. A villain then offered him \$50 if he would become a drunkard. The poor man wanted the money to get married with, so he agreed; but when he got to the heer saloon he said, 'No, I will not become a drunkard, even for great riches.' On the way home he found a hag of gold. So the young lady married him. It was a splendid wedding and the next day they had twins. Moral: Virtue is its own reward."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Never.

"What's idle curiosity?"  
Asked little Jimmy Paz;  
"The kind, my son," his father said,  
"A woman never has."  
—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Unanswerable Questions.

Why doth the little busy girl  
Pile on her pretty head  
A switch, a puff, a bird, a curl,  
Of ladies who are dead?

Why doth she then with calm delight  
Perch on the top of that  
A most absurd bombastic fright,  
A horror of a hat?

Why does she then her pretty shape  
Hide in a luckless gown  
That hath no graceful curves to drape?  
It's only up and down.

Why doth she hie herself to lunch,  
Study the bill of fare,  
And then proceed to buy and munch  
One chocolate éclair?

Why doth she softly murmur no,  
When what she means is yes?  
And when she knows it isn't so,  
Why doth she acquiesce?

Why doth she dance us round in glee,  
Like puppets tied to strings?  
And yet, in secret, why do we  
Love her for just these things?  
—Carolyn Wells, in the Sunday Magazine.

The Simple Life.

"I'm wearied of the whirl!" quoth she,  
"Henceforth the simple life for me,  
Methinks it would be very wise  
To take my breakfast ere I rise—  
Of coffee just a single cup."  
(N. B.—Her mother brought it up!)

"And when I'm dressed," thus spoke the maid,  
"I'll hie me to the elm-tree's shade,  
And with a hook there I will find  
Sweet rest and comfort for the mind."  
And so in sylvan shade she read.  
(N. B.—Her mother made her bed.)

"A dainty lunch will suit me best—  
Salad with oil of Lucca dressed;  
No steaming soup, nor heavy roast,  
But broiled spring chicken served on toast."  
She ate it all and found it good.  
(N. B.—Her mother cooked the food.)

Then when the day at last was spent  
Her mind was filled with sweet content;  
She donned a dainty gown of white  
With rosy ribbons all hedight,  
And looked as fair as any rose.  
(N. B.—Her mother ironed her clothes.)

"I love the simple life," quoth she;  
"My heart from care is ever free,  
A good night's rest I'll have, I know,  
For prompt at nine to bed I'll go."  
True to her word retired she then.  
(N. B.—Her mother worked till ten.)

L'ENVOI.

Oh ye who love the simple life,  
Escaping care and toil and strife,  
Eviding paths where duties lurk,  
Mark ye: Some one must do your work.  
—Elsie Duncan Yale, in Woman's Home Companion.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Scarcely were the Tableaux Vivants of the 5th and 6th of last week over and the enrichment of the Armistice Orphanage assured before the interest of society was centered in the ball given as a finale to Boys' Week at the Fairmont Saturday night, April 9, which was managed by Mr. Edward M. Greenway, assisted by a score of patronesses who had the benefit of the Columbia Park Boys' Club at heart. Entertainments for charity are fast becoming a memory, polo days are over, the last big ball of the season has been given, but there are still April weddings, past, present, and to come, that absorb attention in all sets and among all ages, and arouse an interest which extends throughout the country. In addition there are innumerable pleasures of informal character which enliven the days between Easter and the summer season. A feature of life in San Francisco that seems firmly established is sailing day, reminiscent of steamer day of long ago. At the sailing of the transports there are many at the wharf and a mingling of smiles and tears, for there is always a military element in our midst.

The big hall at the Fairmont Saturday evening, April 9, was the finale of Boys' Week. Mr. Edward M. Greenway as chairman of the ball committee was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Thomas H. Barry, Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mrs. George Pope, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. L. N. Walter, Mrs. California Newton, Mrs. E. F. Green, Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Miss Jennie Crocker, and Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin gave a dinner complimentary to Miss Genevieve Harvey and Mr. Ward Barron on Thursday evening of last week. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Mrs. Walter Martin, Mrs. B. B. Cutter, Miss Edith von Schroeder, Mrs. Edward Barron, Miss Evelyn Barron, Miss Marguerite Barron, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mrs. Virginia Maddox and her son, Mr. Knox Maddox, were among those who had guests for supper on Tuesday evening after the tableaux. Their guests were Mrs. James Robinson and Miss Elena Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, and Dr. Milton Prince of Harvard.

Miss Jennie Crocker gave a dinner on Tuesday evening, afterwards taking her guests to the tableaux. Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Worden also had friends dining with them, and other dinners were given by Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tohin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Dr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Duplessis Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott.

On Wednesday evening, the 6th, among those who gave suppers after the tableaux were Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Princess Kawanakoa, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Agnes Tillman. Dinners before the fête were also numerous.

Miss Marian Zeile gave a luncheon on Tuesday, the 5th, complimentary to the maids of honor to the Marie Antoinette of the Tableaux Vivants. Those present were Mrs. Russell Bogue, Miss Bessie Ashton, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Agnes Tillman, and Miss Natalie Hunt.

A banquet was given in honor of Admiral Schree on Thursday evening, April 7, at the Palace Hotel by representative men in civil, army, and navy circles. Lord Kitchener arrived on the steamer *Moriposa* in time to be a guest at the banquet and there were about two hundred or more present to show their appreciation of the services of the recently retired admiral, who had forty-three years' of active service in the United States navy.

Thursday, April 28, is the date set for the wedding of Miss Anna Scott and Mr. Almer Newhall. The wedding will be followed by a reception at the residence of Mrs. N. G. Kittle.

On Wednesday evening, April 6, Miss Ruth Boericke and Mr. Ralston White were married at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke. The marriage of Miss Mary Edith Coombe,

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Coombe, and Mr. Thomas Griffith took place on Monday evening, April 11.

The wedding of Miss Renner Kelly and Mr. Edward Alexander Palmer will take place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Robert Kelly on April 25.

On Tuesday, April 12, the wedding of Miss Jean Tyson and Mr. Harry Weihe took place at the home of the bride's parents in Alameda.

The wedding of Miss Ruth McFarland, daughter of Mrs. J. D. McFarland and niece of the late Justice McFarland, to Mr. Alexander Balfour was solemnized in Los Angeles at the Church of the Angels on Saturday, April 9. After a trip to Europe Mr. and Mrs. Balfour will make San Francisco their home.

A luncheon in honor of Mrs. Charles Hickox, who is here on a visit to relatives, was given by Mrs. James Athearn Folger on Saturday of last week.

Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard entertained at a luncheon recently in honor of her former classmates and schoolmates: the affair was given in the apartments of Mrs. Howard at the Regillus.

The Sunday morning breakfast at the Bohemian Club on April 10 was given by Colonel A. G. Hawes, complimentary to Mr. Raphael Weill. Among those present were Admiral Uriel Schree, Judge J. V. Coffey, Mr. John Landers, Mr. Horace Platt, Mr. Frederick W. Hall, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. J. N. H. Irwin, General Foote, Mr. Hugh Burke, Mr. James G. Walker, Mr. Samuel McMurtrie, Dr. Benjamin R. Swan, and Mr. J. G. Campbell.

The Friday Night Club held its final meeting on Friday evening, April 8, in Century Hall. The patronesses, Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. George Moore, Mrs. Louis Montague, and Mrs. George Ashton, received the guests. A number of dinners preceded the dance, among the hostesses being Mrs. Wakefield Baker, Mrs. Montague, Miss Lurline Matson, and Miss Marian Miller, whose dinner was in honor of Miss Amy Bowles.

Mr. Frank B. Anderson was host at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Tuesday of last week complimentary to Mr. G. M. Reynolds of New York. Among those invited to meet the guest of honor were Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Henry T. Scott, Mr. Joseph A. Donahoe, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. William G. Irwin, Mr. J. Leroy Nickel, Mr. Charles McIntosh, Mr. John Wilson, Mr. T. M. Shoemaker, and Mr. J. S. Drum.

Mrs. George Forrester was hostess at a bridge party on Thursday, April 7, at her home on California Street.

Mrs. Warren D. Clark gave a bridge party on Thursday afternoon of last week at her home on Broadway.

Mrs. E. D. Hibbs entertained the members of a bridge club at luncheon at the Cliff House on Tuesday of last week, the guests playing bridge during the afternoon in one of the parlors overlooking the ocean.

Mrs. Frank Havens was hostess at a dance at the Claremont Country Club on Thursday, April 7. The dance was given for her sons and for her niece, Miss Gladys Maxwell, and many went over for the evening from this side of the bay.

Miss Amy Bowles was hostess at a luncheon complimentary to Miss Jean Tyson at her home in Piedmont the early part of last week.

Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl was hostess at a luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday, April 6, and among her guests were Mrs. John Casserly, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Vesta Brungiere, Mrs. Ethel Cooper, Miss Inness Keeney, Miss Elena Robinson, Miss Price, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Mrs. Robert White, who expects to leave shortly for a trip to Europe, was guest of honor at a luncheon given by Mrs. Ernest Heuter on Wednesday of last week.

Instead of giving one long play, three skits were presented by the San Francisco Stage Society, under the direction of Mr. Frank Mathieu, at the St. Francis on April 12. Mrs. E. E. Brownell, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. Allan Dunn, and Mr. Joseph Roshoroug took part in the play by Sidney Grundy, "In Honor Bonnd." "Op of My Thumb" was presented by Mr. and Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer, Mrs. George Sperry, Mrs. Henry Lund, and Miss Olga Atherton. Those who took part in "How He Lied to Her Husband" were Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Mr. Palmer Fuller, and Mr. Willard Barton.

## The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues delivered by that interesting speaker, Wright Kramer, are drawing good houses at the Garrick Theatre, and delighting intelligent audiences, and at the same time educating many in a knowledge of life and conditions in other countries. This Saturday afternoon "New Japan" will be given for the last time and in the evening, by request, "Our Own Hawaii" will be repeated.

Next Monday, and Tuesday and Wednesday afternoon, "Old Japan Today" will be given. This week's lecture showed daily life and scenes about Tokio; the travelogue for the coming week will be devoted to a totally different type of city—Kyoto, with a side trip to Osaka, called frequently the "Japanese Chicago."

In his motion pictures Mr. Kramer will bring to his audiences a combination of busy street scenes, filled with the activity of progress, and picturesque dances and ceremonies, the echo of thousands of years of Old Japan.

Thursday and Friday nights and Saturday afternoon will be devoted to "Java." Altogether this is the most unique, picturesque, and amusing of Mr. Kramer's present series.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and at the theatre one hour before each performance.

In Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse "Old Japan" will be given next Tuesday afternoon at 3:30, and "Java" on Friday afternoon.

## The Flonzaley Quartet.

The finest string quartet in the world, the Flonzaley Quartet of Switzerland, is to be the star musical attraction of the coming week, and Manager Greenbaum is confident that in its programmes music lovers will enjoy the finest feasts of melody ever offered this or any other public. While ensemble music is primarily of a classical nature, as interpreted by the Flonzaleys it becomes alive with soul and sentiment, and arouses enthusiasm.

The first concert will be given Sunday afternoon at the Garrick Theatre, and the programme will include the Mozart quartet in C major, Schumann's quartet in A minor, and a quaint old "sonata a tre" by Leclair, for two violins and violoncello.

The second concert will be given Friday night, April 22, at the Novelty Theatre, on account of the Burton Holmes Travelogues occupying the Garrick. A Beethoven quartet and a Haydn quartet, and movements from works by Max Roger and Smetana, will form the programme.

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, the 24th, at the Garrick Theatre, with still another splendid programme of works by Mozart, Dohnanyi, and Sanmartini.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Next Thursday afternoon, April 21, at 3:15, the Flonzaleys will play in Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, offering the same programme as at the Friday night concert in this city.

No music lover can afford to miss the Flonzaley Quartet, for it is an organization such as one hears but seldom in a lifetime.

## Extra Maud Allan Performances.

So many hundreds were unable to gain admission to the Maud Allan performances that Manager Will Greenbaum has offered her a big bonus to cancel her trip to the Northwest and will offer two more performances in this city and one in Oakland. On account of the large stage required to produce certain dances these performances will be given at the Valencia Theatre, the dates being Saturday night, April 23, and Monday night, April 25. On these occasions Miss Allan and an increased orchestra will give two beautiful programmes, and one of the numbers will be her most talked-of work, "The Vision of Salomé," which, now that the intelligent people of this city have accepted her art in the right way, Miss Allan has no hesitancy in submitting for their approval.

Her dance, "The Vision of Salomé," is not supposed to be danced before Herod, but is the dream or vision of the young girl after the terrible sight she has beheld when Herod commanded the execution of the Baptist. It is a work that appeals to the intelligence of the audience, and is without repellent features. Miss Allan's artistic taste assures its character.

The sale of seats will open Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

The Oakland performance will be given Tuesday night, April 26. The sale in Oakland also opens Monday morning.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd S. Ackerman (née Sloss) has been brightened by the advent of a son.

## Pig'n Whistle

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The PIG AND WHISTLE will offer the most beautiful, unique and aristocratic Bon-Bon and Luncheon place in the world.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Dr. and Mrs. James Watkins are expecting a visit from Miss Susan Watkins this summer. Miss Watkins has been abroad for the past ten years studying art, but is well known to Californians as the daughter of the late Mr. James T. Watkins of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Vogel have planned to spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. George Kellum has gone East for her brother's wedding and expects to be away about five weeks.

Miss Julia Langhorne has planned a visit to Colorado Springs this summer to visit Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Grant expect to sail for England on April 20. They plan to spend the summer in England, and also to be with Mrs. Adam Grant for a short time in Geneva.

Judge and Mrs. Henshaw are again at their home in Fair Oaks and will be there for the summer.

Mrs. James Denman was among the Californians who spent the Easter season in Rome.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Maud O'Connor are at the Potter in Santa Barbara.

Among those who came to town for the Tableaux Vivants held on April 5 and 6 were Major and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell, and Baron and Baroness von Schroeder.

Mrs. Clemeut Tobin and Miss Vera de Sahla have joined Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sahla at Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Henry Kierstedt are living temporarily at Lincoln. Mrs. Kierstedt is visiting Mrs. P. McG. McBean at the Fairmont.

Mrs. John I. Taylor, who has been here for several months visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, has returned to her home in Boston.

Miss Helene Irwin is planning another visit to the South in the near future.

Among those who will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo are Mrs. Lowe and her daughter, Miss Flora Lowe, Mrs. McMahon, and Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Whitwell.

Mrs. Drury Malone and Miss Ethel have returned from Honolulu and are at their ranch in Napa County.

Miss Evelyn Ludwig has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of two years in Europe.

Miss Eleanor Sears, who has been spending the past two months here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Carolan, left this week for her home in Boston.

Miss Anna Weller has returned from her visit to the South, where she went with her grandmother, Mrs. John McMullin. Mrs. McMullin went to Stockton for a few days before returning here to her rooms at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Fry have taken an apartment on Van Ness Avenue for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Esberg will occupy the Eastland place near Los Gatos this summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles Warner have returned from their trip abroad.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin has returned from Utah, where he has been for a couple of months,

and he and Mrs. MacGavin are visiting Mrs. L. L. Baker. Mr. and Mrs. MacGavin expect to leave shortly for a trip to Arizona.

Mr. and Mrs. Willis Polk have gone to Menlo Park for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Whiteside are going to the Peninsula Hotel in San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters are coming to California to spend the summer, after a long absence in the East.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey has returned to Monterey from a visit in town to Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Miss Amy Brewer has gone East for a visit to her relatives in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean have returned to their home in San Rafael, after having spent the winter in town.

Princess Kawanakoa has returned from her trip to Coronado and will not go to Mexico, as she had planned, until later.

Mrs. Nicholas Field Wilson, who has been spending the winter at the Fairmont, has gone to New York for a trip, and will occupy her new home on Presidio Terrace when she returns.

Mrs. E. B. Clement expects to spend part of the summer at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. Louis F. Montague has gone to New York, where Mrs. Montague will join him later, and they will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. Edward W. Hopkins and Miss Florence, who are traveling in Europe, are not expected to return until June.

Lieutenant-Commander and Mrs. A. A. Pratt will leave here during April for Bremerton.

Mrs. George Sperry will leave San Francisco in the near future for Alta to spend the summer at her country home.

Colonel A. G. Hawes sailed for Honolulu the early part of this week and will be away about six months.

Mrs. Eleanor Hyde-Smith sailed for the Islands on Tuesday of this week and will be in Honolulu visiting her daughter, Mrs. Harold Dillingham, for several months.

Lieutenant and Mrs. James Abbott left here last week and have gone to Washington, D. C., awaiting Lieutenant Abbott's orders.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean expect to leave here about the middle of April for a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Roth will spend the summer abroad.

Miss Cornelia McKinne, president of the California branch of the Collegiate Alumnae, will spend the summer in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Polhemus are spending several weeks in New York, and on their return will again occupy their residence on Jackson Street. Mrs. Polhemus spent the winter with her mother, Mrs. William B. Wilshire, in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Warner Hart have taken a home in San Rafael for the summer and may decide to live there permanently.

Miss Cecil Cowles will be away all summer in Southern California.

Major and Mrs. Hobson, Major and Mrs. Lee, Lieutenant Harndell, and Mr. F. A. Gill, members of the visiting polo team, have returned to their homes in England.

Mrs. Hancock Banning has been here for a visit from her home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Craig will return from their trip to the East in the near future.

Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Nina will not go East until June, when they will visit Mr. and Mrs. Morris Houghton in New York.

Mr. W. H. Talbot, accompanied by his daughter, Miss Vera, have gone to Coronado, where they expect to remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Richard Williams Davis and her daughter will join Dr. and Mrs. William Hopkins in New York and the party will sail for Europe to spend the summer abroad. Mr. Davis expects to sail for Europe to meet his wife and daughter in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Bissenger have gone for a four months' trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gardiner will spend the summer in California.

Mrs. Thomas Bishop, accompanied by her son and her niece, Miss Robina Henry, have gone East for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger have returned from their trip to the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Richard William Davis and her little daughter left last Saturday for Boston en route to Nauehm, Germany, where they will spend the summer, returning to California late in the year.

Mrs. J. Wertheimer of 2336 Pacific Avenue left on Friday, the 8th instant, for New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. David Present.

A large number of San Franciscans will visit the Passion Play at Oberammergau during the coming season. Among them will be Miss Cornelia McKinne and a party of young ladies from the Hamlin School.

Dr. de Marville has taken for another year his apartment, 35 rue de Chaillot, Paris. Though he has opened an office and practices there, he wishes his friends to know that he has no intention of remaining permanently in France and will return to California when his daughter's and his own studies are completed.

Dr. and Mrs. Selfridge are not going to Europe, as was recently reported in the daily press.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. R. W. Ring, Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Dodge, Mr. Thomas B. Owen, Mrs. Marcus Stone, Mrs. H. W. Hyman, Mrs. F. Baruch and family, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Gordon, Mr. Thomas Mirk, Mr. A. W. Jackson.

Among the permanent summer guests who have arrived at The Peninsula Hotel are Mr. A. S. Whitney and two sons, L. D. and St. John, of San Mateo; Mrs. J. M. Purrrington, Oakland; Dr. W. C. Cibidster, San Mateo; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grow, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Ach, Miss Bertha Baden, Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hart, Mrs. Spencer Ashlin, Mrs. R. B. Lindsay, San Francisco; Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Whitwell, Boston.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Henry Woodruff, last seen here as the star of "Brown of Harvard," will reopen the Savoy Theatre Sunday evening in "The Prince of Tonight," the latest musical play by Adams, Hough, and Howard, authors of "A Stuhhorn Cinderella" and other successes from the Princess Theatre, Chicago. The piece is a musical oddity, inasmuch as it begins as a musical comedy of ingratiating sentimental interest and then, for the consolation of a broken-hearted hero, passes from the realm of lyric realities and topical jests into the wonderland of extravaganza. A first act of comedy at Palm Beach, where all the girls are lovely and all the men have money—but one; a transition scene of nymphs and blue and silver hallets; a second act of moon-witchery and fairy lore, and a third act that reconciles dream and fact, bringing the cold-hearted girl and the warm-hearted prince-fellow into each other's arms. Such is "The Prince of Tonight" in rough outline. There are many song-hits in the piece. Over sixty people are carried, with a hearty chorus. Some of the members of the cast are Ruth Peebles, Erminie Clark, Margaret McBride, Jack Evans, John C. Leach, Arthur Aylesworth, Lew Lawson, Edward Beck, and the "broilers" from the Princess Theatre, Chicago. The usual bargain matinee will be given on Thursday.

The second half of the fortnight's engagement of popular May Rohson at the Van Ness Theatre will begin Sunday night. The engagement will continue up to and including next Sunday night, April 24. The only afternoon performance is announced for Saturday. Both Miss Rohson and her play have made a success, and as a result she has been greeted at every appearance by audiences that have been both large and appreciative. The production is an entirely new one, and as for the supporting cast, Miss Rohson brings practically the same as that seen here two seasons ago. The play and company are reviewed at length on another page.

Next week there will be two new headline acts at the Orpheum, Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, and Gus Edwards's "Night Birds." Will M. Cressy's name has long been a household word in this country. He has written one hundred and eight of the most successful plays ever presented in vaudeville. Next week, and next week only, Mr. Cressy will appear in "The Wyoming Whoop," which is one of his cleverest efforts. Miss Dayne, whose vivacity and ability as a comedienne have long since firmly established her in popular favor, will render him efficient support. "Gus Edwards's Night Birds" is a singing and dancing ensemble in which Nellie Brewster, a clever and fascinating comedienne, and a company of twelve singing and dancing youngsters appear. Gladys Lockwood and Paul MacCarty, who carried off the chief honors with Lasky's Pianophiends, will present an act of their own contriving, which has proved a hit. MacCarty is a clever musician and Miss Lockwood possesses a delightful personality and has a quaint manner of delivering her songs which is very effective. The Lanton-Lucier Company, which includes Theodore Daly, will introduce a one-act play called "A Fool's Errand." Mr. Lucier and Miss Lanton present two novel and amusing characterizations. She excels in character songs and the dancing of both is declared to be a revelation. Sunday matinee and night the interesting series of motion pictures depicting "Old Market Street" will be exhibited, and Monday matinee and the balance of next week a series of motion pictures which have but just arrived in this country, entitled "Roosevelt in Africa," will be presented. They deal, as the title implies, with the hunting experiences of our famous ex-President and Nimrod in the Dark Continent. Next week will be the last of Al White's Dancing Bugs, the Walsh-Lynch company, the Picquays, and of the famous songstress comedienne, Nellie Nichols.

The next attraction announced for the Van Ness Theatre will be Charles Frohman's special company in Henri Bernstein's powerful drama of modern time, "The Thief." In sending this play to San Francisco Mr. Frohman has at the head of his company the two well-known stars, Herbert Keley and Effie Shannon. The engagement is limited to two weeks, beginning Monday night, April 25.

Otis Skinner will make his final appearance at the Columbia Theatre this Saturday night.

Following the Lamhardi Grand Opera Company at the Columbia Theatre will appear Grace George, who will be remembered for her fascinating performance in "Divorçons." Miss George is this season presenting a new play called "A Woman's Way," and from all accounts has created a furor.

Maude Adams will be here next month with her new Barrie comedy entitled "What Every Woman Knows." Her engagement at the Columbia Theatre will be limited to two weeks.

A Storekeeper Says:

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Burntumber*—Has young Brushman any artistic ability? *Sienna*—Well, I've seen him draw corks quite naturally.—*Chicago Journal*.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker." "Yes; that's his specialty." "What, working?" "No—seeming to."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

"The paper says that De Tanque presided at the banquet, but I didn't see him." "That's funny; he was right under the head of the table."—*Puck*.

"Jones made an awful big hit at the banquet the other night." "Is that so?" "Yes; he was called on for a speech and refused."—*Detroit Free Press*.

*Madge*—Edith is surely not going to marry that living skeleton of a man. He's nothing but skin and bones. *Tess*—Why not! He'll make her a rattling hushand.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Now, then, children," said the teacher, "what is it we want most in this world to make us perfectly happy?" "The things we aint got!" shouted the bright boy in the back seat.—*St. Louis News*.

"And how old are you, little girl?" "Six." "And how is it you are out walking without your mamma?" "Oh, mamma doesn't go in for exercise. Really, we have very little in common."—*Houston Chronicle*.

"Do you believe in the Darwinian theory?" "I am inclined to go further than Darwin did," answered Miss Cayenne, "and believe that some members of our species have started on a return trip."—*Washington Star*.

"I wish I were an ostrich," said Hicks, angrily, as he tried to eat one of his wife's biscuits, but couldn't. "I wish you were," returned Mrs. Hicks; "I'd get a few feathers for my hat."—*Musical Courier*.

"I am dissatisfied with your account of my discovery," declared the scientist. "I told you that it would be impossible to exaggerate the importance of this discovery." "Well?" said the reporter. "You didn't try."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"I thought it for a song—" The owner of a phonograph hurled a newly purchased record out of the window and saw it smash on the pavement below him. "And the confounded thing was William J. Bryan on the bank guarantee law!"—*Puck*.

"Rory," said the minister, "I hear ye were at Dunlop's kirk on Sunday last. Not that I object, ye ken, but ye widna yersel like yer ain sheep strayin' away into strange pastures." "I widna care, sir," said Rory, "if it was hetter grass."—*Boston Transcript*.

"The young man who called on me last night says there is a fool in every family."

"Was he trying to advance that as a reason why we should take him into ours?"—*Houston Post*.

*Mrs. Knicker*—Do you let Bridget eat with the family? *Mrs. Bocker*—Yes; it's much cheaper than to have her eat with the policeman.—*Puck*.

*Saylor*—Van Janter's big apartment house burned this morning and the tenants would hardly permit themselves to be dragged out.

*Metz*—Why were they so reluctant to leave? *Saylor*—They said it was the first time the building had ever been comfortably warm.—*Chicago News*.

*Mr. Green*—Now, I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away. *Little Ethel*—Forgive you, Mr. Green! Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for.—*Penny Pictorial*.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Three Tiresome Agitations.

The Argonaut finds it impossible to work up an active interest in the Geary Street scheme, the Sutter Street quarrel, or the newer Hetch Hetchy developments. In each of these cases the outcome seems a thing plainly foreordained, and there seems no motive for excitement or even for interest in details leading up to predestined events. The Geary Street municipal road is not likely to be built, because the project is one of bald stupidity. Geary street is already well served in the matter of transportation under conditions which turn into the municipal treasury a substantial monthly revenue. Where, then, is the common sense of involving the city in a heavy debt for the pretended purpose of securing a street-car service? In one way or another the project will probably be balked, because in the nature of things it is a stupid and impossible one. Furthermore, in spite of the results of the bond election, public opinion is not friendly to the project. In the Sutter Street contention the line of public interest is plain and emphatic and therefore bound to be persistent. The public convenience demands use of the tracks in lower Market Street and will continue to

demand it, therefore in time long or short there will come about an adjustment in satisfaction of this demand. In the matter of Hetch Hetchy the situation, largely speaking, is what it has been all along. Hetch Hetchy is an unpracticability, an impossibility; it lacks the support either of necessity or reason. All that San Francisco needs in the matter of water supply is more directly and cheaply available from other sources. Probably for the sake of saving several unworthy faces a lot of municipal money will be wasted in meaningless operations. But in the end, by some means not now in view, the municipality will acquire the Spring Valley system, which will be ample for two generations. Seeing as it does the inevitable future in connection with three matters which now disturb the public peace, the Argonaut declines to permit itself to be agitated about trifling details.

### Matters National.

The speech-making campaign projected with a view to establishing the Taft administration in the good graces of the country has not started off well. Mr. Taft did his own part admirably. His remarks before the League of Republican Clubs at Washington were frank, good-natured, discreet. Particularly his references to the so-called insurgents and other critical elements within the Republican party were happy and conciliatory. But the effect of the President's speech was to a degree nullified by the ill-judged utterances of Attorney-General Wickersham at Chicago. Wickersham is an able, even an adroit man, but he lacks experience in public life, and is manifestly deficient in the kind of judgment essential to political diplomacy. Part of his speech was admirable and should have been a source of strength to the administration. It was at once an authoritative and clear statement of results achieved since Mr. Taft entered upon the presidency. It made effective appeal to sentiments of high potentiality with the party and with the country. But following upon all this there came an angry assault upon those who have failed to give to the work of the last Congress, especially in the matter of tariff legislation, the high approval accorded to it by Mr. Taft and his advisers. The so-called insurgents were rancorously characterized as "traitors"—in terms read out of the party in so far as authority lay with a Cabinet officer speaking presumably for his chief, the President.

The most obvious suggestion of the incident is this, namely, that there is a lack of coordinated judgment and policy within the administrative councils. The President and his most trusted adviser—for this now appears to be Mr. Wickersham's status—ought not, in speaking within two days of each other and with a common purpose, to set forth opposing sentiments and differing points of view. Before starting out in an attempt to justify the administration and conciliate public good opinion, there should have been an understanding of the line to be taken, of what was to be said, and in what spirit it was to be spoken. Common sense and common prudence, not to consider motives above those of mere expediency, should have enforced a definite and mutually consistent plan. The President's opinions, his temper, and his mood ought to have controlled absolutely; and a member of the Cabinet with other ideas and motives should either have retired or kept silent.

Another reflection of this incident is suggestive of the political hazard which attends the employment in high administrative posts of men without experience in working the detailed mechanism of government. We saw much of this sort of thing in Mr. Roosevelt's day. Many of the mistakes into which the late President and his advisers fell, perhaps most of the compromising situations from which they had gracelessly to flounder, would or could have been avoided by the instruction of a few years' experience in subordinate relationships.

Mr. Taft, though a man of far more caution, obviously suffers somewhat from legislative inexperience. Wickersham, able man though he is, has become a habitual blunderer through the deficiencies of his political training. His work as a drafter of bills, while it has not failed to illustrate his capabilities as a lawyer, has been defective through an obvious lack of working knowledge.

It is not easy to comprehend the persistency with which Mr. Taft and all who speak for him assume responsibility for the Payne-Aldrich tariff measure. The administration was not responsible for it. It was not in accord with Mr. Taft's well-known opinions prior to his election; it did not follow his suggestions to Congress; it did not at the time of its adoption fully satisfy him. All this is uncontrovertible, and yet by a curious whimsy of judgment he seems to feel called upon to commend and sustain it—to take upon his own shoulders the moral and political responsibilities involved in it. There never was any need, from the unfortunate day at Winona down to the present hour, that the President should have taken to himself and his administration a responsibility which belonged to Congress. That it was a tactical mistake subsequent events have demonstrated. And that in the face of this demonstration Mr. Taft and his immediate associates continue unnecessarily to carry this burden appears little short of political fatuousness. The course of Mr. Taft in this respect has not only involved him in an onerous and unnecessary responsibility, but it has served in the public mind, particularly in the Western mind, to identify him politically with Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon, men notoriously out of sympathy with his general ideas, men whose standing before the country is that of an almost sinister discredit.

We think that Mr. Taft and his advisers have failed to comprehend a new sentiment towards the tariff, a sentiment of amazing vitality, which has in recent times spread widely over the country. In the political thought of other days protection under a restrictive tariff scheme was regarded as a principle to be highly regarded in any consideration of the rights and wrongs of things. It became associated in political thinking with the dignity of American life and the integrity of the American home. Associated with it were many great and revered names, from Hamilton to McKinley. But in connection with the tariff as in relation to many other things there has come a new fashion in political thought. It began, in a broad sense, with the speech with which President McKinley closed his career—an utterance gravely impressed upon the country by the tragedy which followed it. Great numbers of old line protectionists have come to believe that the time for a new deal is not only due but past due. They believe that the protective principle in a measure has served its purpose. They see or think they see that it has been diverted from its original intent and is being exploited in the promotion of inordinate greed. In proceedings at Washington within recent years they detect the hand of Esau. Other things likewise have tended to break down respect for the protective scheme. Take, for example, the fact that steel rails of American manufacture are priced lower in foreign than domestic markets. Then the spectacle of indecently swollen fortunes acquired under the tariff scheme, as in the case of Mr. Carnegie, has had its effect upon the public mind. More recently the increase in the cost of living, whether rightly or wrongly chargeable against the tariff, has been a potent influence upon the public mind.

Still another thing tending to a new alignment of opinion is the new tendency to regard governmental policies from the moral standpoint. In other days now, there were those who preached the iniquity of the tariff because it takes money from the pocket



one class of citizens and puts it in the pocket of other classes. The fundamental equities of this process have now for several years been under consideration and in multitudes of minds the judgment has been adverse.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr. Wickersham's Chicago speech, which was in most respects admirable, should have been marred by an exhibition of bad temper towards the critics of the administration. The administration needs friendship and support, and harsh talk is not the way to get it. A man of experience in public life—a man politically wise—would have known this and would have limited his remarks to an exposition of what the administration has achieved and of what it further proposes. In the part of his speech devoted to the record as it has been made Mr. Wickersham was clear and strong. He drew without overstraining the point a parallel between the work to be done immediately following the Civil War and that awaiting Mr. Taft when he came into office. He credited the Roosevelt administration with having set a higher standard of business morality, adding that "in the attainment of these ends the country had been shaken to its foundations." The chief function of the new administration as it was comprehended by Mr. Taft himself was to secure and establish the results attained, to so adjust the laws "as to interfere with legitimate business as little as possible." Upon this foundation Mr. Wickersham proceeded in a setting-forth of what has been accomplished. The expenses of government, he said, have been cut down and at the same time the efficiencies of administration have been enhanced. Without dwelling upon the point too closely he gave an intimation of the inside demoralization which prevailed at Washington when Mr. Taft came into office. The truth is that Roosevelt, giving his time and energies almost wholly to matters spectacular and sensational, had permitted the business of the government to go at sixes and sevens. Under Taft there have been many internal reforms, not showy, but important, tending both to efficiency and economy. With reference to the more positive work done by the administration Mr. Wickersham recited in some detail the history of the past year, giving an extended exposition of the measures proposed to Congress with the administration's theories of their justification. Summing up the administration proposals he said: "In effect they involve the question whether or not the entire industries of this country may be legally controlled by one group of men." Proceeding, he said:

It is not to be inferred that it is the intention of the Republican party to put any check upon the natural and legitimate development of business enterprise, either through individual or corporate organization. But it certainly has been its fixed purpose since the enactment of the Sherman law in 1890 to prevent the perversion of laws of corporate organization through inter-corporate stockholdings to the accomplishment of schemes of monopoly. It is not essential to American progress or American prosperity that one group of men shall control the entire business of the United States in oil, in sugar, or in iron, or any other commodity, and no sound principle of economic law is offended by striking down all such artificial combinations.

After reciting the administration's attempt against corruptions, Mr. Wickersham said:

All these represent the determined policy of the government to attack all special privileges and undue preferences, whether obtained by illegal combinations, by bribing public officials, or by rebates or special advantages in transportation or by any other method.

Here is where Mr. Wickersham's speech should have ended. The outburst which followed against the critics of the administration was as gratuitous and unnecessary as it was mischievous. It spoiled the effect of what came before and tended by its bad temper to confirm opposition rather than to command coöperation.

The relationship in which the Taft administration stands to that which came before it prevents those who speak in its name from exploiting its highest merit. Mr. Wickersham, as we have seen, touched lightly upon the internal demoralizations with which the Taft administration found it necessary to deal. If he had been entirely candid he would have said that at the close of the Roosevelt administration affairs were going with small respect for the restraints of law or of anything else. All down the line of administrative responsibility the Rooseveltian spirit of slap-dash was working extravagance and confusion. The Bureau of Forestry, of whose operations we now know something, is a sample instance. Everywhere there was disregard alike of law and of business principles. Every little bureau chief was doing the Roosevelt act,

as witness the cases of Pinchot and Glavis. In other words, largely speaking, they were disregarding the law, neglecting their business, exploiting themselves and their whimsies. The great work of the Taft administration up to date has been to put the administrative service back upon a regulated, responsible, and efficient basis. This work is by no means complete, but much has been accomplished towards the restoration of legality, honesty, and competency in administrative affairs.

The principle for which the Taft administration stands most conspicuously and worthily is that of subordination to and obedience to the law. In this it stands in direct contrast with the Roosevelt administration, whose idea was to "do things," law or no law. Messrs. Pinchot and Garfield have stated the case with admirable frankness. The theory under which they got their training is that an administrator may do anything he may wish to do if he is not directly prohibited by law. The Taft theory is that an administrator may do what the law directs or authorizes, but nothing more. Herein lies the essential and fundamental appeal of the Taft administration to the people of the United States as compared with that made by his predecessor.

#### The Latest By-Election.

The country is given another mild political sensation in the returns of a by-election in the Rochester, New York, congressional district on Tuesday of this week. Since time out of mind the district has been represented by a Republican, the normal Republican majority being about 6000. James B. Perkins, whose recent death has created a vacancy, carried the district in 1908 by 10,167 votes. As the result of Tuesday's voting James S. Havens, a Democrat, is elected by 5900 votes. It is a striking incident, and coming as it does directly upon the heels of the Foss election in Massachusetts and so soon before a general congressional election, there attaches to it a special significance. But it will be easy to make too much of this instance, because there have entered into it circumstances and interests quite outside the lines of ordinary political motive. The defeated Republican candidate was George W. Aldridge, for many years a conspicuous party manager. He was badly smirched in his personal character in the recent insurance investigation, it having been shown that he had received a considerable sum of money from insurance officials presumably for bribery. Aldridge did not deign even to explain this transaction, but announced that at the first opportunity he should seek vindication by becoming a candidate for public office. His candidacy for Congress was practically his answer to the charges urged against him. The animosities of a long career as a party manager instantly arrayed themselves in opposition; likewise in connection with the bribery charges a "moral issue" was raised, having the support of a coalition of churches. A certain sentimentalism, too, was brought into the contest, Havens, the Democratic nominee, having been the partner and close friend of the late Congressman Perkins. It is easy to see, in view of all these circumstances, that the statement that Mr. Havens ran on a "tariff reform platform" is misleading. He did, indeed, run on a tariff reform platform, and possibly this brought him some votes; but the main considerations tending to his election were as above set forth. They had nothing at all to do with the tariff or any other national interest. If the contest was not a purely personal one, it was largely and chiefly personal. Therefore we repeat that it will be easy to misinterpret it—to give it an apparent significance which does not really attach to it.

#### Food Prices at Home and Abroad.

There is a suggestion, if not indeed a profound lesson, in the fact that American foodstuffs, including beef and bread, are put into the hands of English consumers at prices materially lower than the same foodstuffs are sold in New York and other American cities. American meats are notably lower in England than at home. More notable still is the fact attested by Mr. Stewart Browne, who writes as if he knew what he was talking about, that "in London one can buy for the same money about two and one-half times the weight of bread made from American grown wheat that one can buy in New York." Mr. Browne is further responsible for the statement that "excepting the products of the Standard Oil Company, the American Tobacco Company, and American Sugar Company all foodstuffs from the producer to the consumer are increased 100 per cent in

this country." The conditions upon which the contrast between British and American prices is based are connected with distribution. The English system is less costly than ours. Rents are cheaper; service is cheaper; delivery is cheaper; advertising and other charges are cheaper in proportion to the volume of business. Therefore, even after freight charges across the Atlantic are paid there remains a heavy margin to the advantage of the British domestic consumer. At a time when the cost of everything which goes into domestic consumption is oppressively high in this country these facts have an especial interest.

#### Cabinet Speculation.

There are persistent rumors to the effect that Mr. Knox is soon to retire from the Secretaryship of State. And there are many circumstances tending to give credit to the story. At the beginning it was understood that Mr. Knox would be the President's main dependence for counsel—a species of "prime minister"—but as time goes on he appears to be making a very small figure in administration affairs. In truth, wherever his hand has distinctly been seen during the past year it has been in connection with something unpleasant. Take the Crane incident: Nothing in recent diplomatic history has been more awkward and embarrassing. Mr. Crane was not only invited to accept the Chinese mission, but was begged and persuaded until his determined declination was broken down. Then, when his only fault had been that of obeying instructions, he was forced out of office under circumstances of intense personal humiliation. All this was done in the name of the Secretary of State; and if it came as an effect of his indiscretions his fault was very great. If, as it has been charged, he was forced to assume a responsibility for acts not his own, then he should have resigned office. Again, Mr. Knox was involved in much unfriendly criticism in regard to certain Latin-American matters. Again it has been said that the blame was not justly upon Mr. Knox's shoulders. None the less he was compelled to bear it, and in fact he did accept it without a word being spoken by the President or any member of the administration in his behalf. Then there was the matter of the Canadian tariff deal. There was here a chance for a bit of glory, for the country was looking anxiously for an adjustment favorable to commercial arrangements between the two countries. It was a business belonging directly to the State Department and yet it was taken up personally by the President. Mr. Knox was apparently ignored, at least his name figured in the settlement only in a perfunctory way. If Mr. Knox had stood high in the councils of the administration he might have been expected to take a hand in the formulation of measures which the President presented to Congress at the beginning of the session. Presumably he is a man of especial qualifications for such work, being not only a lawyer of high capability, but a man of senatorial experience. As a matter of fact this work was given not to Mr. Knox but to Mr. Wickersham, a man of no congressional experience and, as events have proved, of no skill in formulating legislative proposals. It is not Knox but Wickersham who appears in all matters to be the "premier" of the administration. If these things are plain to the public they must be even plainer still to Mr. Knox. On the whole there would appear to be abundant reason why he should prefer private life or a return to the Senate to a post which has yielded him some humiliations and which certainly has added nothing to his reputation or his standing in the country.

Rumor further has it that Secretary MacVeagh of the Treasury Department may soon retire. Mr. MacVeagh is an open tariff reformer and as such an object of special dislike on the part of the stand-pat element which practically has had control of affairs during the past year. MacVeagh's rulings in the department have not satisfied the "old guard," and have therefore been subject to a great deal of unfriendly criticism. Among the older rank of Republicans at Washington one frequently hears MacVeagh characterized as "that damned Democrat." If Mr. MacVeagh has been consulted in connection with measures affecting his department it has not appeared. His service can hardly have been a pleasant one, and this being so it is easy to believe that he would prefer to retire rather than go forward in an uncongenial connection.

Other members of the Cabinet represented by current gossip in Washington as shaky in their places are Hitchcock, Ballinger, and Dickinson. The former is



itized as too actively and in quite too practical a use a politician. Ballinger, it is believed, will be ad to escape from the Cabinet if he shall be exonerated the pending investigation. Dickinson, it is said, is found no satisfaction in Cabinet service and would glad to return to his private affairs. He has, in ct, no particular propensity or inclination for the ties of the War Department, his appointment having en made as a concession to "geography" under the resident's wish that the South should be represented his councils.

### An Overwhelming Retort.

We do not recall in the history of the country an stance paralleling that of last Thursday, when the resident of the United States was rudely hissed by a invention of woman's suffragists which he was addressing in courteous response to a special invitation. Residents have been listened to in silent disapproval, it never openly and personally insulted. Nor is the fense condoned by an apology made under the motives sober second thought and at the dictation of a few aders who under the whip of public amazement and sentiment have managed to recover their heads. The resident's delicate yet stinging rebuke will be a greater ad more persistent force in shaping public opinion ith respect to the suffrage issue than any other circumstance in this connection. That the representative uffragists of the country are lacking in the self-control en to listen to opposing opinions courteously expressed by an invited guest and that guest the President the republic, will be taken as indicating an intolerance and hysteria hardly compatible with political sponsibility.

The President's reply, while less caustic than the te Professor Huxley's retort to Wilberforce, Bishop Oxford, nevertheless recalls that famous incident. Huxley, the bishop, and others on a great occasion ere upon the same platform, each booked for brief marks. The bishop spoke first, and so far relaxed s dignity as to attempt to badger Huxley. He deared that there was nothing in evolution, that rock geons were what rock pigeons had always been. hen turning to Huxley with smiling insolence he egged to know if it was through his grandfather or s grandmother that he claimed descent from a onkey. The sillier ones in the audience thought it a ne jest and tittered audibly. Huxley grasped the ee of the friend who sat next him and looking toward e bishop remarked *sotto voce*, "The Lord hath de- vered him into mine hands." Then Huxley spoke ith his accustomed directness and propriety of the ecial theme of the occasion. But before concluding e paused and looking at Wilberforce said in effect: "Our friend the reverend bishop attempts to be witty y cost and at the cost of a cause of which I am ometimes regarded as a champion. Permit me to say o the reverend gentleman that I would rather own as y ancestor the poor creature of low intelligence and ooping gait which grins and chatters as we pass than e a great lord of the church, the master of its arning and the custodian of its privileges, and being e master of these glorious powers, to use them to be- tle and to thwart the sincere efforts of humble seekers ter truth."

This incident did more to win attention and in s ultimate effects to promote conviction in sup- port of the doctrine of evolution than ten thousand rious dissertations could have done. After the lapse f half a century, and when the cause championed by Huxley stands approved by all men, including the suc- cessors of Bishop Wilberforce, the incident is remem- bered, not more for its wit than as an illustration of ow one who supports a cause may by a vulgar and fensive indiscretion become an instrument of its estruction.

### An Unwise Project.

The plan to assemble a fleet of twenty-five or more arships under the Stars and Stripes in 1912 and to nd it gallivanting around the world, attributed in urrent dispatches to President Taft, has little to rec- mend it. It would cost a prodigious sum, and it is ot easy to see that any good would or could come of t. It would not even have the merit of novelty. ere was a reason for the cruise of 1909; it showed e world at large, particularly to Japan, which at e moment needed an object lesson, that we had a fine et of warships and that we know how to handle them. ut the impression has already been made, and it would ot be deepened by a second exhibition. If now we

have money to spend we would better spend it in developing the actualities of power rather than in mak- ing a show. There is abundant need on both sides of the continent for fixed and permanent defensive works, and we would better put our money into this sort of thing than in a repetition of a merely spectacular cruise around the world. Such a cruise would surely be resented by the practical common sense of the coun- try as an extravagance, and it would not reflect credit upon the administration. It took all the popularity of the Roosevelt régime plus the novelty of the project, likewise plus all the arguments of expediency, to justify the 1909 enterprise. Now to repeat it without these several justifying motives would be to offend rather than to please the country.

### Two Notable Retirements.

Mr. Aldrich of Rhode Island announces that he will retire from the Senate at the conclusion of his present term, March 4, 1911. Mr. Aldrich's reasons, as he presents them, are personal. He is no longer a young man, and if he is ever to have any leisure this side the cemetery he would better be getting at it. He no doubt appreciates this better than anybody else. Again, Mr. Aldrich's senatorial career can hardly have yielded him in recent years anything in the way of personal satis- faction. He has come throughout the country to be regarded as the legislative agent of inordinate and selfish wealth. This is not a pleasant stord; it does not make an atmosphere pleasant to live in nor a char- acter which one may take pride in bequeathing to his children. Mr. Aldrich is beyond question a highly conscientious man. Whether his judgments or policies be right or wrong, he believes them to be right. And it is, doubtless, unpleasant to be the target of an almost universal criticism from the moral standpoint.

Under all these circumstances Mr. Aldrich could have but one motive for remaining in public life, and that is nullified by his own explanation, that his retire- ment will make no practical change in the senatorial representation of Rhode Island. In other words, the situation is such that the man destined to succeed him will hold the same ideas and be devoted to the same policies. Who this successor will be the country is not yet informed, but no doubt Mr. Aldrich knows.

For explanation of the announced retirement of Senator Hale we must look to the State of Maine. A situation has arisen there making it necessary for Mr. Hale, if he would retain his seat, to make an aggres- sive and more or less uncertain campaign. Having been elected to the Senate five times by the unanimous vote of his party in the legislature, he does not now feel that it would be consistent with his dignity to enter into a fight for a sixth election. Besides he is an old man, past the age when one may like a fight for its own sake.

Another suggestion relative to the retirement of Aldrich and Hale comes from Senator Dolliver of Iowa, a well-known "insurgent." Aldrich and Hale have been leaders in the Senate, but the newer condi- tions tend to the cutting down of their powers. After one has long held a whip hand it is not pleasant to fall back into the ruck. Perhaps it is less painful to step out than to step down.

### The German Bogey.

The traditional and unconscious egotism of the Brit- ish race has not, in recent years found a more charac- teristic illustration than the attitude of the average Englishman—the home-staying as distinct from the emigrant type, with which in this country we are more familiar—with respect to German armament. The mind of the average Britisher appears incapable of conceiv- ing that in sustaining and expanding her military powers Germany has not it in mind sooner or later to march aggressively upon England. That Germany is menaced in a military sense by Russia; that she has an old-time enemy at the south, a traditional and especially embittered and watchful enemy at the west; that she may have purposes of her own in the Far East—of these facts the Englishman seems oblivious; and even when they are pointed out he is unable to comprehend them. England herself has for a century maintained a preponderating power on the sea without a thought of aggressive assault upon Germany. She appears to regard this sort of thing as her old exclusive privi- lege. On the other hand she resents any approach to a similar preparedness on the part of any other country, especially Germany. If the scare produced by German military energy tended to inspirit and revivify the cour-

age of the British people there would be small reason to criticize it; but, in truth, it is becoming a national demoralization rather than an inspiration. Nothing, indeed, has so tended to shake the world's faith in the power and the poise of England as this all- pervading and persistent nervous timidity. It is credit- able neither to the national courage nor the national self-respect; and it would appear that common sense as well as common prudence ought speedily to bring the British mind to a calmer state.

### Editorial Notes.

There is an aspect of the Redfern-Wilson incident which ought not to be permitted to pass unnoted. Redfern and his victim had attended the same school. If there had been no direct love passages between them as fellow-students there is evidence that there were such passages later on as the outcome of an in- terest established or developed when the two were at school together. Now the unspeakable crime which has so horrified everybody would not have occurred if Redfern had gone to a boys' school and if Ruth Wilson had gone to a girls' school. The whole wretched busi- ness is an incidental outcome of that scheme of educa- tion which brings the sexes together at a period of life when sexual sensibility is acute and before judgment has come to a normal and restraining development. Association of this kind does not often, indeed, take the particular form of vitriol-throwing, but not uncom- monly it takes other forms whose moral and social effects are scarcely less terrible. In other days, before people fooled themselves with sentimental sophistries, the hazards of unguarded intercourse between youths of opposite sexes were acknowledged, tacitly if not in words. In civilizations and among classes where older conventions and sounder judgment hold sway these matters are acknowledged and heeded. But our public educational policies are largely if not wholly dominated by a *bourgeois* disregard of physiological fact combined with an optimism which, thus far at least, has resisted the instruction of a painful and desolating ex- perience. Men and brethren, the scheme of co-educat- ion between the ages of twelve and twenty is a hazard- ous flying in the face of nature, a thing utterly wrong from every physiological aspect, a thing tending to unnumbered and almost inevitable moral mischiefs. It is a mistake in children's schools. It is a horror in schools for what may be called the middle period of youth. It is almost a crime in the collegiate period. These lessons are urged not more by common sense than by the instruction of educational and social ex- perience as they have been observed and understood by persons with worldly wisdom enough to comprehend the meanings of things, however they appear upon the surface.

In common with everybody else the *Argonaut* is curious about the circumstances which preceded and led up to the mysterious death of the late Chief of Police Biggy. It would be interesting to know by what means and to what desperate degree Biggy was pestered by Spreckels and hounded by Burns. It would be interesting to know just how far in the background Mr. Phelan stood, although we may easily believe that it was out of sight. Curiosity—perhaps a justifiable curiosity—would be satisfied by knowing whatever might be developed through grewsome inquiry with reference to these suggestions. But would any good come of it? Would the sinister facts—and they are bound to be sinister—contribute to peace, good neigh- borship, to community welfare? Would they even contribute to a more sympathetic memory of a poor and weak man unquestionably driven by remorseless cruelty to an untimely death? We think not. We think no good of any kind can come from further dis- cussion of the wicked details. Have we not, in God's name, had scandals enough? Would we not better let the dead past bury its dead, turning our faces and our thoughts to newer, cleaner, wholesomer things?

There is in process of organization a "National Labor Alliance," the main purpose of which is to oppose the aggressions of organized labor. The plan of the new organization, so we are informed, includes the raising of a great fund by contributions from manufacturers and others to be used as a means of defense. Now the *Argonaut*, which we hardly need say, stands in the open and unafraid in opposition to the aggressive policies of labor unionism, questions the practicability of the scheme of defense. What we need in this country is not a centralized defense fund administered by hired



agents who will inevitably absorb most of the money, but the development of an universal spirit of resistance to illegitimate and demoralizing demands. It was not money that won the liberties of America; it was the universal resentment of Americans against aggressive and oppressive demands. Defense funds come easy. The editor of the *Argonaut* imagines that there would be no great difficulty in raising a very considerable sum to fight aggressive unionism in the city of San Francisco. And the very men who would give most liberally and cheerfully to such a fund would go on giving their building contracts to Johnny Mahoney, than whom no privately better nor publicly more mischievous man is to be found on the Yerba Buena peninsula. We shall not meet and overcome labor aggression in this country until there shall be developed everywhere a hardihood sufficient for local and individual resistance to unjust demands, even though personal convenience and private friendships may suffer. Labor unionism can not successfully be fought through national organization and without local and individual coöperation. The fight can not be won by raising funds; mere money given to a central organization will not turn the trick.

The return of William R. Hearst to the Democratic fold is among the highly interesting developments of the week. It may have several meanings: first, that Mr. Hearst's independent political career has not turned out well in promoting his newspaper business; second, that Mr. Hearst has hopes of capturing the next Democratic presidential nomination; third, that, seeing a chance for Democratic success, Mr. Hearst wishes to avoid the embarrassment that that success would involve for him in his character of political independent. The third of these suggestions is, we think, more than likely to be the true one. A Democratic success with Mr. Hearst entirely out of the game would isolate Mr. Hearst absolutely. With the Democrats out of power he has lost nothing by being a party critic and has gained something through a pose regarded by many as courageous and even heroic. But if the party is to get into authority it behooves Mr. Hearst to fall into the running. He could never hope for any standing with the Republican party, and he can hardly afford to flock alone and unregarded. That Mr. Hearst seriously cherishes a presidential ambition is, we think, improbable. Whatever his faults of character he is no fool, and he must surely understand that he, individually, is a presidential impossibility.

The more we read the daily newspapers the less we hope that the pursuers will overtake the train-robbers. It is a race in which the robbers have a tremendous advantage in the fact that they don't have to stop every few minutes to be posed and photographed.

United States Consul S. C. Reat in a report concerning Formosan bamboo pulp and the manufacture of paper therefrom in Japan says that the world's future supply of paper pulp may be derived from the bamboo forests of the tropics instead of being drawn from the forests of the temperate zones, and tells of a company which recently made satisfactory experiments with bamboo pulp at its scientific station near Kobe, Japan. This company has the utmost confidence in the results of its experiments with bamboo pulp. It has been granted a perpetual lease of 8000 acres of bamboo forest in Formosa, and is now engaged near Kagi in installing the machinery for a plant. The making of paper from bamboo is no recent discovery. For generations the Chinese have carried on this industry in their homes, but their methods are exceedingly primitive—no chemicals entering into their process. The question of the supply of raw material will never puzzle the company, for the growth of bamboo is very rapid. It verily grows inches in a night.

Under the present system of heating national schools in some parts of Ireland by voluntary efforts, each pupil is expected to carry an armful of turf for the purpose. In many districts turf is now exhausted, with the consequence that fuel has to be obtained by purchase in the ordinary way. Compulsory attendance is in force in most of the counties, and many poor children, often in wet clothes, are compelled to attend schools which are sometimes not heated at all. To remedy this state of affairs several Irish Unionist members of Parliament have brought forward a bill to provide for the heating of schools at the cost of the national education commissioners and local voluntary bodies.

Orang-utan is a Malay word, derived from *orang*, man, and *utan*, woods. It would appear from this that the Dyaks of Borneo, who use the term, were Darwinians at an early date. The one thing most nearly human about the orang-utan is its cry when wounded—according to the stories of hunters.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

The reminder that the Brownsville shooting affair is still in the land of living problems comes almost with a shock of surprise. It is now over five years since the presidential order disbanding the colored regiment "without honor" was issued, and from that day to this there has been an uninterrupted series of inquiries as to whether certain soldiers did or did not fire upon the citizens of Brownsville. But that a court of inquiry was actually sitting until a few days ago will be news to most people, who supposed the affair to be as extinct as the dodo.

The latest military court, from whose finding there can be no appeal, has decided that the "shooting up" of Brownsville was actually done by the negro soldiers, although it has no opinion as to the men who were individually guilty. Fourteen of the soldiers are specifically acquitted, and there might have been many more but for the fact that most of the men had entered civil life and made no claim for exculpation. That the court has found a certain number to be innocent is of course a reflection upon the justice of a sentence that inflicted a collective sentence upon the whole regiment. We may congratulate ourselves if we have indeed heard the last of Brownsville, but we may be sure that we have not heard the last of it if there shall still be an opportunity to use the notorious affair for political purposes.

There have been persistent rumors that Mr. Knox and Mr. MacVeagh are about to withdraw from the Cabinet, but both these gentlemen are now to the fore with denials. Mr. Knox says, "Make it as strong and as comprehensive as you like," while Mr. MacVeagh says, "I have no intention of retiring from President Taft's Cabinet. I do not know the source of the rumors which are being circulated through the press, but they are entirely without foundation."

It is hard to understand why Mr. Knox should be slated for resignation even by irresponsible rumor, and the only possible explanation for the MacVeagh report is the fact that the head of the Treasury Department is known to hold views about the tariff that are in serious conflict with those of Mr. Cannon and Mr. Aldrich. Mr. MacVeagh gave deep offense by some outspoken utterances on the subject of downward revision, and no doubt there are plenty of orthodox politicians who would like to see some man of the regulation pattern at the head of the Treasury Department.

There was something like a demonstration in the House when Eugene N. Foss, the newly elected Democratic representative from Massachusetts, took the oath and his seat. The new member was escorted by his brother and by Samuel W. McCall, and after introduction he held a sort of informal reception on the floor of the House, nearly all the Democratic members hastening to make his acquaintance.

Before taking the oath the two brothers and their mother had an interview with Speaker Cannon. Greeting the brothers warmly, Mr. Cannon laid his hand upon the shoulders of both and said, "As the Scripture says, 'Righteousness and peace.'" Then turning to Mrs. Foss the Speaker asked smilingly, "Madam, which is to be Righteousness and which is to be Peace?"

The pension iniquity is of course an old story, but the Eastern press is now commenting upon an extension of the mischief for which it would be hard to find an excuse. When Mr. Roosevelt ordered that every "veteran" of the war be endowed with a pension, no matter though he had served only in an Arizona recruiting station, there seemed no adequate reason why any one in the nation should be left unpensioned, but it was left to the present Congress to include deserters among the ranks of the blessed. In other countries deserters are usually shot, but in the United States they are invited to enter the hall of fame as an incitement to the correct casting of votes. A few days ago the Committee on Military Affairs reported favorably on forty-three bills all for the pension benefit of deserters. These bills were not passed, but another bill was passed in favor of John Gray, who deserted after a short service one thousand miles from the war and who did not even enlist until December, 1864, when the fighting was nearly over. The *New York Evening Post*, commenting on this bill, says that "representatives who approve of the pensioning of a man like this John Gray and pay him treasury moneys are not far removed from the ordinary legislative grafter in their sense of what is just and honorable and what is their duty to their country."

President Taft will begin his next trip on April 30, and he will go to Buffalo before starting for the Ohio Valley. From Buffalo he will go to Pittsburgh, where he will stay two days. He will then proceed to Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, making speeches at each place. He will then go direct to New York or return to Washington for a couple of days before going eastward.

It is authoritatively announced that there has been no exchange of letters between the President and Mr. Roosevelt since the latter returned to civilization, nor has there been any indirect communication.

Governor Harmon of Ohio is unwilling to be interviewed on his own presidential possibilities for 1912. At the same time he expresses himself as "deeply touched" by the compliment embodied in the suggestion that the Democrats will select him to carry their banner.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Public Ledger* did succeed in extracting some opinions from the governor as to the general course of public events. He believed that "the basis of the whole trouble in the Republican party at the present time is the failure to revise the tariff as the people understood that it was to be revised." Referring to class legislation, Mr. Harmon said: "Cannon and Aldrich stand as the embodiments of class legislation. As a result of it I can see

only trouble ahead for the Republicans in the congressional elections. I foresee heavy Republican losses. As for my own State, Ohio stands with the rest of the Middle West. Ohio is as full of dissatisfaction as any of the States."

The interviewer carried away the general impression that Governor Harmon's national platform, should it ever fall his lot to make one, would be based upon three existing abuses: (1) Government for the enrichment of special interests instead of for the people; (2) tariff for the advancement of specific moneyed interests instead of for revenue only; (3) extravagance in Federal administration.

In answer to a request of his views as to the chances of Democratic success, Mr. Harmon said that he had no prophecies to make. "The Democratic party seems united and hopeful. I was pleased to see the Democrats standing without a break in the Cannon fight. I don't believe the Democratic party is in need of a specific. I don't believe in specifics."

Some of the Eastern newspapers are doing their best to explain away the Socialist victory in Milwaukee. All the parties had practically the same platform, so that the explanation is to be found in the men rather than in the policies. The regular politicians, we are told, have been disappointed, and as a result the people voted for something untried and unknown in the hope of finding some new sort of human nature.

In spite of the startling phenomenon of a Socialist victory we are assured that nothing revolutionary will happen in Milwaukee. There will be no reign of terror, no guillotine, no tocsin, and no tumbrels. The city of beer will still be governed in the interests of beer, by and for those who drink and think beer. The new municipal government may be a little duller than usual, but otherwise it will be inconspicuous.

All this goes without saying. The Socialists will take good care to show that they can be trusted with authority in the hope that other cities will try the same experiment. The danger of the Milwaukee situation is that the Socialists will be unsocialistic.

The reports of mutiny in different battalions of the Chinese army give interest to the statements of a Shanghai correspondent of a London paper. Speaking of the recent military riots at Soochow and Canton, he says that "in both places the officers were admittedly powerless to control the men. This fact serves to illustrate the extreme danger to China that may well arise from the development of an army trained on foreign lines. The exact number of such troops in China today is not easy to ascertain. According to the most trustworthy estimate they amount in all between Peiyang and Nanyang divisions and other garrisons about 200,000 men. But the system of government in China is the mutual jealousies of the provinces and the capital give to these troops an importance quite out of relation to their numerical strength. Any official or malcontent who counts on the allegiance of say 10,000 men might command a second 'Ever Victorious Army,' and it is worth noting that of the much-dreaded student class no fewer than 500 were undergoing a military training in Japan last year. Now standing what might have been learned from the *coup d'état* of 1898, when the allegiance of Yuan Shih-kai and the army practically won the day for the late Empress Dowager, the facts would appear to be as yet entirely outside the calculation of the government, although the latter continues to plan military reform and expansion in the forefront of its programme of national development."

Liquid air and its oxygen are now commercial products of some importance. A French engineer, George Claude, reports that plants for producing liquid air now exist in several European countries, and the United States has one at Buffalo. The chief product is oxygen—usually compressed in cylinders. The cost of liquid oxygen averages about a cent a pound. The necessity of compressing in cylinders and shipping makes the price of oxygen high to consumers, and at the place of production would effect a great saving. It is possible to utilize liquid oxygen at the same time for three purposes—refrigeration, cooling, and chemical energy. Of the many actual applications of liquid cylinder oxygen, the principal ones seem to be metallurgy for welding and cutting metals by the oxyhydrogen or oxy-acetylene flame, and it is also used producing fused quartz vessels. For medical purposes oxygen must be of special purity.

The North American Indian is taller than any other race of the world, though the Patagonian runs him very close. The white citizen comes next. The American negro ranks fourteenth in the scale, and of all countries of the world considered the Portuguese are found to be the shortest. It has always been proverbial among the anatomists that blond nations are greater than their darker neighbors. At the top of the list of countries, arranged in order of stature, the seven after the United States white men are Norway, Scotland, British America, Sweden, Ireland, Denmark, and Holland, all northern nations.

More than 3000 years ago, as tiles and marbles from Nineveh show, splendid fabrics were being produced for the adornment of the palaces of the kings of Assyria, and every Oriental rug becomes a magic carpet when one realizes how through the long days of the long centuries these simple people have been weaving in with the colors of the jewels and the rain and the sunshine and shadow of their own lives. So much of tears and sighing have gone to the tying the myriad knots or followed the flying shuttle on journeys to and fro!



# MR. HARTRIDGE'S LITTLE BILL.

The Eminent Attorney of New York Discovers to His Cost that Virtue Is Its Own Reward.

It is now four years since the Thaw trial, but from that time until now there has been hardly a week without its reminders that the actors in that tragedy were wealthy people and that by means of their wealth they were able to buy a permanent position in the centre of the public stage. Indeed the Thaw case seems to have become one of the permanent institutions of the country.

The latest incident is the action brought by Mr. Hartridge against Mrs. Thaw for the payment of \$3,000 which he thinks is still due him for the defense of a murderer who is rich enough to be judged insane. What Mr. Hartridge has already drawn for his services in this case is a matter of common notoriety, and by this time he probably wishes that he had been satisfied with the bird in the hand, seeing that he is likely to suffer severely for his pursuit of the other birds in the bush. For Mr. Hartridge has not only lost his position, but Judge Holt suggests that his conduct be made the subject of a legal inquiry. If Mr. Hartridge really spent the money that he says he spent he could be prosecuted for attempting to defeat the ends of justice. If he did not spend this money, then he could be charged with perjury. It is an awkward alternative for Mr. Hartridge, and he may be invited to take his choice.

It is strange that a lawyer of such experience should allow himself to get into such an impasse. That he could feel that he had a moral claim against Mrs. Thaw is understandable, but that he should attempt to force that claim in a court of law is evidence of a colossal effrontery that is hard to explain. For Mr. Hartridge frankly admits that he can give no adequate list of particulars, nor can he state except in outline what way he spent the \$93,000 that he now tries to recover. He spent it and that is all there is "to" and he asks the court to compel Mrs. Thaw to refund. The court refuses and in its turn threatens Mr. Hartridge with malpractice, so that we may be at the beginning of a fresh cycle of Thaw litigation as disgusting as anything that has preceded it. Although Mr. Hartridge can give no detailed bill of particulars he is willing to describe in a general way how he came to spend such a large sum of money. His relations with the Thaws, he says, were not so much those of an attorney as of a friend. Sparing himself nothing in the task of defense that he had undertaken, he had ceased to be purely a legal adviser and an advocate and had become a detective. Harry Thaw had been an habitu  of the tenderloin, and much of the evidence useful to his defense must be gleaned in the shady resorts that knew him well. So Mr. Hartridge had followed him into the tenderloin, interviewing the demi-monde, the gambling-house keeper, and the race tout in the search for testimony that he would turn to good account. In these questionable suits he had spent no less than 189 nights, and one least of the items in his bill against Mrs. Thaw was the loss he had sustained in playing roulette. All another item was \$700 paid for a whip used by Thaw to beat the wretched women who had fallen to his power. The total sum of \$93,000 represented vices of this kind, just such an expenditure, in fact, as the tenderloin usually exacts from its wealthy patrons. Large amounts had been paid to disreputable men, either to secure their evidence or to satisfy himself that there was no evidence to secure, and it was upon these payments that the judge based his strictures. In no case does the evidence of a demi-monde count for much. It has no value whatever when it has been bought.

The general legal opinion of New York is inclined to applaud the verdict, and as a rule lawyers are will enough that heavy legal fees should establish a useful precedent. Mr. Hartridge has received over \$3,000 for his legitimate services, and onerous as those prices were the amount seems adequate. The position is by no means squeamish on the subject of wasted money, but at the same time there is a standard to be maintained. If it was necessary to rake the some kennels of New York night life in the search for evidence, if loose women must be questioned and gambling-house confidences overheard, there are recognized ways in which these things can be done without reputable attorneys soiling their hands with the work of private detectives, who, by the way, take good care to be paid in advance.

Of course Mr. Hartridge is bitter, but as a man of the world he might have known that it was easier to extract blood from a stone than money from the Thaws. He says now that if he erred at all with these people it was in thinking only of their interests rather than of his own. They are now doing to him what, in one way or another, they have done with the lawyers and all the doctors they have had anything to do with." He made the defense of Thaw his lucrative business during the long and shameful months that preceded the verdict. He allowed all his other affairs to go by the board. He regarded himself as a member of the family pledged to leave no stone unturned in their aid, and believed that he was authorized to spend money in any and every way that might be effective. He rendered his preposterous bill of \$93,000 over a year ago, and there was no

protest against it. But it was not paid. Only when he began to exert pressure was there any resistance, and then he was told that he could collect his little bill only by legal process. Such is the reward of disinterested friendship, and henceforth Mr. Hartridge will be a sadder and a wiser man. FLANEUR.  
NEW YORK, April 14, 1910.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Mary Beaton's Song.

Between the sunset and the sea  
My love laid hands and lips on me;  
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,  
Of long desire came brief delight:  
Ah love, and what thing came of thee  
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

Between the sea-mark and the sea  
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me;  
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,  
And dead delight to new desire;  
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be  
Between the sea-sand and the sea.

Between the sundown and the sea  
Love watched one hour of love with me;  
Then down the all-golden waterways  
His feet flew after yesterdays;  
I saw them come and saw them flee  
Between the sea-foam and the sea.

Between the sea-strand and the sea  
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me;  
The first star saw twain turn to one  
Between the moonrise and the sun;  
The next, that saw not love, saw me  
Between the sea-banks and the sea.—Swinburne.

### The Song of the Camp.

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,  
The outer trenches guarding,  
When the heated guns of the camp allied  
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,  
Lay grim and threatening, under;  
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff  
No longer helmed its thunder.

There was a pause. A guardsman said:  
"We storm the forts tomorrow;  
Sing while we may, another day  
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon;  
Brave hearts, from Severn and from Clyde,  
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love, and not of fame;  
Forgot was Britain's glory;  
Each heart recalled a different name,  
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,  
Until its tender passion  
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,  
Their battle-axe confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,  
But as the song grew louder,  
Something upon the soldier's cheek  
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned  
The bloody sunset's embers,  
While the Crimean valleys learned  
How English love remembers.

And once again the fires of hell  
Rained on the Russian quarters,  
With scream of shot and hurst of shell,  
And hellowing of the mortars!

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim  
For a singer, dumb and gory;  
And English Mary mourns for him  
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest  
Your truth and valor wearing;  
The harvest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring.—Bayard Taylor.

### Field Flowers.

Ye wild flowers! the gardens eclipse you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildlings of Nature, I dote upon you,  
For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and huttercups gladden'd my sight,  
Like treasures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams  
Of the blue Highland mountains and echoing streams,  
And of hirschen glades breathing their balmy,  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note,  
Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June:  
Of old ruinous castles ye tell,  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
When the magic of Nature first breathed on my mind,  
And your hlosoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes!  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
Can the wild water lily restore!  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
In the vetches that tangled the shore.

Earth's cultureless huds, to my heart ye are dear,  
Ere the fever of passion, or ague of fear,  
Had scathed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcome you more, in life's passionless stage;  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age,  
And I wish you to grow on my tomb.—Campbell.

Jens I. Westengard, general adviser to his Siamese majesty's government, Bangkok, was born in Chicago. He has been a stenographer, lawyer, teacher at Harvard, and is now the only American in the employ of the Siamese government.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Fire Commissioner Rhinelander Waldo of New York is a Tammany man notwithstanding his name.

William Johnstone of Sydney, New South Wales, who is 106 years old, was cabin boy on the vessel which took Napoleon to St. Helena ninety-five years ago.

His excellency, the Taotai Chan Tien-Yu, C. E., M. I. C. E., builder of the Kalgan railway in China, is a graduate of Yale and was while there familiarly known as "Jimmy."

August Bebel, leader of the German Social-Democratic party, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday. Herr Bebel has been often referred to as the father of Prussian franchise reform.

M. Dupin de Laforcade is the new guide of royal visitors in France, succeeding M. Raoli in that capacity. He has had charge of the arrangements connected with King Edward's journey to Biarritz.

Mrs. A. D. Winship of Racine, Wisconsin, is the oldest "freshman" in the United States. She is seventy-nine years old, has just taken up a course in psychology and literature at the Ohio State University, and plans a course that will keep her intellectually busy for some years.

Philander C. Knox, Jr., who learned a lot about automobiles when he was the "son of his father," is now putting the knowledge so acquired to good use. Since he and his young bride failed to achieve parental forgiveness and blessing, Philander, Jr., has been working as an automobile demonstrator at regular wages and regular hours.

Mayor Galvin of Cincinnati has designated Thursday as "kick" day. On Thursdays any one who is dissatisfied with things municipal is privileged to go up to the City Hall unhampered by any red tape and tell his troubles to the mayor. Then the mayor and his secretary and the city cabinet take up the complaints and investigate them carefully, and if there is anything wrong it is set right at once.

William O'Brien, the Irish leader, went to Italy last autumn to enjoy, as he declared, the declining years of his life in retirement. But after he had been in Italy for a while he got to thinking about Ireland and went back there. He says that when he left Florence he had no intention whatever of reentering Parliament, but his constituents thought differently, and now he is in the forefront of political life again.

Professor Franz Boas, anthropologist at Columbia University, says that the children of immigrants become Americanized by the air of America and develop into a type distinct from their parents. Professor Boas was born in Germany, was educated at Kiel, took about all the degrees there were to take, and then began work as assistant curator of the Royal Ethnological Museum at Berlin. In the eighties he came to the United States, went up to Baffin Land and studied the Eskimo for a while, then went over into northern Siberia and brought back a lot of anthropological data and finally took up the study of the North American Indian. During his vacations he visits around among the Indians, studies their language, their lives, their history, and their physiognomy, and then comes back and writes something about them.

D. Ward King, who lives near Maitland, Missouri, used to drive along the "gumbo" river bottom roads in the spring when his wagon was only visible from the hubs up. This annoyed him at first, but instead of developing fortitude and resignation he became angry, and finally his anger developed so much of potential energy that now he is known as the "Good Roads Man." He became an inventor. He rigged up two iron-shod boards held together by iron stays, hitched a team of horses to this simple apparatus, sat upon it, and thus became the father of good roads. The first board knocks the clods to pieces and the second smooths them down. Although now a Missourian and a farmer, Mr. King was neither born in Missouri nor on a farm. He first saw the light in Springfield, Ohio, and never lived on a farm until he was old enough to vote.

The Dalai Lama, who has been deposed by the Chinese government and has fled from Lassa, bears the title of Gyalpo Rinpoche, or "the Precious King." Since his previous flight from Lassa after the Young-husband occupation in 1904, he has been in exile, but about four months ago he returned with authority from Peking to resume his former position. He soon quarreled, however, with the Chinese Amban, or resident administrator. The Amban entered Lassa with his troops and defeated the "Golden Soldiers" of the Dalai Lama, who fled from his palace, and, pursued by the Chinese, made for the Indian frontier. He reached Darjeeling safely, and it is possible that he may go to Peking to lay his grievances before the Chinese government. The Dalai Lama is far from being as popular as the Tashi Lama, who is now the highest prelate in Tibet and who is called Panchen Rinpoche, "the Great Precious Teacher." A remarkable fact in connection with the Tashi Lama is that, when he feels the approach of death, he must, in accordance with the directions of the Holv Law, remain in a sitting position, with his legs tucked under him and his hands palm upward in his lap, for he must die in the same attitude as the meditating Buddha.



## THE DAUGHTER OF A TYEE.

By Herman Howard Matteson.

On an island in the bay of Georgia stands a cedar lodge, and from its wall there hangs suspended by a deerskin thong a long knife with a walrus tusk handle. Little children, with incongruously sloop black eyes and light brown hair, tiring of their rude toys, lift up their little hands and beg to handle the rusty blade. The mother, with a half-fashioned basket of spruce roots in her hands, pauses in her weaving, shakes her head gravely, and mutters "hiyu musatchie," which in their language conveys all that is evil. Hugging their painted, wooden, totem dolls in their arms, the children stand for a moment averted into silence, then go about their play.

Long ago old Tyee Mimsook bartered the knife from a Russian sealer and fashioned the ivory handle into a rude semblance of the thunderbird, the talisman of his tribe. In the Tyee's brown and corded grasp the long knife had been fleshed a score of times; it had jagulated Cowitchan and Sanitch and Klingkat braves, aye, and white men as well; for, you may know, the Hydah Indian of Queen Charlotte disdains to take merely a scalp; he is a head hunter.

Tyee Mimsook, growing old, gave a mighty potlatch and distributed among his kinfolk all his earthly possessions. The long knife fell to the lot of his daughter, she that was wife of Montana, a Hudson's Bay voyageur. When Narcisse, her son, all unaided, killed a bull seal and brought the carcass ashore the proud mother proclaimed to her people that he had achieved a man's estate, gave him the ancient weapon and bade him cherish it for the memory of the warlike Tyee, his grandfather.

The knife was Narcisse's dearest possession, and, his fancy falling upon Ilto, the daughter of Tyee Nootka, and wishing to distinguish her above all maidens of the northland, he gave it to her for a love offering, as the youth of other lands give jewels or pretty baubles.

Then the luring, beckoning mysteries of the far-away laid hold upon Narcisse, and he journeyed to Lake Doobaunt, the northernmost of all the company posts. The months passed by, the salmon had run, the mother seals had cuffed their whimpering, protesting little ones into the water and made off to the southward, when Ilto, thinking either a great deal or none at all of Narcisse, married the white man who had come stealthily by night into her father's camp.

Unannounced, Narcisse returned. To the bantering, railing information, proffered with malicious glee by the young bucks, that Ilto was a three months' bride, a klootchman to one called Billy, a mighty hunter of the sea otter, the half-breed returned no answer save an ugly, snarling laugh.

One evening, when the fishing fleet had returned, towing in a shattered hulk of a canoe, the white man vaingloriously related to his klootchman the incidents of a battle with a sea-lion; how the maddened creature, crushing a bidarka like an egg-shell, had tossed the occupants into the churning swirl of its terrible, battling flukes, when he had given the beast its death thrust beneath the left fore flipper with a seal spear.

Before the white man had well finished with his tale, Ilto took down from the wall the long knife with the walrus tusk handle.

"Narcisse," she exclaimed proudly, "when he was but a boy, killed a bull seal; all alone he killed it and brought the bloody hulk ashore. It was then that his mother gave him this, the long knife—"

The light flamed in the Indian woman's eyes and then red shone dusky upon her cheek as she began upon the exploit of Narcisse Montana. In the midst of a sentence, she caught the look in her husband's eye. The klootchman left off speech so suddenly that her lips stood parted over a faltering word.

"You can't get over your notion for that sneaking half-breed, can you?" asked the white man venomously. The woman lowered her eyes in confusion, but did not immediately reply.

After a moment, she said timidly, "Narcisse and I were children together."

"You aint children any longer," replied her husband roughly; "remember that."

The white man continued to gaze steadfastly at the klootchman, suspicion gathering ominously in his face as he watched her averted features. Finally, she looked up and directed her eyes unflinchingly into his. Their clear, unwavering glance shamed him. In a softened tone he replied with weak apology, "You can't blame me."

"Blame you?" she questioned.

"Yes; you can't blame me; I've heard things. I know some of them must be true. But you are going to make excuses and offer explanations and make me feel like a fool and a suspicious brute, and end up by convincing me. Then, when I get away, alone, out under the trees, and think it over, away from your eyes and voice, I'll know that you have lied and that— No; I can't expect you to tell the truth."

She raised her hand as if to stop the wild torrent of his words. Unheeding, he continued: "You can swear by all your gods and by my God, and protest, and cry, and sulk, and be injured, and then be magnanimous and forgive me. Forgive me for what? Why; forgive me for being a weak fool. Lies! Lies! All lies!"

The white man paced back and forth like a caged

beast. Striking his hands together and waving his arms frantically he went on like one possessed. His tortured imagination appeared to find relief in the extravagance of aimless, disordered motion.

Stopping in front of the Indian woman and taking the knife from her hand, he looked fixedly at the blade for several moments. Then, in an even voice, surprisingly at variance with his previous wild utterance, he said: "You'll say that I am jealous and unreasonable. I thought so, too, myself, when the first hint, the first doubt, entered my mind. But what am I to imagine when I hear the breed's name mentioned and catch your people nodding and winking knowingly to one another. It has happened a score of times. What am I to think when I see the signs of suspicion in twenty eyes that have seen, where many ears have heard, and that, too, from your own people, those of your kin who know the wanton license of your savage blood."

"I don't want women's sympathy nor men's pity. I'll have neither. Yesterday, when your name and Montana's were linked I caught one of your tribe with his tongue in his cheek, wobbling his head dolefully. I just simply pinched thumb and forefinger together around that buck's windpipe. I'm not on the mourner's bench—yet. A man that is a man is as jealous of his grief as a good woman of her virtue."

Suddenly thrusting his face out toward her, he asked with deadly directness, "What did Narcisse Montana find so urgent that brought him racing like a deer to my house the moment the fishing boats doubled the point?"

"What?" asked the klootchman confusedly: "when?"

"Yes! 'What? When?' sneered the white man, reiterating her words insolently. "I say what mighty matter lies between you and Narcisse Montana that must be discussed secretly, in my absence? That is what I mean. I know that Narcisse Montana has been here in my house."

"Some friend has told you," said the klootchman softly, with unconscious sarcasm.

"No!" he exclaimed bitterly; "he wasn't a friend; that is why I know he told the truth. But you haven't answered. Why does that sneaking half-breed come around my house when I am not at home?"

The Indian woman continued to gaze steadfastly into her husband's rage-distorted features. The thin veneer of civilization had melted away under the fires of his passions. In his face she saw bestial fury, the jealousy of a primordial brute, mad, ferocious, ready to spill blood like water to dispute an animal right of absolute possession.

"Billy," she said, "you won't believe me. Why speak at all? The tongue can not answer your mood. Listen! Say it is your wish; I will get into my canoe; I will paddle out to sea, on and on to the setting sun. The days and nights will pass. As your anger dies, your heart will soften. Bye and bye understanding will come. You will know then that Ilto's tongue spoke no lie. You will know that she was good and true."

While the klootchman was speaking the white man's tense, drawn features relented. As if fatigued by the tremendous strain his passions had imposed the muscles of his face became flaccid, inert, senile, and he looked like an old man.

Continuing, the Indian woman said, speaking monotonously, as if by rote: "Narcisse Montana was here in your house. He came. I did not ask him. But I said, 'Go, Narcisse, and come no more.'"

At sound of the half-breed's name a sudden access of fury again seized upon the white man. Thrusting the knife out at her as if to plunge the blade into her bosom he exclaimed, "Hurry! hurry! what then?"

Without a visible sign of fear she reached forth her hand and took the knife from him.

"We had talked of old times," she answered simply. "He spoke of the day he gave me this knife; and then— Oh, Billy! then I told him to go and come no more. You must believe me. Look! I'll take this knife, his gift, and if you say that you doubt Ilto, that you do not believe her, I'll draw it so." And the klootchman slid the shiny blade along her rounded throat a hair's breadth from the flesh.

Pale as death, the white man snatched the blade from her hand and seized her roughly by the shoulder. "No melodrama now," he said, giving her arm such a wrench that even her Indian stoicism winced under the pain of his grasp.

They both stood trembling as he relinquished his grip upon her arm. After a moment he said:

"There is an episode we haven't discussed. A while ago I borrowed a gun from Narcisse Montana."

The klootchman nodded her head abstractedly as she recalled the apparently trivial incident.

"Your friend, your—your lover, Narcisse Montana, was tickled to death to loan me his old muzzle loader. I took the gun and thanked him, and believed there might be some decency in the hound after all. On the way to the marsh the thought occurred to me to see if the venerable blunderbuss was loaded. I thrust the ramrod into the barrel—six inches in—a gun wad. The gun was loaded all right, clear to the muzzle. Your lover, Narcisse Montana, loaned me his gun to hunt ducks."

"I took the gun, placed it against the bole of a fir tree, and pulled the trigger with a string. The fragments of that old musket went hurtling among the trees like a charge of canister. There was about a hand's

breadth of the stock left to tell that it had once been a gun."

The breast of the klootchman was heaving like troubled sea, and her eyes gleamed and glittered like those of a beast in its lair.

"Take that knife," said the white man holding for the weapon toward her, "and return Narcisse Montana his present."

"Billy," she said, again attempting to appeal to his reason, "you believe—"

"Never mind what I believe; it's what I know that bothers me."

The Indian woman reached forth her hand, but thrust her away brutally. Wrapping the knife in the folds of her blanket, she left the lodge and disappeared into the darkness.

The white man seated himself in front of the fire and began to gaze vacantly into the flames that flicker feebly upon the hearth. The uncertain light of the dying embers threw furtive shadows across the rough cedar timbers of the lodge. In one corner a carved wooden totem of rudely sculptured birds and beasts leered hideously out of the darkness when a stream of light fell athwart the room. On the wall hung a crucifix. The sea otter hunter sat before the fire clasping his head in his hands, while the gods of two people unpitied, looked down unmoved upon a man in his supreme agony.

"Of course a woman will lie in such an instance," muttered: "I may never know the truth. How can ever tell?"

The rhythmic swish of the waves upon the sands, maddeningly monotonous came from the distance. The vast stillness of the night was shattered suddenly by the scream of a belated curlew flying far overhead. With a shudder, he recalled the tradition of the Hydahs, that the evil one, Le Jaub, when a man had been slain just for vengeance, assumed the form of a curlew and flew away to torment bearing the wicked spirit.

The white man arose and threw some cedar bough upon the fire. The flames crackled among the dry branches like pistol shots. The door opened softly as the klootchman entered.

She paused near the door, her arms folded bulkily in her blanket.

"I have seen Narcisse Montana," she said, holding her lithe body proudly erect and speaking with the deep resonance of profound emotion. "I have seen Narcisse Montana, and he will come no more to your house."

Flinging the blanket from her shoulders, she stretched forth her arms toward her husband and stood thus like a statue, holding in one hand the long knife with the walrus tusk handle, in the other the gory, dripping head of Narcisse Montana.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1910.

All the world's great rubies come from the mines of the Mogok Valley, India. There are four principal mines in the valley, in each of which modern tools and machinery are used, which facilitate the proper examination of a large amount of byon or ruby-bearing clay each day. In nearby valleys the Burmans still prosecute their searches in the old way, digging and washing by hand labor, but often with astonishing results. In the large workings the system has been reduced to a science, with corresponding results. The work goes on day and night. The ruby-bearing clay is extracted by the open quarry method of removing all the surface down to the valuable clay, which is then dug up, carried on trolleys to the steam cleansing mill, washed passed through the sieves, and then examined for rubies and spinels. The byon stretches almost everywhere along the Mogok Valley, and wherever this clay exists rubies are to be found. Besides the pure ruby, spinel or balas rubies are found in large quantities in the same neighborhood. Wherever the ruby is found spinel is sure to crop up close beside it. They are both crystals of alumina, but of different shapes. Except in a few rare cases the expert can easily distinguish between the two stones, although they are very much alike to the naked eye. The Burman is inclined to invest his savings in rubies and diamonds, which may be readily realized upon in times of financial stress. Rubies are more precious than diamonds, and are practically indestructible except by fire. During the season as many as 2000 Burmans are employed in the mines.

In the matter of urban development the use of electricity, transportation facilities, the chief cities of Spain are quite on a level with any modern cities of the size, and the cinematograph is as much of a craze there as in the United States. Perhaps there are 3000 automobiles in Spain. The "illiteracy" of the country, however, appalling, about 70 per cent of the population being unable to read and write. The small size and restricted character of book stores at Madrid and Barcelona show only too plainly that there is no large reading public to cater to. Newspapers, too, while sufficiently numerous, are poorly printed on cheap paper, as are most bound publications also, and telegraph and news service is very meagre.

There have been three great seals of the United States—one in 1782, a second in 1841, and that of 1885, which is used at the present day by the Secretary of State. He affixes it to communications signed by the President.



THE VANISHING RACE.

An Intimate Picture of the North American Indian in War and Peace.

The march of the Anglo-Saxon is relentless, and when his westward way began the Indian's day was done. Broad prairies where countless thousands of buffalo once roamed blossomed almost over night with farms and villages, and slowly, sullenly, the Indian gave way. But he made history in his retreat. In his book, "My Friend, the Indian," Major James McLaughlin, writing from an intimate knowledge of his subject, gives us an interesting and noteworthy picture of the Indian as a statesman, diplomat, and warrior; tells how he lived and loved and fought and finally bowed down before the whites. He believes that the Indian was a man before outrage and oppression made him a savage, pictures him as a sage in the councils of his people, then as a beggar when starvation had beaten down his pride. It is a sad bit of history, this story of the Indian, with its concluding chapter beginning in the 'sixties. The conditions existing at that time are shown by the author:

In the later sixties an impossible condition had arisen in the relations of the white man and the Indian. The Caucasian had wheeled the car of progress up to the border of the Indian land, and had been compelled to halt until the red man had been coerced, cajoled, or compelled to get out of the way. Coercion and cajolery had been pretty well worn out on the Indian, and he had come to some sort of knowledge of the fact that he must make a stand. During the Civil War, and in the unsettled period succeeding it, he had broken loose from the leading-strings of the agents and had things pretty much his own way. His roaming had not been materially interfered with, and there is no doubt that he felt very well able to take care of himself without any guidance from the white man. The care that had been bestowed upon him when he consented, therefore, to render himself amenable to the arguments offered—hacked by fleshpots—by the whites, was not just what would appeal to any man, white or red. There had been a good deal of chicanery in the administration of Indian affairs. He had been starved into rebellion and hate—sometimes—into submission. But during the war he had tasted again the delights of practically unhampered freedom. That this freedom took the form of horrid license at times was shown by the awful outbreaks indulged in on the frontiers. Those of the Indians who lived in countries which were not yet desired by the whites were living a wild, free life in the midst of what they regarded as plenty. There is no doubt that the roving hands were a menace to travel on the plains, and that they would have to be put on reservations if the white man was to be permitted to carry out the great promise of which the time was pregnant.

The home life of the Indian is intimately presented to us. In the time whereof the author writes thirty thousand Sioux roamed the plains and valleys of the great Northwest. Those of this tribe residing on the east side of the Missouri River, having been in contact with the whites, were not to be compared with the Teton Sioux who dwelt in the West. The Tetons still had game in their country to rely upon and were indifferent to the blandishments of the white man. They hunted the buffalo, made war on the Rees, the Mandans, the Gros Ventres, and the Crows and held the border in a state of terror. In a measure they were contemptuous of the reservation Indians, and while they deigned occasionally to visit the agencies and take rations the country was unsafe for a white man. The author gives a picture of the Sioux in love:

The Indian in love is about as far removed from the ordinary white man's conception of an Indian lover as he is from the wooer Longfellow created in Hiawatha. He is very earnest, very ardent, not too secretive, and superstitious to a degree that is not to be conceived even by the young woman who expects to see the face of her sweetheart in the darkened mirror at Hallowe'en. And when the Indian lover becomes jealous in earnest, a tragedy is likely to be very near at hand. In all my experience of the Sioux, I have heard of few crimes involving the spilling of blood behind which there was not either superstition or a love-affair; and very generally both were at the bottom of the crime. And suicide for love—an expedient to which it would hardly be expected by those who are unacquainted with Indian character that my friend the Indian would resort—is not rare.

And let me here and now say that the stoicism of which so much is heard is no part of the Indian character. What has been described as stoicism, the trait that the Fenimore Coopers and other Indian romancers have been so fond of exploiting, is simply shyness or secretiveness. The Indian, as I have found him, and I have known the people under nearly all possible circumstances, is extremely shy with strangers, and this shyness takes the form of constitutional secretiveness in strenuous moments. The Indian child who appears savagely reticent to a stranger is very likely the most joyous romp with people he knows, be they white or red. He is shy as a wild thing is shy. The Indian man who suffers torture without making a sign is not indifferent to pain, nor especially desirous that he shall be regarded as indifferent. He is simply indulging his exaggerated tendency to secretiveness.

That the Sioux were mighty hunters the author says. In the summer of 1882 a hunting party of six hundred mounted Sioux Indians killed five thousand buffaloes on the west end of their reservation in one hunt. The scene, he says, was pastoral before the slaughter started. As far as the eye could reach thousands of buffalo were grazing upon the slopes of a hundred elevations. The buffalo had shed their hair and looked like a vast herd of black cattle:

The slayers halted before rushing on their prey. They were no longer agency Indians. Every man of the lot had discarded every superfluity in the way of clothing and was simply and effectively garbed in a breech-cloth. Most of them carried repeating rifles and all had breech-loaders, except a few of the older men and boys, whose poverty forced them to use, if not to be content with, the bow and arrow. And every man had a hunting-knife.

There was no shouting as the race for the herd began, and we were among the buffalo, a column attacking each flank, before they knew it. A few of the animals looked up and nipped, some scampered to a distance, but there was no stampede. In fact, so widely were they scattered and so

immense was the herd—estimated at fifty thousand—that a stampede would not have been possible. As the first rifle cracked, a few of the animals began to run, but the hunters followed them, and the hunt became a slaughter in less time than I have taken to tell it.

Of the details of the killing but few incidents remain with me. A hunter would ride up close to his quarry, take as careful aim as possible, and generally get his meat with a single shot. A tough old bull or a particularly active two-year-old might give him trouble; but so far as I could see—and I was somewhat hazy myself—the hunter shot, gave the struggling animal the *coup de grace*, and went on for another shot.

An Indian view of the Custer tragedy can not fail to be of interest. Pte-San-Waste-Win, Beautiful White Cow, a squaw born of the Hunkpapa Sioux, the only Indian woman who ever sat in the councils of her tribe, was present at the battle. From across the Little Big Horn River she saw the assault of the Indians. She heard the music of the bugles, saw the column of soldiers in march, saw the warriors of her people rush like the wind to the attack while the women went to the grazing ground to round up the ponies. It was done very quickly. The story this Sioux woman tells of the last stand of the gallant Custer is Homeric:

The Indians fought the soldiers with bullets taken from the first party that attacked their village, and many rode the horses captured from the white men, who had fled to the hill. To the northwest a great many women and children were driving in the ponies of the Sioux, but I remained with many other women along the bank of Greasy Grass River. I saw Crazy Horse lead the Cheyennes into the water and up the ravine; Crow King and the Hunkpapa went after them; and then Gall, who had led his young men and killed the soldiers he had been fighting farther up the river, rode along the bench by the river to where Long Hair had stopped with his men.

I can not remember the time. When men fight and the air is filled with bullets, when the screaming of horses that are shot drowns the war-whoop of the warriors, a woman whose husband and brothers are in the battle does not think of the time. But the sun was no longer overhead when the war-whoop of the Sioux sounded from the river-bottom and the ravine surrounding the hill at the end of the ridge where Long Hair had taken his last stand. The river was in sight from the butte, and while the whoop still rung in our ears and the women were shrieking, two Cheyennes tried to cross the river and one of them was shot and killed by Long Hair's men. Then the men of the Sioux nation, led by Crow King, Hump, Crazy Horse, and many great chiefs, rose up on all sides of the hill, and the last we could see from our side of the river was a great number of gray horses. The smoke of the shooting and the dust of the horses shut out the hill, and the soldiers fired many shots, but the Sioux shot straight and the soldiers fell dead. The women crossed the river after the men of our village, and when we came to the hill there were no soldiers living and Long Hair lay dead among the rest. There were more than two hundred dead soldiers on the hill, and the boys of the village shot many who were already dead, for the blood of the people was hot and their hearts had, and they took no prisoners that day.

Major McLaughlin knew Sitting Bull intimately. Crafty, avaricious, mendacious, and ambitious, Sitting Bull possessed all the faults of the Indian and none of the nobler attributes which have gone far to redeem some of his people from their deeds of guilt. He was not a hereditary chief nor even a chief by election or choice. When a boy of fourteen with his people, the Hunkpapa Sioux, he took the warpath against the Crows. In a battle a Crow warrior was killed and Sitting Bull counted the coup, was the first to touch the body after death, and thus gained reputation. He made a pretense at mysticism that was easily sustained among his people, and long before the Custer affair he had a high standing among his people. But it was as a medicine man rather than a warrior that Sitting Bull achieved fame. During the Custer massacre he took no active part, staying upon the hills and making "medicine." And this "medicine" exhibited in the ghost-dancing craze on the Standing Rock reservation brought about his death:

The last moment of Sitting Bull's life showed him in a better light, so far as physical courage goes, than all the rest of it. He looked about him and saw his faithful adherents—about one hundred and sixty crazed ghost-dancers—who would have gone through fire at his bidding; to submit to arrest meant the end of his power and his probable imprisonment; he had sure news from Pine Ridge that he only was needed to head the hostiles there in a war of extermination against the white settlers. He made up his mind to take his chance, and screamed out an order to his people to attack the police.

Instantly Catch-the-Bear and Strikes-the-Kettle, who were in the front rank of the crowd, fired at point-blank range. Catch-the-Bear mortally wounding First Lieutenant Bull Head, and Strikes-the-Kettle shooting First Sergeant Shave Head in the abdomen. Lieutenant Bull Head was a few yards to the left and front of Sitting Bull when hit, and immediately wheeling, he shot Sitting Bull through the body, and at the same instant Second Sergeant Red Tomahawk, who with revolver in hand was rear-guard, shot him in the right cheek, killing him instantly; the lieutenant, the first sergeant, and Sitting Bull falling together.

Sitting Bull's medicine had not saved him, and the shot that killed him put a stop forever to the domination of the ancient régime among the Sioux of the Standing Rock reservation.

The tale of the bloody fight that ensued has been told, and the world knows how those thirty-nine Indian policemen, with four of their relatives who volunteered to accompany them—a total of forty-three in all—fought off one hundred and sixty ghost-dancers, eight of whom were killed and five wounded; how Second Sergeant Red Tomahawk, after the two higher ranking police officers had been mortally wounded, took command and drove the Indians to timber; how Hawk Man No. 1 ran through a hail of bullets to get the news to the cavalry detachment, and how six faithful friends of the whites, policemen of the Standing Rock reservation, laid down their lives in doing their duty that morning.

Chief Joseph of the Nez Percés was an Indian of a different type from Sitting Bull. In defense of what he considered his rights he developed military genius that would have made him one of the great captains of all time if his gifts had been properly guided and he had been given a wider field. As it was, with only the resources that an Indian living in a lean land could

muster, he kept an army at bay, forced his way across fourteen hundred miles of wild country in spite of an active and ably generalized pursuit. The author tells of Joseph's surrender:

"I sat down," said Joseph, "in a fat and beautiful country. I had won my freedom and the freedom of my people. There were many empty places in the lodges and in the council, but we were in the land where we would not be forced to live in a place we did not want. I believed that if I could remain safe at a distance and talk straight to the men that would be sent by the Great Father, I could get back the Wallowa Valley and return in peace. That is why I did not allow my young men to kill and destroy the white settlers after I began to fight. I wanted to leave a clean trail, and if there were dead soldiers in that trail I could not be held to blame. I had sent out runners to find Sitting Bull, to tell him that another hand of red men had been forced to run from the soldiers of the Great Father, and to propose that we join forces if we were attacked. My people were recovering their health and the wounded were getting better of their hurts. I was ready to move on and seek out a permanent camp when, one morning, Bear Coat and his soldiers came in sight and stamped our horses, and I knew that I had made a mistake by not crossing into the country of the Red Coats, also in not keeping the country scouted in my rear."

On the sixth day after leaving Carroll, Miles came upon the camp of the Nez Percés. His scouts had brought in the news of the find two days previously. No rear-guard was maintained by Joseph, and Miles intended to surprise the Indians by making the attack early in the morning. The approach to the camp was uncovered, but the Indians saw the soldiers coming in time to get to cover in the hills and ravines. The pony herd, which was grazing some distance from the camp, was cut off in the first attack and captured, but the Indians, having reached cover, poured such a deadly fire into the ranks of the troopers that they withdrew, after losing a great number of their men, and invested the position occupied by the Nez Percés. Joseph told me that he could have escaped easily enough by leaving the wounded, the infirm, and the children, but he thought he could make terms with Miles—in case Sitting Bull, to whom he had sent urgent messages, did not come to his aid. For four days the fighting went on, Miles being joined by Howard and his staff after he had the situation well in hand; and on the fifth day Howard sat by and saw Chief Joseph surrender himself into the hands of his subordinate.

Thirty years ago, practically, the Indian ceased to require the attention of an armed force. Since that time he has run the gauntlet of those evils that beset the path of the individual of simple and direct mind who is suddenly forced into the midst of a new order of things, physical, mental, and moral. In this past thirty years the Indian has degenerated physically and has not advanced mentally. He has become a dependent, in some instances a beggar. The treasury of the United States holds something like thirty-six million dollars belonging to him and is the trustee for his land in many instances. There are some tribes of Indians that are rich and some that are pitifully poor. Their former hunting range is furrowed by the plow. The buffalo has gone. Wherever the Indian has found it possible to keep close to the line of his hereditary traditions he has survived, but when proximity to the white man is his portion he deteriorates. Dependence is not healthy for him, as the author shows:

There are not lacking examples showing that the Indian can subsist himself in independence, when freed from the hot-house forcing of civilized growth. The Navajos, the most populous of the tribes with the possible exception of the Sioux, numbering close to twenty-five thousand, live at peace and in Indian comfort—undisturbed because they inhabit a country totally unfit for the habitation of the white man—in Arizona. They receive no government aid. They are men, they live in the open air generally, and they require very little clothing. They have not succumbed to the missionaries, are generally pagans, and they have very few scholars—according to the standards of the schools. They live in a country that is rich in nothing but the cactus and sand, and they live on their herds and flocks, supplementing their income by the manufacture of what are considered the finest blankets in the world. I am very sanguine of the Navajo working out his own salvation. He will be left alone, for no man wants his land, and the processes of civilization will affect him gradually and by absorption.

Between the uncouth Navajo and the allotment Indian of South Dakota there is a very great distance, and the state of the people who dwell amidst the two is generally more or less hopeful, according to the condition of the tribes or hands when they entered into the enjoyment of wealth. The Osages are enormously wealthy, having a fund of above eight million dollars with an annual income of more than four hundred thousand dollars. I know of no sharper commentary on the effect of wealth upon the Indian than the fact stated in the 1904 report of the commissioner of Indian affairs, showing that among this tribe but ten persons were engaged in labor in civilized pursuits.

I would not argue that the economic and social condition of the Indian is satisfactory in the inverse ratio to his wealth; but it appears certain to me that the Indian who attained to the right to draw a dole from the government before he had developed up to the state of being able to get a living for himself is laboring under a serious handicap, and is at a standstill or retrograding.

The author writes from a ripe experience and observation. He has known the Indian intimately, knows his good qualities and his bad traits. The conclusion he draws is that the Indian has deteriorated sadly since he became a dependent upon the government.

The problem that confronts the white man, the author declares, is how to save the Indian from himself and the riches growing out of his allotments. With the leading-strings and check-reins by which the Indian is now handicapped the Indian will realize the necessity for demonstrating his capacity to manage his own estate. In concluding the author declares that he is sufficiently well acquainted with Indian nature to venture the prophecy that a large majority of those under fifty years of age will develop the capacity to "hustle for themselves exactly in the proportion that their needs press them." Major McLaughlin's picture of the Indian is a kindly one and one that is good reading aside from its value as an ethnological work.

"My Friend the Indian," by James McLaughlin. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston: \$2.50.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

By Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*Airships in Peace and War*, by R. P. Hearne. Published by the John Lane Company, New York; \$3.50.

Aerial navigation has advanced so rapidly since the first publication of this fine work, in 1908, that a second edition was imperatively called for. It arrives in a handsome form with general corrections, with seven new chapters by the author, and with a weighty introduction by Sir Hiram Maxim.

Two years have indeed done wonders. Nearly every civilized government has been drawn into the race for efficiency, and although the military experts are still skeptical it has to be remembered that experts have always been skeptical and that mechanical progress has been so rapid that new and even more startling developments are matters of daily expectation. The author is not among those who believe that we are close to an era of universal peace. He expresses of course the usual platitudes when he says that the introduction of the airship with its terrible possibilities will postpone the throwing of the war dice, but this will be due to caution and not to benevolence. His general tone is, in fact, one of a dreary pessimism.

The author is to be congratulated upon his avoidance of technicalities. His object is to show in a popular way what the airship actually is, its present efficiency, and the extent to which it can now be used for the purposes of war and peace, and especially of war. Making all allowances for the enthusiasm of the specialist, he impresses the reader with a new sense of the practical nature of the airship and the certainty of its emergence on the battlefield. He describes, for example, how England could be invaded through the air either from Germany or from France, and he does this with a sort of deadly conviction that has nothing about it of the sensational or the imaginative. He seems to overlook none of the factors that now exist, and he is so evidently master of his subject that his book has a right to be considered as authoritative and as a weighty contribution to the literature of the air. It contains seventy-three good illustrations.

*Poems*, by Percy MacKaye. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.25.

This volume of 184 pages is divided into two parts, the first and the shorter being devoted to "Poems Chiefly Occasional" and the second to "Poems Lyrical and Descriptive."

If Mr. MacKaye is not the chief American poet—and there are many who would give him the laureateship—there is certainly none other whose aim is more consistently high or whose scope is larger. In "Ticonderoga" he gives us a finely patriotic poem and in a varied metre that admirably lends itself to his theme:

Who glide so dim upon the lake  
Ticonderoga?  
Over their dreaming prow  
The morning star  
Blazes their goal; but now—  
More dusk and far—  
What old world dwindles in their wake,  
Ticonderoga?

And again:

We're marching for to take the fort  
With Ethan—Ethan Allen,  
That when with fight he fills a quart  
He ups and gulps a gallon.  
Double-quick it! faster!—hep!  
Lord! his blood is brandy.  
Mind the music and the step,  
And hold your muskets handy.

Another aspect of Mr. MacKaye's power is furnished by "The Sistine Eve," which contains some finely impressive passages, as, for instance, in the "Song of the Expelling Angel":

I am the life, whose garment is Death,  
And Truth like a lining within is laid.  
And him who seeks me I singe with my blade,  
But he weareth the garment and triumpheth.

Sometimes, however, Mr. MacKaye gives us a line with a suggestion of awkwardness about it, as, for instance, in the hallad where he says:

And the hot glowing hearthlight is cosey and dry,  
But the warm light that's tender 's the light in her eye.

*The Greater Power*, by Harold Bindloss. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; \$1.50.

No one tells the common workaday story of British Columbia and the Canadian Northwest quite so well as Mr. Bindloss, and it is to his credit that he uses ordinary human material and never goes afield in search of the weird, the eccentric, or the extravagant.

Derrick Nasmyth has been something of a waster in the old country, and now he finds himself unequal to the severe work of the British Columbia logging camp. So he draws his pay and starts for the nearest settlement and is just able to reach the Waynefleet ranch before pneumonia overtakes him. Mr. Waynefleet is away, but his daughter Laura is at home, and she receives the wanderer, and not only nurses him back to health, but lights in him a fire of ambition that leads

him on to a permanent success. It is a simple and obvious plot, but so are the plots of most of the best stories. The real strength of the book is in its descriptions of hush life, of Nasmyth's fine effort to build the dam and of his still finer struggle with the river when he conceives the ambitious plan of lowering the water above the falls. It is a creditably told story, whether from the practical or the sentimental point of view, but we rather wonder at Nasmyth's stupidity in not recognizing that he was in love with Laura much sooner than he did.

*The Duke's Price*, by Demetra and Kenneth Brown. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston; \$1.20.

This story is on the fruitful theme of the international marriage, but it is handled with conspicuous knowledge and fairness. Stephana Brennan is a wealthy American girl who forms a chance acquaintance with the Duke de Longtour, who is subsequently presented to her as an impecunious French nobleman who needs money and is willing to take a wife as part of the bargain. Now Stephana and the duke fall in love with each other, which much facilitates the arrangements, but by one of those curious reserves which happen only in novels they keep their sentiments to themselves and each supposes the other to be acting from sordid motives. The duke is actually a fine fellow, but a situation so full of distrust naturally leads to endless misunderstandings and lends itself to the malicious gossip that is a part of Parisian life. The reader will wish that he had the power to intervene and to heg these interesting young people not to make fools of themselves, but that would only hasten a culmination that comes satisfactorily in its own time. The authors seem to have a correct idea of French family life, and the story runs smoothly from start to finish.

*The Last of the Chiefs*, by Joseph A. Altsheler. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is a story of two boys who are on the overland trail to California. The leader of the party is persuaded to change the route by the Indian guide, and as a result they fall into a Sioux ambush and only the two boys are saved. The ensuing adventures are of the good old-fashioned kind and should make fine reading for boys.

*Captain Pete of Puget Sound*, by James Cooper Wheeler. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

In these days of the comic supplement the man who can write a good hook for boys is a public benefactor. Preferably it should be an outdoor book, it should have an abundance of action and adventure, and it should be free from moralizing and cant upon the one hand and from all suggestion of cruelty upon the other. Smugglers, pirates, Indians, and outlaws are all good material, and there may be bloodshed galore so long as there is no taint of dishonor or cruelty.

Mr. Wheeler knows how to write just such a story. He has written them before, and

here we have another along the same wholesome lines. It is a story of two boys who lead the strenuous life on the islands and bays of Puget Sound. There is hunting, fighting with smugglers, and most of the other things that fill a good boy's dreams, and it is all told without a trace of the "writing down" methods that so often spoil the hooks that are intended especially for the young.

*The Climax*, by George C. Jenks. Published by the H. K. Fly Company, New York.

This story hinges upon a theory of hypnotic suggestion. Its heroine is Adelina Von Hagan, an orphan who has inherited a glorious voice from her mother and who cherishes an ambition to become an opera singer. This ambition is hotly opposed by her lover, Dr. John Raymond, a narrow-minded and rather objectionable young man whose ideas never soar beyond the country village in which he lives. Adelina has her way to the extent that she goes to New York to study. When it is found necessary to perform a trifling operation upon her throat Raymond mentally suggests to her that her voice will be irretrievably damaged, in the expectation that she will then be content to marry him. At this point we lose whatever slight interest we had in Raymond except a desire to kick him, and our interest in Adelina also dwindles to the vanishing point. Some parts of the story are well told, but it lacks intensity.

## New Publications.

"Swimming," by Edwin Tenney Brewster, is an admirable description of the many varieties of the art with useful hints for teachers and pupils. A particularly useful chapter is devoted to the instruction of very small children. The publishers are the Houghton Mifflin Company, New York and Boston, and the price is \$1.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York, have added "Pericles," "Troilus and Cressida," and "Cymbeline" to the "first folio" of Shakespeare now in course of issue. This edition goes back to the first folio text of 1623, one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation. The changes of three centuries are thus eliminated, although they are indicated by abundant notes.

"German Students' Manual of the Literature, Land, and People of Germany," by Franklin J. Holzwarth, Ph. D., has been published by the American Book Company, New York, Cincinnati, and Chicago. It is a general view of German life with a stress upon German literature, but the author's commendation of the German army as an educational institution seems overdone. The price is \$1.

Edward B. Warman, M. A., is the author of a little handbook on "Hypnotism," belonging to the Psychic Science series published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. The information is clear and precise, but the author's inclination to defend the practice of hypnotism seems to lead him into generalizations as to its harmlessness that are contradicted by the most reliable authorities. The price is 50 cents.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Some English Essayists.

Group of English Essayists of the Early Nineteenth Century, by C. T. Winchester. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

Professor Winchester confines himself to a dozen essayists, and although his list might be extended, certainly with benefit to the reader, he makes a representative selection in Jeffrey, Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey, and Wilson, and Leigh Hunt. He explains that if his papers seem to lay a disproportionate stress upon biography it is because of essayists, with the exception of Jeffrey, and their themes within their own experience, and to know the men is to know their work.

Professor Winchester's judgments will cause no contentions. If he writes biographically he never overdoes it with trivialisms or loses sight of his deeper intention. Perhaps we wince a little when we are told that Hazlitt added nothing much to the knowledge nor influenced the thought of his age. There is no "urgent moral purpose" in what he wrote, and his chief charm is in his vivid personality that he stamped upon his pages. In the chapter on Lamb the author shows himself as frankly enthusiastic, and enthusiasm implies a certain largeness of mind not always to be found in the critic. Lamb's charm "eludes analysis," nor can words give an adequate likeness of the man. His humor, his tenderness, his imagination, his sense of beauty, and his sense of oddity were all peculiar in quality and more fully combined than in ordinary men.

The author's judgment of De Quincey is unsparring one, and he is right when he demands that the essayist shall have a purpose and a message. Certainly De Quincey did neither. He was a "very remarkable writer," a curious and even a fascinating personality, but he had no "vital truth" to deliver, no power of systematic and fruitful thinking.

It is a pleasing picture that Professor Winchester gives us of Leigh Hunt, but why does he describe Dickens's caricature of him in the Harold Skimpole of "Bleak House" as a "so faithful portrait"? Certainly malice viewed from the point of the novelist's pen when he drew Harold Skimpole, and Leigh Hunt owes no thanks to Dickens for a picture it was by no means "faithful." Here again the author's praise is modified and judicial. Leigh Hunt "solved no problems, inured no heroisms," and wrote no masterpieces. But he did something, indeed he did much, for the cause of civil government, and quickened and widened the love of good literature.

The Conflict Between Private Monopoly and Good Citizenship, by John Graham Brooks. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; 50 cents.

This is one of the Weinstock lectures on the Morals of Trade." The author seeks account for dishonesty in public and commercial life, and he finds an explanation in extreme individualism of the day which renders the formation of public opinion, in its magnitude and stress of competition, and the universal demand for results, no matter how obtained. He does not believe that the evils of the day must necessarily find their solution in socialism. The political duty which we are committed for many years come is that of regulation, not State proprietorship, but if during the coming decade at experiment should fail "the cry will go for state ownership on a scale far wider than that of railways and telegraphs."

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Richard Barth, editor of the Berlin Socialist, *Vorwoerts*, has been sentenced to a month's imprisonment for having organized a demonstrative "stroll" of March 6, when thousands of Berliners paraded in the interest of suffrage reform. The court declared that the unauthorized stroll constituted a breach of the law regulating public meetings and ordered that copies of the *Vorwoerts* announcing the demonstration be destroyed.

Canada is the scene of Mrs. Humphry Ward's latest book, "Lady Merton, Colonist."

Although the population of Farmingdale, one of the newest towns in South Dakota, is only about twenty, it has three publications, two of which bear the unique names of the *Wheat* and the *Screwdriver*. The third is called the *Great Western Magazine*.

The untimely death of Myra Kelly (Mrs. Allan MacNaughton) removes one of the most promising of America's younger writers and one who opened up a new and rich field for fiction. As a teacher in one of New York's best Side schools she was the first to seize and exploit the humor and pathos of child life among the immigrants. Her depiction of the reign children with their lingual difficulties and the complexities of their new surroundings, the mixture of races and religions, is among the most delightful memories of magazine reading. "Rosnab," a novel of life in

Ireland, showed that she was capable of more sustained effort in fiction. But it was as the friend and historian of little Ikey, Ignatius, and Rebecca that she will be longest remembered and most deeply beloved.

An important document that should be of interest to American collectors will soon be sold at Sotheby's in London. It is the original draft of the grant, dated March 4, 1680-1, whereby William Penn received a fee simple to the Province of Pennsylvania. The grant was made in discharge of a crown debt of nearly \$80,000 due to Penn as the representative of his father. It was subject to a quitrent of two beaver skins and a fifth part of any gold or silver found in the province.

The London *Daily Mirror* is being taken over by the Pictorial Newspaper Company, Limited, with a capital of \$2,250,000. The *Mirror* was first published in the winter of 1903, and really owed its existence to the disastrous failure of one of the Harmsworth ventures. It appealed to the general public, with up-to-date photographs and up-to-date literary matter. Its success was enormous. Today its average circulation is nearly 600,000 copies, and its net profits in 1909-10 about \$220,000.

John Josiah Munro, late chaplain of the Tombs in New York, has written a book picturing the conditions that exist in this prison.

At a sale of autograph letters recently held in Philadelphia a letter written by John Hancock to Elbridge Gerry dated "Lexington 18 April, 1775, 9 o'clock evening," beginning "I am much oblig'd for your Notice, it is said the officers are gone Concord Road, & I will send word thither," seems to show that the route of the British troops was known, and that there was no necessity for hanging signal lanterns in the tower of the Old North Church, or for Paul Revere's "Midnight Ride." There were also important letters by signers of the Declaration of Independence, Generals Washington, Charles Lee, Greene, Steuben, Lafayette, Robert Howe, Wayne; and a curious manuscript by Thomas Paine, complaining of Washington's treatment of him.

"Fanny Crosby," the hymn-writer and poet, author of eight thousand devotional pieces, recently celebrated her ninetieth birthday at her home in Bridgeport, Connecticut. "Fanny Crosby," or to give her full and proper name, Mrs. Frances Jane Crosby Van Alstyne, is a tiny bit of a woman, so small as to be almost a dwarf. Only her smile redeems her from great plainness. Her eyes are concealed by the dark glass of her old-fashioned square spectacles, for this writer of sacred songs is blind.

Dr. Bernhard E. Fernow, dean of the faculty of forestry in the University of Toronto, in a recently published book—"A Brief History of Forestry"—considers successively the

forests of the ancients, then those of Germany, Austria, Switzerland, France, Russia, Scandinavia, the Mediterranean countries, Great Britain and her colonies, Japan, and, finally, the United States and our insular possessions. From a consideration of forest conditions in all these countries the conclusion is reached that the greatest forest development is to be found in Germany and her nearest neighbors.

The Bible is printed in more than fifty languages at the Bible House in New York.

The Putnams will soon publish "George Sand," a biography by René Doumic of the Académie Française, which has been translated into English by Alys Hallard. There is nothing in this volume of the inquisitive curiosity of the scandal-monger, but at the same time M. Doumic seeks to portray the idiosyncrasies of the woman's character no less than the genius of the writer.

New Books Received.

- "A Cycle of Sunsets," by Mabel Loomis Todd. Small, Maynard.
- "A Son of the Immortals," by Louis Tracy. Clode.
- "A Vigilante Girl," by Jerome Hart. McClurg.
- "Country Neighbors," by Alice Brown. Houghton Mifflin.
- "Everyday Ethics," by various authors. Yale University Press.
- "Flower o' the Grass," by Ada Foster Murray. Harper's.
- "German Literature, Land, and People," by Franklin J. Holzwarth, Ph. D. Amer. Book Co.
- "Orestes," by Richard Le Gallienne. Kennerley.
- "Richard of Jamestown," by James Otis. Amer. Book Co.
- "Routledge Rides Alone," by Will Levington Comfort. Lippincott.
- "The Achievements of Luther Trant," by Mac-Harg-Balmer. Small, Maynard.
- "The Copper Handbook," Vol. IX. Horace J. Stevens.
- "The Duplicate Death," by A. C. Fox-Davies. Macaulay.
- "The Enchanted Island," by Alfred Noyes. Stokes.
- "The First Round," by St. John Lucas. Dutton.
- "The Flowers," by Margarita Spalding Gerry. Harper's.
- "The Heart of Desire," by Elizabeth Dejeans. Lippincott.
- "The New World," by Allen Upward. Kennerley.
- "The Politician," by Edith Huntington Mason. McClurg.
- "The Royal Americans," by Mary Hallock Foote. Houghton Mifflin.
- "The Science of Living," by William S. Sadler, M. D. McClurg.
- "Tony's Wife," by George Gibbs. Appleton.

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## EUGENICS AND OTHER THINGS.

It is a great pity that our headlong and hurried press is always half a century behind the times. The reason is in no way reconcile; it is behind the times because it is hurried and headlong. That which is forced to be rapid is specially likely to be trite. If you have five minutes to write a sentence on a slate, doubtless a man of your talents will produce a polished and yet audacious epigram, exquisite in literary form, and startling in its intellectual stimulus. But if you have five seconds to write it in, you will probably begin to write "Honesty is the best policy." If even at the shortest notice (say, after the entremets) you are told that you are to respond to the toast of Decayed Pawnbrokers, you will no doubt begin your speech with some thunderbolt of wit which will call down Homeric laughter and secure historic immortality. But if you are jerked to your feet quite abruptly over the port, you will be conscious of a wild notion of beginning, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking." Upon this very simple fact of human nature—that bustle always means banality—the whole gigantic modern press, the palladium of our liberties, is built. Leader-writers write the flattest Liberalism or Toryism to feed the impatient printing machines, just as private persons scribble their dullest and most conventional notes to catch the post. But the principle extends to the theories as well as the expression of them. The things which the newspapers call startling are things that the real people in the world have long ceased to be startled at. To journalists Darwin is still a novelty, while to biologists he is an antiquity, and even a rather damaged antiquity. In the newspapers it is considered startling that aristocrats should talk Socialism. In society it would be considered rather startling if they didn't. In the somewhat over-embellished social sphere which the aristocrats adorn, scores of lords and ladies talk Socialism; and certainly nobody is shocked at it. In fact, the aristocracy has many natural motives for encouraging the Socialistic morality. That is one reason why I rather distrust the Socialistic morality.

Turning over a popular sheet a moment ago, I noticed an odd example of this sort of antiquated astonishment. It was a report of Mr. Bernard Shaw's recent address to the Eugenic Education Society, and it was headed "Daring Suggestions for Improving the Human Race." Now, this is unjust to Mr. Shaw in a double sense. The things under discussion were not daring suggestions, nor did Mr. Shaw (to do him justice) suggest them. The suggestions which the journalist describes as daring are simply the old, battered, dunder-headed fads about the possibility of evolving a human race like a racehorse. This is one of the most ancient follies of this earth; fantastic men of genius like Plato and Mr. Shaw have sometimes talked about it, but always in a joke; and on this occasion Mr. Shaw did not defend it, even jocularly. Mr. Shaw likes his jokes a little fresher than that. When we turn from the headline to the report, we find that the lecturer was chiefly occupied in clearing these cartloads of Eugenic rubbish out of the path of common sense. The proposal to produce the best human beings scientifically is one that is open to an interminable list of objections, of which the first (and perhaps not the least important) is that it can not be done.

Mr. Shaw himself admitted that, if asked to superintend the marriages of a whole nation, he might feel puzzled and shy; and, if Mr. Shaw felt shy, there are no words for what other people would feel. If I see a man setting up on an enormous scale and at considerable expense to human feelings a factory or gigantic machine, I feel myself fully justified in urging the two facts: first, that the man does not even know what article he wishes to produce; and, second, that even if he wanted an article very much, he has no notion of how to produce it. Some one defined metaphysics as looking in a dark room for a black hat that isn't there. This is unfair, for metaphysics is merely common sense. It is only metaphysics that tells a man not to look for a hat that isn't there. But (to judge by the Eugenists) the science of Sociology really does mean waiting in a wild place for something that won't happen.

Eugenics is not merely a sham science, it is a dead science; a great deal more dead than astrology. To extract the Superman by forced marriages is not merely a mad notion, but a dead notion; a great deal more dead than the notion of extracting evidence by red-hot pincers. One after another all men with active minds, from the old Greek philosophers to Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, have thought of the notion, looked at the notion, and, in consequence, chucked the notion. So far as this part of his address was concerned, Mr. Shaw was, if not slaying the slain, at least clearing away the corpses. He merely brushed away such wreck and debris of the Eugenic idea as may have remained after Mr. Wells's unanswerable onslaught on it in "Mankind in the Making." The only daring suggestion for the improvement of the human race that Eugenics suggests to us is that the world would be a jollier place if there were fewer quacks in it.

But in another part of his address, it would appear, Mr. Bernard Shaw did become merely modern, and in consequence nonsensical. I do not refer to his large and hearty offer to make "an entire abolition of property and marriage, as we understand it." The revolutionist is bound to begin by saying that he will prove that, even if he ends up (as he did) by substantially proving the opposite. The Eastern king must preface all his announcements by saying that he is the preserver of the sun and moon. The Western sociologist must preface all his announcements by saying that he is the destroyer of the sun and moon. Property and marriage (the sun and moon of any sane society) are really quite as safe with Mr. Shaw as they would be safe without the Akond of Swat. The real part of the address which irritates the virility of reason is that concerned with the punishment of crime. Mr. Shaw maintained (quite truly) that having committed a murder does not make a man a murderer—that is, does not make him a prospective and perpetual assassin. This he put in his own lively and legitimate manner by saying that we should allow a murderer two or three murders, as we allow a dog one or two bites. After that (apparently) we should shoot him without trial, like a mad dog.—G. K. Chesterton, in the *Illustrated London News*.

## Maud Allan Special Matinees.

The demand for seats for the two performances of Maud Allan at the Valencia Theatre was so enormous that the seats were all sold on the first day the box-office was opened, a fact unprecedented in the history of drama and music in this city. So many hundreds were turned away disappointed that Managers Will Greenbaum and Martin Beck have induced Miss Allan to delay her departure and appear at two special matinee performances, for she has as yet only appeared at one performance in the daytime, and many ladies unable to attend at night and residents of the suburban districts have pleaded for matinee performances.

The first of these will be a "matinée" in the true meaning of the word, for it will be given at the Orpheum next Friday, April 29, at eleven o'clock in the morning, as is the custom in Paris and at the famous Bagby Musicales at the Waldorf-Astoria. On this occasion Miss Allan will again be assisted by the grand symphony orchestra of forty-five players, and "The Vision of Salomé" will again be given.

Positively the last appearance will be at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoon, May 1, when a request programme will be arranged, made up of the most popular of Miss Allan's creations.

Seats for both matinees will be ready next Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and special attention will be paid to out-of-town mail orders, if accompanied by check or money order, addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

Next Tuesday night, April 26, Miss Allan will dance for the Oakland folks at Ye Liberty Playhouse.

## Return of Dr. Wüllner.

Sunday afternoon, May 1, will mark the return of Dr. Ludwig Wüllner and his accompanist, Conrad V. Bos, to San Francisco. The distinguished lieder-singer, whose first visit to this city last winter won for him a host of admirers, is to be heard at the Valencia Theatre in a series of three recitals: Sunday, May 1, Friday night, May 6, and again on the afternoon of Sunday, May 8. To these concerts will be added the Greek Theatre recital, which will be given Tuesday afternoon, May 3. The sale of seats for the San Francisco recitals will open at Kohler & Chase's, Wednesday, April 27.

All of the San Francisco programmes will be entirely different from those which Dr. Wüllner sang here last winter. Schumann's little-known "Dichterliebe" cycle will be the feature of the opening concert. The sixteen love lyrics which form it afford full play to the many interpretative moods of which Dr. Wüllner is master.

Entirely different in character will be the programme of Friday, May 6. The "Four Serious Songs," by Brahms, will be the most notable feature of the recital.

The programme at the Greek Theatre will introduce Ernst von Wildenbruch's tremendous "Witch's Song," which has been the sensation of Dr. Wüllner's recent New York recitals, and sixteen other superb numbers. The details of the farewell San Francisco programme will be announced later.

In the first week of the grand opera season in Chicago by the New York Metropolitan Company, Alice Nielsen sang in "Rigoletto," "La Bohème," and "Martha," and in each was more than successful. She is pronounced the "best Mimi on the stage today," and in that old favorite, "Martha," when she sang "The Last Rose of Summer" the applause continued long after the orchestra had taken up the continuing score and she was finally obliged to repeat the song. Caruso sang with her in "La Bohème," and Bonci in "Rigoletto" and "Martha."

## REPORT ON LAKE MERCED WATER.

Every Detail of the Supply Covered in a Careful Examination by Dr. Blue.

## SAFE, PURE, AND WELL GUARDED.

Full Report of the Scientist, Showing His Findings and the Character of the Water Source.

Ordinary business sense would impel a corporation investing millions in a great enterprise for public service to guard its work against destructive criticism. Negligence in any important feature would mean the hazard of every interest, not merely the reputation of the directors and superintendents, but the entire capital of the undertaking. It would seem that so obvious a situation might be assumed without statement, but the simplest facts are often overlooked. In the controversy concerning the San Francisco water supply, present and future, no little attention has been given to an aspect of conditions which brings out the point mentioned.

Rash statements have been made concerning the Lake Merced source of water supply. To satisfy those who might have been affected by such talk the Spring Valley Company arranged for an expert investigation. Dr. Rupert Blue, surgeon of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service, whose scientific standing is assured, made a thorough examination of Lake Merced and its surroundings, and reported at length on the conditions. It is well known that Dr. Blue was selected by the United States Government to take charge of the investigation of sanitary conditions in San Francisco, and that his work earned not only the commendation of his superior officers but the highest praise of San Franciscans. Dr. Blue's report shows the care taken to safeguard the water supply, and establishes the purity of the water. The report is given in full:

Spring Valley Water Company, San Francisco, California—

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your request I have to inform you that I inspected carefully the sanitary conditions of the Lake Merced water system in November and December, 1909. The possible sources of contamination on the watershed are:

1. Stable manure utilized for fertilizing vegetable gardens.
  2. Residences of the keepers and the pumping stations.
  3. Surface drainage from the towns north, east and south of the sheds.
1. Vegetable gardens on the north and east sides of the lake contain in some places manure for fertilizing purposes. Drainage from these gardens is, however, mostly away from the lake. To reach the lake the rainfall on these fields must of necessity filter through a considerable area. Such filtration would, of course, be sufficient to remove any deleterious substance from it.

## CONTAMINATION IMPOSSIBLE.

In view of the distance of the gardens from the lakes, contamination from this source would be hardly possible, and the worst quality of water would be rendered safe by the process of natural filtration through many hundred feet of sand and clay. In addition it may be said that, as a rule, stable manure does not contain harmful bacteria. Therefore, this factor may be eliminated from the problem.

2. In two instances the residences of the keepers are connected with sewers in the vicinity. In all of them the distance from the lake is too great to permit contamination through the soil. The fact that antiseptics are used in these toilets should quiet any criticism on them.

## FLUMES TO THE SEA.

The wooden sewer flume from Hill Crest has, at the above and outer edge, a brick canal, and leads across the southern end of the settling basin on trestling. There is no danger from this source, however, as the water from this basin is not used, but passes to the sea from the canal. Contamination from the settling basin to South Lake would be only possible through filtration of water through an artificial dam of great width. This contingency is not only impossible, but would be without danger, as such filtration would entirely purify the water. In addition, the so-called settling basin contains storm water only, and no sewage. The construction and use of concrete cesspools for the disposal of the sewage of the keepers and workmen on the reservation would relieve the most critical of all the causes for complaint.

## ADMIRE'S DRAINAGE SYSTEM.

3. The subject of surface drainage from the towns north, east and south of the shed has received careful consideration, and my inspection has shown that, while the natural drainage is toward the lake, it has been diverted by damming the gulches and drains, the water being conducted into flumes to a basin at the head of South Lake. As has already been shown, from this point the rainfall passes, by means of a brick and mortar canal, to the sea, a portion of the canal going through a tunnel in the mountains west of South Lake. The possibility of contamination from the drainage of towns to the east has further been obviated by the erection of dams which divert the water to the canal.

It is thus seen that contamination from surface drainage from human habitations in all directions is well guarded against, and I can not withhold an expression of admiration for the perfect system, which thoroughly realizes the intention of the sanitary engineer. This system of dams and flumes challenges the admiration, and is an excellent example of the good which may come from the intelligent and conscientious application of the principles of sanitary science.

## WATER ABSOLUTELY PROTECTED.

I have been asked if I consider the gathering ground a source of pollution. My answer is "No." The system of dams and flumes diverts all dangerous drainage away from the reservoir, or collecting basin. The question, Is pollution from the manure fields possible? has been propounded. I have already spoken of this, and my answer is "No." Any possible danger in this regard has been obviated by the natural filtration through sand and clay.

Water in the lakes, then, is well guarded and protected against contamination, and if maintained in its present state should be of good quality and safe from the danger of conveying infection. According to Professor Newman of London and other high authorities, "bacteriology is the most direct and delicate" test of the safety of water for drinking purposes. Dr. George W. McCoy, the bacteriologist, has reported that no pathogenic organisms were present in the samples taken from Lake Merced and the city reservoirs, and that only a small percentage of B. Coli were found therein.

## "GOOD QUALITY AND SAFE."


These organisms might be found in any surface water, but unless in large numbers and associated with B. enteritidis or streptococci should not be considered a sign of sewage pollution. The colon bacilli shown in the bacteriological analysis are possibly derived from the excrement of the wild fowls which infest the lakes in large numbers. This is the opinion expressed by Dr. McCoy.

In conclusion I would say that all avenues of possible contamination of the water supply are well guarded and that the bacteriological examination shows that the water contained in the reservoirs is of good quality and safe for the uses to which it is put. There is no evidence of sewage pollution, and with a few changes recommended in this report it is believed that every source of danger will be avoided.

The collecting grounds—since making the inspection of the watersheds on both sides of the bay I have formed the opinion that the morbidity from typhoid fever in San Francisco in the last year has been due to imported cases (contact therewith), infected milk, uncooked vegetables and other foods. It is possible, also, that house flies may have played a minor rôle in spreading the infection. A study of the epidemiological data at hand, and a comparison of the typhoid fever rate of this city with that of other communities, do not warrant the belief that water from the sources above mentioned had any relation to the prevalence of the disease.

Respectfully, RUPERT BLUE, Surgeon.





**"THE PRINCE OF TONIGHT."**

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

Harry Woodruff seems to be taking a vacation from the actual drama, judging from his sudden and unexpected plunge into musical comedy. He is at the Savoy Theatre this week in "The Prince of Tonight," a musical fantasy written by Hough and Adams, with music composed by Joseph Howard, who has a number of Eastern successes to his credit. The piece is of the stereotyped brand of musical comedy, but is much superior to the general run of attractions they have had lately at the Savoy, since it furnishes bright and lively entertainment, gives one an opportunity to hear plenty of well-drilled choral work, to see stagefolk superior in rank and finish to what they have been having there. And because even in the cheerful trivialities of musical comedy Harry Woodruff is enough of a personality to raise the standard of things to first class.

Mr. Woodruff, with his well-groomed, well-tailored assortment of masculine charms, seems to be a male equivalent for a pretty girl and fills the centre of the stage admirably. His blond hair is glossy, his well-turned figure has a sort of Eastern collegiate's daintiness, and his clothes are dreams. True, we can carry the analogy farther and say that he is slowly but perceptibly fading, like a pretty girl that keeps the ball rolling too untiringly. Oddly enough, Mr. Woodruff's voice is also a retiring quantity; oddly because a voice ought—or theoretically at least ought—to play some part in musical comedy. But there is a shattered something in Mr. Woodruff's voice which will never mend. He is a clever and pleasing actor, but unlike the generality of the successful ones, he evidently started in life with an insufficient vocal equipment. In spite of this, however, he has such an engaging address and such a refined accent that one derives pleasure even from hearing him indulge in the banalities of musical comedy conversation. But when he sings! Well, over that we will draw a veil of considerate silence.

There are several outbursts of real humor in "The Prince of Tonight," but, although a few neat speeches fell to Harry Woodruff's share, it was the domestic hickings of the Stewart family, and especially the outbreaks of Stewart père, as played by John Leach, that evoked cheerful laughter. A game of bridge, which broke up with loud recriminations from all hands, was very funny, and the hat-trampling attacks which periodically overtook Papa Stewart in his most desperate moments were not overworked to the point of ceasing to be amusing.

There is a chorus of young, agile, and pretty girls—at least a fair proportion are pretty and youth is well in evidence—and Ruth Peebles, as the belle of the Florida watering-place, proved to be attractive enough to please everybody without exactly kindling a furor. She gives her dialogue in a particularly acceptable manner, and sings in a voice that is noticeably sweet, although very light and deficient in lower notes.

Margaret McBride and Erminie Clark completed, with happy effect, the interesting group which composed the untrammelled Stewart family, and a light-footed young man named Joseph Niemeyer turned out to be a very essential element in stimulating the evening's gaiety, partly from natural ebullience of temperament and partly from his being the possessor of some comedy talent.

Mr. Woodruff's ability to carry good clothes with an irreproachable mien and style was put to the test, since he figured as the prince of a night in a white Rudolph-of-Ruritania semi-military costume which became him well. Still he was more at his ease and really better looking in his white suit of summer flannels, which he wears with as instinctive an ease, grace, and becomingness as if he were born in them.

There are odd ups and downs in the "acting perfect," which one realized while seeing the elegant Harry the centre of a squawking, giggling group of chorus girls, bewitchingly costumed in natty bathing suits and taking lessons on dry planks in the art of swimming. The sirens had an abundance of choruses, the music of which was, as usual, pretty and characterless and were assisted by a male chorus in numerous dances which proved very popular.

The cream of vaudeville, to my thinking,

always rises to the top in the shape of play-lets, which are sometimes purest drama in concentrated form.

This week at the Orpheum Will M. Cressy's "Wyoming Whoop" offers an excellent example of broad comedy in miniature. These playlets require humor and sentiment to make them go. But what tickled me in "The Wyoming Whoop" is the deliciously humorous turn that Mr. Cressy, both as an author and an actor, gives to his sentiment. He afforded us many a laugh of legitimate amusement, because his turns of humor are so unexpected, so unsteretyped, and so genuine. His dialogue is crisp, concise, and full of point. And through all the brisk verbal give and take between the Buffalo Billish editor and the barnstorming actress there is the gradual recognition of the incident that makes up the play.

Mr. Cressy, although he is a broad comedian, is one who puts lights and shades into his work. Thus we perceived the dawning of the idea in the mind of the editor who is so handy with his shooting-irons that he must help this poor barnstorming waif and stray out of her daily Hades, and send her back to her home and "folks" in the East. "How much do you figure it will take?" says the gruff yet kindly Machiavelli. "A hundred dollars," replies the barnstorming one, dreadingly and hopelessly. The proprietor of the "Whoop" suddenly and sharply lets out a combination of a grunt and a groan. And we are thus apprised that he has resolved to have a sad parting with his hardly wrested cash to speed upon her homeward way the barnstormer who had "shed" her husband "because she couldn't live on cigarette ashes."

Just a little incident of the Westerner's matter-of-course, unspectacular kindness and chivalry to womankind, told with the richest accompaniments of humorous incident; and with a touch of reality, too. The weary, dreary actress with the bleached hair and the faded face who hated "the road" and longed for home and the shelter of private life is copied from life. There are, no doubt, hundreds like her, who always sigh when they take out their thin purses to pay a bill and who are often thus stranded, far from home and all the stable things of life which they have forfeited, like her, for a will-o'-the-wisp.

**Last Nights of the Lambardi Company.**

The brilliant season of grand opera now being sung by the Lambardi company at the Columbia Theatre will be one of the marked successes of the year. The second and last week begins with this Sunday evening's presentation of "The Masked Ball." This opera has not been sung here in a number of seasons, and the Lambardi people give it a superb interpretation. "La Bohème" is announced for Monday and Saturday evenings. It is one of the best drawing cards in the company's extensive repertory and the sale of seats for the forthcoming presentations is very heavy. "Rigoletto" will be heard on Tuesday night for the last time during the engagement, and at the matinee on Wednesday the double bill composed of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I Pagliacci" will bring out a big house. "Carmen" is announced for Wednesday night, with a strong cast, and on Thursday night "The Masked Ball" will be staged. The one and only presentation during the engagement of "La Favorita" is announced for Friday night. "Iris" will be the Saturday matinee bill and the engagement will close on Sunday night with "Ernani." Seats are 50c, \$1, \$1.50, and \$2.

**The Flonzaley Quartet.**

The farewell concert of that glorious organization, the Flonzaley Quartet, will be given Sunday afternoon, April 24, at the Garrick Theatre.

The concerts of this quartet will long live in the memory of the music lovers of this city, and Manager Greenbaum may safely put the Flonzaleys on the list of his regular attractions, for a warm welcome will ever await them. The programme will consist of Mozart's quartet in B flat major, a "Sonata a Tre" by Sanmartini, and a quartet by Dohnanyi, the famous pianist and composer.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday after 9:30 at the theatre box-office. General admission will be one dollar.

**Last of Greenbaum's "Pop" Concerts.**

The last "Pop" concert of the season by the Lyric String Quartet will be given Sunday afternoon, May 1, at Kohler & Chase Hall. On this occasion Miss Therese Ehrman will be the assisting pianist, and will play the Mozart quartet for piano and strings, and with Misses Mary Pasmore and Sallie Ehrman the "Serenade" for two violins and piano by Christian Sinding. The string quartet for this afternoon will be Tschakowsky's Op. II, in D major.

Seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s all the week.

Louis N. Parker will make the translation of "Chantecler" for Maude Adams and Charles Frohman anticipates another great success for Miss Adams when she appears in the rôle,

**FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.**

Time was when one did not think he was "getting his money's worth" unless the writer or dramatist crowded his books or the stage with "characters" and multiplied plots almost ad infinitum. Nowadays we wish to get quickly to the heart of things and if the writer has anything to say, we demand that he say it the shortest compass. The play with the small cast is now the fashion. A notable example of the small-cast play is Bernstein's play, "The Thief," which Charles Frohman will present with a special company headed by Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon at the Van Ness Theatre two weeks, beginning Monday evening. "The Thief" has only seven characters, and what Henry Bernstein, its author, has accomplished with those seven characters has made other writers for the stage unusually keen on producing small-cast plays. But the characters in "The Thief" are few because others would be superfluous. Were they necessary it is safe to say Bernstein would have employed them, and in his master-hand their presence would be amply justified and amply enjoyed.

The Orpheum programme for next week is headed by Elita Proctor Otis, long recognized as one of the best actresses in her line on the legitimate stage, who will play her first vaudeville engagement in this city. She will present a comedy sketch by William Cary Duncan entitled "Mrs. Bunner's Bun." Anna Laughlin, the "Toylant" prima donna, in chatter-song and dance will be a popular feature. This artiste is versatile, and her songs include many of those she has made popular in "The Wizard of Oz," "Babes in Toylant," and other comic operas. The Five Juggling Normans, who set the fashion in club manipulation, are in a class by themselves and never fail to excite great enthusiasm. The part of their offering is always applauded. Marshall Montgomery, said to be the best ventriloquist in the world, will give the Orpheum audiences a taste of his skill next week. He successfully attempts novel and sensational features. Next week will positively be the last of Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne, who will appear for the first time in this city in Mr. Cressy's latest comedy success, "One Night Only." It is a sequel to his famous "Town Hall Tonight," the characters and locality being the same and the action taking place three years after. A second and final series of motion pictures showing "Roosevelt in Africa" will conclude the performance. Next week will be the last of Gladys Lockwood and Paul MacCarty, Lanton, Lucier, and Company, and Gus Edwards's "Night Birds" with Nellie Brewster.

Henry Woodruff in "The Prince of Tonight," with a big and attractive company supporting him, is in his last nights at the Savoy Theatre.

The next attraction at the Columbia Theatre will be Grace George in her latest success, "A Woman's Way." It is said to be even a more brilliant hit than was the star's former presentation of "Divorçons." In the new comedy the heroine wins her better half, an amiable and pliant millionaire, away from a frisky widow by inviting the flirt to a home dinner—meanwhile showing up the widow's escapades with other men in the party. This proves a much more satisfactory method than the conventional habit of rushing to the divorce courts, for all is well in the last act with the widow safely outside the domestic ramparts. Miss George is ably supported in the presentation of the comedy. Seats will be on sale commencing with next Thursday.

Kyle Bellew, who is on tour in "A Builder of Bridges," was recently asked how he had acquired "finish" in his acting. "Finish," replied Mr. Bellew, "is only acquired by beginning at the beginning."

**COLUMBIA THEATRE** Corner GEARY and MASON STREETS  
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Beginning Sunday, April 24  
LAST EIGHT TIMES—TWO MATINEES  
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday  
LAMBARDI GRAND OPERA COMPANY  
Sun. night, "Masked Ball"; Mon. night, "La Bohème"; Tues. night, "Rigoletto"; Wed. mat., "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci"; Wed. night, "Carmen"; Thurs. night, "Masked Ball"; Fri. night, "Favorita"; Sat. mat., "Iris"; Sat. night, "La Bohème"; Sun. night (farewell), "Ernani." Prices \$2, \$1.50, \$1, 50c.  
Monday, May 2—GRACE GEORGE in "A Woman's Way."

**Fitzpatrick & Norwood** have the honor to present the Distinguished Song Interpreter  
**Dr. LUDWIG WULLNER**  
AND COENRAAD V. BOS

Sunday aft., May 1  
Friday night, May 6  
Sunday aft., May 8

In Three Remarkable and Entirely New Programmes  
Prices \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00 and 50 cts. Box seats \$2.50.  
Sale opens at Kohler & Chase, 26 O'Farrell Street, Wednesday, April 27.

**GREEK THEATRE RECITAL**, Tuesday aft., May 3  
Wildenbruch's tremendous poem, "Oss Hæxenlied," will be given during the Greek Theatre concert.

### BISMARCK CAFE

Commencing Monday, February 28, Grand Opera features and other interesting novelties in addition to Herr Ferdinand Stark's Orchestra. Daily at 3, 8, and 10:30 p. m.

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Between Stockton and Powell  
Safest and most magnificent theatre in America

Week Beginning This Sunday Afternoon

Matinee Every Day  
ELITA PROCTOR OTIS and Her Company, in Wm. Cary Duncan's comedy sketch, "Mrs. Bunner's Bun"; ANNA LAUGHLIN; MARSHALL MONTGOMERY; FIVE JUGGLING NORMANS; Last Week GUS EDWARDS'S "NIGHT BIRDS," with Nellie Brewster and 12 Singing and Dancing Youngsters; LOCKWOOD and MACCARTY; LANTON-LUCIER Company, including Theodore Daly; Orpheum Motion Pictures, "Roosevelt in Africa" (second series); Last Week WILL M. CRESSY and BLANCHE DAYNE, presenting for the first time here Mr. Cressy's latest comedy success, "One Night Only."

Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones, Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Two Weeks—Starting Monday Night  
Matinee Saturday only  
Third American Tour  
Charles Frohman Presents the Greatest of Modern Dramas  
**THE THIEF**  
By Henri Bernstein  
With HERBERT KELCEY and EFFIE SHANNON. As played for over ten months at the Lyceum Theatre, New York.  
Prices, 50c to \$1.50. 300 orchestra seats at \$1

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Tickets for Valencia ALL SOLD  
Two Special Matinees  
Friday Morning at 11—Orpheum  
Positive farewell Sunday aft., May 1—Garrick

Seats \$2.50, \$2.00 and plenty at \$1.50 and \$1.00. Ready Monday at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

#### Flonzaley Quartet

"The World's Finest"  
"A Revelation to Music Lovers"  
**GARRICK THEATRE**  
This Sunday aft. at 2:30

Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. General admission \$1.00.

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Monday, Tuesday, Friday eves.  
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"MORE ABOUT PARIS"  
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Seats 50 cts, 75 cts, \$1.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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Tuesday aft., "PARIS" Friday aft., "BERLIN"  
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### New York Symphony Orchestra

WALTER DAMROSCH, Conductor  
**GARRICK THEATRE**

Sunday aft., May 8—Wagner Festival  
Monday eve, May 9—Tschakowsky Night  
Tuesday eve, May 10—Symphony Concert  
Wednesday eve, May 11—American and Foreign Novelties  
Friday eve, May 13—Bohemian Club Jinks' Music  
"St. Patrick at Tara"  
The Loring Club assisting

Saturday aft., May 14—Symphony Concert  
Saturday eve, May 14—2d Wagner  
Sunday aft., May 15—"Engene Onegin"

Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00. Ready Wednesday, May 4. Mail orders—Address Will L. Greenbaum at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

#### GREEK THEATRE—BERKELEY

Saturday eve, May 7, Wagner Festival  
Thursday aft., May 12, Symphony Concert

Mason & Hamlin Piano Used

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PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



VANITY FAIR.

It is an edifying thing to see virtue rewarded, but it happens so seldom in this weary world, where the best prizes are usually carried off by vice. These profound utterances are suggested by a dispatch from Constantinople announcing that Major Enver Bey, who was so constantly and gallantly to the front during the Young Turk rebellion, is about to receive a substantial mark of the Sultan's gratitude. The Sultan has, in fact, decided to furnish Major Enver Bey with a wife, and to this end he has selected one of his own nieces and has notified the gallant reformer that he may now consider himself engaged to a princess of the blood royal. Happy Enver Bey! Until a few days ago he did not even know that such a lady existed or that the Sultan had a niece, and now he is suddenly invited to look forward to the joys of married life. And think of the delightful uncertainties that still confront him, for he has never seen the lady, nor will he do so until he is married to her. The royal blood does not necessarily imply the physical charms which are at least a factor in the selective processes of matrimony, and Enver Bey may amuse himself with the most entertaining speculations as to the external form that covers the mental and moral graces that are not to be questioned. Was there ever such a spoiled child of fortune as Enver Bey, and what a blessing it would be if this particular way of rewarding political services should ever become popular in this country, taking the place of the mercenary considerations that now weigh so heavily. What a touching sight it would be to see a successful president, or senator, or mayor, calling his faithful henchmen around him and making an impartial division among them of his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts. What an impetus it would give to party obligations. Evidently we have much to learn from Turkey if we have but the grace to imitate. *Ex Oriente Lux* is as true today as ever it was.

The monarchical countries of Europe are a little troubled in their minds as to the way in which Mr. Roosevelt should be received. If Mr. Roosevelt were the President of the United States there would be no trouble whatever, and every little ceremonious detail would be arranged at once according to ancient precedent. But Mr. Roosevelt is not the President of the United States, not at this particular identical moment. He is a plain American citizen traveling for his pleasure, and how is it possible to receive him with a ceremonial especially devised and constructed for the ruling heads of nations? Precedent counts for a good deal in this matter, and although it is the American custom to laugh at formal precedents they are just as much followed here as elsewhere. A European king visiting America would be received in quite a different way from a prime minister or a chancellor, however insignificant the former might be and however great the latter.

They seem to have got over the matter fairly well in Italy, although punctilio is very strict there, but the question is still acute in Germany and England. If Mr. Roosevelt were the President of the United States the German emperor personally would meet him at the station or depute some imperial mightiness to represent him. But this can not be done in the case of a private citizen, for precedent forbids it. By the same rules English royalty must not be present at a public banquet given to a private person. The same difficulty occurred when General Grant visited England. He was entertained by the city of London at the Guildhall, but although the high cabinet ministers were present in force there was no royalty. Of course there were plenty of other opportunities to "get acquainted," but it must not be at a public function.

The king will probably meet Mr. Roosevelt at the house of the Hon. John Ward, who was recently married to Mr. Reid's daughter. It is said that Mr. Ward will give a week-end party and the king and Mr. Roosevelt will be the chief guests. Then there will be no need for ceremonial at all, and Mr. Roosevelt can talk about the House of Lords and free trade and old age pensions and all the other English problems to his heart's content.

Another meeting place will be Dorchester House. Mr. Reid is certain to give a dinner at the embassy and the king is equally certain to be present. Then, too, Mr. J. P. Morgan will probably entertain his compatriot at Dover House, Roehampton, and it is quite likely that the king will be in evidence there also.

The combination of lady's maid and chauffeur—or must we say chauffeuse?—is becoming popular in England. An English duchess now visiting America is quoted by the *New York Herald* as saying: "Women who own cars realize what a great advantage it is to have a maid who is also a chauffeur. For instance, since I have been over here I have attended several little luncheons up at Irvington on the Hudson and at Roslyn. When I take my motor maid with me to run my car

out I have her to accompany me to my room on my arrival and make me presentable before I meet the company."

So far the idea has not proved popular in America. Mrs. W. Irving Twombly, well known for her automobile capacities, thinks that this is not a woman's work. She says:

This is an age of specialization, and the only way to accomplish anything successfully is by taking some specialty and sticking to it. That is one of the troubles with women, they don't specialize enough; they have not learned the art of specialization.

Just imagine a maid running a car thirty miles out in the country. Her mind is on a mechanical problem all that time. Then ask that maid to go directly into a boudoir and stick in hairpins! Isn't that too absurd? No man would ever expect his chauffeur to turn around and be valet, and why should a woman demand it of her maid?

Imagine the capacity of a mind sufficiently broad to enable a woman to drive a car and then drape a skirt. You might just as well expect to employ one man to cook your meals and run your car as one maid to dress you and act as your chauffeur. The motor maid is a skyrocket fad. It will go up in New York to a great height, perhaps, and then it will come down with even greater rapidity.

One thing I will say, and that is that it is a mighty good thing for a woman to employ a maid who has some knowledge of the mechanical side of a machine. It is perfectly practicable for a maid to know all the details of running a car, to understand the brakes and levers, the spark plugs and coils, the cock on the gasoline flow, and so on. I have found myself that a practical woman is a good deal more serviceable at times than a mere man. I believe that a person who can not swim has no right to go out in a small boat. On the same principle, any one who can not drive a car has a right to go out in one with only one other person. If anything happens to the chauffeur, as has happened to mine once or twice, a woman should know how to bring the car back home.

Now the ordinary observer would think that a knowledge of mechanism would be a most useful addition to the equipment of a lady's maid. Mechanism occupies a large and important place in the attire of the modern woman, and an experience in adjusting automobiles could surely be applied to the mysteries of the toilet.

Mrs. Pearce Bailey, a well-known New York suffragette, has been touring in Austria, and in a letter published in the *New York Evening Post* she describes the heightened condition of the empire as measured by the suffragette yard stick. The suffragette movement is, it seems, both vulgar and illegal. Women are forbidden by law to form political associations, and Mrs. Bailey was informed that "in Austria women who wander from the home circle, the duties of hausfraus and mothers, must be either stupid or dangerous." Conversing with a fellow-guest, an Irishwoman resident in Vienna, Mrs. Bailey was warned that "it won't do—this talk about woman's rights and suffrage. Here in Vienna, in good circles, we never indulge in new and original ideas. It is bad taste." The suffrage for women is considered to be a revolutionary idea and without the spice of real revolution; "it is a flavorless, shabby sort of Nihilism."

Perhaps there is an idea hidden away in this last sentence. Revolutions to be tolerable must be accompanied with a display of personal physical danger. The Nihilist, hateful as he is in the eyes of official Austria, is at least not contemptible. He has other weapons than a falsetto voice and at any moment his life may be the penalty of his daring.

Magistrate Barlow of New York missed one of the opportunities of his life when he refused to allow a woman to try on a corset in open court in order to prove that the garment did not fit her. No proof was necessary from the magisterial point of view. The corset was there in court and one look was enough. "If that awful looking harness," said Mr. Barlow, "is a latter-day corset then I don't wonder that the plaintiff refuses to wear it and wants her money back." Then the plaintiff wanted to clinch the nail by donning the offending and offensive garment, but the magistrate would have none of it. "No," he said, "I positively refuse to allow the young woman to don those cruel-looking things in my court." But should corsets be regarded as plural or singular, as "those" or "it"?

The latest fashion in hatpins shows a sensible reversion to customs usually associated with savage life. The aboriginal young lady who is not married, but who is willing to be persuaded, shows by her costume that she is open to offers, and there is much to be said for a practice that is frank and candid and that prevents misunderstandings. Now we have something of the same kind in London. Marriageable spinsters are wearing hatpins of a suggestive design and intended to advertise their lonely lot and their disposition to mend it. The first is in the shape of a silver hook gorgeously decorated in imitation of the angler's fly, and these are being manufactured in large numbers by the fishing supply makers. The second is a fine spider's web of silver thread with a fat spider in bronze enamel and a fly with a peacock body and

wings. A West End jeweler says that these designs are being purchased in large numbers, and we can but commend an innovation that is along the lines of good sound sense and that so faithfully depicts the methods of the marriage market.

Another fashionable hatpin is the "Chanterelle." In its more ordinary shape this is simply a hair made of real feathers, but those who are willing to pay a little more can have an inlaid design of a human face surmounted with a hawk and feathered headgear. These are made in all sorts of designs, their value being determined by the number of jewels that they carry.


English suffragettes who may in the future find it needful to undergo a period of retirement in jail will have no hardships to complain of, although a suffragette without a grievance is almost unthinkable. The new Home Secretary, Mr. Winston Churchill does not intend to incur any of the obloquy visited upon the head of his predecessor, and so he has given orders that suffragettes who may be so unfortunate as to break the law shall

be classed as political offenders and treated accordingly. If they prefer to go hungry it will be a matter for their own charming discretion, and it is gratifying to note that Miss Christobel Pankhurst has expressed her approval of the new rules. By the way, Mr. Churchill is still unmarried.

The famous Dudley pearl has been bought by an American purchaser and is now in this country, where it is likely to remain. It weighs 200 grains and came originally from the Indian fisheries. At one time it belonged to the Spanish royal family, and there is a painting of it in the royal galleries at Madrid. It was stolen from Spain and was unheard of for several years, when it reappeared and was bought by the Earl of Dudley, who has now sold it to the present owner, who is anonymous.

*Doubtful Customer*—I'd like that saucypan up there, but do you think it's large enough to hold a calf's head? *Polite Clerk*—I'll take it down, madam, and then you'll be able to see for yourself.—*Pete Mele*.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear Sir: I beg to inform you that my child, aged eight months, is suffering from measles as required by act of Parliament."

The lady of the house was a handsome woman of a mature order of beauty, and when she had completed her toilet she gazed fondly at herself in the glass and remarked to the new maid: "You'd give a good deal to be as handsome as I am, wouldn't you, now?" "Yes'm," was the maid's answer, "almost as much as you'd give to be my age."

A sailor entered a livery stable bent upon hiring a horse for the day to take some friends into the country. The proprietor brought out one for inspection. "Now here's a beauty," he said, "small head, clean legs, short back." "Short back?" responded the sailor. "Short back be blowed. I want one with a long back and room for a deck-load of nine."

An old Oxford graduate recently came all the way from Cornwall to revisit the scene of his youth. As he entered the gate a bill was presented to him for goods supplied to him when he was an undergraduate nearly half a century before. "God bless me, sir!" he roared, "do you think that I come up here once in every half-century for the pleasure of being dunned?"

When the boundary-line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island was waxing hot some years ago a Rhode Island member of Congress became indignantly eloquent. "This plan of depriving Rhode Island of her possessions," he said, "is a tremendous injustice." "Huh!" said Senator Dawes, "if we took your whole State it wouldn't be anything but petty larceny."

Old George Kettle rushed into the Trotwood telegraph office the other day with a small package wrapped in a newspaper under his arm. "Telegraph this to my wife down to Dayton, Henry," he said to the telegraph clerk, thrusting the package through the little window. "No, no, George, we can't do anything like that," laughed the clerk. "Drat ye," said George angrily, "ye got to do it. It's my wife's teeth."

On his English tour the American was admiring the velvety smoothness of a certain sward, and, being possessed of land and an overpowering confidence that with money all things are possible, he asked the head gardener how to produce such a lawn. And the gardener said: "It's easy enough, sir. All you need do is to remove all the stones, plow up the ground, plant it with grass seed, and roll it for three hundred years."

The American opinion of coffee as understood in the English home is not high, and how the coffee of the English lodging-houses is esteemed may be understood from the following traveler's tale: It was the first morning in London "apartments," and his landlady came up with the breakfast. As she set down his coffee cup she opened a slight conversation: "It looks like rain," she said. "It does," agreed the American, "but the odor has a faint suggestion of coffee."

They were a very young and obviously bride-and-bridegroomish couple. On entering the tea shop the maid tactfully led them to a little side room which chanced to be unoccupied. Tea was ordered and served. As the waitress was leaving the room the young man discovered an important fault in the service. "Oh, waitress," he said, "may we have a spoon?" "Oh, yes," said the girl. "I won't come back for ten minutes, and I quite think you will be able to have the room all to yourselves."

Wendell Phillips was, on one occasion, lecturing in Ohio, and while on a railroad journey going to keep one of his appointments, he met in the car a crowd of clergy, returning from some sort of convention. One of the ministers felt called upon to approach Mr. Phillips, and asked him: "Are you Mr. Phillips?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to free the niggers?" "Yes, sir; I am an abolitionist." "Well, why do you preach your doctrine up here? Why don't you go over into Kentucky?" "Excuse me, sir, are you a preacher?" "I am, sir." "Are you trying to save souls from hell?" "Yes, sir; that's my business." "Well, why don't you go there?" The assailant hurried into the smoker amid a roar of unsanctified laughter.

Rivers had been detained by a business meeting at the club and the hour was late when he reached home (reports the Chicago Tribune). "So it's you, is it!" exclaimed Mrs. Rivers, who was wide awake. "You've got some plausible excuse, too, of course. You were detained downtown by some neces-

sary, indisposible, important, unavoidable, unescapable, urgent, essential, and absolutely compulsory and inexorable business! Of all the flimsy, transparent, diaphanous—" "For heaven's sake, Lena," interrupted Rivers, whipping out his notebook, "wait a minute and let me jot down those synonyms! I don't know where you got them, but I can use every one of them! . . . Now go ahead again, dear, but please talk a little slower."

The butler of a Scottish laird, who had been in the family for many years, resigned his place, complaining that his lordship's wife was always scolding him. "If that's all you have to complain of," said his master, "you have little excuse for leaving." "I'm not going to put up with it any longer," was the answer. "Go then," said the laird, sighing, "and be thankful all the days of your life that you are not married to her."

A story is told of a certain nobleman in Europe who had an eccentric humor, and also had sufficient money to indulge it. He had a villa that was his particular joy, and one evening, when he was entertaining a party of friends there, a young man indulged too freely. When the unfortunate fell asleep in the billiard room, two smiling attendants appeared and carried him to bed. The next morning the other guests were awakened by the host in person, and conducted to a peephole through which they saw the young man lying asleep on a white plastered floor. The ceiling was carpeted and the various articles of bedroom furniture were securely fastened to it and hanging downward. The young man awoke and with a cry of terror grasped a chandelier that came up through the plastered floor. "They all do it," cried the host with a laugh, "every man of them grabs that chandelier lest he should fall up to the ceiling."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Stays in Town.

A stylish woman, as she donned  
Her corset long and slim,  
Remarked: "I have economized  
Because of Fashion's whim,

For I have sold my country place,  
And now remain in town.  
I do not need a country-seat,  
Because I can't sit down." —Life.

The Annual Garden Statement.

\$10 worth of garden seeds;  
10 days of good hard toil.  
1 mammoth pile of noxious weeds;  
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1 rake,  
1 best grade;  
1 baby harrow.  
2 days of hire;  
7 yds. chick wire;  
1 large wheelbarrow.

Subtract what you would have to pay  
For vegetables you raised  
From the total of the cost  
And you will be amazed.  
Not counting all the work you've done,  
The aches and pains you caught,  
Like every other year before,  
The saving will be 0. —Smart Set.

Between the Acts.

"This play is spicy," so he said,  
As to his seat he roves.  
And she made answer: "On that head  
I'm with you, I smell cloves." —Town Topics.

The Return of Tartarin.

Out of the East on wings of fire  
The simoon, with relentless ire,  
Howled through the waste, and where it passed  
All things howled down beneath the blast  
That shook destruction from its crest;  
And then—came one in khaki drest  
Bearing a Stick, and at his frown  
It quieted down.

The tawny monarch left his lair,  
With blazing eyeballs sniffed the air,  
Shook his vast mane, and at the world  
In thunder tones defiance hurled;  
When through the growing shades of night  
He saw a Stick leap into sight,  
And prescient of the awful whack  
He shuddered and went back.

The rivers rush from gorge and dell  
The Nile's majestic flood to swell,  
That ceaseless through old Egypt's length  
Rolls onward with resistless strength.  
At least it rolled until one day  
The Cloud Compeller came that way  
Shaking a Stick, and at his look  
It shriveled to a brook.

The wide earth bends beneath his tread,  
Nor man nor beast dares lift his head.  
The dictionary pales and quakes,  
The alphabet in terror shakes,  
The sinful nature fakes squirms  
Beneath his heel—so now, ye worms,  
Back to your holes, no more to roam—  
He's coming home. —Baltimore Sun.

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PERSONAL.

Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Spring-like days, picnics, week-end outings, and the opening of country homes have all contributed to make summer seem a reality of today instead of being gradually ushered in through April and May. But downtown—through the middle of the week at least—it looks as if none of the familiar faces were missing; the hotels are still the meeting places for informal lunches, teas, and suppers, the shops are thronged with busy shoppers, and the theatres are full. Over Saturday and Sunday, however, trips to the country have become an established form of pleasure, and a house party or automobile trip through one of the counties about is the usual delightful finish to each week as it rolls by. June is generally considered the month of weddings, but April is a close second, and although several of the marriage ceremonies have been away from here they have been of no less interest. The amateur theatrical performance at the St. Francis last Tuesday brought together a fashionable audience, and many who have left town came over for the evening. There is yet another play which will be given for charity, "When Fairies Rule," which is to be produced at the Garrick Theatre in May and which has a long list of patronesses interested in its success.

The wedding of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, which was postponed last week on account of her illness, will take place as soon as she recovers, and will be a very quiet one, with only the relatives of the bride and of Mr. MacDonald present.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Walker and Mr. William Burke was celebrated in Philadelphia on Thursday, April 14. Miss Walker is well known to Californians, having frequently visited her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter H. Byington of 394 Frederick Street announce the marriage on Tuesday, April 12, 1910, of their daughter, Geraldine Louise, to Mr. Edward Everett, Jr.

The marriage of Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., to Mrs. Frances Baldwin Sanborn, daughter of Mrs. Alexander Baldwin of Los Gatos, was celebrated last Tuesday at the home of the bride's mother.

The marriage of Miss Georgia Potts, daughter of Commander Stacey Potts, U. S. N., and Paymaster Everett G. Morsell will take place on April 20 at Mare Island.

Colonel Biddle took a party of friends on a lighthouse inspection expedition last week, among them Mr. and Mrs. John B. Casserly, Miss Julia Laughorne, and Miss Vincent.

The Commonwealth Club celebrated "Ladies' Night" on Wednesday evening, the 13th, by a dinner at the St. Francis. After the dinner there was a reception and speeches and discussions on the subject "Children." The speakers were Mr. W. A. Gates, Miss Katherine Felton, Mr. Robert G. Porter, and Mr. A. J. Pillsbury.

Miss Claire Nichols was hostess at a luncheon on Thursday last week in honor of Miss Mary Cunningham, who is here on a visit. Before she returns to New York Miss Cunningham will be the guest of Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, and Miss Newhall.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Morgan gave a theatre party and supper Friday evening of last week in honor of their nephew, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., who has lived in Los Angeles for several years past with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan.

Mr. Knox Maddox was host at a supper after the performance on Tuesday evening of last week of the San Francisco Stage Society at the St. Francis. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Murphy, and Dr. Tracy Russell.

Mrs. George Kerr entertained a party of friends on Saturday the 16th at a matinee performance at the Columbia and at an informal tea afterwards at the St. Francis.

Captain and Mrs. Carroll Buck gave a dinner to celebrate their tin wedding anniversary on Monday of last week.

Mr. W. H. Wilson was host at a dinner which he gave at the Fairmont on Thursday evening of last week. Mr. Wilson's guests were Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rideout, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wright, Mr. and Mrs.

Alden Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. William Sesnon, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar de Pue, Miss Carroll, Mr. E. Hall, and Mr. H. Symmes.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at a dinner complimentary to Miss Kathleen Weston, followed by a theatre party, on Thursday evening of last week. Among the guests invited to meet Miss Weston were Miss Ellen Barry, Miss Inness Keeney, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Gwinette Henley, Lieutenant Burns, Mr. Philip Pischel, Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, and Mr. Arthur Fennimore.

Another dinner in honor of Miss Weston before her departure for the East was given by Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fennimore last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening, the 14th, in their apartments at the Fairmont.

Mrs. Marvin Higgins was hostess at a tea at the St. Francis on Wednesday afternoon, April 13. Those who assisted Mrs. Higgins in receiving her guests were Mrs. James Jordan, Mrs. John Galwey, Mrs. George Richardson, Mrs. George D. Toy, Mrs. G. W. Wallace, Mrs. A. P. Vogelsang, Mrs. Edwin Carson, Mrs. Thomas Havens, Mrs. J. R. Laine, Mrs. F. G. Sanborn, Miss Susie Russell, Miss Eugenia Mayhury, and Miss Carlotta Maybury.

Mrs. Prentiss Cohn Hale presided over a luncheon on Wednesday, the 13th, complimentary to Mrs. Carroll Buck, who since her return from the Philippines has made her home at Alcatraz.

Miss Mena Wiener entertained twenty-five of her friends at a luncheon at the Granada Hotel on Wednesday of last week.

Miss Louisiana Foster gave a luncheon in honor of Miss Anna Scott on Thursday, the 14th, at her home in San Rafael. Among those who crossed the bay for the affair were Miss Frances Newhall, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, and Miss Julia Langhorne.

Another luncheon complimentary to Miss Scott was given by Mrs. William Mayo Newhall on Friday of last week.

A luncheon in honor of Mrs. Douglas Fry was given by Miss Dorothy Woods on Thursday of last week.

The last of the University Assemblies was given on Friday evening, the 15th, at Century Club Hall. The patronesses who have had charge of the dances this winter are Mrs. Henry St. Goar, Mrs. Charles Bundschu, Mrs. Rudolph W. Baum, Mrs. James McNah, Mrs. William A. Schrock, and Mrs. William E. Palmer.

All of the army set, besides many from town, attended the hop at the Presidio given at the Officers' Club on Wednesday of last week.

Two bridges parties at which Mrs. Harry Sears Bates and Miss Edith Bull were hostesses on Wednesday and Thursday of last week were given at the home of Mrs. Bates on Broadway. Mrs. Covington Pringle and Mrs. John F. Merrill assisted Mrs. Bates and Miss Bull in receiving.

A tea complimentary to Miss Anna Scott, who is to be married to Mr. Almer Newhall on April 28, was given by Mrs. Athole McBean on Tuesday of last week. Mrs. McBean was assisted in receiving her guests by the Misses Newhall.

Mrs. William Thane and her daughter, Miss Alma, received a few friends at tea at the Palace on Monday of last week. Among those present were Mrs. Eugene Bates, Mrs. L. H. Curtis, Mrs. Rawley, Mrs. J. H. Baxter, Mrs. Laura Roe, Mrs. Thompson, and Miss Genevieve Thompson.

Mrs. Walter Greer was hostess at an informal tea on Wednesday, the 13th, and among her guests were Miss Rhoda Niebling, Miss Edith Metcalf, Miss Florence Braverman, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Amelia Simpson, Miss Irene Farrell, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, and Miss Anna Olney.

A number of guests went over from town on Thursday, the 14th, to a tea given in Oakland by Mrs. Havemeyer and the Misses Ethel and Vera Havemeyer complimentary to Miss Hamilton of Pittsburgh.

Among those who gave informal lunches at the Palace last week were Mrs. Josiah Howell, Mrs. William Cluff, Mrs. Remi P. Schwerin, Mrs. Mayo Newhall, and Mrs. Harry Umben.

A reception in honor of Mrs. H. D. Green of Portland, who has been spending several months in town at the Victoria Hotel, was given on Monday evening, the 18th, by Mrs. Katharine Voorhies Henry.

Mrs. Frederick Whorthen Bradley entertained at a bridge party of about eight tables on Friday afternoon of last week, and later several friends joined the party for tea.

A farewell dinner to Miss Bertha Parker, who

has been visiting her brother, Lieutenant Austin Parker, at Angel Island for several months, was given by Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Stone on Thursday evening of last week at Fort McDowell.

Colonel and Mrs. Nathaniel Phister entertained at a reception on Monday afternoon in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Chubb.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin celebrated the return of Mr. Walter Martin from the East with an informal luncheon at the St. Francis on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, and Mr. Templeton Crocker were the guests at the luncheon.

A farewell dinner was given to Mrs. Ramon Wilson and her daughter, Miss Marion, prior to their departure for Europe by the Sequoia Club on Saturday evening, the 16th.

The Damrosch Concerts.

A whole week's feast of music will be enjoyed when the New York Symphony Orchestra, under Walter Damrosch, visits us next month. With the assistance of Mme. Sara Anderson, Mme. Nevada Van der Veer, Mr. Reed Miller, and Marcus Kellerman, all eminent vocal soloists; Alexander Saslavsky, violinist; George Barrere, flutist; and Paul Kefer, violoncellist, a series of programmes will be given such as this city has never before known.

The concerts will be given at the Garrick Theatre, and the season will open with a great Wagner Festival on Sunday afternoon, May 8, when vocal and instrumental excerpts from "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walkure," and "Tristan and Isolde" will be given.

On Monday night, May 9, a Tschakowsky programme, including the "Symphonie Pathetique" and "March Slav," will be given under the auspices of the Kate Murison School Association. Tuesday night will be a symphony night with Brahms as the feature. Wednesday night will be under the auspices of the local centre of the American Musical Society, and the first half of the programme will consist of works by American composers and the second half of important foreign novelties. On Friday night, May 13, the Loring Club will assist in a rendition of the music of the last Bohemian Club Jinks, "St. Patrick of Tara," with Wallace A. Sahin wielding the baton, in conjunction with a symphony concert under Mr. Damrosch with Mozart's "Jupiter" as the attraction. Saturday afternoon, May 14, another grand symphony concert with Beethoven's "Eroica" and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," on the list. In the evening a second Wagner Festival programme will be offered.

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, May 15, when, in addition to a programme of orchestra works, Tschakowsky's most successful opera, "Eugene Onegin," will be given with a chorus of 125 voices trained by Paul Steindorff.

Seats will be \$2, \$1.50, and \$1, and will be ready Wednesday, May 4, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, when programmes may also be obtained.

Mail orders may now be sent to Will L. Greenbaum.

The organization will play at the Greek Theatre of the University of California on Saturday night, May 7, when a great Wagner programme will be offered, and again on Thursday afternoon, May 12, on which occasion Dvorak's symphony "From the New World" and Brahms's "Academic Festival Overture" will be given.

Seats for these events will be sold at the usual places in Berkeley and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in San Francisco and Oakland. Early attention will secure a choice.

The Burton Holmes Travelogues.

This Saturday afternoon, April 23, the subject of the Burton Holmes Travelogues to be delivered by Wright Kramer at the Garrick Theatre will be "Java," the Eden of the Dutch Indies.

Next week will be the last of the successful season, and on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday nights, and Wednesday afternoon, "More About Paris" will be the subject, and some of the most beautiful and interesting sights of the French capital will be shown. Messrs. Holmes and Kramer reached Paris just in time for the motor-hoat, hydroplane, and aeroplane races, and secured some amazing motion pictures of these interesting events.

On Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday nights, by special request, last year's most popular subject, "Berlin with a Trip to the Spreewald," will be repeated. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

In Oakland, at Ye Liberty Playhouse, "Paris" will be given Tuesday afternoon at 3:30, and "Berlin" on Friday afternoon.

As evidence that the electric automobile is rapidly coming into its own, carrying a generous supply of power, it is noted that Mr. W. D. Vance in a Columbus Electric recently made a 108-mile run on one charge, and this over the hills of San Francisco. The Edison battery is said to carry a charge for 175 miles on ordinary roads.

Berkeley, 2508 Etna—For rent during summer, university instructor's 5-room hungalow; sunny, well situated, completely furnished; reasonable. Telephone Berkeley 6147.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and e whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer will spend the season Fair Oaks.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor expect to go to Menlo the 1st of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin are again their Burlingame home.

Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Marian Newhall, and Miss Julia Langhorne left town on Tuesday morning for the Newhall ranch in the southern part of the State.

As soon as Miss Ethel Crocker has entirely recovered from her recent illness she and Mrs. H. Crocker will return to America, and expect to spend the summer in their new home at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Pillsbury will close their home on Broadway the first of May, and will go San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear expect to go to Menlo the early part of May. They have been spending the winter at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter have gone to New York, and plan to remain East all summer.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase has gone to her home, "Stag's Leap," in the Napa Valley, for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hirschfeld have gone East on a trip that will extend over several weeks.

Among those arriving from Honolulu on the *Manurewa* on Friday, the 15th, were Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Swanzey, Mrs. A. G. Hawes, Jr., Mrs. D. Lombard of Los Angeles, and Mr. and Mrs. George Davies, who are going abroad for a year's trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Swanzey are going to meet Miss Nora Swanzey, who is in the East at school, and then proceed to Europe.

Mrs. Hawes is going to visit friends in England, and Mrs. Lombard, after a short visit here with friends, is going to return to her home in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, who has resided in Los Angeles for some years, is visiting relatives in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton have taken house in Burlingame for the summer and will move up their apartments at the Fairmont the 1st of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Chenery have returned on their visit to Southern California.

Captain and Mrs. Dorsey Cullen, who have been spending the winter at the Normandie, have left here for Captain Cullen's new post at Fort Ethan Allen, Vermont.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter, who has been the guest of Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, will visit Mrs. Frederick Kohl and Mrs. A. B. Easton at Burlingame before returning to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, who have spent the winter at the Normandie, expect to reopen their Menlo Park home shortly.

Captain William McKittrick and Mrs. McKittrick will spend the summer at Santa Barbara when they return from New York.

Among those who are planning to spend the summer months in Santa Barbara are Mrs. William G. Irwin and Miss Helene, Mrs. William Mayo Newhall and her daughters, Mrs. Sarah Stetson Winslow, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are traveling in Australia.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton are traveling through Europe, and plan to spend the spring months in Paris.

Mrs. Hamilton is better known to San Francisco as Miss Ethel Lincoln.

Dr. and Mrs. Cary Langhorne are spending several days as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Potter Langhorne at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Dr. Langhorne, who has been stationed at Honolulu for the past year, has been ordered to an Eastern station.

Mr. Walter Martin has returned from his trip East.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and their daughter, Miss Helen, who have been spending the winter in New York, are expected home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Cadwalader have taken a house in San Francisco and expect to occupy it about May 1.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene de Sabla, accompanied by Mrs. Clement Tobin and Miss Vera de Sabla, returned from Santa Barbara last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Kahn have gone East for about three months.

Mrs. Lane-Leonard has been the guest of Mrs. Phebe Hearst at Verona.

Mrs. Leonard has an apartment at the St. Xavier which she has been occupying this winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Lent will spend the summer at Castle Crag.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller and Miss Anna Weller will spend the month of July in the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and their daughters have left here for the East, en route to Europe.

Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mrs. William M. Newhall, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Jennie Hooker, and Miss Elena Robinson have been touring Lake County in a party together.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau and her daughter, Miss Helen, who have been in Europe for the past year, will sail for home about the end of this month.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and her daughter, Miss Jennie, will leave here early in May for the East, and after spending a short time there they plan to sail for Europe.

Major-General John F. Weston and his family have gone to make their home in the East.

Mrs. Milo Potter and her daughter, Miss Nina Jones, have been in town from Santa Barbara.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Uriel Schree have decided to make their home in California and will divide their time between San Francisco and Coronado, where Mrs. Schree's father is living.

Mrs. George Ashton, Miss Helen, and Miss Bessie have gone to Carmel-by-the-Sea for about a month. They were accompanied by Mrs. E. B. Clement.

Mr. and Mrs. L. I. Cowgill have left here for a tour of the Eastern States which will keep them away from San Francisco for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rose Vincent are on their way to their home in England.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Carey Friedlander are going to spend the summer in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Gregg, with their daughters and Miss Elyse Schultz, have left here for a trip to Europe.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Thomas Kurtz have left Yerba Buena for Southern California.

Mr. A. Chesebrough has taken the home of Mrs. Laura Roe in Ross for the summer season.

Mrs. F. S. Foorman has returned to her home in San Mateo, after a visit to Paso Robles and Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pringle have returned to Menlo Park, after spending the winter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Covington Pringle will go to Menlo about the first of May.

Mr. John Hooper and Miss Jeannette Hooper will go to Woodside in May.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Beatty are established in their home in Woodside.

The Misses Morrison of San Jose have been spending several days at the Palace.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin, who have been occupying the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister on Jackson Street during the winter, will open their Menlo Park home May 1, and will spend the summer there.

Miss Virginia Newhall, who has spent the winter in Boston, has returned home.

Lieutenant William A. Glassford, Jr., and Mrs. Glassford have returned to Vallejo.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White expect to leave here for New York about July 1, and will sail from there for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitney expect to spend June and July on the McCloud River.

Mrs. Rose Hooper Plotner is expected home from Honolulu early in May.

Mr. W. H. Herrin, accompanied by Mr. James W. Byrne, has returned from the East.

Mrs. Ramon E. Wilson, with her daughter, will leave shortly for Europe, where they expect to travel indefinitely.

Miss Marguerite Burns is visiting relatives in Los Angeles, and expects to spend the month of May at Coronado.

Major Robert Houston Noble, U. S. A., who made San Francisco his home for twelve years, is here on a visit to the city.

Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin has gone East on a visit which will extend throughout the summer.

Mrs. Caroline Johnson Rixford has returned to her home in this city, after a month's visit to her sister, Mrs. W. W. Sargent, in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope have given up their trip to Europe and have decided to spend the summer between their home in Burlingame and Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffin are in Italy.

Miss Susan Watkins, who is coming to San Francisco in June for a visit, has just sold her picture, which won for her the Shaw Memorial Prize.

The purchaser is Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney of New York.

Miss Watkins has been abroad studying art ever since the family left here, but she and her mother, Mrs. James T. Watkins, have made New York their home for the past year.

Mrs. Reeves, who was Miss Eleanor Watkins, is living at Annapolis, where Lieutenant Reeves is stationed.

Among recent arrivals at the Peninsula Hotel were Mrs. Spencer Ashlin, Mr. C. J. Ashlin, Mrs. R. B. Lindsay, Mr. A. A. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Johnson, Mrs. S. M. Cooper, Mrs. G. Straus, Mrs. B. Lewis, Miss E. Lyons, Miss E. Cooper, Miss Florence Hyde, Miss Olive Hyde, Mrs. J. F. Fish, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Bonesteel, Mr. Le Roy T. Ryone, Mr. W. F. Slocumb, Mrs. I. L. Rosenthal and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown and son, Mr. and Mrs. A. Borel, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. O. H. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Pillsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph King, Mr. G. W. Brooks and party, Mr. G. A. Boyer, Mr. Jack Fleming, Mr. I. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Rieser, Mrs. J. F. Dowling, Mrs. C. P. Cain, of San Francisco.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado are Mr. J. B. Faget, Mr. Charles F. Wilson, Miss Hutchinson, Mrs. J. H. Wonderly, Mrs. Henry Payot, Mr. H. W. Colson, Mr. Joe Harris, Mr. H. G. Martell.

An appointment announced this week from the Southern Pacific offices gives a new title and enlarged and important responsibilities to Paul Shoup, who has held various but always advancing positions with the company for eighteen years.

Mr. Shoup was first a clerk in the San Bernardino office, but proved his ability early, and was appointed receiver of the narrow-gauge road to Riverside and made the line pay for the first time.

He came to the passenger department in the general offices in this city later, and then became district freight and passenger agent at San Jose.

He was given wider authority afterward in the freight department at Portland, and again returned to the passenger department here.

Since last December Mr. Shoup has been in charge of Harriman interests in California not directly connected with the railroad.

He has now been made assistant general manager in charge of all the electric lines in California.

In the days before Mr. Shoup became absorbed in his professional duties he was widely known as an author.

Many of his stories have appeared in the *Argonaut*, in the offices of which he is still remembered with warm personal regard.

Raisin Candies for April 30th

RAISIN Creams, RAISIN Nougat and RAISIN Chocolates—novel and delicious confections made of California raisins. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' Candy Stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter and 28 Market St. (near Ferry).

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Cook in Comfort You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives no outside heat. All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking—none in outside heating.

New Perfection  
WICK BLUE FLAME  
Oil Cook-stove

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. One wipe with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Do you know, Imogen, your hair reminds me of Syracuse?" "Pray why?" "Because it's so near Auburn."—*Cornell Widow.*

"How did you enjoy your vacation?" "Fine! It made a new man of me!" "I congratulate your wife."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Knicker—How large is their suburban place? Bocker—Large! Why, they have to have folding beds for the flowers.—*New York Sun.*

Music Teacher—Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked "rest"? Pupil—Yes, teacher, but I aren't tired.—*Life.*

"Tis talk of enormous canals on Mars seems to fascinate you," said one statesman. "Yes," replied the other, "think of the appropriation bills."—*Washington Star.*

"I hear Jones, the sea captain, is in bard luck. He married a girl and she ran away from him." "Yes, he took her for a mate, but she was a skipper."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Howell—I'm engaged to Miss Rowell. Congratulate me, old man. Powell—I would, if I did not know that in her case a nomination is not equivalent to an election.—*Smart Set.*

"Scribbles writes some very pleasing verse." "Indeed? I've never heard of it pleasing anybody." "Evidently you've never observed its effect on Scribbles."—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

"Got an automobile to sell for \$40?" "Not yet," answered the good-natured dealer, "but you can get into the game for that money. Why not buy a tire to carry around?"—*Pittsburg Post.*

Slum Worker—What a well-behaved little boy he is! Burglar's Wife—And he comes by it natural, ma'am. His poor father always got his sentence reduced owing to good behavior.—*Stray Stories.*

The Rev. Dr. Putemtosleep—Deacon Goodleigh walked right out of church in the middle of my sermon. I wonder if I offended him. Mrs. Goodleigh—Don't let that worry you, doctor. He has been a somnambulist for years.—*Philadelphia Record.*

"I have a little volume here," began the agent. "Git out an' sbet the door, darn you!" shouted the victim. "I haint got no use for no sech trash!" "Yes you have," countered the caller. "Tis is a treatise on 'Good Manners and Good Grammar.'"—*Cleveland Leader.*

Mrs. McGuire—Is your ould man any better since be went to th' doctor's, Mrs. Finegan? Mrs. Finegan—Not wan bit, Mrs. McGuire; sure it's worse th' poor man is wid his head whirling 'aroun' an' 'aroun', tryin' to discover bow to follow th' doctor's directions. Mrs. McGuire—An' what are th' directions,

Mrs. Finegan? Mrs. Finegan—Sure, they do be to take wan powder six toimes a day, Mrs. McGuire.—*Brooklyn Life.*

"I don't like to go to a play and be kept in suspense all the time." "Neither do I. Last night I thought the woman in front of me wasn't going to take off her hat, but she finally did."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"You can't run a newspaper that will absolutely please everybody," said the editor.

"No," replied the old subscriber; "a man's opinion of the fashion page is usually pretty much the same as his wife's opinion of the sporting section."—*Washington Star.*

"I'm afraid my husband is developing the gambling instinct," sobbed the bride. "What's the matter, dear? Has he been playing poker?" "No, but yesterday he offered to match pennies with brother Frank to determine which one should pay the carfare."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Thirty-Two Pages

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### Justice Hughes.

No man appointed to the supreme bench in recent times fills the ideal requirements better than Governor Hughes. First of all, he is a great lawyer. And hardly less important, his merits, both professional and personal, are widely known and universally approved. He has come through a period of active political and administrative responsibility without marring the finer favor of a notably high character. He has now for several years been conspicuously in politics, but none

of the vices associated with politics and which commonly smirch a man active in politics are associated with his name.

Mr. Hughes has the practical merit, with reference to the work he now undertakes, of being relatively young. He is forty-eight, which means that he has the prospect of a long period of judicial service; and other things being as they ought to be, there is great advantage in this fact. It may easily be believed that his appointment to associate judgeship at this time means nothing less than his ultimate advancement to the chief justiceship. He is eminently, in truth pre-eminently, fitted for that high responsibility, and in the present situation—Chief Justice Fuller being now seventy-seven years of age—there is certain before a great while to be a vacancy in that office.

In one sense Mr. Hughes makes a personal sacrifice to accept service on the supreme bench. His personal fortunes were moderate when reluctantly he began his political career, and it is a well-known fact that they have declined under the requirements of official life. With his abilities and high repute, large fortune was plainly before him if he had chosen to follow the invitation of mere financial self-interest. In accepting an appointment to the supreme bench he likewise accepts a future in which financial interest is subordinated to other things. That such a man, so placed, is willing to accept judicial service under the conditions which must attend it is a highly and hopefully suggestive circumstance. For all the materialism of the time, there are still men to put aside personal fortune and to bear the public responsibilities.

### Mark Twain.

With Mark Twain passed away the most familiar and attractive, and in some respects the most inspiring, figure in the literary life of America. His origin was typical, in its village environment, of that of the great mass of his countrymen. What schooling he had, apart from that which he found for himself outside of school walls, was drearily commonplace. Mark Twain was not able to say even that he knew small Latin and less Greek, for he knew nothing of either and was not ashamed. At best, the Missouri academy could give him but a trifling scholarship; that poor man's college, the printing office, in which he set type and wrote items for the village paper, probably gave him more. But what mattered it? The lad had a searching spirit, a quick wit, and the knack of discriminating mental absorption. These would do.

Still, the way was full of handicaps to a literary career. It was the fashion then if you wanted an audience of readers, to be born near Boston. Fate had given Mark Twain a birthplace beyond the Mississippi, not far from Pike County itself. From that Nazareth no good thing was ever hoped for; and so, when this intruding stranger wrote a book which tumbled, laughing, from the press, the calm of the New England Brahmins was as the scorn of the superior mind. We think it doubtful if, for a long time, "Innocents Abroad" found a place on the shelves of Concord and Cambridge libraries. If it did, it must have been put there under protest, and with averted eyes and given no honest name by the custodian. Beacon Street, in the precise voice of its "Bromfield Coreys," was sure that Mark Twain—incurably vulgar, that alias!—had "nothing to give." The city of the elect, though it called itself the Athens of America, was under more than Athenian restraint. It was not forever running after new things, excepting its own peculiar fads. New things from Missouri and from further west, especially things that compromised the dignity of literature by full-voiced mirth, might well be left to Bonner's *Ledger*, the almanacs, and to the bookstalls of the Philistines. The literary world of which Boston was at once the inquisition and the shrine was not to have its high reserves invaded by a mere maker of gibes. The solemn duty of the hour

was to turn the intellectual face toward Concord and listen in awe for the whisper among the mountains which might dislodge the avalanches. Meanwhile for light diversion were Joseph Cook's Monday lectures, and those gentle assemblies over the teacups where were instigated the mysteries that college undergraduates, mostly from the untrammelled West, described as the Whicness of the To and the Whenness of the At.

The fun-maker had, indeed, cut a poor figure in the outskirts of American literature. John Phoenix was never mentioned except on the street and below stairs. Artemus Ward was a disagreeable odor, reminiscent of the decayed and fermenting spirit of Joe Miller. Petroleum V. Nasby could not be referred to in Brahmin society without loss of caste. As for Josh Billings, albeit a creature of some insight, one might not say his squalid name without the precaution to swallow a purifying draught of quassia. And now a Missourian calling himself Mark Twain! An ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten the imagination!

One philosopher among the groves of Concord spoke oracles which only the elect understood, but which, among all who wanted to wear the hallmark of scholarship, it was needful to quote. Since Benjamin Franklin, America had possessed no other. Did any one venture to say that one more had come out of the intellectual barrens of Missouri? We may feel, if we never heard, the quiet derision which only the Cambridge accent may convey. Emerson—Mark Twain! Heaven save the mark and set it up on the confines of human misconception as a warning!

And yet England, classic old England, whose tolerance was reward enough for New England scholarship, had begun to acclaim the graceless Missourian. It did not mistake him for a mere wearer of cap and bells. If he seemed to affect motley, it was some errant disguise worn over the gray robe of the philosopher. England, mindful of her kin beyond the sea, had been losing hope. It honored Emerson, but it had its little humors about the Emersonian cult. It shook its white head over the curious pretense of Brook Farm. From its Tennyson of anthem notes and witchery of Æolian harps it was but feebly drawn by the aspiring pipes of the New England singers. Nor could it quite make itself believe, fresh from the groves where Huxley and Tyndall, Herbert Spencer and Carlyle, held high council, that the last word had been spoken by the Concord School of Philosophy. Perhaps in all this was the taint of "that certain condescension among Englishman," but there was none of any condescension when Oxford uncovered to the man who had written or had it in him to write "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," the "Prince and Pauper," "Pudd'n-head Wilson," and the rest of those humorous philosophies which have made Mark Twain loved by the readers of eight languages.

We Americans have long spoken of Mark Twain as a humorist, stopping there. But the older nations recognized him as a sage who chose to speak in terms of humor. He so knew the human heart that to Saxon and Celt and Slav, to "Greek and barbarian," the bond and free, he was a friend and teacher. Here was a man who did not speak in strange enigmas which only the initiated could grapple with; but one who found sermons in stones, books in running brooks, and good in everything but sham and pretense and ignoble creeds. His jests were maxims; his jeers were medicine; he drew his happy tales from wells of wisdom hidden in the everlasting rock, pure and undefiled. This man was new and fresh and clean and unconventional, and his sympathies were broad and true. No wonder the Brahmins stood amazed. They pointed out that, after all, the Missourian knew little of standards of literary style; but they had to perceive, albeit grudgingly, that Mark Twain's own style was as much a legal tender of thought as was Carlyle's; that it was, withal, an instrument well tempered to his mind and true to its



hand. And it was borne in upon these high priests of New England culture that fun was not a sacrilege; that mirth might be wholesome, and that a mirthful man might scatter wisdom and goodness along his pleasant ways, and that, after all, sturdy moral growths might come up where seeds of quite informal wit had fallen. One day, when the Brahmins had grown sane, Yale gave the Missourian her degree; and in a new literary assembly at Hartford the choice and master spirits of the newer time made Mark Twain welcome as their dean. The honors of Oxford were yet to come, and after that, amid the tolling of the great bells of universities and ancient seats of learning, the tributes of the civilized world.

#### The New System in Practice.

As we get deeper into the political season we find new charms in the direct primary system provided for us by the last legislature. To be sure, the law in its details is still almost as much of a mystery as it was when it was enacted by the legislature, but under the necessity for action we are learning something of its mandatory requirements. The public has already learned that, under the new system, it is extremely difficult to get men of the right kind to be candidates for office, likewise extremely difficult to keep the wrong kind of men out of office. For example, one man whom the public wish assigned to reelection to the governorship has declined positively to stand for the office. Another, likewise assigned by the public wish to reelection as a senator, declines to be a candidate. Thus in the higher political ranks the new system rejects experience and trained efficiency, practically nullifying the popular will as respects the most important political posts.

We are finding further that the system imposes especial financial burdens upon candidates. There is the cost of one campaign preceding nomination and of another after the nomination has been won; and the period covered by these activities is naturally made a long one by the energies of personal rivalry. The election does not come until November—a full half-year ahead—but already one candidate for the governorship has been actively in the field for a year, while others have been scheming and working and spending for full three months. Whereas, under the old system, State campaigns were thought to be unduly long if extended over one hundred days, under the new they are found to be short if they do not cover the better part of a year.

In the matter of minor State and county offices we are learning that under the new system we shall have only aggressive self-seekers as candidates. Citizens who have been induced by neighborly appeal and the demands of community responsibility to accept legislative, local administrative, and other similar commissions decline to present themselves as candidates—decline to take the steps which imply personal solicitude for political preferment. Many men, and commonly men of the best sort, are so constituted temperamentally that they will not take the attitude of appealing personally for favors at the hands of the public. Such, quite naturally, are eliminated from public life by the new system.

We are finding the requirements of the direct primary system to be especially onerous in relation to the judiciary. In spite of the fact that under the old system we have gotten some cheap material on the bench, there have still survived certain wholesome traditions in connection with judicial service. Candidates for judgeships have not been presumed to make active "fights" for office. The better sort of judges have permitted themselves to be both nominated and elected through the energies of others rather than by their own, but now we have a system under which even Supreme Court justices must get into the political scramble and support themselves by personal organization to retain their places on the bench.

Associated with these general effects of the direct primary system there are a multitude of incidental beauties. Thus, in eliminating party conventions, this system narrows the selection of candidates practically to a little ring of party managers, as illustrated conspicuously in the recent nomination of Mr. Johnson by the so-called Good Government Leaguers. Then, too, it becomes more and more evident that the cost of the system to the taxpayers is to be heavy—at the very least double that of our old electoral machinery. And on top of all we find that in adopting this new system we are throwing away the principle of representative government devised and formulated by our great grandsires—a principle whose working efficiency

has been demonstrated by an experience of nearly a century and a half—and that in its place we are establishing a bastard species of democracy, a principle which has failed in every country where it has been tried.

#### Bureaucracy and Industry.

After a protracted and vexatious contest the wine producers of California have been graciously permitted by the authorities at Washington to put upon bottles containing the product of their vineyards names of their own selection. This was done naturally and successfully for forty years or more, and it never occurred to anybody to question its propriety until some busybody connected with one of the bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, in the bigness of his wisdom and virtue, discovered that Californians were not treating themselves or the world honestly. His charge rested upon the fact that the California wines of various kinds have been given the names assigned to them in the world of commerce for half a dozen centuries. Thus claret wine was called claret, port wine was called port, sauterne was called sauterne, and so on down the line of varieties and names. The dishonesty of this practice, as conceived by the busybody above mentioned, was of a kind not easy of description or even of comprehension, but it was sufficient for a hold-up on the part of the Agricultural Department against the California wine men. The suggestion was that we should label our wines not with their true names, but with the names plus the word "type." Thus, sauterne under this suggestion was to be named "sauterne type," port was to be labeled "port type," etc.

From every point of view this attempted regulation was mischievous. First of all, it implied a confession that California wines are not the real thing, but only in their way imitations. Second, it violated the commercial habits of half a century, incidentally destroying the reputation established by California wine-makers. Third, it tended to put our wine product absolutely at a disadvantage in markets both new and old. Of course our wine men have resented and resisted this impertinent and foolish interference with their personal rights and the privileges of their business. It has taken a good deal of time and it has involved a good deal of expense; but in the end the fight has been won. We have succeeded in beating down officious meddling and in retaining the privilege of naming our product by its true name without interference or hindrance.

The incident has some value as showing what must invariably happen when the operations of industry come under the supervision of petty bureaucrats. In such cases authority is placed invariably in the hands of a small-brained officialism; men who are doing important things find themselves hindered and pestered by officials whose only means of demonstrating their activity is to be everlastingly meddling with something or somebody. We have seen this sort of thing in practice during the past two years not only in connection with our wine industry, but in a vexatious hold-up of our cured fruit industry. Our producers have had literally to fight for the existence of these industries against the very clerks—the cheap, little bureaucrats—of the Department of Agriculture.

This recent history does not help greatly to develop friendship in the Pacific States for what has come to be known as Pinchotism. Nobody here wants to see the bounty of the government given away. Nobody wishes to see unlimited license in questionable operations. On the other hand, nobody with common sense wants to see the government so mix in matters which do not concern its responsibilities as to put upon industry the embarrassments and vexations which inevitably come under bureaucratic systems.

#### Professional Showmen.

Through their inventions in aeronautics and by their hardihood as aviators the Wright brothers have won a position of real distinction in the world. Somehow they have contrived to escape and rise above the atmosphere of the circus which almost inevitably in these later days involves those who do "stunts" of a physical kind. But public respect for the Wrights is likely to decline if they shall persist in such enforcement of certain technical rights as to claim for themselves and their agents a monopoly of aviation in this country. The country is willing to regard the Wright brothers as something higher and better than mere trapeze artists so long as they shall value themselves as men of scientific character and hold themselves to scientific and gentlemanlike courses. But it will not accept them

as great figures in the scientific sphere and at the same time as professional showmen unwilling to permit the world to share in the results of their achievements. Very recently the country has had an illustration of this principle in the career of Mr. Peary, discoverer of the North Pole. If Peary, like another Columbus, had returned and made his report to the government without concealment or reservation he would have had a fixed place among the great figures of his day and of his country. Partly because of his attitude towards Cook, who is plainly a mentally broken irresponsible, but even more by his money-making efforts, Peary has gotten himself into a very positive discredit. Congress hesitates and will, we hope, in the end decline to give him a pension on the score of an achievement which he refuses to tell the world about excepting in such manner and at such times as will yield to him a large money return. In other words, by his eagerness for money and by the means which he has taken to secure it, Mr. Peary has descended from the character of a man of science and of professional spirit, to the lower level of a mere exploiter of a sensational novelty. Let the Wrights beware of the same fate. If they follow a petty, selfish, and sordid course they will surely come to be regarded as mere grasps after a personal advantage. And if the public shall once get this view of them, their day of scientific standing and of high consideration will be lost.

#### Devlin and Burns.

Mr. Devlin, after a full investigation of circumstances attending his service in the United States Attorneyship for California, has been confirmed by the Senate, as he deserved to be. Mr. Devlin had done no wrong, but this is not saying that wrong had not been done by others in connection with procedures for which in the course of events the prosecuting office was forced to accept a nominal responsibility. Unauthorized misrepresentations, it appears, had been made to a grand jury in a specific case; likewise "testimony" had been "worked up" by means more suggestive of the Spanish inquisition than of a modern court of justice. Mr. Devlin had no part in these doings, for they were accomplished facts when he came into office. It was his misfortune to inherit a sort of technical responsibility for the misdeeds of others.

It is charged that the real offender was none other than W. J. Burns, of whose activities in a similar line of work San Francisco has had some observation during the past three years. Mr. Burns styles himself a detective. His specialty, as we have observed his operations here, has been the enforcement of indictments and the finding of testimony in support of them. By what means he goes about work of this sort San Francisco knows quite as much as it cares to know. But it would help to an understanding of many things by the country at large if Mr. Burns's methods could be shown up on a large stage. We note the suggestion that Mr. Burns and his doings are to be investigated by national authority. It is eminently a good suggestion. Congress and the country ought to know by what means this man has proceeded in California, Arizona, and elsewhere, in the name and under the powers of a too trusting government.

#### Imported New Zealand Fads.

Whenever a strap fails of its buckle in the United States, leisurely gentlemen who write for the reviews on "Certain Dangerous Tendencies of American Life" turn with solemn and unctuous appeal to New Zealand. Like the Moslems who bend their faces to the east at a call from the watchman in the tower, our cloistered censors also have a geographical arcana. It is the one that lies under the Southern Cross, and there alone is supposed to be found a cure for all the ills of our body politic. Americans first began to hear of it when worried sages, in dressing gowns and slippers, began to note the failure of representative government through widely dishonest voting. There was, of course, no thought of seeking a remedy at home. New Zealand, after the usual preliminary of borrowing money from England with which to try experiments, had evolved something better than the old voting system, which we must hasten to possess. So we brought over the blanket ballot, which has grown so much larger on our hands as to constitute a leading product of the paper trust and to consume so much of the time of the busy citizen that he hardly thinks it worth while any more to fall into the line before the voting booth. Other perils and other aspects of State socialism in turn alarmed and allured the self-constituted reformers,



and so, in time, we got the referendum and recall, two lovely berries moulded on one stem. And we learned, furthermore, that the future of America held no hope, even of the promised millennium, until the blessings of pure democracy could be had through the direct primary. So we sent to New Zealand for the direct primary and directly it made its inroads. At present there seems to be no hope of extirpating it, but New Zealand may, in time, develop a parasite to prey upon the new pest, in which case we shall feel privileged to import it also.

Here let it be remarked that interest in such parasites is beginning to show itself under the Southern Cross. Blessings have become banes and are beginning to call for their antidotes. New Zealand is no longer the taxpayers' elysium; the votaries of its pure democracy begin to have their doubts. People there are beginning to ask in the cynical tone in which William A. White put his vital inquiry to Kansas, and ask "What's the matter with New Zealand?" And not a voice responds with the classic phrase, "She's all right!"

Indeed, she seems to be quite wrong. In a recent Canadian journal is a letter from a Wellington man which is printed under the suggestive headlines: "Here Is Your Workingman's Ideal—New Zealand, Plunged Headlong into Debt, Is Being Steadily Abandoned for Better Fields by All Who Can Get Away—Work Scarce, Wages Poor, Living High." Even with this serious beginning one is scarcely prepared for the indictment which follows, especially in view of the rosy pictures which the New Zealand government has thrown on the screen of public opinion. But the other side must be heard. In New Zealand, we are told, no laborers' Utopia delights the eye. There are no luxuries in hand which are denied to workers in other lands. The average rate of pay of the unskilled worker is but eight shillings per day in the towns and from fifteen shillings to one pound per week (and found) in the country. Employment is not regular. A town laborer, out of his £2. 8s. a week has little left after supporting his family. He pays 15s. per week for rent; coal and firewood are 5s.; groceries, including bread, 16s., making a total of £2. 5s. 6d., leaving 2s. 6d. for clothing, medicines, and all the other necessities of life and a surplus for the rainy day. Skilled laborers do somewhat better, when they get work, but labor is now a drug on the market. Enterprise is dead, prospects gloomy, and mechanics and artisans are going as fast as they can to Australia or are moving back to the soil. Even on farms the outlook is not a promising one. Capital is needed in New Zealand, as elsewhere, to get land and develop it. Two pounds sterling per acre will buy uncleared brush land, but improved land near townships runs as high as £90 per acre. In New Zealand, as in most other countries, the best public land is taken up, especially that close to markets; and although little patches of good soil are bought by the government from private parties to be awarded under the ballot system one man's chance of getting any of this property is hardly worth counting. For thirty plots near Auckland there were 1230 applicants.

All this, perhaps, has no direct relation to the colonial fads we have imported for the benefit of our own political system. The main question is, has the government achieved the greatest good to the greatest number through the political experiments it has been making and in which the United States has so trustfully and so avidly followed suit? On this point the conclusions of the cited New Zealand authority may well be pondered. The writer says the government of the late premier, Sir Harry Atkinson, was marked by wholesale borrowing. In every possible way it sought to obtain money. Much of this was wasted. Costly public buildings replaced old ones that were good enough. Luxurious railway stations were provided. Under political pressure railways were built that became liabilities instead of assets. Offices were made to give berths to politicians; and 930 of these, all holdovers, were lately turned out by the ministry of Sir Joseph Ward. The budget reveals an increase in the public debt of £4,484,637. From 1891 to 1909, the public debt increased from £28,830,350 to £70,935,584, an increase of £32,108,184, equal to 82 per cent. Here is some light on the dearth of living and the scarcity of employment. New Zealand, happy, Utopian New Zealand, the abode of wise men made perfect, the model from which a new political system for the United States is being proposed, is held tight in the quicksands of mortgage, the greater part of its revenue goes to

pay interest on the national debt, and its people are peering fearfully into the future lest they may descry the spectre of national bankruptcy.

The United States, after all, is a pretty good old country. It has more wealth than Great Britain. Its people are not culpably in debt. Crops are generally good, there is room in the land for double the present population, and though the cost of living grows fast the incomes grow faster and the wages keep abreast of the need. Of course we have our municipal graft, but the Federal government is honest and competent and there is no evil that needs any other remedy than an aroused and instructed public opinion. We might well dispense with New Zealand cure-alls until our own specifics have come to naught. That has not happened yet. There has been no emergency in the civic life of the United States which the people have been unable to meet in their own way. Our chief curse is the political indifference of good citizens, and New Zealand has no proved medicine for that disease. But when the call is urgent, we can and do overcome the evil ourselves, and with the steady growth in good citizenship which reveals itself in the wisdom with which the voters are applying themselves to problems of municipal rule, the United States has the right to feel that it is working out its own salvation merely by the intelligent use of the powers which are its own heritage from the past.

A Modest Man on His Travels.

Mr. Roosevelt's shrinking nature was noted by Mr. Dooley at the Philadelphia convention, where the New Yorker was put on the ticket for Vice-President. It had been suspected before, but there was a delicacy in Mr. Roosevelt's shyness which had been overlooked by all but the philosopher of Archey Road. Of the more or less high company at the national convention, Mr. Roosevelt was among the few who had not made themselves conspicuous in silk tiles, but had just put on his simple, unobtrusive old Rough Rider hat. "He done it," Mr. Dooley explained, "so nobody wouldn't take no notice of him." That everybody did take notice of him was one of fate's mean tricks at which the victim protested in at least fifty interviews and through the Associated Press.

When Mr. Roosevelt was "heard to cease" his duties of President, his first thought was, of course, to shield himself from public view. Editorial relations with the *Outlook* seemed a promising way, but even in the privacy of Dr. Abbott's leaded brevier there was not that hope of complete personal effacement which a lion and elephant hunt in darkest Africa offered. Taking every care to divert the popular eye by identifying the Smithsonian Institution with his anonymous journey and taking along stenographers, typewriters, a moving-picture man, and various savants with special Associated Press billets, Mr. Roosevelt modestly slipped off to Europe and took another steamer at Naples, the royal suite of which had been reserved for him and filled with floral gifts of the Kaiser, and so in due time he reached a romantic port of East Africa. We may imagine the relief it must have been to plunge into the country of big game and what a fateful disappointment came to the hunter when he learned that his faithless savants and typewriters had kept his fellow-citizens apprized of every incident of his journey until he emerged, on the inconspicuous back of a bishareen camel, with a scarlet escort of Khedival horsemen, into the shadow of the pyramids where forty centuries looked down upon him stonily unmindful of his wish to be regarded as an unassuming American engaged in sightseeing.

Fate has never seemed more capricious than in the story of what followed. At Cairo Mr. Roosevelt made some tentative oral ventures, merely out of the kindness of his nature, to remind the bonded Egyptians, as any self-respecting American might, that it was better for them to let the British rule them than to commit the political solecism of trying to rule themselves—whereupon, to the horror of this mild and hesitating soul, there came near being a riot. After this shock to a nature which was growing more and more sensitive to advertising methods, Mr. Roosevelt hastened across the Mediterranean to Italy. On landing there he again emphasized the fact that he was traveling as a plain American without the slightest pretense of political authority or prestige; and he was warmly supported in this claim by the United States ambassador to Turkey, whom he had summoned to join him in Egypt, and by Ambassador Leishman, who had been called to Genoa to quiet any untoward rumor there might be that

Roosevelt was aping the pomp and circumstance of royalty.

As an unofficial gentleman on a private tour, Mr. Roosevelt was still sorely tried by public curiosity; and in Rome he meant to put an end to it. To be sure, he had an idea of mixing a bit, sub rosa, with the Pope, the Methodists, Cardinal Merry del Val, and the King of Italy, but all this could be done in a way not to cause remark. The group would have a corking good time all together and not even the Vatican detectives would hear about it. But alas! the quips and wiles of fate. Nothing went right and the Rooseveltian name was soon on every lip; and to make things worse for such a retiring man, the Cardinal Secretary of State accused him of trying, ostentatiously, to follow his conquests in Africa by adding the Holy Father himself and various "more or less royal personages" to the contents of his gamebag. Did ever a violet by the wayside find itself turned into a gaudy sunflower by the act of a designing fairy? If it did, the modest Mr. Roosevelt then knew how it felt.

Another device to get complete privacy was tried, but once more the shy intent of the harassed visitor was foiled. There is a road which runs for sixty miles along the bright Italian coast where Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt, long years before, had made a part of their honeymoon journey. Surely they might repeat this sentimental progress and no one would be the wiser. With infinite pains the plan was worked out. Mr. Roosevelt first notified the police of his chosen route. Then the itinerary was made up and printed and suites of rooms were cautiously engaged along the way. Relays of horses were secured. The government, anxious to please, did its guarded part in notifying the mayors of towns and the commanders of garrisons. Then the blushing little game of hide and seek began. At the hour of early forenoon, while all the Riviera folk are out of doors, the honeymoon pair, hidden away in the white silken solitude of an open victoria, preceded by secret service men mounted and followed by police and correspondents in jaunting-cars, began their sixty miles. At every village the bands, the firemen, and the military were out, and little girls in white dresses scattered flowers along the way and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner" or something that sounded just as well. Mr. Roosevelt was hopeless then. In three typewritten replies to municipal addresses he expressed his regret that a natural desire to conceal his tenderest emotions from the rude gaze of the public could not have been respected; after which there was a salvo of artillery and great enthusiasm on the part of fellow-Americans and the populace as the shrinking traveler left in a special car for other fields.

To those who hoped that the worried ex-President might have better luck in Paris we can give but cold comfort. It was plain that he meant to take every precaution there against becoming a spectacle. He had had enough of notoriety. Try as he might to disappear in the unmarked throng, his name was being continually sounded from the housetops. He hid on the dais of the Sarbonne, whither he had gone to have a heart-to-heart talk with the students, and the demon of publicity followed him there. He dined with the President of the republic and felt that he might escape the wiles of the reporter by speaking in French; but the reporter was not dismayed even by that deadly ruse, and Mr. Roosevelt's after-dinner discovery that France, as he had previously said of Egypt and Rome, was the cradle of our civilization, was neatly rendered as an appeal against race suicide. It was plain that the Elysée was no place for an unassuming tourist, so Mr. Roosevelt thought to mingle his vague personality with the obscure memories of Napoleon. To think was to act, and so we leave him in his disappointment, standing "strangely silent" but yet brutally observed by all Paris, beside the red catafalque of the greatest soldier of all time, surrounded by the tattered emblems of imperial conquest. Unhappy Roosevelt! He had done his drundest to keep far from the spotlight, but wherever he had gone on his modest rambles it had turned his way.

Editorial Notes.

The one great and primary objection to an income tax is that in the nature of things it involves a vexatious inquiry into private affairs. Few are so constituted as to be willing to live in glass houses; most regard the amount of their personal income as essentially a personal and private matter. Another objection



lies in the practical impossibility of enforcing an income tax equitably. Even when there is a disposition to be honest about it, it is an extremely difficult matter to fix the amount of a personal income unless it shall come in the form of a fixed salary. Take, for example, the case of a man in business—there are many such—who gains little or nothing in the form of cash income for a series of years, but who then finds that his business has grown from a small value or none at all to a great value. Unquestionably there is income here, but how to get at it, how to define and place it, how to make it returnable—there is a problem indeed. Practically, the income tax would be borne in larger part by conscientious persons and evaded largely, if not wholly, by persons of easy conscience.

It is painful to observe the progressive deterioration of the English language under the usage of a falsetto sentimentalism as personified by the average newspaper reporter. Mere ignorance and rusticity do not cheapen and degrade language, although they do fetter its development. But vulgar smartness, especially in alliance with typesetting machinery and the revolving press, work havoc and ruin despite the solicitude and resentment of those who would like to preserve at least some tradition of what generations of advancing taste have worked out. Despite everything, one good word after another goes to the wall. For example: The word lady once had a legitimately specific meaning; now it means nothing at all excepting as the designation of a more or less commonplace, not to say vulgar, female person. Women of breeding carefully avoid it. The word woman still serves us in lieu of something else, although its fine flavor is going. The Christian Scientists and the Odd Fellows and the orphan societies and the sanatoriums have made the once good word home taste of quackery and smell of iodoform. There is or there used to be in our speech a word of very special, even of fragrant significance. The word sweetheart in times past has summed up in itself all worthiness, all purity, all loveliness. Its application has been wide—to both sexes and all ages—but not wide enough to include any meaning not affiliated with the sentiments and the graces. But this good word is being crowded into the gutter through pinchbeck sentiment combined with debased taste. When we read, for example, in the morning *Chronicle* that an unspeakable degenerate with a record of a hundred burglaries and half a score of murders has been given over to the police by his "sweetheart" because of her jealousy of another "sweetheart," both in fact the grossest of bawds, we think a time has come when somebody should rescue from the slums of verbal prostitution a word hardly paralleled in its delicacy and tenderness. Will not the editor of the *Chronicle*, who knows the English language both in its integrities and in its delicacies, kindly oblige the *Argonaut* and some others by instructing his young men that a woman of the stews who herds with a burglar and a murderer is not a sweetheart and that she may not be so styled without raising the gorge of people of decent sensibilities?

The announcement of Judge Lawlor's candidacy for the Supreme Court sheds a world of light upon things which have happened and are happening in his court. We shall no doubt now witness a furious personal campaign for judicial promotion duly accompanied by procedures cunningly calculated for popular effect. A cheap and dishonest business, truly!

We take notice that a pretty nurse in a local hospital has been dismissed from her place on the charge of flirting with a young medico, in professional phrase styled an interne. Let us hope that this principle will not establish the rule; for should it do so, there will speedily be no internes and few nurses, none of them pretty.

Chester W. Lyman of New York City, a graduate of Yale in 1882, has given five thousand dollars to the Sheffield trustees for the establishment of a course of lectures on the subject of "water storage conservation," to be known as the Chester S. Lyman lectureship, in memory of the donor's father, who was for many years professor of physics and astronomy in the Sheffield school.

Napoleon Dronin, who was recently elected mayor of Quebec City, does not speak English, but in spite of this he polled a large percentage of the English vote. He is a big wholesale grocer and makes things interesting for the tobacco trust with the Rock City Tobacco Company, which he owns.

## CURRENT TOPICS.

There are two interesting features of the Japanese situation that are about to press themselves upon public attention. Somewhere in the back of our minds we know that Japan is about to seek a revision of the treaty that makes the exclusion of her coolies a possibility. This treaty expires next year, but its revision will be hastened—that is to say, if Japan gets her own way—so that the subject may not be on the carpet during the session of the California legislature. It is well known that the Japanese ambassador is doing what he can to hasten the matter, and we may learn any day that important modifications have been agreed upon.

At the same time Count Komura wishes it to be understood that his policy of treaty revision is based upon sentimental and not upon practical grounds. He is anxious enough that the Japanese coolie shall absent himself from America, but he does not wish him to be excluded. He is not willing that there shall be any kind of discrimination against his poor brother or that there shall be any imputation of his inferiority to the laborers of other nations who are now welcomed upon American soil.

As a matter of fact, Count Komura wishes to see the Japanese coolie settled in Manchuria and Korea, where he can be of some value to his own country, rather than in America, where he can be of no value. The coolie in Korea or Manchuria is helping to build up the empire and to cement the stones of a larger Japan. In America he is an alien, and must always remain an alien. Therefore, says the foreign minister, the proper field for Japanese immigration is to be found in Asia, and his government will do its best to bend the reluctant feet of its wanderers in that direction. America, we are asked to believe, has nothing to fear from Japanese immigration, but purely as a matter of sentiment the restrictions must be removed.

The intentions of the Japanese government may be of the most honorable kind, but it may be doubted if the coolie will allow himself to be disposed of in this way. The Japanese is not naturally an immigrant. He leaves his own country not with the object of making for himself a new home, but in order that he may get money and return to his old home as soon as possible. That is why he goes to America and that is why he does not go to Korea and Manchuria. The best that can be obtained in the latter countries is a new home. Wages are low and to save is out of the question, and therefore the best efforts of the government have so far failed to persuade any considerable number of coolies to go there. Who can doubt that a removal of the restrictions would bring them to America in greater numbers than before?

That the President of the United States was hissed by a number of ill-mannered suffragettes who had begged him to address them has been duly noted by the whole civilized world, but we are indebted to the *New York Evening Post* for a report of the President's precise words that led to the rude outbreak. Here they are:

The theory that Hottentots, or any uneducated, altogether unintelligent, class, are fitted for self-government at once, or to take part in government, is a theory that I wholly dissent from, but this qualification is not applicable to the question here.

The *Evening Post* says that this is equally sad whether considered as "humor, or good manners, or diplomacy," and that "when Mr. Taft was a small boy he must have had a terrific record for speaking out before visitors at table."

All the reporters seem to agree that Mr. Hearst's message delivered to the Democrats at the Jefferson Day celebration was the event of the evening, although some of the editors incline to the opinion that the Democrats would have shown greater dignity had they been less jubilant. The message was delivered early in the proceedings by John Temple Graves, but we are not told whether the messenger knocked his head three times upon the floor at each mention of the sacred name. Doubtless he did so mentally if not physically. Champ Clark said that the auspicious news meant twenty new seats for the Democrats, but he did not give the basis for this sanguine calculation.

The real fun of the incident is to be found in the fact that Mr. Hearst's message entirely eclipsed the communication from Mr. Bryan, so true is it that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men made perfect. Mr. Bryan's "speech from the throne" should have been the *pièce de résistance* of the evening, but it was thrown wholly into the shade by the return of the prodigal, and it was not until half-past two in the morning that the chairman remembered his unfulfilled duty and produced the document from his pocket. By that time the roysterers were already thinking about home and beauty, and it required no ordinarily stentorian efforts to bring them once more to heel. But Representative Clayton, the chairman, was pitiless. Mr. Bryan's letter was intended to be read, and it was read down to the last line. It was dated from San Paulo, Brazil, and the only part of it apparently worthy of report is a recommendation that "your gathering will not adjourn without the adoption of a resolution urging a ratification by all the States of the income-tax amendment to the Federal Constitution." The few weary men who were still upon deck were asked to signal their approval by a show of hands, and this was easy, as their hands were already at their mouths to stifle their yawns.

Mr. Taft is the first statesman of the front rank to advocate an international arbitration board that shall be equipped with adequate powers to settle the disputes of the world. All other authoritative proposals have excluded such disputes as may arise from a sense of wounded honor upon the ground that "honor" can be satisfied only with blood. If Mr. Taft will preach consistently the doctrine that nations as well as individuals must submit their differences to adjudication we

can look with equanimity upon the ravings of the militarists in the assurance that a new note has been struck and that it must prevail. As long as disputes involving "honor" are allowed to hold the door open we may be sure that the soldiers and the warships will continue to press through.

The London *Punch* has thrown itself into the wild waters of prophecy, selecting its subject from Mr. Roosevelt's approaching visit to England. Here is an extract from an anticipatory article entitled "Mr. Roosevelt in England":

Today (Tuesday) Mr. Roosevelt paid his long-promised visit to the Houses of Parliament. Members of both houses had assembled in Westminster Hall to do him honor, a mixed guard of honor being furnished by the First Regiment of Life Guards and the Middlesex Yeomanry. The Speaker of the House of Commons and the lord chancellor led Mr. Roosevelt to the brass plate commemorating the position of Stratford during his trial; and Mr. Roosevelt then began his harangue by dwelling in scathing terms on the contrast between the material splendor of an archbishop and the needy wretchedness of a laborer out of employment. No archbishop, he thought, should receive a stipend of more than £100 a year, paid quarterly in advance, and both of them ought to be compelled by law to pass at least eleven months of every year in a slum dwelling. At this point the Archbishop of Canterbury was unfortunately called away by a long-standing previous engagement. Mr. Roosevelt, continuing, poured scorn on such efforts as might from time to time be made by the bench of bishops to preach and enforce the superannuated doctrines of peace among mankind. Having thus cleared the hall of all the bishops, Mr. Roosevelt went on to deliver a glowing panegyric on war as the reinvigorator of nations. He was himself, he said, no supporter of the obsolete privileges possessed and exercised by the House of Lords, but at the same time he felt bound to commend that house for throwing down the gauntlet to an upstart and ignorant assembly like the House of Commons, who, for their part, deserved nothing but praise for the way in which they had determined to assert their privileges against a most unwarrantable encroachment. Both these houses ought, he thought, to wield a perpetual veto against one another. They might then combine to build ten Dreadnoughts a week, and to make every man, woman, and child a soldier—a course which he himself had determined to pursue when, if ever, he returned to the United States. Let them use the big stick on one another and on foreign nations and all might yet be well. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt shook the hand of his remaining audience (a deaf peer whose name did not transpire), and left Westminster in a taxicab.

But Colonel Henry Watersou sees nothing to laugh at in the triumphal progress that his fellow warrior is making through Europe. Colonel Watterson, gazing into the future with clear prophetic eye, sees absolutism upon the national horizon, with perhaps a reign of terror, and tumbrils and all sorts of dreadful things following after:

The case is quite as strong against Mr. Roosevelt as it was against General Grant. If Roosevelt is to come in again it will be to do something which can be done by none other. That is, upon the threshold, confession of the one-man power. If he is to be once more elected it must be through the potency of a majority which prefers his personality and jurisdiction to the less direct agencies of the houses of Congress and the courts of law, the terms of the new commission, an enlarged and unlimited increase of the power of the executive, his tenure indefinite, for, with the overthrow of the third-term tradition, it will be idle to think of a change of parties until the tremendous autocracy thus established chooses to allow it. That has been precisely the road which led to absolutism in every age and under every form.

The colonel is by no means sure that Mr. Taft does not see the handwriting upon the wall, as witness his intimation that a single term in the White House will be enough for him. But Colonel Watterson is by no means an alarmist. He still has hope. He hopes that "the issue fairly stated and fully understood, Theodore Roosevelt will himself be man enough to disdain the companionship of the vulgar heroes who have found nothing but place and power to be worthy of their ambition, and that if he should lose his head and yield to the tempter he will find the people still so sturdy in their principles and so clear in their intelligence as to deny him the vote of every State in the Union."

The congressional investigation into the alleged undue influences that have been working for a ship subsidy bill is now in session and taking evidence. Representative James T. McCleary, who was once second assistant postmaster, has admitted the receipt of checks ranging from \$600 to \$1000 from the Merchant Marine League of the United States. The checks were to cover the expenses of his various speech-making trips, and as he had regarded the matter as a personal one he had never kept an account of these remittances or of the services rendered in exchange. The league "simply sent me what they thought fully covered my expenses," and in doing this they considered what such a man as he ought to spend, including suitable entertainment to friends if he should happen to meet them. Evidently the authorities of the league are good people to work for, especially when they have a real, live, voting representative in their service.

### A Measure of Greatness.

Of the late George H. Williams of Oregon the Portland *Oregonian*, on the day following his death, spoke as follows:

In him personal integrity, intellectual sincerity, intuitive perception of the leading facts of every important situation, quick discernment and faculty of separation of the important features of any subject from its incidental or accidental circumstances, with clearness of statement and power of argument unsurpassed, marked the outlines of his public character. He was a man who never lost his equipoise, nor ever studied or posed to produce sensational or startling effects. In his private life and demeanor there was the same simplicity of character, evenness of judgment and temper, and unaffectedness in action. His immense powers, of which he himself ever seemed unaware, were always at his command.

This is interesting quite apart from the subject of which it was spoken—interesting as an abstract measure of a great man.

The highest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery of Ilaine, Tibet, which is about seventeen thousand feet above sea level.



## LITERARY CHAOS IN FRANCE.

"St. Martin" Describes a Congestion of Books and Its Effect upon Writers and Readers.

An eminent medical specialist on diseases of the nerves once elaborated a theory that seems to have a bearing upon the present plethora in French literature. He believed that at certain periodic intervals signaled by the birth of a new century humanity received a fresh access of consciousness, and so took a new departure in the direction of world affairs. The increased consciousness acts upon human minds in proportion to their strength to receive it and to use it. Weak minds would be shaken from their balance and would become insane. Strong minds would survive the shattering of their mental molds and would welcome the inrush of ideas that presaged the rearrangement of human institutions. But everywhere there would be the breaking up of precedents, the abolition of sanctities, the choice of new ideals that would gradually emerge from the chaos and the anarchy.

Whether or not we accept such a theory we must believe that the present literary activity in France is a portent of something great, whether of immediate benefit or of immediate catastrophe. Certainly the nation has never before witnessed such an extraordinary outpouring of a literary spirit that is in so great a hurry to express itself that it forgets to be literary. Every one nowadays writes a book. No idea is too trivial, too absurd, too vicious, too false, to be enshrined in print. No one's record is too insignificant to form the subject of a memoir, no incident too feeble to be the basis of a romance. Does any one read this intolerable flood of printed matter or may we adopt the more plausible theory that a nation of readers has certainly transformed itself into a nation of writers? Surely no human mind could encompass one hundredth part of the books that are now offered to a community too busy with its pen to read any of them.

The effect upon real literature is necessarily deplorable. The reading public has poisoned itself with its own literary incapacities. Lost in admiration of its own mediocrity, it has slighted the standards of excellence that were once the pride of the nation, and even the language itself is in danger of corruption. It may be said of French and perhaps of no other language that every idea has its corresponding terms and that for every situation there is one correct word, and only one, and that it must be sought and found in the sweat of the brow. But the writer of today has no time to fetch forth the beautiful subtleties of the language. Already some new idea is fermenting in his brain, and before his "roman," his "mémoire," his "poème," or his "récit" has been given to a wholly indifferent world a new one is already upon the stocks and is being hammered into shape not with the skill of the artist, but with the brawny strength of the day laborer. The Frenchman of today is too busy to read anything. He has time only to write.

Perhaps the novel is the chief sufferer. Certainly it is in the novel that we detect the most deplorable changes. There was a time when the writer of fiction asked the gods for no greater gift than the power to raise the veil of the human heart and to look a little way into its recesses. And it was the normal human heart that he made the object of his research. He had no use for the eccentricities and the abnormalities, nor higher ambition than to portray to his readers the inner experiences with which they were familiar and not at all the experiences with which they were unfamiliar. He asked them to look at the beauty, the romance, the passion, the pathos, of their own lives. His injunction was to "consider the lilies of the field"—although there were also weeds in the field—and not the orchids in the forcing house. He preferred the domestic incidents of the fireside and the domestic virtues and vices to the weird and bizarre experiences of abnormality and insanity.

But, unluckily for himself and his readers, the novelist has developed a mission. He would be a reformer. He has gathered to his bosom the problems of the day and he elucidates them in the romance. Or he thinks he does, for surely no phenomenon is so strange as the incursion of the artist into the field of definite reform. His function is to stimulate patriotism—but not the persecution of a creed; to encourage religion—but not the dominance of a church; to inspire a political hopefulness—but not to beckon a pretender over the frontiers. Let him deal with principles, but not with measures. Unfortunately, the modern French novelist can not see things in this way, and he complains when the dust of his self-chosen arena hides him from the public view. There are still great novelists, but they are nearly all bitten by the same flea. Paul Bourget is a master of fiction, but why does he allow the practical problems of the day to obsess his mind and to oppress his pen? Why, in other words, does M. Bourget persuade himself that he is a sociologist and write as though he were the bearer of a special message from a social Providence? Why does he not stick to his *métier* and write novels instead of essays? The human heart will beat in very much the same way that it has always beaten after the human brain has forgotten Dreyfus, and Socialism, and the Associations Law, and Labor Unionism, and all the other things that seem so big because they are so close. It is only the human heart that will endure.

There are many others, excellent story-tellers all, who have the same misguidance. They allow themselves to

enter the maelstrom of current affairs, to be engulfed by the affairs of a little day, to forget the things that are eternal and that do not change. Believing that they are writing romance, they write only essays, and the public, eager as ever for romance, surveys the bookshelves and passes on disappointed. The public has small taste for essays not of its own writing.

It is a pity that even Anatole France can not escape the contagion. M. France became a politician when the thunderstorm of the Dreyfus case burst over the land and he opened wide and amazed eyes upon the evils of clericalism. Like the English peasant when he heard of the crucifixion for the first time, his rage and indignation were in no way tempered by the tardiness of his discovery. Straightway M. France overflowed his banks and spread himself in a sheet of shallow water over the fields of anti-clericalism and socialism. It is a pity that he should forsake his trade. He is too old to learn a new one. M. France's trade is to explore the libraries, to fetch forth the old jewels of literature, and to present them polished by his delicate wit and shining in their new attire of faultless language. True, he does not always acknowledge the source, but after all there is no new thing under the sun, and we all know it. To divide the modern novelist, the modern writer, into schools is a hopeless task. There are no longer any schools, or divisions, or tendencies. Every man is a school, and a division, and a tendency unto himself, the literary winds blow where they list, and darkness is upon the face of the waters.

Only in the drama can we find any stability. Theatrical management is too costly a game to permit of the erratic or the experimental. Personal vanity will pay a printing bill, but it can not stage a drama, and so we find very much the same kind of plays as of old, although there is perhaps an added tendency toward folly. But the playwright of today is not unworthy of his traditions. Not for him is the regulation of the



Jerome Hart, author of "A Vigilante Girl."  
A. C. McClurg & Co.

world, nor the creation of a new one. He is content to hold himself above the wretched quarrels of the politicians, and if he can evoke a smile or a tear he counts it unto himself for dramatic righteousness. Maurice Donnay, Alfred Capus, Henri Lavedan, Paul Hervieu, Rostand—the stage is safe in such hands as these, for they can hold the rudder true and steer away from the shoals of polemics and the futilities of the essayist.

Rostand is of course a revolutionist, but only of the imagination, and the imagination never led any man into a violation of the dramatic law. It is a neglect of the imagination from which we suffer, and not from its license. M. Rostand, says his critics, has no taste. M. Rostand, they say, is indiscreet. So be it, but we will ask for a definition of taste and of discretion and we shall find that they are but those ligatures that mediocrity loves to tie around the spouting arteries of genius. A writer in "Les Annales Politiques et Littéraires" says truly that M. Rostand "is in the foremost rank of those who do honor to our sorely tried land, and in the dark days to come he will be given not the charity but the homage and the consolation of fame. If he confers honor, and light, and sunshine upon us I believe that he is also our greatest hope."

PARIS, April 7, 1910.

ST. MARTIN.

An exploration party recently ascended Mount Taibu, one of the loftiest peaks in Formosa, 12,000 feet above the sea level. This mountain is believed by the aborigines to be a mountain of death and nobody has dared to ascend it before. The aborigines, being in great fear, warned the party not to break branches of trees nor make loud noises nor throw stones, and finally they refused to proceed further. In spite of this the party proceeded and reached the summit at last.

The state income of Prussia last year from public properties amounted to more than the total income from taxation and from borrowings. The railroads were the largest source of income and brought in \$145,755,000, or about 8 per cent. From crown forests, farms, mines, factories, and other industries about \$26,900,000 was realized.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Eugene N. and George Foss are brothers, but foes in Congress. Eugene is a Democrat and hails from Massachusetts, while George was selected to sit in high places by a Republican constituency in Illinois.

General Samuel C. Lawrence of Medford, Massachusetts, has recently been elected to the highest office within the gift of the Scottish Rite Masons. He is a Civil War veteran, a banker, and a railroad magnate.

Alexander Wadsworth Longfellow, who has just been reappointed to the Boston Art Commission, was first graduated from Harvard and then went to the Ecole des Beaux Arts. He is an architect when busy and a yachtsman when at play.

J. Eads How, who gets his second name from James B. Eads, the famous builder of the jetties at New Orleans, is known as the "millionaire hobo." He was left a lot of money, didn't care for it particularly, and made up his mind that he would use it to elevate, socialize, and secure work for peripatetics.

Augustus Osborn Bourne, Jr., M. A., LL. B., B. C. S., son of a former governor of Rhode Island, is at Columbia, even though he is in the forties, endeavoring to acquire a Ph. D. Mr. Bourne, Jr., has spent so many years of his life in the chase and capture of degrees that the Columbia University hoys call him the Marathon student.

Dr. L. O. Howard, who left Cornell in 1878 and took up entomological work for the government, was put in charge of the division of entomology in 1894. He found five men waiting to help him, but thought he needed a few more. Now he has four hundred. And with them he is paying particular attention to the malaria mosquito and the house fly.

John Burroughs celebrated his seventy-third birthday recently at his home in West Park, New York, where he is just as much of a farmer as he was forty years ago. Every April he makes his own garden, planting peas, corn, and other vegetables. Curiously enough, Jay Gould used to write better essays than Burroughs did when they were schoolmates, even wrote the naturalist's compositions for him sometimes.

Albert A. Michelson, who discovered the speed with which light travels and who was awarded the Nobel prize in 1907, is president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Professor Michelson was born in Strelno, Germany, in 1852, was an instructor at Annapolis before he was twenty-five, and the list of his degrees, decorations, and memberships in the world's greatest scientific societies is staggering. But outside of his laboratory no one would think him a great scientist; he has too much fun. He plays golf rarely well, tells a mighty good story, and when he can preside at the tiller of a yacht his happiness is supreme.

John Henniker Heaton will probably go down to posterity as "Penny Postage Heaton." He is the man who is responsible for the imperial penny postage scheme, the Anglo-American penny postage. When he got through with his postal schemes he made up his mind that telegraph money orders would be a good thing for England, so he threw that in for good measure. When he finds a few moments that he can spare for work aside from postal matters he is an author, a journalist, a newspaper proprietor, and an Australian land-owner, and he plays chess and collects rare old books when he feels the need of rest. And he doesn't care anything about titles either; he has refused the K. C. M. G. four times.

David Moylan of Cleveland, Ohio, is probably the only armless lawyer in the United States. He lost his right arm when engaged in railroad work in 1896. This discouraged him somewhat, but he still stuck to railroad work, and in 1904 he lost his other arm. Then he made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. He learned to write, holding his pen in his teeth, and generally was so persistent in his refusal to accept defeat that he passed the bar examination some time ago, seventh in a class of two hundred. Owing to the fact that he had never attended high school he was forced, through a provision in the Ohio law, to complete the full four-year high school course before he could secure his degree in law. This he did during his three years' law course, and now he has his shingle to testify to his grit.

Lewis E. Pierson, the head of the American Bankers' Association, who is on the sunny side of forty, climbed up from the lowest round of the bank ladder. He began his banking career as a messenger, soon had a bank of his own, and injected the "personal equation" into his business. Instead of old men for directors he chose young ones. Then he brought out a small bank newspaper which presented neighborhood financial gossip. When he began to quote the prominent business men of his neighborhood they began to take an interest in his bank. After a time the bank had \$28,000,000 in deposits. Now Mr. Pierson is at the head of an organization made up of 11,000 allied American banks and representing fourteen billions of dollars. When he wasn't otherwise busy Mr. Pierson made a close study of the problem of a suitable bill of lading, and the form prepared by him was officially adopted by the Interstate Commerce Commission and is now in use by railroads in the United States.



## FOR ABDUCTION.

By Gertrude B. Millard.

The exigencies of the trail had been such that the bride had braided her hair down her back, and her girlish face colored consciously under the simple hat she had hastily resumed, as she realized the expectant row of optics outlining the broad piazza. This was their first exit from fairyland since that halcyon day when they had been made one; and the groom, too, felt an added flush upon his dark cheek as his eye took in the stir caused by their arrival. His heart swelled afresh with the pride of possession, and he drew his horse closer to hers, pacing up to the hotel block like a youthful centaur.

With a few succinct directions as to the steeds' bestowal the man removed a small satchel from the packstraps, and the pair mounted the wide main stairway to meet the advancing manager. The girl stepped forward shy and graceful as a half-grown fawn, in her short dun skirt. But there was manly assurance for two in the groom's squared shoulders, and a thrill of still greater interest swept the waiting assemblage at the lack of looked-for *gaucherie* in their bearing.

The story of the elopement that had been buzzing through the halls of this fashionable woods outpost was driving to a dramatic climax; and maids, matrons, and holiday men craned eager necks—their suspense only half veiled by careless chatter.

"I declare it's a shame!" fluttered a gray-haired softly faded old lady. "They would make a beautiful couple! I'm sure if my daughter eloped—" She cast a quick glance at the fair femininity within hearing, and swallowing her sentence, went on almost plaintively: "They look so happy! And so innocent! If she takes on it will be shocking!"

But the veteran hotel-keeper was far too politic to make a public scene. He ushered his expected guests deferentially within; and it was not until all the preliminaries had been dispatched, their key delivered to a buttoned bellboy, and the bride, moving in his wake, laid her little brown glove on the distinctive rustic handrail that he spoke in a suave aside to her sun-tanned spouse. "Go ahead with the boy, Edith; I'll follow you in a few minutes," the young man assented.

The hotel proprietor spoke curtly.

"We have been on the lookout for you, Mr.—"

"Grosvenor," supplied his vis-à-vis. "Our trunk has come? Have it sent up at once. My wife will want a change after a week on horseback."

"It is better not to beat about the bush," the hotel-keeper set forth with dry dignity. "I have telegraphic instructions to put you under arrest and hold the young lady until her father arrives."

The traveler stared as if the speaker had gone suddenly mad. "Put me under arrest! What for?" he demanded, dazedly.

"For abduction; the young lady is under age," replied his accuser, with the grim finality of fate.

The bridegroom showed signs of quick-nascent indignation. "It is a lie," he said shortly. "She was eighteen last March!"

The hotel-keeper's eyes flickered. "My advices say seventeen. You have already called her 'Edith,' so it is useless to deny your identity. Besides which the horses—"

"Are you perhaps to hold the horses also?" inquired the young man haughtily.

"The abduction charge ought to be enough," began his opponent, but prudence prompted a halt. A wild, Berserk glare had dawned on the other's dark features.

"I'd like to see the man that can keep me from her!" he shouted, and turning on his heel made a bolt for the stair. The boniface signed hastily to his reserves. Bill, the porter, stood nearest, and his long arms wrapped the flying figure like iron withies. There was a stampede on the porch at the sounds of struggle—men crowding toward the windows, the older women away from them. The centre of interest swelled into a bristling ball of human members as the local deputy at the door and the sympathetic clerk precipitated themselves to Bill's assistance. A khaki sleeve shot from the *mélée*, tipped with ivory and steel. There was a flash, an exclamation, one of the glass bulbs in the ceiling shivered into a stinging shower, and a weapon torn swiftly from strong encircling fingers crashed viciously upon the newcomer's skull.

The bride's trunk ascended to her chamber on the back of a red-faced roustabout, who grinned at her with a shade less of respect than such gentry were wont to accord her. "Where'll ye hev it put, miss?" he asked, while she blushed at the accustomed maiden title and checked an undignified impulse to quiz the creature concerning her husband's whereabouts. "He promised to be up in a few minutes," she said to herself for the twentieth time within an hour, a tiny crease appearing between her finely arched eyebrows. "Well, I might as well be dressed and ready; he won't want me to go down again like this." And extracting a flat little key from the pocket of her blouse, she plunged into the joys of unpacking.

The toilet completed, she glanced again at her watch and frowned. "If Ed Grosvenor is going to treat me like this, after all his promises and protestations—" She pressed the button of the call bell.

The boy who answered the buzzing signal stopped at the threshold with a gasp. "Yes, ma'am! No, miss! Sure I'll tell him if I can find him!" he stammered and disappeared.

"That girl in forty-one wants her feller!" he burst in upon the clerk a moment later. "And there's goin' to be somethin' doin' if the old man don't put her on mighty quick!"

The second in office distressed his sleek hair with both hands. "The old man has gone over to the barn to see Jerry about having this jail-bird deported soon as he's waked up," he exclaimed in a flurry. "Get a move on, Johnny, and head him off! I don't want any explaining devolved on me. The little woman aint getting a square deal any way you put it!" But Johnny was a Mercury without wings, and the young lady in the bronze coiffure was thinking hard and fast.

At first the impressionable clerk forebore to recognize the slender, descending goddess in regal muslin and bronze-gold crown. Then he flew into ignominious retirement behind his screen, notwithstanding his sweet, figured shirt, and freshly curled moustache. Seeing no one in authority to address, she scouted the masculine precincts of the desk and emerged daintily on the veranda. The manager, with Johnny at his heels, came reluctantly up from the drive. She met him at the centre of the room-like space, where every one could hear. And her first words were an instant demand for her own.

Wholly taken aback, the great man hummed and hawed. "Why—er—dear young lady—What have I done with him? Why—" He had purposely shirked an early interview, astutely assured that solitude and dire uncertainty must yield salutary preparation for the difficult word he would have to convey to a probably spoiled and overstrung child. For an encounter with this gracious mondaine, poised like a princess in the face of the multitude, he found himself lamentably unequipped. Cautiously he edged her toward the door. "Why—er—Mr.—er—ah—What was the name?—Grosvenor?—has met with a slight accident."

The buoyancy of the bride's bearing dramatically fled. "Ed, you say?—himself? Oh take me to him!"

This was exactly what the infallible had no intention of doing. Again he stammered. "I—er—I am afraid—Indeed it is impossible! Tomorrow—I have



Geraldine Bonner, author of "The Emigrant Trail,"  
Duffield & Co.

wired for your father—" For a moment he glimpsed the frightened eyes of the child as her slim fingers reached gropingly for the back of the nearest settee.

"My father! He is not at home. Oh, is Ed dead? Tell me at once! Is he dead?"

She was moving far too fast; the *maitre* anathematized only the headlong flights of womankind. "No, no—you mistake! He is merely unconscious."

The girl pulled herself together with a control beyond her years. "Take me to him!" she pleaded again. "See! I can be perfectly calm if I will it!"

The veteran hotel man winced; his ungenerous duty annoyed him. In all his years of public service he had directed no more trying situation. The sympathy of his numerous guests was bound to go out to this fairy-like creature so unfortunately placed. If only she had tackled him in private! "I will endeavor to explain! Allow me to accompany you within," he attacked the problem once more in his best manner. But no hollow pretense sufficed to love-keened alarm.

"If the doctor objects I will deal with him myself! It is my right to minister to Ed's injuries!" the vision countered with fire. "Do you take me for a baby?" drawing her dainty body to its queenliest utmost. "If this matter is serious enough to telegraph to my family, it is inhuman to have kept me in the dark! I demand to be taken to my husband."

The softly faded gray wife in the silvery traveling suit detached herself from her lord's restraining grasp and rose. "The girl is a good girl, and that man is an unforgivable bungler! There are times when a mother must interfere," she declared, with the firmness of a nesting dove. "My dear," laying a worn hand on the bride's white sleeve, "I heard Dr. Evans say Mr. Grosvenor—was coming to himself ten minutes ago. He requested your attendance immediately upon your return, Mr. McWarren. If you will come with me, my dear, I will tell you how it all happened, and you shall see the doctor for yourself."

The manager gasped at this dauntless shouldering aside, but his following emotion was of gratitude to the rebuking gray lady. "I will go up at once, Mrs. Williams," he replied in a tone of relief. A busy lifetime was not enough in which to fathom the vagaries of the feminine mind. For comment and criticism aside he had been prepared, but it was not in accord

with his experience that a member of the visiting *haston* should spread the mantle of her protection over strange young person under a cloud. Lest he be again drawn into the coil, he vanished speedily to have it out with his reviving prisoner.

"What's the row? What's old McWarren been doing? Grandma Williams looks as if she would eat him," burred a sunny-faced sinner clumping up the steps with rod and basket and fishing boots.

The girl who sat next to the still loafing cynic answered glibly: "Sit down here and I'll tell you. No first put your smelly trophies out of my sight."

The inquisitive one obeyed with clumsy alacrity. "Must be something serious to make Grandma Mous squeak right out," he grinned, stretching his lazy length on the rattan seat. "And who is that pretty miss she has taken in tow? It doesn't seem to me that I've seen her before."

"She is Helen of Troy—or the Apple of Discord it self. Or else perhaps she's Pandora," tantalized his neighbor resourcefully. "She has let herself in for host of troubles. I wonder if she still has hope tucked away in her box! Do you want me to begin at the beginning? I warn you it is a long and complicated story."

The youth fanned his damp curls with his disreputable hat. "A story would rest a fellow gorgeously," he suggested, following with rapt eye the vanishing figures of age and innocence. "I've been out of the world twelve eternal hours, and a little old fashioned gossip will do me good."

"The stage brought up a whole budget this morning," began his temptress promptly. "No, not her; she came by special delivery. You remember how, last week the papers gave lengthy and various accounts of some big rancher on the San Joaquin coming home to find his pretty daughter eloped with his half-Spanish foreman? Eduardo Tomaso O'Grady was the villain's name; I learned it as a racial curiosity. The lover had taken a couple of the old man's best horses and disappeared; and as the girl was not only very young but looked it, and having lived thereabouts all her life was known to all the local authorities, it was supposed that they had struck out for some vicinity where she could purchase long skirts and a license without any lethal interruption.

"Well, Bill, the stage driver, heard yesterday that the young man's black with of a señora mother had finally confessed that her offspring and his innamorata made tracks out of hand for the mountains. And sure enough the *Union* had it all in black and white this morning. Seems the old lady had some kind of a grudge against the girl's father, and she more than hinted that the pair might not marry at all—what was the use? That drove Mr. Rancher crazy, of course, and he has published a big reward for their apprehension. A cowboy Bill met on the trail said that he was 'keeping his eye peeled and his rope loose,' for it had been reported that a couple not to the country born had been housekeeping for several days in a cabin up Stony Brook Cañon. Then about noon it leaked out that Crystal Springs had notified McPomposity of unsuspicious parties sighting two horse travelers working this way; and had warned him to hold hard if he could lay hands on them.

"Oh, you missed it! This high hostelry was humming. Just think, you might have gone out to the ford, pointed your rag-cased fish-rod for a gun, and surprised cash enough for a new outfit. I don't know, though—Eduardo Tomaso is a fighter. There was fire and brimstone booming before he got his quietus, though I must say he was a fool to walk right into the lion's mouth. Evidently the last refinement of Mamma O'Grady's revenge was more than he bargained for. Why, they even sent their trunk on here ahead, under an assumed name."

The fisherman blinked and frowned. "She doesn't look much like—just that; you'd think she would keep out of sight!" he mumbled. His informant made a deprecating grimace. "She does not know yet they are caught. McPomposity Warren got her safely upstairs before he sprung his trap, and then coolly kept her in ignorance until she came out to look for her man. That was what stirred Grandma Mouse. She is going to tell herself. Poor thing! I don't envy her love's young dream. Her idol is smashed, and they won't let her see him; and her father is coming tomorrow to take her away."

"What do you bet she and her reinforcements don't wheedle old McWarren into allowing a reunion before pater gets here? There's a fine fund of romance yet in the little old lady."

"Nonsense!" the story-teller snapped. "Are you so infantile as to imagine any one can wheedle the infallible, once he has determined upon the proper course to pursue?"

Her vis-à-vis laughed. "Oh, have it your own way," he grumbled good-naturedly. "Very likely I am a poor judge of human nature, as you suggest. But I'd be willing to warrant any wager we can fill in these woods that your lovers are wedded already, the revengeful señora notwithstanding. The more I think of it, they would never have ventured else to break into exclusive society. I'm afraid our respected man-handler will have a run yet for his money."

"My dear, most men are too clumsy to trust with a delicate matter," the gentle gray mother murmured to the bride in the long cool corridor. "Take my word for it, your husband is not so badly hurt as you have been led to imagine."

"But he said that he had telegraphed." Trembling



the girl pressed the soft hand holding hers in a convulsive elasp.

"Yes, precisely. Your father wished to be informed at once of your arrival. So Mr. McWarren—"

"Wired him of Ed's accident, and he answered that he would come. My blessed old daddy! But how can he be home? He is not expected for days."

The faded, wise eyes looked searchingly into a brightening unconscious face. Only guilelessness the most perfect could be so obtuse—so unafraid. Tenderly the self-appointed sponsor drew the slight figure into her own sacred precincts. "Sit you down, my dear," she cooed. "You have been sadly frightened."

"But you promised the doctor should take me to poor Ed."

The gray mother sighed, recognizing the alchemy of youth, which transmutes all things to its own desires. "I have sent for the doctor," she said. "I think—I hope—if he refuses your request you must not take it too sorely to heart."

The bronze-gold crown went up. "If he refuses me I shall follow him and break in the door. These people have no right to keep us apart."

"My dear, would you injure his poor head? You promised to be calm."

The Valkyrie wept instant contrition. "Oh, Mrs. Williams, I will do anything they bid. I will sit in a corner and hold my breath. If Ed is himself he wants me. Oh, you don't know how it is! After a week together this is horrible."

The gentle lady sighed again, previsioning the worse tomorrow. How best was she to prepare such unsuspecting infancy for what had befallen? "My dear," she began meaningly, "when you have been married forty years you will have learned to bear all temporary separations. Not accidents, nor circumstances, or even death itself can keep you from one another if love abides."

The bride gazed in sudden awe at this whitening goodwife to whom the great separation must soon, in the course of nature, come. But her thoughts flew nimbly back to her own small aching moment. "Tell me, Mrs. Williams, did one of the horses kick him? Frederick is so nervous. And in a strange stall—Oh, it is not fair! Daddy shall make them smart for this. They should have sent for me at once."

The worn hands gestured helplessly; the crucial moment had come. "It was not one of the horses, my child," murmured the reluctant gray lady. "Your husband had not yet visited the stables. He is a very hot-headed young man, my dear. Instead of explaining to Mr. McWarren— Naturally he resented the false position in which he was placed— Dear me, I fear you do not fully follow." For the girl's eyes stared wide with astonished question as her rescuer floundered, trying to choose a phrase.

A double knock at the door made welcome interruption. "I got your message, madam," boomed the house doctor's big voice, "so I left my promising patient with the chief jailer—" Perceiving the easy chair's occupant he stopped abruptly, and the mistress of the apartment spoke quickly to cover his confusion.

"It was very remiss of Mr. McWarren. This child—Mrs.—ah—Grosvenor—has only just heard that harm has come to her husband. Naturally she wished to consult you concerning his injuries."

A flash of white filled his vision, and slim, imploring fingers clutched his arm. "Oh, doctor, take me to him. I'll behave like a veritable angel. Surely he has been asking—"

"He surely has," the doctor nodded. "I thought from his crazy ravings that McWarren had things in a muddle. Tell me, little lady, how long have you been married? That boy of yours has been so excited and incoherent that I could not untangle his story to save my life."

"A week!" she cried. "Only a week!" tears choking at the suddenly conjured contrast. "But how does that make any difference? My rights are as well defined—"

"Seventeen or seventy, a wife is a wife, once you've wed her," roared the doctor sententiously. "Mine host may regard it as an infringement on his instructions, but as far as I am concerned this fellow is a patient to be cured, and at the rate he is going on, if I do not prescribe him his wife he'll develop brain fever."

The black gaze from the bandaged head on the pillow which met Manager McWarren's advent to the prison chamber was belligerent and accusing, but far other than insane. The local deputy sheriff lounging at the foot of the bed made caustic comment on his charge's mood. "Talked a blue streak while he was off his head, but the beggar's turned sulky since he waked up. Give me to understand I was a bully understrapper. I'd like to know what better he is himself?"

The autocrat cast his eyes about the room. "I was told Dr. Evans wished to speak to me, but I was detained in the office, and I see he is no longer here."

"Some old woman called him out; he'll be back in a minute. Guess he thought this party was going to make two kinds of trouble," explained the aggrieved. "But he's changed his tune since His Lancets left. The way things are looking now, Jerry can hitch right up. If you don't slide him out of here before the girl's old man gets in, there's likely to be some more shooting, which I take it you don't want. I can make Crystal Springs with him easy by moonlight, and the jug at Reed early tomorrow morning. And by that time I reckon His Dadship'll be cooled down enough to prosecute proper."

The wounded man sat suddenly bolt upright, disclosing the fact that his wrists were handcuffed and his ankles securely strapped together. His drawn face was ominously flushed, and his lashes were shot with a dangerous glitter. "If you take me away from here before I have it out with that madman you will suffer for it, as sure as my name is Ed. Grosvenor," he swore bitterly. "This has been an outrage pure and simple. You've got me down and helpless now, but there will be damages to pay before I get through with you."

The proprietor looked at him as if he set eyes on him for the first time. "Young man, before you begin to threaten you had best consider how seriously you are yourself involved," he remarked with asperity. "In the eye of the law abduction—"

"Abduction be damned! My wife's mother was willing for us to marry," defied the bridegroom.

The deputy whistled; this was the first he had heard of the girl having a mother. "If she give it to ye in writing," he began, and relapsed into silence. His superior also was somewhat taken aback; a ceremony past accomplished had been far from his mind.

"If you have wedded the young lady in due form, it betters your position morally," he admitted brusquely. "But it does not much alter the legal aspect of the case. Marriage with a minor is unlawful should her guardian object, and any judge will annul it."

The prisoner went white to the lips. "If that man says Mrs. Edith Grosvenor is only seventeen he is a liar," he reiterated hotly. "I helped to celebrate her eighteenth birthday myself."

"Her own father undoubtedly holds the record," said the hotel-keeper, "and since you are so apt with your explanations you can also vouch for your possession of those two valuable horses?" rasped his pompous voice. "I suppose that you and the misguided child upon whom you have brought disgrace relied on the sympathy excited by your cock-and-bull story of half-



Francis E. Leupp, author of "The Indian and His Problem." Charles Scribner's Sons.

sanctioned wedlock to protect you from the charge of stock-lifting! And a pretty penny you could have turned upon the horses once you had made your disappearance final."

The countenance of the impugned, which had remained wanly miserable facing the manager's legal exposition, crimsoned and contorted with passion. "If I had my hands I would break your infernal neck," he gasped helplessly. "If I were not all but gagged you would never dare fling insults involving the sweetest, purest—"

A rush of light feet pressed the passage, and the door flew open with a bang. "Oh, Ed—Ed, my darling! What have they done to you?" sobbed the bride, overcome by his duress.

Both the boniface and the deputy barred the way to the bed, but she slipped between them like a sprite. "Oh, my love, your poor head!" she crooned above his tense and anguished figure. "Mr. McWarren, will you explain the meaning of those irons? Has my husband taken leave of his senses that he should be fettered like an arrested housebreaker? Order your officer to remove these manacles at once, or our friends shall boycott your petty inn until its vogue is ruined."

Of a surety it was the autocrat's turn to gasp. The princess was proving herself, regardless of her fallen estate. He was almost as angry as if her promise had had point, and the suavity of his accustomed address was marred.

"Young woman, this intrusion is unwarrantable," he stormed. "This man's liberty is forfeited to the law. You will oblige me by retiring at once. I am responsible for your person until your father arrives, when it will be for him to decide as to your further intercourse with this murderous freebooter. I thought I gave orders—" His magisterial glance fixed a towering bulk in the background. "Is it to your interference, Dr. Evans, we must credit this flagrant impropriety? I will trouble you to escort your protégée—"

"It is a question not of protégée, but of patient," thundered the doctor. "This man's life and reason

may depend upon his not being over-excited. And here I find you—"

"Will you be so good as to inform me," broke in the young wife crisply, "why a reputable citizen on an unconventional wedding tour is to be dubbed a murderous freebooter, and subjected to abuse and humiliation by the one individual to whom he would naturally turn for identification and aid?"

The manager's emotion choked him. Was it possible the girl was still in the dark? If she was not merely a superb actress the task before him was one of abominable disillusioning. The Grosvenor-O'Grady might have spoken truth: a marriage would be a marriage to her lack of years. And her father's goods having been as her own, why should she be conscious of moral turpitude in taking what she wished? The foreman was therefore the more guilty—the very exigencies of his employ would have taught him the enormity of his secondary offense. With unaltered gloom, authority endeavored to outglare the wretch whose bandaged poll rose now above a white protective gorget. But fit words failed to come. It was the captive first found tongue.

"This infernal idiot is a boar; and the man he is representing is crazy. That is why," he labored in a slow, strained voice. "Edith, your father's brain has certainly given out. He has wired this—bully, to hold me for abduction and horse-stealing."

The circle about his neck drew convulsively closer. "For abduction and—horse-stealing?" she repeated dazedly. "Oh, Ed, our beautiful buckskins! The picked pair that mamma gave us for their joint present? My poor old daddy! It is softening setting in! I am sure of it! If we only had waited until he got home. But it is unlucky to postpone a wedding. For abduction! How absurd! Oh, love, he could not separate us really? He had all the chance in the world before the day was set. Mamma wrote him—and you—and I. He is coming. Dear boy, I will coax him—"

"But they're planning to take me down to the jail tonight."

The local deputy sheriff hitched his official belt uncomfortably, his official nerve strangely disturbed by this fair complication. "Ye see, ma'am, the ol' gent's pretty mad," he addressed the listening ceiling. "An' from his being known as a gunfighter, Mr. McWarren—"

"Is afraid of fresh injury to his precious hotel's reputation," spat the man on the bed, unheeding the girl's suddenly increased bewilderment. "I will attend to his personal reputation when I get clear of this. I imagine his owners—"

"Such talk is bombast!" broke out the manager tartly, new ire restoring his speech. "I regret Miss—er—ah—Mrs.—O'Grady's predicament exceedingly; it would seem she has been grossly misled. But my instructions are explicit—until her father takes charge—"

Hasty steps approached the still opened portal, and the be-buttoned Johnny injected a breathless message from beneath the doctor's arm. "He's come! He aint waited for the stage! He's like to killed a good horse; an' Sam can't hold him in the office—he's follerin' me—" He was pushed unceremoniously aside, and the avenger strode into the room.

The bride darted toward him with an appealing cry, stopped in the middle of the floor, and began to laugh hysterically. The groom stared blankly at this booted and bearded apparition, vastly unlike green memories of his wife's aristocratic father. The wrath-convulsed newcomer stopped abruptly, glowering at his intended victim. "I can't kill a coward in bandages!" he growled. "You'll marry my lass here if there's a preacher in the place, Tom O'Grady, and then you can go to jail—or to hell! She goes home."

Catching her breath, the bride took another step forward into the range of his eye. "Great snakes!" he recoiled. "That man's none of O'Grady! Damn you, McWarren, what kind of a mare's nest have you got me into?"

The startled autocrat spluttered in shocked reprisal. "But—but—but, Mr. Marshall, your daughter, Miss Edith—"

"Would make two of her, and has hair as black as an Indian!" rapped the avenger grimly. "I wish you joy of your job, you Big-I-am donkey. It's cost me a hard trip, and you won't get enough out of it yourself to square with this youngster for his broken head. I aint paying rewards for some other girl's annex."

And turning on his spurred heel he clattered from the stricken presence, brushed contemptuously through his own curious following in the hall, and shouldering his way among the gossip-mongers crowding office and piazza, left the befuddled topic of the day to its own farcical dénouement.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1910.

There is a movement on foot to make of the old Southern fighting tune, "Dixie," a real national air. According to O. W. T. Sonneck, chief of the division of music of the Congressional Library, "Dixie" is head and shoulders above any other national tune in the popular esteem. Mr. Sonneck recently wrote a little brochure about national airs in general and accorded to "Dixie" the first rank in the popularity contest.

It is announced that the New York Public Library, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-Second Street, which has been building for more than ten years, will be completed, except for the approaches and furniture on May 1.



## WHEN MARK TWAIN CAME.

Reminiscences of the Humorist's Early Visits to San Francisco and the Hawaiian Islands.

Mark Twain came to San Francisco from Nevada to save a grand jury the trouble of indicting him for his part in the preliminaries of a bloodless duel. This was in 1865 or 1866, his old friend and employer, Joseph T. Goodman, not being certain about the year. Twain's first work was on the *Morning Call*, the paper which Colonel J. J. Ayres and three other printers had lately pooled their large industry and small capital to establish. Never good at routine labor, the young man soon drifted away to the placer mines, but the "color" he found there was mostly local color. He soon came back to the bay with little gold in his purse, but the experiences he had stored up were afterwards transmuted into much precious metal by the magic of his pen.

In a year or so the wanderlust came back to Twain. Life on the Mississippi, a trip East as an itinerant printer, the stage journey across the plains, the weeks and months in the Sierra, had given him the curse of the wandering foot. He must move on. So, getting a roving billet from the Sacramento *Union*, Twain sailed for the Sandwich Islands, as Hawaii was then called. His arrival there was the cause of mixed impressions. To the beachcombers he was welcome as one to the manner born. But the missionaries, who had grown more stiff and formal as the years went by and more oppressed by the duty of guarding the covenant in a heathen land, had their suspicions that the newcomer possessed a worldly mind. The church bells had rung, but Mark had heard the ukelele first. He had gone to live on the street of the British—Beretania—and had scoffed at the Kawaiahao settlement of the saints. And instead of showing respect for the Kanaka government, a feeling which the missionaries, for purposes of their own, were trying to inculcate, he described it as "the machinery of the *Great Eastern* packed into a sardine box," and made great fun of the black poi-eaters in royal uniforms, with their New England prime minister, "who never tired of abusing the land of his birth and glorifying the seven-by-nine kingdom that harbored him."

Mark Twain's letters to the Sacramento *Union* were a new departure in Pacific Coast journalism; they were so fresh and bright, so audacious and unconventional. The first one gave the *Union* a notable scoop in an account of the wreck of a well-known deep-water ship, the *Harnet*. Naturally the literary wayfarer soon looked up the Honolulu printing offices and made himself at home there; and now and then he took odd jobs. But he got no regular employment; he was too irregular himself. Henry M. Whitney, founder of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, then as now the leading paper of the islands, thus describes Mark Twain's advent. The quotation is from Mr. Whitney's unpublished reminiscences:

It was in the early 'sixties when a stranger entered the *Advertiser's* sanctum and introduced himself as the correspondent of a California paper—the Sacramento *Union*, perhaps—and offered to assist in newspaper work if agreeable. Having then one assistant, Nat Ingalls, who was a very clever writer, no opening offered for him.

Still, an occasional joke played upon an unsuspecting victim and racy items of news made the stranger's visits very welcome and showed that he had a fund of humor ready for any occasion. He was not only an inveterate joker, but also smoker, at least one box of cigars disappearing every week on an average. He made himself perfectly at home in my office, but would seldom leave without a parting joke.

I became quite attached to the stranger, who proved to be Mark Twain, a nom de plume then hardly known beyond the borders of California, as he was just commencing his literary career.

His favorite pastime was riding horseback. We had no livery stables in those days, and every afternoon the natives would have horses saddled for hire. One day he took the first plug that came to the door, mounted him, and started off for the accustomed ride to Waikiki, scarcely looking to see what his animal was. Before reaching the seashore the animal began to give out. The more he spurred the heaster the slower he went, till at last he came to a dead halt, Mark heating him as furiously as ever. A stranger came along and remonstrated with the rider, saying that the horse was asleep. He instantly dismounted and had to give up his ride for that day at least. The poor animal probably had nothing to eat for a day or two.

Thus ended Mark's ride, and as the tram cars were not then running, he had a long walk back to town. In one of his volumes he tells the story a little differently, as having occurred on the trip to the volcano.

Probably the most beautiful thing Mark Twain ever said of any country was his apostrophe to Hawaii, made in a speech at Chicago long years after he had looked upon that land of enchantment for the last time. It is not included in his published works, which makes it all the more worthy of preservation here:

No alien land in all the world has any deep, strong charm for me but that one; no other land could so longingly and beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but it abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its halmy airs are always blowing; its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-heat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore; its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud-rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago.

Two or three years since, Mark Twain, in acknowledging a gift from Hawaii for his home at Stormfield, the gift being a mantelpiece of native woods graven with the Polynesian word of love and greeting, "Moha"—his reply described Hawaii as "the most beautiful fleet of islands anchored in any sea."

One reference to Editor Whitney appears in a fugitive article of Mark Twain's which shows that the humorist held no grudge because "that clever writer, Nat Ingalls," had been preferred to him as a reporter. Twain wrote:

By a Sandwich Island paper—the *Commercial Advertiser*—I learned that H. M. Whitney, its able editor and proprietor for many years, was just retiring from business, having sold out to younger men. I take this opportunity for thanking the disappearing veteran for courtesies done and information afforded me in bygone days. He is one of the fairest-minded cannibals I ever knew, if I do say it myself. I can not think of him without my mouth watering. . . . We lived on the fat of the land in those halcyon days.

Returning here, Mark Twain did fugitive work, in the form of San Francisco letters, for a paper called the *Daily Hawaiian Herald*, which Colonel Ayres, one of the founders of the *Call*, had started. The *Herald* announced this new attraction in terms which may well



Edith Huntington Mason, author of "The Politician." A. C. McClurg & Co.

be contrasted with those of larger publications in wider parishes since:

Sam Clements—"Mark Twain"—which is merely his nom de plume—has been by us advised to correspond with the *Herald* in his vivid and gossiping style. We shall expect letters from him soon, and as our people are aware of the vim and pungency of his pen we look forward to an interesting addition of the latest news to our columns.

In the next edition the editor said:

We have just been reading over Sam Clements's last letter, and in the following incident he blunders on so much truth that we have a notion to countermand our order to communicate with us. Speaking of photographs, he says that they are all false, and feelingly remarks: "No photograph was ever yet good of anybody—hunger and thirst and utter wretchedness overtake the outlaw who invented it. It transforms into desperadoes the meekest of men; depicts sinless innocence on the pictured faces of ruffians; gives the wise



Harry A. Franck, author of "A Vogobond Journey Around the World." Century Company.

man the stupid leer of a fool and the fool the expression of more than earthly wisdom. If a man tries to look serious when he sits for his picture the photographer makes him as solemn as an owl; if he smiles, the photograph smirks repulsively; if he tries to look pleasant, the photograph looks silly; if he makes the fatal mistake of trying to seem pensive, the camera will surely write him down an ass. The sun never looks through a photographer's instrument that it does not print a lie. The piece of glass it prints on is well-named a 'negative'—a contradiction—a misrepresentation—a falsehood. I speak feelingly of this matter because by turns the instrument has represented me as a Solomon, a missionary, a hurler, and an abject idiot, and I am neither."

Mark Twain did not write long for the *Herald*, but while he did he fell afoul of his old friend Whitney, saying, among other things, that Whitney was jealous of him because he spoke the truth so naturally, a process which gave Whitney the lockjaw. "But he ought not to be jealous," said Mark; "he ought not to try to ruin me because I am more virtuous than he is; I can not help it—it is my nature to be reliable, just as it is his to be shaky on matters of fact—we can not alter these natures—us leopards can not change our spots."

In San Francisco, as a member of the staff of the *Alta California*, Twain set about getting better acquainted. He became a member of the Bohemian Club and there are a few people living here who recall him as such, William Greer Harrison among the rest. The club had quarters on the second floor of a building on Webb and Sacramento Streets; and there Twain found congenial company. He had little reputation as a writer then, but his bubbling humor made him friends. "He impressed me," says Mr. Harrison, "as being a very well read man and a close student, but his predominant trait was humor. He could see something humorous and ridiculous in things that would not be noticed by others. For example, he would look at those two owls on the mantel and see something humorous about them that had been overlooked by every one else until he had pointed it out." Nevertheless, Mark Twain was not a good mixer, and his chronic impetuosity kept him from spending much money with the boys. If anybody lived at the club in those days, Twain was not one of them. He was always looking out for a cheap boarding-house, and one day, when a friend met him on the street carrying a cigar box, he said he was moving. For a while he lived in a printer's tenement across the way from old St. Mary's; and when times were at a low ebb he did not disdain to sleep on a pile of rags or papers in the *Alto* office. One story of his poverty he tells in "Roughing It." He found a piece of money in the street and let it lie there while he walked away and came back to it, over and over again, so as to feel once more the joyful shock of discovery. In the end he gave the coin to a hungry man.

During this period Mark Twain got the *Alta* to send him abroad as a correspondent, with an excursion which was leaving New York for Europe and the Holy Land. His letters made him famous and the *Alta* proposed to publish them, after they had appeared in its columns, in book form; but Joseph T. Goodman, as next friend, induced the publishers to let the author have the copyright. The result was "Innocents Abroad."

Before the book was ready for the press Twain returned here, and as funds were low he concluded to give a lecture, at \$1 per ticket. The Bohemian Club rose to the emergency. So did other friends. A few days before the lecture the footlight novice got a letter of protest signed by W. H. L. Barnes, Rear-Admiral Thatcher, Sam Williams, Noah Brooks, Major-General Halleck, Leland Stanford, Bret Harte, William C. Ralston, the Mayor and Board of Supervisors, the Orphan Asylum, various benevolent societies, Citizens on Foot and Horseback and 1500 in Steerage. They had heard, with deepest concern, that Mark proposed to read a chapter or two of that forthcoming book. They pointed out, as his personal friends, that there was a limit to human endurance. They wanted to see the man prosper, but this was an atrocity. Mark, however, was firm. He would lecture anyhow. He would torment the people if he pleased. He had a better right to do it, he said, than those strange lecturers and orators who had come from abroad. If the people couldn't stand the dollar admission what were they here for? Others came to the relief of the protestants and a letter signed by all the banks, the Olympic Club, and the Typographical Union offered to pay his return fare to New York if he would "curb his spirit of lawless violence" and go away. Then came an appeal from the press. It was to the point: "Will you start now without any unnecessary delay?" The signers represented the *Alta*, *Bulletin*, *Times*, *Call*, *Examiner*, *Figaro*, *Spirit of the Times*, *Dispatch*, *News-Letter*, *Garden City*, *Garden Era*, *Dramatic Chronicle*, *Police Gazette*, the *California*, and the *Overland Monthly*. Next there was a letter signed "The Clergy." "Do not delay your departure," it said. "You can come back and lecture another time. In the language of the worldly, 'You can cut and come again.'" A warning also came from an official source. It read:

MR. MARK TWAIN—Dear Sir: You had better go. THE CHIEF OF POLICE.

Mark Twain remained calm and replied as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO, June 30th.  
GENTLEMEN: Restrain your emotions. You observe they can not avail. Read:

New Mercantile Library, Bush Street, July 2. One night only! Farewell lecture of Mark Twain. Subject, "The Oldest of the Republics—Venice." No extra charge for reserved seats. Doors open at 7, orgies to commence at 8 p. m.

The lecture will be delivered certainly on the 2d, and the event will be celebrated two days afterward by a discharge of artillery on the 4th, a procession of citizens, the reading of the Declaration of Independence, and by a gorgeous display of fireworks from Russian Hill in the evening, which I have ordered at my sole expense, the cost being \$80,000. The public displays and ceremonies projected to give fitting éclat to this occasion have been unavoidably delayed until the fourth.

In one of his books Mark Twain tells of the success of the lecture and gives ample credit to a well-organized claque. The house was full, the lecture was enjoyed, the till of the box-office overflowed. The next day the fun-maker sailed away to become, in good time, the dean of American letters and the most lovable figure, perhaps, in the realm of contemporary authorship.

Selig Brodetsky, a Russian Jew, who recently won the Isaac Newton studentship at Trinity College, Cambridge University, earned his way to Cambridge from the Jews' free school in the East End of London and tied for senior wrangler in 1908. Brodetsky takes astronomy for his profession.



A COMMONPLACE STORY.

H. G. Wells Writes a Novel of Lowly Life with an Outfitter's Assistant as Hero.

Mr. Wells proves that he is an artist by showing us how extraordinarily interesting are the lives of the most uninteresting people, and how the faint flicker of mental and esthetic culture may be found, not alleviating, but accentuating the torture of the drearily commonplace. Surely even in the mighty storehouse of London he could find nothing more insignificant to the unseeing eyes than Mr. Polly, who belongs to the slave caste of the outfitter's assistant, victim of the "living-in" system and of the arrogance of mean-souled employers who may always take their choice from the undiminishing army of the unemployed. Mr. Polly belongs to his own caste, and never for a moment does he lift his eyes above it. His curious taste for reading books of travel and all sorts of literary junk such as he can buy for a few pence at the second-hand book store never suggests to him a wider field or a larger ambition. He is merely gratifying a taste that he never even recognizes as an anomaly and that is as spontaneous and as unquestioned as his reveries upon the sunset and the beauties of nature. To the fastidious eye Mr. Polly is an appalling object in his meanness and his vulgarities, his ridiculous use of the tortured phrases that have come to him from his reading, and yet we wish that some one had given him a helping hand; that some one had been found to blow upon the intellectual spark that would so readily have burst into flame. Far away in the recesses of his little soul Mr. Polly had the makings of a man, but opportunities are not numerous among outfitters' assistants in London, who are born to serfdom and usually die with the collar around their necks. And all for twenty-six pounds a year.

Mr. Wells shows us a typical scene between employer and employed. If the candidate will not suit there are a hundred others outside who may:

The prospective employer would unfold his ideals of the employee. "I want a smart, willing young man, thoroughly willing—who won't object to take trouble. I don't want a slacker, the sort of fellow who has to be pushed up to his work and held there. I've got no use for him."

At the back of Mr. Polly's mind, and quite beyond his control, the insubordinate phrasemaker would be proffering such combinations as "Chubby Chops," or "Chubby Charmer," as suitable for the gentleman, very much as a hat salesman proffers hats.

"I don't think you would find much slackness about me, sir," said Mr. Polly brightly, trying to disregard his deeper self.

"I want a young man who means getting on."  
"Exactly, sir. Excelsior."  
"I beg your pardon?"

"I said excelsior, sir. It's a sort of motto of mine. From Longfellow. Would you want me to serve through?"  
The chubby gentleman explained and reverted to his ideals, with a faint air of suspicion. "Do you mean getting on?" he asked.

"I hope so, sir," said Mr. Polly.  
"Get on or get out, eh?"

Mr. Polly made a rapturous noise, nodded appreciation, and said indistinctly: "Quite my style."

"Some of my people have been with me twenty years," said the employer. "My Manchester buyer came to me as a boy of twelve. You're a Christian?"

"Church of England," said Mr. Polly.  
"H'm," said the employer a little checked. "For good all round business I should have preferred a Baptist. Still—"

He studied Mr. Polly's tie, which was severely neat and business like, as became an aspiring outfitter. Mr. Polly's conception of his own pose and expression was rendered by that uncontrollable phrasemaker at the back as "Obsequies Deference."

"I am inclined," said the employer in a conclusive manner, "to look up your reference."

Mr. Polly stood up abruptly.  
"Thank you," said the employer and dismissed him.

"Chump chops! How about chump chops?" said the phrasemaker with an air of inspiration.

"I hope then to hear from you, sir," said Mr. Polly in his best salesman manner.

"If everything is satisfactory," said the prospective employer.

In the fullness of time Mr. Polly's father dies, and the few pounds that revert to him suggest the possibility of a small shop on his own account and even of a wife. Mr. Polly has sometimes been momentarily inflamed with ideas of world conquest, he has imagined himself as a steel-clad paladin rushing to the aid of virtue in distress, but his more sober ambitions have never vaulted higher than a small outfitter's shop in a country town. But first comes the funeral of his father, which is carried out impressively and after the manner of the back street, where funeral formalities are a high and dignified cult in themselves. All the warring family elements, momentarily united in the luxuries of grief, are gathered around the funeral lunch table:

The general effect was after this fashion.  
First an impression of Mrs. Punt on the right speaking in a refined undertone: "You didn't, I suppose, Mr. Polly, think to 'ave your poor dear father post-mortemed—"

Lady on the left breaking in: "I was just reminding Grace of the dear dead days beyond recall—"

Attempted reply to Mrs. Punt: "Didn't think of it for a moment. Can't give you a piece of this brawn, can I?"

Fragment from the left: "Grace and Beauty they used to call us and we used to sit at the same desk—"

Mrs. Punt, breaking out suddenly: "Don't swallow your fork, Willy. You see, Mr. Polly, I used to 'ave a young gentleman, a medical student, lodging with me—"

Voice from down the table: "Am, Alfred? I didn't give you very much."

Mrs. Punt, keeping steadily on: "The contents of the stummik at any rate ought to be examined."

Voice of Mr. Johnson: "Elfrid, pass the mustard down."  
Miriam, leaning across the table: "Elfrid."  
"Once she got us all kept in. The whole school."  
Miriam, more insistently: "Elfrid."

Uncle Pentstemon, raising his voice defiantly: "Trounce 'er again I would if she did as much now. Dratted mischief."

Miriam, catching Mr. Polly's eye: "Elfrid. This lady knows Canterbury. I been telling her you been there."

Mr. Polly: "Glad you know it."  
The lady, shouting: "I like it."

Mrs. Larkins, raising her voice: "I won't 'ave my girls spoken of, not by anybody, old or young."

Pop! imperfectly located.  
Mr. Johnson at large: "Aint the heer up! It's the 'eated room."

"Nobody 'ad the least idea 'ow he died—nobody. . . . Willie, don't golp so. You aint in a 'urry, are you? You don't want to ketch a train or anything—golping like that."

The narration at Mr. Polly's elbow pursued a quiet but relentless course. "Directly the new doctor came in he said: 'Everything must be took out and put in spirits—everything.'"

The acquirement of the shop presents many practical



H. G. Wells, author of "The History of Mr. Polly."  
Duffield & Co.

difficulties, but suitable wives are plentiful. Mr. Polly is naturally cautious, and while Mrs. Larkins's three daughters are equally charming and equally willing Mr. Polly hesitates to make the plunge. But the fair Miriam can be relied upon to clench the nail with the earliest effective stroke:

"A shop's such a respectable thing to be," said Miriam thoughtfully.

"I could be happy in a shop," he said.  
His sense of effect made him pause.

"If I had the right company," he added.  
She became very still.

Mr. Polly swerved a little from the conversational ice-run upon which he had embarked.

"I'm not such a blooming Geezer," he said, "as not to be



Illustration from "The Fir and the Palm," by Olive Briggs.  
Charles Scribner's Sons.

able to sell goods a bit. One had to be nosy over one's buying of course. But I shall do all right."

He stopped, and felt falling, falling through the aching silence that followed.

"If you got the right company," said Miriam.  
"I shall get that all right."

"You don't mean you've got some one—"

He found himself plunging.

"I've got some one in my eye, this minute," he said.  
"Elfrid," she said, turning on him. "You don't mean—"

Well, did he mean? "I do," he said.

"Not really!" She clenched her hands to keep still. He took the conclusive step.

"Well, you and me, Miriam, in a little shop—with a cat and a canary—"

and kissed him on the lips. Something lit up in Mr. Polly at the touch. He put an arm about her and kissed her back, and felt an irrevocable act was sealed. He had a curious feeling that it would be very satisfying to marry and have a wife—only somehow he wished it wasn't Miriam. Her lips were very pleasant to him, and the feel of her in his arms.

We may pass over the marriage celebrations, as they were so astonishingly like the funeral, with the added attractions of toasts, rice, and old shoes. Mr. Polly and his wife settle down in the little shop, and then comes disillusionment. The combination of intellectual culture and physical dyspepsia works havoc with the poor little outfitter, who feels a disintegrating impulse to do something that he can not define and to break away forever from a sordidness of life that he does not even know to be sordid. Already he hates his wife, who is eternally in a state of chaotic house-cleaning, but who never gets anything clean. Bankruptcy stares him in the face, and then comes the idea of suicide. He will burn his house and himself with it, and so secure the assurance money for Miriam, to whom he still feels himself tied by duty. The idea of suicide and the funeral pyre is almost a heroic one for Mr. Polly, and we detect in it the influence of his heroic reading. He makes all his arrangements while Miriam is at church:

The clock in the back parlor pinked the half-hour.  
"Time," said Mr. Polly, and stood up.

For an instant he battled with an impulse to put it all back, hastily, guiltily, and abandon this desperate plan of suicide forever.

But Miriam would smell the paraffin.  
"No way out this time, O' Man," said Mr. Polly; and he went slowly downstairs, matchbox in hand.

He paused for five seconds, perhaps, to listen to noises in the yard of the Royal Fishbourne Hotel before he struck his match. It trembled a little in his hand. The paper blackened, and an edge of blue flame ran outward and spread. The fire burnt up readily, and in an instant the wood was crackling cheerfully.

Some one might hear. He must hurry.  
He lit a pool of paraffin on the scullery floor, and instantly a nest of snaky, wavering blue flame became agog for prey.

He went up the stairs three steps at a time with one eager blue flicker in pursuit of him. He seized the lamp at the top. "Now," he said, and flung it smashing. The chimney broke, but the glass receiver stood the shock and rolled to the bottom, a potential bomb. Old Rumbold would hear that and wonder what it was. . . . He'd know soon enough.

Then Mr. Polly stood hesitating, razor in hand, and then sat down. He was trembling violently, but quite unafraid. He drew the blade lightly under one ear. "Lord!" but it stung like a nettle.

Mr. Polly does not commit suicide. His energies are diverted to the pressing necessity of extinguishing the flames that have seized upon his trouser leg, and when that feat has been accomplished he remembers the helpless old lady next door and performs prodigies of valor in her rescue. Instead of committing suicide he runs away.

We may allow ourselves one further glance at Mr. Polly's career. Drifting into the neighborhood of the Potwell Inn, he finds himself annexed by the proprietress of that establishment and becomes ferryman and general factotum. He thinks that he has found Elysium, a place of leisure where he may read and fish and contemplate nature, but there are still lions in the path, and he is introduced to them at an early period by a little girl whom he meets on the river bank:

"Hello," said Mr. Polly, and saved himself in the nick of time from disaster.

"Silly!" said the young lady, and Mr. Polly lunged nearer.

"What are you called?"

"Polly."

"Liar!"

"Why?"

"I'm Polly."

"Then I'm Alfred. But I meant to be Polly."

"I was first."

"All right. I'm going to be the ferryman."

"I see. You'll have to punt better."

"You should have seen me early in the afternoon."

"I can imagine it. . . . I've seen the others."

"What others?" Mr. Polly had landed now and was fastening up the punt.

"What Uncle Jim has scooted."

"Scooted?"

"He comes and scoots them. He'll scoot you, too, I expect."

A mysterious shadow seemed to fall athwart the sunshine and pleasantness of the Potwell Inn.

"I'm not a scooter," said Mr. Polly.

"Uncle Jim is."

She whistled a little flatly for a moment, and threw small stones at a clump of meadow sweet that sprang from the bank. Then she remarked:

"When Uncle Jim comes hack he'll cut your insides out. . . . P'raps, very likely, he'll let me see."

There was a pause.

"Who's Uncle Jim?" Mr. Polly asked in a faded voice.

"Don't you know who Uncle Jim is? He'll show you. He's a scorch, is Uncle Jim. He only came back just a little time ago, and he's scooted three men. He don't like strangers about, don't Uncle Jim. He can swear. He's going to teach me, soon as I can whistle properly."

"Teach you to swear," cried Mr. Polly, horrified.

"And spit," said the little girl proudly. "He says I'm the gamest little heast he ever came across—ever."

The advent of the ferocious Uncle Jim enables Mr. Polly to prove his prowess as a warrior, to do battle and to come off with flying colors.

But here we must leave Mr. Polly. He is vulgar, shabby, grimy, even criminal, but he has the makings in him of a man. How many are there like him, wholly unprepossessing to the casual sight, swallowed up in the unfruitful desert of the commonplace, but none the less with a faint and flickering spark of the heroic that might be fanned into a beneficent activity? In his depiction Mr. Wells has done a clever piece of work, and it is an artistic work because he compels us to see unsuspected beauties in unlovely things.

"The History of Mr. Polly," by H. G. Wells. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$1.50.



## THE GARDENER AT THE MISSION.

By Henry Meade Bland.

Why Anjou should have done it only himself and God knew. But he did it nevertheless, and two Spaniards, who should have shipped fifty thousand dollars of bullion from San Francisco across the seas to old Spain, wandered down the dismal Alameda into the mission town of Santa Clara, with their entire treasure lost to them. Anjou took three trips from the heavy clump of willows over to the centre of Antonio's duck pond, a shallow pool of two or three acres in the adobe east of the mission, where the gold was dumped; and here in this safe place it rested, while its new owner was back at the mission almost as soon as his victims arrived there.

There was the usual amount of excitement at the settlement over the robbery, but in spite of the fact that extraordinary energy was displayed by the mission soldiery in the attempt to locate the criminal not a trace of him was found, and Anjou plied his quiet duties as gardener in the mission patios. In a month the entire incident was forgotten.

But Anjou did not forget. He had the money, to be sure. He never was much of a talker; so the fact, now that he was quieter than ever, even to gloominess, excited no suspicion among the fathers who trailed up and down, with their beads and prayer-books, among the arbors of figs and grapes. But Anjou thought now. He had forgotten before the robbery to make terms with his conscience. True, he had an abundance. He could go home to Spain, and there, with fifty thousand dollars, he could realize all the dreams of youth; but he must wait a reasonable time before departure. He must appear at least to have earned enough money to pay his fare home, and this was not a fast process. It was irksome to a young man who had power at his hand but dared not use it for fear the secret of his obtaining that power should become known.

Anjou began to brood over his crime. How could it happen, he thought, that he could have been led into a brutal robbery? He was not naturally a criminal. His father was a good man, a sculptor in Barcelona. His mother, dear beautiful woman! He had burned into his brain the vision of her tear-stained face as she stood on the shore in his native city when he sailed for America. Was not the offense committed that he might get back to the old home?

Anjou tried to reason himself into an acquiescence with the deed; but his mental processes always wound up with an absolute inhibition of action.

The gold sunk deeper into the mud of Antonio's pond, and Anjou, morosely, silently, stirred the earth, and arranged the shrubs and plants in the mission garden.

There was some pleasure, very small it is true, but yet a little, in this gentle work among the flowers, for once in a while Anjou could forget in it the pang growing out of the sense of crime which gnawed at his heart. He learned that to be occupied alone gave him the slight respite he craved. More than once he determined to confess all to the padres and take his deserts, which in those days would have been a swing from one of the big willow limbs on the Alameda; for crime could not in those days be in the least condoned, for if it were no traveler would be safe. No, he could not. Not yet. Maybe the thing might still come out all right. At any rate he would do the utmost to absolve himself by a most careful attention to duty around the church.

So month by month the time went by, and years passed. Still Anjou kept the secret buried in his heart. One spring came a chance to do something new. The earthquake of 1812 had shattered the mission walls, and much had to be rebuilt; and Anjou plunged into the work with all his energy. Some way the working of the soft plastic adobe had a strange fascination for him. It was the old family instinct for sculpture, latent all these years, that was now budding. He molded the black clay into statues, and bowls, and shapes of various and quaint forms. But the art product was not permanent, for in spite of him the pieces crumbled. So he sought another medium. The clay from the mountain springs served him better for practice; and he did so well in the work that the fathers began to encourage him, furnishing him lead, brass, and bronze, and even the finer metals to work in.

But while the sculptor's art served to hide the bitter sense of a crime done in cold and base selfishness, there were periods in which, overwhelmed with remorse, the entire passion for the art forsook him and he groveled in the depths of despair, with the temptation to suicide lurking in his brain. After such periods plunges into the work of his shop saved him and brought him back, not to his real self, but to a bearable condition of life.

It was in one of these recoveries from the slough of despond that he determined on a new course of action. Could he not mold into a statue the stolen gold? A golden crucifix? And give it to the mission? Then could he not beg forgiveness? But the carrying out of this plan—the recovery of the gold, the concealing of it while he worked, the final handing it over to the padres with the cry for pardon—yes, even in the purging of his soul, what might happen he could not guess.

The blackest of the long December nights was chosen to begin to recover the treasure. This was not such a difficult process, for during all the years Anjou had not lost sight of the spot in the soft adobe ooze into

which the gold had settled; and little by little the whole was recovered and hidden beneath the earthen floor of his little studio; and in fear, in pain, in joy, the work of making the golden crucifix was begun.

First the model in mountain-spring clay was made; and the saintly Padre Cassanova, after many trials, approved a piece of work which Anjou had secretly resolved should be the model of the gold. But he could only work on the statue, which was to redeem his soul, in the dead of the night when no curious stragglers could disturb him. Once the good father himself, unable to rest in the dormitory, stole in upon him in the dead of the summer night; but the frightened Anjou dextrously turned from the crucible he was handling to a partially finished statue in clay near at hand, and so eluded discovery.

"You look thin and weak, my son," said the padre. "You will die if you stay in this cellar and work all the time. Why don't you go to the retreat with the rest of the brothers?"

Anjou was silent. He knew he was tired, but he did not yet know that something more deadly insistent than merely being tired was gnawing at his life. The fatal dampness from the earth making the floor of his studio, which was in a corner of the patio where the sun never fell, nurtured the poison which had already an uncompromising grip upon him.

I have said Anjou did not know. Yes, he did know. He knew he was giving all his life to the completion of the statue; he knew he did not care what became of him, if he could but finish it, and could free his heart of its burden. Anjou was ill, seriously ill; but the crucifix was finished, and over it, where it stood in the corner, was draped a heavy sack which concealed it from the visitors who came to visit the sick man.

No, he never could be well again; he knew it. So did the padres and Father Cassanova, who came by the hour to watch and care for him.



Clarence E. Mulford, author of "Hopalong Cassidy."  
A. C. McClurg & Co.

"Father," said Anjou one starlit autumn night, "father, I must tell you! It's over in the corner there. I did it. I stole the gold."

Father Cassanova thought the man wandering in his mind. "No, God bless you, my son! You stole? Never, man! You never harmed a hair of any one. Rest now, boy! In the morning you will be better, and you shall model a new crucifix for me. I'll get you the virgin metal to do it with. Go to sleep now."

"No, father, you do not understand. All these years I've carried it on my heart. I must tell you now. Soon I can not, for I will not have the power. Listen, father; do what I say. Do you see me? I am going from you now. I can't help it; I must go. You must hear my story and tell it to all, that the weight of sin on my soul may be lifted. Father, lift the cover there. There! Do you see it?" The glittering gold crucifix dazzled the father's eyes.

"God bless you," murmured the priest, and Anjou's eyes gleamed. A smile lit his face.

"I made it, father, but I robbed men of the gold."

Blinded with amazement the father listened to the dying man's tale until the last word was finished, then he turned to the statue and gazed at its pure unsoiled radiance and beauty; but when he again turned to the sick man's couch the pallid face was motionless. Reverently the padre drew the sheet up over the tired eyes and left the room.

"Poor feverish brain!" he groaned. "And that is what he has been doing with his earnings all these years!"

That was a century ago, and since then the golden crucifix has shone upon thousands who have bowed with sins forgiven before mission altars. And well indeed did the sacred crucifix of Anjou perform its office, till the fire devoured the chapel, and the golden crucifix, with other sacred relics of the mission, was lost forever.

SAN FRANCISCO, April, 1910.

## NEW POEMS BY MR. NOYES.

It seems only yesterday that Mr. Alfred Noyes gave us his epic poem "Drake," and now we have another volume of verse under the title of "The Enchanted Island," published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company. There are forty-three poems in this latest production, and although for a moment we harbor a fear that Mr. Noyes may be writing too fast under the stimulus of applause—and applause was never more rightly given—a glance is enough to show that here we have something even better than its predecessors. In deed, Mr. Noyes has visibly grown in poetic stature since he gave us "The Flower of Old Japan." He writes with a clearer recognition of the more enduring lights and shades of life and consequently with an even greater dignity than before that is well set off by an unusual power of musical composition. Many of his poems produce a distinct effect of mental exhilaration and there is hardly one without its suggestion of original conception and melodious novelty.

Foremost in impressiveness comes "Rank and File." It is a poem to the vast army of the unknown, the army of the common people. Four stanzas from its total of twenty-two will suffice to show its poetical calibre.

What of the end?—O, not of your glory,  
Not of your wealth or your fame that will live  
Half as long as this pellet of dust!  
Out in the night there's an army marching,  
Nameless, noteless, empty of glory,  
Ready to suffer and die and forgive,  
Marching onward in simple trust,

Wearing their poor little toy love-tokens,  
Under the march of the terrible skies!  
Is it a jest for a God to play?  
Whose is the jest of these millions marching,  
Wearing their poor little toy love-tokens,  
Waving their voicelessly grand good-byes,  
Secretly trying, sometimes, to pray.

Dare you dream their trust in eternity  
Broken, O you to whom prayers are vain,  
You who dream that their God is dead?  
Take your answer—these millions marching  
Out of Eternity, into Eternity,  
These that smiled "We shall meet again,"  
Even as the life from their loved ones fled.

Not for the sake of the proud and mighty,  
Not for their doubts will He break that trust,  
He, the Eternal, beyond their ken:  
Out in the night there's an army marching,  
Not of the proud, the famous, the mighty,  
Loud to God from the silent dust  
Rings the cry of the unknown men.

An impressiveness of quite another kind is to be found in "The Admiral's Ghost," which is built around a legend not generally known. The Devonshire sailors it seems, believe Nelson to have been a reappearance or a reincarnation of Sir Francis Drake, who swore that he would rise from his ocean grave whenever England had need of his services. It is into the mouth of one of these Devonshire salts that Mr. Noyes puts his story:

Do 'ee know who Nelson was?  
That pore little shriveled form,  
With the patch on his eye and the pinned-up sleeve  
And a soul like a North Sea storm?

He wasn't the man you think!  
His patch was a dern disguise!  
For he knew that they'd find him out, d'you see,  
If they looked him in both his eyes.

He was twice as big as he seemed;  
But his clothes were cunningly made.  
He'd both of his hairy arms all right!  
The sleeve was a trick of the trade.

You've heard of spirits, no doubt:  
Well, there's more in the matter than that!  
But he wasn't the patch and he wasn't the sleeve,  
And he wasn't the laced cocked hat.

Then comes the story of Drake's death in Nombre Dios Bay and his injunction to his men to take his drum home with them to Plymouth:

"And if ever you strike that drum," he says,  
"Why, strike me blind, I'll come."

Then, after two hundred years, comes the need for the great seaman:

Two hundred years went by,  
And the guns began to roar,  
And England was fighting hard for her life,  
As ever she fought of yore.

"It's only my dead that count,"  
She said, as she says today;  
"It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns  
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay."

D'you guess who Nelson was?  
You may laugh, but it's true as true!  
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap  
Than ever his hest friend knew.

The foe was creepin' close,  
In the dark, to our white-cliffed isle;  
They were ready to leap at England's throat,  
When—O, you may smile, you may smile.

But—ask of the Devonshire men;  
For they heard in the dead of night  
The roll of a drum, and they saw him pass  
On a ship all shining white.

He stretched out his dead cold face,  
And he sailed in the grand old way!  
The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,  
But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

Nelson—was Francis Drake!  
O, what matters the uniform,  
Or the patch on your eye or your pinned-up sleeve,  
If your soul's like a North Sea storm?

A poem of exquisite pathos is "The Two Painters."



It is a story of old Japan and of Yoichi Tenko, the painter. To Tenko's studio comes Savara and learns not only to paint, but also to love little O Kimi San, who is Tenko's niece:

Lying on the golden sand,  
Kimi watched his wings expand;  
Wept.—He could not understand  
Why she wept, said Tenko.

At last Savara goes away, having learned all that Tenko can teach him, and O Kimi San would go, too:

Small and sadly heecheeing,  
Under the willow tree,  
Glimmered her face like a foam-flake  
Drifting over the sea;  
Pale as a drifting blossom,  
Lifted her face to his eyes;  
Slowly he gathered, and held her  
Under the drifting skies.

Poor little face cast backward,  
Better to see his own,  
Earth and heaven went past them  
Drifting: they two, alone  
Stood, immortal. He whispered—  
"Nothing can part us two!"  
Backward her sad little face went  
Drifting, and dreamed it true.

Savara rides away and forgets, but he conquers the world with his art and comes back in triumph to Tenko, only to tell Kimi that he is married:

"Others are happy," she whispered,  
"Maidens and men I have seen:  
Be happy, be happy, Savara!  
The other—shall be—your queen!  
Kiss me one kiss for parting."  
Trembling she lifted her head,  
Then like a broken blossom  
It fell on his arm. She was dead.

Much impressed, Savara straight  
(Though the hour was growing late)  
Made a sketch of Kimi lying  
By the lonely, sighing sea,  
Brought it back to Tenko.  
Tenko looked it over crying  
(Under the silvery willow tree).

"You have hurst the golden gate!  
You have conquered Time and Fate!  
Hokusai is not so great!  
This is art," said Tenko.

Mr. Noyes plays upon so many strings that even copious quotations are hardly representative of his scope. He is simple and profound, reverential and Bacchanalian, but he never forgets to be human or to relate his verse to human needs. He is still so young a poet and his power is still so expansive that there need be no hurry to assign him a place, but he has only to continue to advance at his present speed to be recognized as one of the two or three great poets of the day.

Richard Strauss was a musical prodigy. His first effort at writing music was made at a Christmas celebration (says the *Designer*). Some children were dancing around the tree and singing a three-part song. "I can compose music like that," said the six-year-old Richard to his mother. Thereupon he sat down and did so. But his mother was obliged to write in the words, because, although he could write music legibly, his pot hooks were too large. Strauss himself not only vouched for the truth of this story, but said that while he was still six years old he composed a polka and a schottische. He was only fifteen when a symphony composed by him was brought out by Herman Levi, court conductor at Munich and conductor of the first performance of "Parsifal" at Bayreuth. When Richard came out to bow in acknowledgment of the applause which followed the symphony, a man in the audience turned to his neighbors and asked: "What has that boy got to do with it?" "Nothing," was the reply, "except that he's the composer."

Dr. W. T. Hornaday, the director of the New York Zoological Park, has contributed an introduction to Edgar Beecher Bronson's "In Closed Territory," in which he discusses most suggestively the future of big game. "Five hundred years from now," he says, "when North America is worn out and wasted to a skeleton of what it now is, the great plateau region of East Africa, between Cape Town and Lake Rudolph, will be a mighty empire, teeming with white population. Giraffes and rhinoceroses are now trampling over the sites of future cities and universities. Then the game herds, outside of the preserves, will exist only in memory, and in the pages of such books as 'In Closed Territory,' by Bronson, and in other books by hunters who shoot for themselves and write for the pleasure of their friends."

The German authoress, Margaret Boehne, has won an action against George Schillbach, editor of the *Halle Zeitung*, with damages of \$150 and the caption of sixty days' imprisonment. She wrote a remarkably realistic novel, which dealt with the career of a demi-mondaine who had sunk deep in degradation. Editor Schillbach, commenting on the work, declared no one could have written such impressive realism without experience.

Laurens Coster, or Koster, the Dr. Cook of his day, claimed that he, instead of Gutenberg, invented printing with movable types. He was a chandler and inn-keeper of Harlem in the fifteenth century. His claim was finally disproved to the satisfaction of almost everybody, but for a time it gave rise to a good deal of discussion and investigation.

A LITERARY CENSORSHIP.

"Piccadilly" Talks of the Proposed Combination of Libraries in the Interests of Public Virtue.

The mind of literary London is disturbed by the proposal to establish a censorship upon books. Not, of course, a government censorship, but one of a private although none the less of an effective kind. The new censorship is to result from a combination of the great lending libraries, who will appoint a committee to sit in judgment upon all new books and to bless or ban them according to their merits. Those who know the position occupied by these libraries in the book market will not be likely to underrate the importance of such a step or to look upon it with indifference. The patronage of the lending library means the difference between profit and loss to the publisher and the author. The book that will not be received by Mudie, for example, may as well remain in manuscript form.

The scheme is likely to be carried out in spite of protest. As public opinion grows more democratic so also it grows more tyrannical. It always does. Of what value is the power to make laws, to regulate, to restrain, to supervise, to restrict, and to prohibit unless laws are made and unless things are regulated, restrained, supervised, restricted, and prohibited? When the archaic absurdity of the dramatic censorship was first attacked a year or so ago it was assumed by the sanguine that it would fall at once before the trumpet blast of modern intelligence. Nothing of the sort. It became stronger than ever. Democracy and tyranny formed their usual partnership, and an institution founded to protect an autocracy from criticism was sustained by a democracy whose animating spirit is an impertinent intrusion upon private rights. And if we have a dramatic censorship, why not a literary one?



Moynard Dixon, illustrator of "Hopalong Cassidy."  
A. C. McClurg & Co.

Every decent library wishes to discourage and to exclude indecent literature. It has nothing to gain by betraying a patron's confidence in a broad and liberal supervision of the books handed out over its counters. But a supervision exercised by each library individually is a very different thing to a supervision undertaken collectively. In the former case we have the saving principle of competition. In the latter case it is wanting. Mudie will not ban a book that its rivals will circulate; because that would lead to a certain loss of trade, but a ban that is agreed upon collectively will be imposed fearlessly and will certainly become more and more stringent.

The librarians' committee would of course start out with the best of intentions. It would keep the welfare of *la jeune fille* heedfully in mind. Its first attack would be upon grossness, upon Sudermann's "Song of Songs" for example. When it came to Mr. H. G. Wells it would wrinkle up its brows and deliberate ponderously, but ultimately and for the moment it would pass Mr. H. G. Wells, because if people could not borrow Mr. Wells they would buy him or steal him. And then the public, the noisily pious public, would applaud the exclusion of "The Song of Songs," and the librarians would take heart of grace, gird up their loins, and the voice of the parson would be heard in their midst. Flushed by a momentary victory over grossness, they would pass to an attack upon "infidelity," upon novelty and originality in every form. They would feel that they were the specially appointed ministers of God for the defense of church and state, the holy ordinance of matrimony, the thirty-nine articles, the apostles' creed, and the House of Lords.

Books that are not novels would be peculiarly vulnerable to the assault of the librarians. The popular novelist can always force his wares upon the market, because as a last resource his readers will buy his books instead of borrowing them. But how about books on

religion, on sociology, and on politics? These are wholly at the mercy of the librarian because of the relatively few people who read them 90 per cent borrow them. What would have happened to the Darwinian theory under a literary censorship? To say that it would have been suppressed would be to exaggerate, but it would have been immeasurably hampered. Can we imagine a committee of public librarians giving their sanction to a book that was denounced with hysterical rage by the united churches of the land? The English clergy would have burned Darwin at the stake if their power had been equal to their will. What would have happened to Huxley's books at the hands of a literary censorship? What would have happened to a score of other writers who have shifted the helm of modern thought?

Would Charles Kingsley have escaped a literary censor of his day, when the verdict of the church was almost final? Kingsley had to go into retirement to escape the storm of obloquy that broke upon him when he published his sociological novels. His "Westward Ho!" was acclaimed because it was so strongly anti-Catholic, but his "Hypatia" was excommunicated with bell, book, and candle because it held up to execration the merciless bloodhounds of the early church. Writing to Bishop Wilberforce, the author says of "Hypatia" that "it was written with my heart's blood, and was received, as I expected, with curses from many of the very churchmen whom I was trying to warn and save." Kingsley was denounced in unmeasured terms by the *Guardian* after the publication of "Yeast," and a word from the *Guardian* would have been conclusive with a literary censorship of that day. Perhaps it would be conclusive even now. The *Guardian* said that the author had been guilty of a "grave offense." He had countenanced the "worst tendencies of the day." He had taught that doctrines "consecrated by the faith of ages" are to be despised if they interfere with "the most entire indulgence of the passions," and much more of the same kind. No. Charles Kingsley would not have been allowed to poison the minds of the public. A committee of librarians would have stood like a rock against such an invasion of atheism and anarchy. He was actually forbidden to preach by the Bishop of London.

Sometimes we get an indication of what librarians will do even when they stand alone. A letter in the *Times* tells us of a certain autocrat who refuses to circulate Mr. Henry James's "Italian Hours," but upon what ground deponent sayeth not. Every one knows the way in which the lending library is established in the ordinary English country town. A committee is formed, and the parson is invariably a member, although he usually deposes the curate to take his place. Perhaps a non-conformist minister is added as a sort of poor relation, but the parson and the minister are kept apart by the retired grocer, the agent of the landlord, and the radical shoemaker. The chief and the delightful task of the committee is to censor the new books. The clergy have their grave doubts about "Jane Eyre," but Jane ultimately gets through on the ground of previous good behavior. But a strong stand is made against George Eliot. The parson understands that there were passages in the life of George Eliot calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of innocence, and while some of her books may be unobjectionable yet he feels that there should be no toleration of immorality. So George Eliot goes, but Mrs. Henry Wood passes *en masse*. So do Dickens and Scott and Thackeray and most of the old guard, but the feeling of the committee is that the modern school with their subversive ideas upon marriage and the sanctity of property should be excluded. So Wells, and Syrett, and Galsworthy, and Shaw retire in confusion and a shelf of the "now I lay me" order takes their place. And so on. The final step is the decision as to which of the daily and weekly newspapers shall be taken. Two or three of the London dailies are ordered and the parson suggests the *Guardian*, to which there is no audible objection. The non-conformist minister wants to have the *Christian World*, irreverently known as the *Worldly Christian*, and this, too, is carried, parson not voting.

Now things would not be done quite so crudely in London, but they would be done just the same. The spectacle of three or four elderly gentlemen sitting at a round table in London in order to pass upon the moral values of the literature of the world is not one that can be contemplated without consternation. We are able to laugh at Mrs. Partington trying to broom back the waves of the Atlantic, but suppose Mrs. Partington were actually able to broom them back for an appreciable length of time. That would certainly be no laughing matter. The three or four old gentlemen would not be able to throw a permanent dam across human thought, but they could do an enormous amount of mischief. Reform and originality would ponder awhile pen in hand before writing the book that would be certainly banned by censors who have it in their power to order or not to order several thousand copies.

But it is not likely that public opinion will assert itself against the censorship. The spirit of democracy is interference and regulation, prohibition, and supervision. After all, these things help to relieve us from the intolerable burden of thinking. PICCADILLY.

London, April 13, 1910.

Some of the mountains on the moon are estimated to be 36,000 feet high.



## WORK OF THE NOVELIST.

Reviews by Sidney G. P. Coryn.

*The City of Six*, by Chauncey L. Canfield. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$1.50.

The author died last year in San Francisco, after devoting the results of a life's experience to the present story. Himself a California pioneer, he found his material in his memory rather than in the records, and although this is not his only work it is probably



The late Chauncey S. Canfield, author of "The City of Six." A. C. McClurg & Co.

more typical of the early days than any other.

It is a pleasant picture that he draws and one nearly untouched by the violence and the excesses that have been so much over-emphasized in stories of the "days of gold." The "City of Six" was at the head of Slug Cañon and two thousand feet above Downieville, owing its name to the six miners who composed its original force and who tunneled

deeply and successfully into the mountain-side. The story is made up of the life of the camp and with more than one pleasant romance intertwined with the prose labors of the day. Although there is no stress upon the excrescences and the uglinesses of the miner's life they are by no means concealed or slighted. There is the professional gambler and the desperado, and we get a far-off glimpse of the lynching party. The author has no particular phase of the day to exploit, no creation of his own mind to clothe with flesh and blood, and as a result we have a straightforward narrative of the pioneer days that impresses us with a sense of its accuracy and fidelity. "The City of Six" should have a place among the romances of California.

*An Interrupted Friendship*, by E. L. Voynich. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York; \$1.50.

A good many readers will leave this curious story with a feeling of perplexity simply because the character of the chief figure transcends ordinary human experience. We are not introduced to him until well on in the book. First we have the old Marquis de Martreulles, who has been nearly ruined by the revolution and whose wife dies, leaving him with two boys and a baby girl. One of the boys goes to live with his uncle in England, and when he returns after some years he finds that his sister is a cripple as the result of an accident in childhood of which he was never informed. A passionate affection springs up between the two, and when a new surgical treatment promises relief for the crippled girl René accepts a position with a South American exploring party in order to raise the necessary money to pay the operators and nurses. It seems strange that the boy during the years of his English life has never been told either that his sister is a cripple or that she is living away from home with an aunt who is lovingly crushing the soul out of her with religious observances and suffocating her with an atmosphere of priestly piety.

It is during the South American trip, which is finely described, that René makes the acquaintance of Rivarez, who joins the party as native interpreter and who in spite of his rags and degradation soon shows that he has had the training of a gentleman and a scholar. Rivarez, his personality, his history and motives, becomes the enigma of the story, the mystery which is never solved. René is attracted to him by a compassion which slowly

## ACCORDING TO MARIA

Illustrated. 12mo. \$1.50.

By MRS. JOHN LANE

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## THE THIEF OF VIRTUE

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changes into an adoration which almost suggests hypnotic glamour. On their return to France, Rivarez finds himself an unwilling hero, but in the midst of his scientific and journalistic success he quietly assests himself, as though in obedience to a compelling mission, and engages in one of the minor revolutions for Italian freedom. In the meantime René's sister, Marguerite, now nearly recovered from her disability, also falls under the spell of Rivarez, and we have the spectacle of brother and sister in a state of worship of a man whose mind descends only at intervals to the sphere of human friendship and association and who pushes from him all the ordinary ties of life whenever they conflict with a mission that we are never allowed fully to understand.

As a strong piece of character drawing the story is suggestive and compelling. Rivarez is certainly the strongest figure, but the character of Marguerite also is unusually convincing. The author is to be congratulated upon more than one successful act of creation as well as upon a story full of interest and action.

*The Cardinal's Pawn*, by K. L. Montgomery. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; \$1.50.

This is an exceptionally fine story of ancient Venice under the rule of the Ten. It commends itself as a thoroughly conscientious piece of work, evidently the result of competent labor and a minute knowledge of conditions. If it has a fault it is to be found in a slight obscurity of the plot as unfolded in the first few chapters. Greater explicitness would have been a concession to the

such spirit. Another strong scene is the poisoning of Bianca by the invincible cardinal and, indeed, there is hardly a chapter without its vivid incident, but one that comes a ways without strain and as a part of the necessary fabric of the story. "The Cardinal's Pawn" is not a book to be missed. Venice must always have new association for those who have read it.

*Theodor's Husband*, by Louise Mack. Published by the John Lane Company, New York.

This is not the best of the author's novel. It is lacking both in originality of scene and in character depiction, while much of the mechanism is so old as to be worn out. The



Peter Finley Dunne, author of "Mr. Dooley." Charles Scribner's Sons.

dora, who is very young, decides to marry the wealthy and middle-aged Sir George A'lingham because she can not tolerate pension life at five francs a day. Then her old love Marcel turns up like a had penny, there is a compromising situation, and when Theodor discovers that she really loves her husband she finds that she must keep one of those secrets that always lead to marital estrangements. Moreover Sir George is financing a new aeroplane invented by Marcel, and when Theodor discovers accidentally that Marcel is really exploiting the inventive genius of an old Russian servant whom he keeps in the background there is one more secret added to a situation already explosive enough. Then there is the blackmailer who knows a about the previous relations between Theodor and Marcel, there is a family secret that still further complicates the case, and w



Frank Soule, author of "The Pursuit." Little, Brown & Co.

are hardly surprised when Marcel's airship plans are stolen and Sir George himself is charged with the theft. Of course it comes right in the end through the kind intervention of the angel of death, who is a ways ready to oblige the needy novelist. But we seem to have heard it all before, and even the long-suffering radium is pressed into the service of the new airship.

Dr. Adam Leroy Jones, adjunct professor of philosophy at Columbia, has recently put forth a well-balanced little treatise on logic the first paragraphs of the introduction of the relation between science and common sense being especially interesting.

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**SOME POPULAR NOVELS.**

*White Magic*, by David Graham Phillips. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; \$1.50.

This is probably the most interesting but not the most artistic of the author's novels. In parts it is so clever that we are glamourised into the belief that there might be such a girl as Beatrice Richmond or such a man as Roger Wade. Roger is an artist who finds Beatrice asleep in his studio, and this unceremonious introduction results in a strenuous courtship of the man by the woman. Now in the first place we do not believe that any human young man could resist so bewitching a little fay as Beatrice, however wedded to his art he might be. In the second place we do not believe that even the modern girl



Alfred Noyes, author of "The Enchanted Island." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

could so flagrantly reverse the usual conventions of the pursuer and the pursued. It is true that Beatrice was enormously rich and by no means free from the vices of her caste, and she may therefore have felt that the advance must come from her or not at all, but at the same time our credulity is strained and our proprieties are shocked. None the less the story is delightful reading, an extravaganza of modern life with nearly all its characters in clear relief and full of colloquy that is often brilliant. Roger Wade's ultimate surrender is worthy of his sex.

*Bianca's Daughter*, by Justus Miles Forman. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; \$1.50.

This is the story of the love affair between Vittoria Fleming and Richard Blake, who fall in love with each other in spite of the efforts of their well-informed friends and

relatives to keep them apart. When Vittoria was a baby her mother eloped with Blake's father, and while elopements are usually to be deprecated, this particular one was justified by the ill-treatment inflicted on his young wife by Pender Fleming. Vittoria's mother had spent one year of happiness with her lover before her death, but Pender was still living in gloomy seclusion, a repulsive personality who alternately loved and hated his daughter for her resemblance to her mother. These anterior facts are unknown to the young people, and when Vittoria finally



Mary Roberts Rinehart, author of "When a Man Marries." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

learns them she is easily persuaded by her father into a pledge never to marry the son of his old enemy. But when she falls in love with him in spite of herself her pledge becomes an embarrassment.

The strong feature of the story is the picture of Pender Fleming nursing his vindictive rage until it becomes a hideous form of monomania, and the fine unselfishness of Beau Temple, who surrenders Vittoria after she has engaged herself to him in a desperate effort to save her affections from Blake.

That two such people as Vittoria and Blake should come together with such a family history behind them is perhaps a strong demand upon fate, but if there is such a thing as preordination this is just the sort of thing that it would delight to do.

*The Beauty*, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis; \$1.50.

None of the characters in this story are very nice. Cresswell Hepworth is the typical



Hallie Erminie Rives, author of "The Kingdom of Slender Swords." Bobbs-Merrill Company.

American business man who marries a girl much younger than himself and of course lavishes upon her the wealth of Golconda. But Perdita wants something more than this, and so she listens indiscreetly to the blandishments of Eugene Gresham, who used to make love to her before he became a famous artist and when it all seemed so hopeless. When Hepworth awakens to the situation he takes things as he finds them and goes away to California in order that his wife may recover her old hearings or find new ones. In any

case he will think only of her happiness, although a few lover-like kisses would have put the matter right at the beginning, but apparently they don't do much of that sort of thing in wealthy circles. However, as we all know, absence makes the heart grow fonder, and when Hepworth returns from California he finds that Perdita is earning her own living by making water-color designs of dresses, while the intrusive Eugene has been persuaded into the background. Under the stimulus of employment Perdita recovers her equilibrium and the curtain drops upon a scene of domestic concord. The one spontaneous and refreshing character is Fuchsia Fleming, the young California actress whom Hepworth discovers in the West and brings back with him to New York under his pater-



Miss M. P. Willcocks, author of "The Way Up." John Lane Company.

nal wing. Fuchsia is "real nice" in spite of her distressing name.

Sherman, French & Co., Boston, have published "Belief in a Personal God," by A. v. C. P. Huizinga. The author seems to rely more upon an array of testimony—much of it irrelevant to the personality of God—than upon an effort to reconcile the two postulates of a universality of Deity and the limitations necessarily attaching to personality. In other words, he does not help to make thinkable the idea of the personality of God, and moreover his writing has a touch of arrogance, as when he says that the view of God as an impersonal force "is destructive of the highest morality which blossoms in a sensitive conscience." The price of the book is 50 cents.

## From McCLURG'S Spring List

### A Noteworthy Group of Western Books

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*The Face of China*, by E. G. Kemp, F. R. S. G. S. Published by Duffield & Co., New York; \$6.

As a rule women do not write good travel books. Either they emphasize trivialities or their work lacks a largely comprehensive purpose, but in this instance we have a fine volume written almost entirely from the illuminated side of things yet rich in significance as well as in the facts that are less generally known. That a woman can travel



Crittenden Marriott, author of "How Americans Are Governed." Harper & Brothers.

unescorted through interior China, placing herself unreservedly in the hands of the people, and in perfect safety, is not without its suggestiveness. In no European country, says the author, could she have been more courteously treated.

That a Chinaman may, and often does, profess all three of the national religions at the same time says much for the religions themselves as well as for the Chinaman. Confucianism is of the head and Buddhism of the heart, so that the combination should be a

good one. Confucius taught that men are born radically good, but the Chinaman makes a modified exception of women. He will not say that they are congenitally bad, but only that they are congenitally stupid.

The Chinese recognize only one supreme road to eminence, by learning and by morality. The awakening of the country is due not so much to the need of material self-defense as to a realization that other countries are more learned. The military caste has always been a low one, and that it must now be raised is an unwilling concession to necessity.

The author is particularly happy in her novel generalizations that often run counter to accepted belief. She tells us that the Chinaman is not essentially cruel; that he never finds the amusement in cruelty that Western nations call sport, and that if it were not for the "humanizing influences of Christianity" Europeans would be more cruel than the Chinese. Then, too, it must be remembered that the Chinaman is peculiarly insensitive to pain. He has no nerves, and this often explains an apparent brutality that jars on white susceptibilities. On the whole, the author gives us a distinctly pleasing picture, and foreseeing a possibility that it may be judged as too much *couleur de rose* she reminds us that "there is a use for eyelids as well as for eyes."

The illustrations deserve a special and warm word of praise. These include forty-seven colored plates and a number of sepia drawings, all of them the work of the author and thus possessing a special interest.

*China and the Far East*, edited by George H. Blakeslee. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; \$2.

The appearance of this book is a timely reminder that the problem of China is a matter for expert knowledge applied separately to its many aspects. We have had too many comprehensive surveys from travelers, politicians, and missionaries, most of them with large claims that are but ill-supported by a narrowly sectional knowledge. Now for the first time in this large and carefully edited volume we have lectures by twenty-two authorities on as many departments of the subject, and it is easy to see in all of them the marks of profound knowledge and wide experience. Dr. A. C. Coolidge, for example, writes on "China in World Politics,"

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and there is no man better qualified. T. F. Millard is equally well equipped to deal with "Need of an American Policy." Among other contributors are H. B. Morse, Willard Straight, Dr. Hamilton Wright, Dr. Amos P. Wilder, and A. F. Griffiths, while the Asiatic aspect is presented by Dr. Jokichi Takamine. If these lectures can be said to have a dominating note it is sympathy with China. For example, the Hon. Chester Holcombe, writing on "China and the Western World,"

history it may have its value, but it will have also the demerit of stirring the embers of a discreditable and shameful quarrel, a quarrel probably without a parallel in the history of war. It is an incident that we should be glad to forget.

Doubtless the author's qualifications are all that they should be. Himself an officer with much experience of active service, he was counsel for Rear-Admiral Schley before the court of inquiry, and he has supplemented the knowledge naturally accruing to him by an exhaustive reproduction of evidence, dispatches, records, letters, diagrams, and charts. That he has filled 333 large pages justifies the hope that there are no omissions to give cause for criticism or recrimination.

Certainly the author speaks plainly. He deals not at all in the soft suavities of diplomacy. Referring to Admiral Evans, he says that neither he nor any one knows where he earned his sobriquet of "Fighting Bob." Since he was wounded during the Civil War he has "had no opportunity for fighting (except with his tongue) until the Spanish war occurred." Other examples of outspoken utterance are to be found scattered throughout his pages, and that he says what he thinks and in the most direct language is a recommendation of the book. Captain Parker's ultimate verdict may be given in his own language. He says: "Nelson never won a victory more complete and decisive than that won by Schley and his subordinate brother



Stephen F. Whitman, author of "Predestined." Charles Scribner's Sons.

asks in italics what are the causes that have forced China to abandon her policy of an open and tolerant hospitality and to adopt in its place one of a narrow exclusiveness? The answer is hideously simple. The Chinese have learned to look upon the white races as pirates who must be stealthily resisted if China is to continue to call her soul her own.

All these lectures are based upon a broad and liberal theory of toleration and of an enlightened self-interest. Even the two or three missionary lectures are nearly free from the sectarian bias and ecstatic piety that usually accompany these efforts, although there is small recognition of the mischief that missionary organizations have wrought to the political life of China and consequently to the peace and well-being of the world.

America is particularly interested in China and will be still more so. For this reason so competent and so illuminating a volume should find a welcome.

*Rear-Admirals Schley, Sampson, and Cervera*, by Captain James Parker. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$3.

This book is described as "a review of the naval campaign of 1898, in pursuit and destruction of the Spanish fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Pascual Cervera." It is much more than this. It is a careful and elaborate effort rightly to assign the credit for the victory over the Spanish fleet and to adjust the rival claims of Sampson and Schley. Whether the work should have been undertaken at all is a matter of opinion. As a contribution to



French Ensar Chadwick, author of "The Relations of the United States and Spain—Diplomacy." Charles Scribner's Sons.

officers and men on that 3d day of July, 1898, over the Spanish fleet commanded by Rear-Admiral Cervera."

The New York Sun has added a Saturday book review section to its other attractions and will devote four full pages to book reviews, literary articles, personal and miscellaneous gossip about books and those who make them. Edward P. Mitchell, editor, Chester S. Lord, managing editor, and R. V. Oulihan, publisher, gave their personal attention to the first issue. Long-time readers of the Sun will miss a vanished hand.

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It is stated that H. G. Wells has almost completed a play, which will be produced in due time by a prominent London actor-manager, who is himself to enact the hero. The scene is understood to be laid in a region entirely unknown hitherto, except to the author. Other plays have been staged in this territory before now.



## ARGUMENT AND OBSERVATION.

*Privilege and Democracy in America*, by Frederic C. Howe, Ph. D. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; \$1.50.

This book is a plea for the taxation of land values and is therefore remarkable not for its novelty, but for the logic and force of its argument. With the example of Europe be-



Anne Warner, author of "Just Between Ourselves." Little, Brown & Co.

fore her, with the object lesson of a system of land ownership which produced the castes, the class sentiments, the incessant struggles, and the serfdoms of the old world, with the opportunity of almost unlimited lands then indisputably in the possession of the government, America has nevertheless lost her chance to keep those lands in collective pos-

session and has adopted the old system of private ownership which gave birth to all the evils of Europe and which is producing those same evils in our midst today, to the detriment and eventually to the destruction of democracy. Such at least is the indictment brought by the author and sustained by three hundred pages of close reasoning and with a diction that is logical and concise.

As a remedy he proposes that all of the revenues of the government shall be raised from a tax upon the value of the land, and that all other forms of taxation shall be abandoned. This the author maintains to be both practicable and just. He does not propose that the state shall own the land, but the state shall be the universal rent collector, and he argues that "in comparison with the effects of this revolution all other reforms for which we are now agitating would be inconsequential."

The book must be left to speak for itself. It is at least forceful and sincere, and if it has the faults of enthusiasm it has also its virtues.

*The Duty of Altruism*, by Ray Madding McConnell, Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

This book will hardly commend itself to religion or to philanthropy. Its object is to seek a rational ground for altruism and to explain, not why people are altruistic, but rather why they ought to be altruistic. The inquiry is confessedly a failure. The author examines the religious, metaphysical, legal, logical, and scientific solutions and finds them unproductive. Therefore he reaches the remarkable conclusion that morality is simply a case of natural will that either exists or does not exist, like a Roman nose, and that can neither be created, nor induced by argument or reason. It is impossible, he says, to change egoism into altruism, or vice versa. Our task is not to induce morality, but rather to thank God when we find it and set about using it in the best possible way.

The author might have searched the metaphysical field to better advantage. He might

have seen more clearly that altruism is sympathy in practice and that sympathy is a recognition of a life unity that responds in its every part to all local stimuli. Compassion for a starving child, for example, is a recognition of identity between the observer and the sufferer, the assertion of nature that the part belongs to the whole and that the whole can not remain indifferent to the fortunes of the part. Altruism is an extension of egoism beyond the limits of the personality, and the more perfect the morality the wider the extension of egoism. There are therefore no "cases where the interests of self are antagonistic to the interests of others." There are cases where they seem to be so, as with the burglar, who believes his interests require him to steal, but this is an error due

to the rivers which General Farley makes the nucleus of his story. He was himself the eye-witness of much of this, and he has a fortunate literary style that is well in keeping with the reminiscent nature of his work. He describes the great homes on the James and the Potomac, the battles of Bull Run, Malvern Hill, and Gettysburg, and many other scenes of war and peace, and always with a pleasant colloquial style that adds much to the interest of the narrative. General Farley is an artist as well as an author and a soldier. The ten full-page colored illustrations are from his own water-color drawings and are an attractive feature of the book.

*In Unfamiliar England*, by Thomas D. Murphy. Published by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

This book is the record of a seven-thousand-mile tour through England, with incursions into Scotland and Ireland, and while a good many of the descriptions are of well-known places, the author easily convinces us that travel by road is the only way to "do" the country properly and to gather its full harvest of historical lore. But occasionally he misses something. He visits Ipswich, for example, and makes no mention of its association with Oliver Cromwell.

The book is thoroughly good reading, the author showing his intelligence by a rigid suppression of all technical references to the automobile. It is a means to an end and no more, and the end is whatever is worth seeing. He writes in a pleasantly conversational way and with a keen observation for the quaint and the unusual. A fine feature



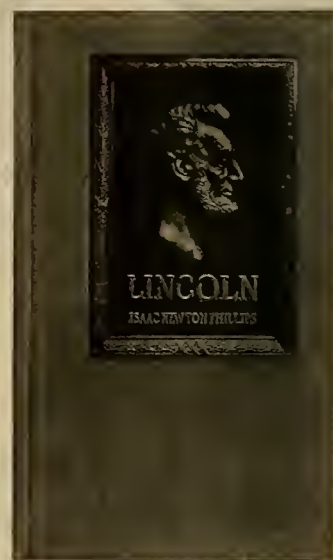
Harrison Fisher, author of "My Commencement." Dodd, Mead & Co.

to ignorance. There can be no conflict between the interests of one man and another, but a short or a vicious vision may misjudge the true direction of self-interest. We may therefore believe that there is a science of morality, that it can be imparted, and that by its aid selfishness can be changed into altruism. The punishment of the burglar is actually a crude lesson in altruism, an effort to correct his false idea that self-interest required him to steal, and we may do much by argument to convince intelligent selfishness that true self-interest can be served only by morality. Indeed, that such lessons are actually and practically taught every day would seem to be a matter of common knowledge.

*Three Rivers: The Hudson, the Potomac, the James*, by General Joseph P. Farley, U. S. A. Published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington; \$2.

The author is already well and favorably known for the reminiscences of peace and war contributed by him to various magazines. Indeed, the present volume is largely composed of more fugitive writings that have appeared from time to time and whose favorable reception has justified the larger place now given to them.

The first effect of the perusal of this book is an impulse to visit at once the scenes that have witnessed the making of so much history. Almost everything worth knowing, almost everything worth doing, in the early life of the nation is associated with one of



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of the work is to be found in the sixteen colored illustrations, reproduced from original paintings by eminent British artists, and forty-eight duo gravures.

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**BOOKS FOR YOUNG AND OLD.**  
*The Sky-Man*, by Henry Kittell Webster. Published by the Century Company, New York; \$1.20.

Flying machine fiction is still young, but it will probably be much older before the merits of this fine story are surpassed. It contains none of the tiresome mechanical technicalities that are usually considered indispensable, nor are aviation feats the main-spring of the story. We know simply that Philip Cayley can fly by means of some wings with muscular power for a motor. We neither know nor want to know just how he does it.

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ter advised to give facts only, to the exclusion of his own opinions that sometimes can hardly fail to grate upon his readers.

*On the Trail of Washington*, by Frederick Trevor Hill. Published by D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

This book is described as a "narrative history of Washington's boyhood and manhood, based on his own writings, authentic documents, and other authoritative information."



Katharine Holland Brown, author of "The Messenger." Charles Scribner's Sons.

It is not to be expected that it should contain anything new, and it makes no such claim, but the author is to be congratulated on his attempt to humanize the character of the hero and to rescue him from the position of a "steel engraving." There was a time when Washington seemed likely to become a solar myth, but in this volume we see him as "a man with good red blood in his veins, good common sense in his head, good kindly feeling in his heart, and a good honest laugh."



Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Franklin Winslow Kane." Century Company.

The colored illustrations, as well as those in the text, are well chosen and executed.

The library of the late Robert Hoe, which is probably the most important ever formed by a single English collector, will soon be auctioned off, but whether in London or New York has not yet been decided. The Hoe library, if it does not surpass, at least ranks with the most famous, such as the Roxburghe, Beckfor, and Ashburnham, and contains many of the choicest treasures of those collections.

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Rash statements have been made concerning the Lake Merced source of water supply. To satisfy those who might have been affected by such talk the Spring Valley Company arranged for an expert investigation. Dr. Rupert Blue, surgeon of the U. S. Marine Hospital Service, whose scientific standing is assured, made a thorough examination of Lake Merced and its surroundings, and reported at length on the conditions. It is well known that Dr. Blue was selected by the United States Government to take charge of the investigation of sanitary conditions in San Francisco, and that his work earned not only the commendation of his superior officers but the highest praise of San Franciscans. Dr. Blue's report shows the care taken to safeguard the water supply, and establishes the purity of the water. The report is given in full:

*Spring Valley Water Company, San Francisco, California—*

GENTLEMEN: In compliance with your request I have to inform you that I inspected carefully the sanitary conditions of the Lake Merced water system in November and December, 1909. The possible sources of contamination on the watershed are:

1. Stable manure utilized for fertilizing vegetable gardens.
2. Residences of the keepers and the pumping stations.
3. Surface drainage from the towns north, east and south of the sheds.
1. Vegetable gardens on the north and east sides of the lake contain in some places manure for fertilizing purposes. Drainage from these gardens is, however, mostly away from the lake. To reach the lake the rainfall on these fields must of necessity filter through a considerable area. Such filtration would, of course, be sufficient to remove any deleterious substance from it.

### CONTAMINATION IMPOSSIBLE.

In view of the distance of the gardens from the lakes, contamination from this source would be hardly possible, and the worst quality of water would be rendered safe by the process of natural filtration through many hundred feet of sand and clay. In addition it may be said that, as a rule, stable manure does not contain harmful bacteria. Therefore, this factor may be eliminated from the problem.

2. In two instances the residences of the keepers are connected with sewers in the vicinity. In all of them the distance from the lake is too great to permit contamination through the soil. The fact that antiseptics are used in these toilets should quiet any criticism on them.

### FLUMES TO THE SEA.

The wooden sewer flume from Hill Crest has, at the above and outer edge, a brick canal, and leads across the southern end of the settling basin on trestling. There is no danger from this source, however, as the water from this basin is not used, but passes to the sea from the canal. Contamination from the settling basin to South Lake would be only possible through filtration of water through an artificial dam of great width. This contingency is not only impossible, but would be without danger, as such filtration would entirely purify the water. In addition, the so-called settling basin contains storm water only, and no sewage. The construction and use of concrete cesspools for the disposal of the sewage of the keepers and workmen on the reservation would relieve the most critical of all the causes for complaint.

### ADMIRE'S DRAINAGE SYSTEM.

3. The subject of surface drainage from the towns north, east and south of the shed has received careful consideration, and my inspection has shown that, while the natural drainage is toward the lake, it has been diverted by damming the gulches and drains, the water being conducted into flumes to a basin at the head of South Lake. As has already been shown, from this point the rainfall passes, by means of a brick and mortar canal, to the sea, a portion of the canal going through a tunnel in the mountains west of South Lake. The possibility of contamination from the drainage of towns to the east has further been obviated by the erection of dams which divert the water to the canal.

It is thus seen that contamination from surface drainage from human habitations in all directions is well guarded against, and I can not withhold an expression of admiration for the perfect system, which thoroughly realizes the intention of the sanitary engineer. This system of dams and flumes challenges the admiration, and is an excellent example of the good which may come from the intelligent and conscientious application of the principles of sanitary science.

### WATER ABSOLUTELY PROTECTED.

I have been asked if I consider the gathering ground a source of pollution. My answer is "No." The system of dams and flumes diverts all dangerous drainage away from the reservoir, or collecting basin. The question, is pollution from the manure fields possible? has been propounded. I have already spoken of this, and my answer is "No." Any possible danger in this regard has been obviated by the natural filtration through sand and clay.

Water in the lakes, then, is well guarded and protected against contamination, and if maintained in its present state should be of good quality and safe from the danger of conveying infection. According to Professor Newman of London and other high authorities, "bacteriology is the most direct and delicate" test of the safety of water for drinking purposes. Dr. George W. McCoy, the bacteriologist, has reported that no pathogenic organisms were present in the samples taken from Lake Merced and the city reservoirs, and that only a small percentage of B. Coli were found therein.

### "GOOD QUALITY AND SAFE."

These organisms might be found in any surface water, but unless in large numbers and associated with B. enteritidis or streptococci should not be considered a sign of sewage pollution. The colon bacilli shown in the bacteriological analysis are possibly derived from the excrement of the wild fowls which infest the lakes in large numbers. This is the opinion expressed by Dr. McCoy.

In conclusion I would say that all avenues of possible contamination of the water supply are well guarded and that the bacteriological examination shows that the water contained in the reservoirs is of good quality and safe for the uses to which it is put. There is no evidence of sewage pollution, and with a few changes recommended in this report it is believed that every source of danger will be avoided.

The collecting grounds—since making the inspection of the watersheds on both sides of the bay I have formed the opinion that the morbidity from typhoid fever in San Francisco in the last year has been due to imported cases (contact therewith), infected milk, uncooked vegetables and other foods. It is possible, also, that house flies may have played a minor rôle in spreading the infection. A study of the epidemiological data at hand, and a comparison of the typhoid fever rate of this city with that of other communities, do not warrant the belief that water from the sources above mentioned had any relation to the prevalence of the disease.

Respectfully, RUPERT BLUE, Surgeon.



LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

*The Science of Living*, by William S. Sadler. M. D. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; \$1.50.

This book contains an immense amount of valuable information, indeed more information of its kind than any other modern work. Every department of life is handled from the medical viewpoint and with a dominating note of common sense. Especially useful are the food tables and the general advice upon diet, exercise, hygiene, and preventive methods.

The book has of course the defects of its kind. The frequent injunctions to visit a "reputable physician" are irritating to those who know that the advice of "reputable physicians" is often diametrically opposite in the



A. E. Stevenson, author of "Something of Men I Have Known." A. C. McClurg & Co.

same case, and that while one continues to prescribe the old-fashioned bottle of horrors another will recommend a fruit diet or a Turkish bath. It is too late in the day to assume that medicine is an exact science or that the physician necessarily knows more than the patient about a complaint from which the patient alone is suffering. Medicine is not an exact science, and so long as it continues to be empirical there will be many intelligent people who will continue to buy 10 cents' worth of a simple patent medicine of proved value rather than several dollars' worth of medical advice which results from a few minutes' perfunctory conversation. Another fault of all such books is the communicated impression that helpless man is surrounded by countless mysterious and tremendous forces bent upon his destruction, and that all his energies and his ceaseless watchfulness must be bent to their avoidance. Repeated assurances that so many million germs have been found in milk and water, on cups and spoons, on paper money and door handles, are likely to do more harm than good, while the man who has never heard of bacteria may at least be saved from the worst of all diseases, that of hypochondria. Perhaps the "science of living" is best understood by



Illustration from Duret's "Manet and the French Impressionists." J. B. Lippincott Company.

those who know nothing of it, but since it is impossible to escape from the theories and guesses of modern medicine it is well that we should have them so liberally diluted with common sense as in the present case.

*The Land of Purple Shadows*, by Idah Meacham Strobridge. Published by the Artemesia Bindery, Los Angeles.

Miss Strobridge is not likely to outstay her welcome as an exponent of the Western country. There is no one with a touch quite so sure and so gentle, no one who gives quite the same impression of work that is done for its own sake, no one who speaks under such clear inspiration of beauty and grandeur.

There are about a dozen sketches in the present volume—there ought, by the way, to be a table of contents—and each has a distinctive merit of its own. The author's peculiar strength is in her descriptions of nature, and it is here that her power of poetic expression finds fullest scope. Of this "In the Quiet Canons" is a good illustration, and another admirable piece of writing is to be found in "Hawks" and again in "Up-Stream Under a Summer Moon." But she is nearly equally happy in her human figures, as witness "Subduing a Little Savage," which displays a new aspect of the Indian character. Quite of its own kind is "Jack Bruin: The Goatherd," and we are quite willing to believe that this wonderful bear was really trained to useful labor, but no one except Miss Strobridge could have persuaded us.

Miss Strobridge must continue to draw from a fount that is evidently inexhaustible. No one is so fully saturated with the spirit of natural beauty or can clothe an inspiration in a garb more graceful.

*Essays on Modern Novelists*, by William Lyon Phelps, M. A., Ph. D. Published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

Dr. Phelps shows himself well qualified to render epitomized judgments on the twelve novelists whom he selects for examination. We may suppose that his choice was governed by taste and inclination rather than by merit, since he includes Sudermann and Ollivant and omits some others who are likely to live longer. Kipling is not essentially a novelist, and perhaps Ollivant hardly comes within that category. But none the less we are grateful for many illuminating analyses.

In one place at least the author shows a conventional morality. He gives overmuch space to Sudermann's "Das Hohe Lied," but why does he say that it is the most pessimistic of Sudermann's writings? The heroine goes steadily downward from depravity to



Edward C. Booth, author of "The Doctor's Lass." The Century Company.

depravity, the *descensus overni* being described with willful grossness. At last she *morries* the latest of her lovers, and Dr. Phelps seems to think that the reader is cheated of a well-earned gratification at her rightful end upon the city streets. He says: "A novel may take us through woe and sin, and yet not produce any impression of cynicism; but one that makes a careful, serious study of subtle moral decay through over six hundred pages and then implies at the end that the distinction between vice and virtue is, after all, a matter of no consequence, leaves an impression for which the proverbial 'bad taste in the mouth' is utterly inadequate to describe." But surely it can not be contended that the fact of Lilly's marriage alters her moral status in any way, or indeed is anything but the culmination of her vice and the proved certainty of retribution. Surely our novelists may now emancipate themselves from the conventional death in a garret which was once supposed to be the fate of naughty girls, but which very seldom is. The only pleasant feature about "Das Hohe Lied" is the fact that we are not allowed to gloat over a regulation ending. The imagination of the reader will supply all the tragedy that is asked of it.

That Dr. Phelps knows how to use the whip is to his credit, and when he flagellates the novels of Mrs. Humphry Ward we wish that he would do it more. This essay is particularly rich in felicitous phrases: "she makes her readers think that they are thinking"; her novels "bear about the same relation to first-class fiction that maps and atlases bear to great paintings"; her heroes "substitute phrases for ideas"; and so on. It would be interesting to know if Mrs. Ward's novels are read by those who are actually at home in the social circles that she describes. One suspects that she finds her readers among those who are not at home in those circles,

but who wish they were, for it would seem that Mrs. Ward's admirers must necessarily have an inclination to toadyism. That is why her books have so wide a vogue.

The essays are all good, but perhaps the best are those on Björnson, Mrs. Humphry Ward, and Kipling. The author seems to suggest that Kipling has passed his climacteric, perhaps poisoned by imperialism, and that a labored artificiality of phrasing now takes the place of a spontaneous originality. But Kipling is still young, and it may be that the divine fire will yet burst once more into a



R. S. Baker, author of "Spiritual Unrest." Frederick A. Stokes Company.

blaze. Let us therefore hope that England will remain at peace.

*Personal Power*, by William Jewett Tucker, D. D. Published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York; \$1.50.

This book is made up of a series of addresses to college men. They are directed to the one purpose of urging the formation of character as the one ideal worth pursuit, the only way to the acquisition of a power that shall be inherent and that shall not depend on favor or fortune. Dr. Tucker's text seems to be that the only source of power is self-control, and its only road a high ideal. These are the things to which all other things are added.

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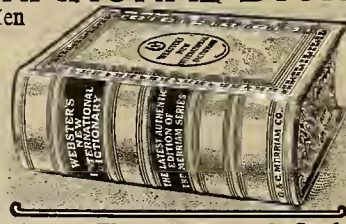
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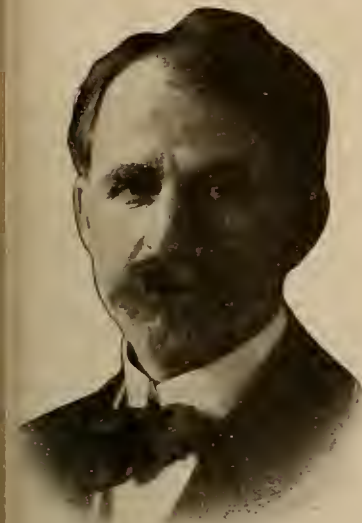
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HISTORY—OLD AND NEW.

*The First Great Canadian*, by Charles B. Reed. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; \$2.

This is the story of Pierre le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, and we can only wonder that so remarkable a man has had to wait so long for a competent biographer. D'Iberville was certainly the most remarkable man of his age, a colonial Napoleon, and not alone Canada but well-nigh the whole of North America



Homlin Garland, author of "Cavonagh." Harper & Brothers.

owed him a debt that it would be hard to over-estimate.

D'Iberville's father, Charles Le Moyne, came to Canada in 1640 to join his uncle, who was already in the country. After eight years' residence at Montreal he married the beauty of the place and became the father of fourteen children, all of whom reached manhood or died for their country. Pierre le Moyne, Sieur d'Iberville, was the third of

these children, and his education in the stern life of the wilderness was the best possible preparation for the career of struggle and conquest that lay before him. Even as a boy his prevailing passion was a hatred of the English and of the Iroquois, and he entered manhood in good time to participate in the long racial struggle of which the Canadian and American colonies were to be the scene.

From that time on the life of D'Iberville was one long struggle. The author gives us a good, but too abbreviated, account of the expeditions to Hudson's Bay, to Schenectady, to Newfoundland, Louisiana, and the Mississippi. Never did France have a champion so jealous of her honor, so tenacious of every foot of American land over which her banners could float. D'Iberville was the greatest of the patriots of his day, and if sometimes the vision of a personal empire flitted across his mind it was due not to disloyalty, but to the indifference of the mother country. Mr. Reed tells a story skillfully gleaned from scanty material, but one that is worth reading and worth remembering.

*The Decay of the Church of Rome*, by Joseph McCahe. Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; \$2.50.

The title strikes incongruously upon ears accustomed to the bombardment of statistics and to the strife of figures. Average intelligence, it is true, concerns itself little about any form of religion that finds a tiresome advertisement in aggressive and numerical rivalries. Perhaps it is unduly willing indifferently to accept each gladiator at his own valuation and to pass on to other and important things, but none the less so hold a challenge to the numerical dominance of Catholicism may well arouse a spasm of interest even in the most cynical.

The author denies the existence of any such dominance. In his opening sentence he asks, "Is the church of Rome gaining or losing ground in the worn field of religious controversy?" That he believes the church to be on an ebbing tide may be surmised from the title that he gives to his book. Instead of showing signs of increase, he says, the church of Rome is rapidly decaying, and only a dramatic change of its whole character can save it from ruin.

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the nineteenth century, and mainly in its second half. In England he says there has been a leakage of about 2,000,000 during the half-century. So far as France is concerned, he upholds Sahatier's figures that there are now only about 4,000,000 sincere Catholics in that country. In Italy, Spain, Austria, and Germany the church has lost several millions more, while of Mexico and Spanish America the same tale must be told.

There is no need to review the author's arguments. Obviously they must be based

ought to be challenged, if only to give us reasons for the faith that is in us.

*The Buried City of Kenfig*, by Thomas Gray, V. D., J. P., M. Inst. C. E. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

Archæologists in general, and Welsh archæologists in particular, will welcome the record of a research that has so intimate a bearing upon the early life of the country. It is a pity that the record should be so largely of a documentary nature, and it is to be hoped that it may be supplemented by excavations.

Kenfig was situated in South Wales between Pyle and Post Talbot. It must have been a town of considerable size, as is shown by the remnants of its suburbs, and of some importance, as is proved by the documents and by the upper stories of the great castle that dominated it. Kenfig town was already ancient when the castle was built in 1183, for it seems to have been attacked by the Danes in 893, but the "black pagans" were driven over sea into Somerset, "where many of them were killed." Kenfig seems to have been destroyed by a sandstorm somewhere about the year 1300, although tradition places it about a century later. Perhaps the process was gradual. The author says, "I believe the sand-fiend approached its prey with slow but



Cover Design from Little, Brown & Co.

upon statistics, and here we are upon a perfect quagmire of treacherous ground. Is it possible, even by crude guesswork, to make a religious census? We know how such things are usually done. In England, for example, the Episcopal church is the church established by law, and as a result every criminal, every lunatic, every one of no religion at all is entered as belonging to that faith. The same rule prevails in larger fields. Spain, says the enumerator, is a Catholic country, and down goes the total population of Spain to the credit of the Catholic church. In such countries as England and America, where faiths are mixed, how is it possible to discriminate between those who sincerely profess a given creed and those who hold it merely nominally or as a matter of heritage or tradition? And it is only from sincerity that any church can gain power or prestige, and sincerity is one of the things that can neither be weighed, measured, nor counted.

A more legitimate inquiry would be one into the fortunes of Christianity as a whole and the extent to which she has suffered by materialism, Orientalism, criticism, and indifference. Undoubtedly the casualty list is a long one, and it is easy to believe that all the component churches have lost alike. At the same time the author has done an eminently useful work by his challenge of an accepted opinion. All accepted opinions



Helen R. Martin, author of "The Crossways." The Century Company.

sure strides, like a line of skirmishers sent out in front of the main body, and then with intervals of fierce rushes, always gaining ground, and retaining it."

The history of Kenfig lies in ancient manuscripts, and it is this history, thus recovered, that the author gives us properly set forth in an illuminated setting and with numerous illustrations. There are few books that so successfully set forth a page of well-nigh forgotten history or that do it in a way so unencumbered by conventions.



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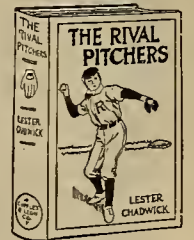
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- First at the Pole: A Story of Arctic Adventure, by Captain Frank H. Shaw, illus., \$1.50; Cassell & Co.
- Flutterfly, by Clara Louise Burnham, illus. in color, 75 cents; Houghton Mifflin Company.
- Folded Meanings, by Susan C. Hosmer, \$1; Richard G. Badger.
- George Borrow, by R. A. J. Walling, \$1.75 net; Cassell & Co.
- Green Mountain Pioneers; or, Northover, the Silent Scout, by George Waldo Browne, illus., \$1.50; Richard G. Badger.
- Guess Work: 101 Charades, by Emily Shaw Forman, \$1; Richard G. Badger.
- Harper's Handy Book for Girls, edited by Anna Parmlay Paret, illus., \$1.75; Harper & Brothers.
- How Americans Are Governed: In Nation, State and City, by Crittenden Marriott, \$1.25; Harper & Brothers.
- Jack Ranger's Gun Club, by Clarence Young, illus. (Jack Ranger series), \$1; Cupples & Leon Company.
- Little Miss Fales, by Emilia Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe, \$1.25; Harper & Brothers.
- Locks to Pick, Key at Rear, by Anna Jane Harnwell, \$1; Richard G. Badger.
- Making Good, by F. H. Spearman, Van Tassel Sauthen, Poultny Bigelow and others, illus., 60 cents; Harper & Brothers.
- Mary's Adventures on the Moon, by V. Stowell Worth, 75 cents; Richard G. Badger.
- On the Trail of Washington, by Frederick Trevor Hill, illus. in color, \$1.50 net; D. Appleton & Co.
- Out with Gun and Camera, by Captain Ralph Bonehill illus. (Boy Hunters' series), 60 cents; Cupples & Leon Company.
- Skimming on the Skies, by Russell Whitcomb, \$1.50; Richard G. Badger.
- Through Space to Mars, by Roy Rockwood, illus. (Great Marvel series), 60 cents; Cupples & Leon Company.
- The Borrowed Baby, by Lillian Brock, illus., 50 cents; Richard G. Badger.
- The Boys of Bellwood School, by Frank V. Webster, illus. (Webster series), 40 cents; Cupples & Leon Company.
- The Fairy Changeling, by Harriet Prescott Spofford, illus., \$1 net; Richard G. Badger.



LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Under the title of "The Future of Trade-Unionism and Capitalism in a Democracy," which is soon to be published, are embraced the lectures delivered by ex-President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard under the Larwill Foundation at Kenyon College.

The new volume of stories by Sir Gilbert Parker, announced by the Harpers for spring publication, will not appear until the fall.

William Winter, for so many years the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*, is writing a series of articles on dramatic subjects for *Harper's Weekly*. His opening essay on theatrical mismanagement is a trenchant hit of work.

Professor M. L. Fernald of the Gray Herbarium has in preparation an extended work on the discovery of America by the Northmen from Iceland, in which he investigates the details of the story in the Flateyjar-book.

Mrs. H. M. Alden, wife of the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, has published a volume of verse, entitled "Flower o' the Grass."

The new volume of Publications of the Bostonian Society contains much that is of more than local interest. The story of the life of John Wilson, the first pastor of Bos-

ton, told by Frank E. Bradish, shows what sacrifices were made by some of the early settlers of this country. Born in Windsor Castle, grandnephew of the Archbishop of Canterbury, an Eton boy and graduate of King's College, Cambridge, he might have aspired to almost any dignity in the Church of England.

George Meredith's posthumous novel, "Celt and Saxon," is announced for spring publication.

Theodore Roherts, whose novel, "A Cavalier of Virginia," has recently been published, is the brother of Charles G. D. Roherts and cousin of Bliss Carman.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has just finished a book named "Mystic Mary, Quite Contrary."

A defense of the country as against the city for the making of an author is made by Mrs. Grace Sartwell Mason, whose novel of outdoor life, "The Godparents," has just appeared. "I shall always be glad," she says, "that I was born in a country town and grew up there, for I think in country places and the smaller villages personalities develop and types are seen to better advantage than in cities, where the great aim seems to be for all of us to be just alike."

G. P. Putnam's Sons publish a prize story in a novel contest in which the judges were Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, Miss Mary Cholmondeley, and Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. The title is "A Marriage Under the Terror," by "Delta."

New Books Received.

"Althea," by Vernon Lea. John Lane.  
"A Simple Explanation of Modern Banking Customs," by Humphrey Robinson. Small, Maynard.  
"Beyond the Mexican Sierras," by Dillon Wallace. McClurg.  
"Bygone Days in Chicago," by Frederick Francis Cook. McClurg.  
"Hard Pressed," by Fred M. White. Fenno.  
"Hearts Contending," by Georg Sebock. Harper's.  
"I Choose," by Gertrude Capen Whitney. Sherman, French.  
"Just Between Ourselves," by Anne Warner. Little, Brown.  
"Little Miss Fales," by Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe. Harper's.  
"Nathan Burke," by Mary S. Watts. Macmillan.  
"Nervous States," by Dr. Paul Dubois. Funk & Wagnalls.  
"Olivia L. Carew," by Netta Syrett. John Lane.  
"Promenades of an Impressionist," by James Huneker. Scribner's.  
"Recollections of a Varied Life," by George Cary Eggleston. Holt.  
"Revolution," by Jack London. Macmillan.  
"Self Help and Self Cure," by Elizabeth Wilder and Edith M. Taylor. Small, Maynard.  
"Snow Fire," by the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." Harper's.  
"Susan in Sicily," by Josephine Tozier. Page.  
"The American Public Library," by Arthur E. Boswick. Appleton.  
"The Apple Tree Cottage," by Elinor Macartney Lane. Harper's.

"The Game of the Golden Ball," by Elizabeth and Adrian Johnson. Macaulay.  
"The Green Mouse," by Robert W. Chambers. Appleton.  
"The Head Coach," by Ralph D. Paine. Scribner's.  
"The Indian and His Problem," by Francis E. Leupp. Scribner's.  
"The Master Girl," by Ashton Hilliers. Putnam's.  
"The Poems of James Ryder Randall," by Matthew Page Andrews. Tandy-Thomas.  
"The Red Symbol," by John Ironside. Little, Brown.  
"The Sermons, Epistles, and Apocalypses of Israel's Prophets," by Charles Foster Kent, Ph. D. Scribner's.  
"The Theory of the Theatre," by Clayton Hamilton. Holt.  
"The Two Knights of the Swan," by Robert Jaffray. Putnam's.  
"Three Plays," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Kennerley.  
"Why Did He Do It?" by Bernard Capes. Brentano's.  
"Woodland Paths," by Winthrop Packard. Small, Maynard.  
"Yet Speaketh He," by Gertrude Capen Whitney. Sherman, French.

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SAN FRANCISCO was the first place in California, the first place in the whole western part of America, the first place among all the communities surrounding the Pacific Ocean to have a gas works.

February 11, 1854, there was a banquet at the famous old Oriental Hotel to celebrate the fact that that night San Francisco's streets were first lighted by gas.

The system originally consisted of twelve miles of mains and of two holders with a combined capacity of 160,000 cubic feet of gas. Today this same company has 544 miles of mains, and its enormous storage capacity is about to be increased by the erection in the Potrero of a mammoth steel tank about the height and bigness of the St. Francis Hotel, and having a capacity of 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas, as a direct supply for the outlying residence districts.

The price of gas in this city at first was \$15 a thousand. By 1866 it had come down to \$6, by 1870 to \$4.50, by 1872 to \$3.40. Now it is down to \$1, which is the same price charged in Atlanta, Baltimore, Buffalo, Louisville, Minneapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Richmond, St. Louis, St. Paul, Washington City, and Seattle, although many of these great cities are very near to cheap coal deposits and all of them pay much lower wages than maintain in San Francisco.

In Butte gas is \$2.50, in Salt Lake and in Austin (Texas) \$1.70, in Columbus (South Carolina) \$1.60, in Newport (Kentucky) \$1.52, in Burlington (Iowa), in Williamsport (Pennsylvania), in Pueblo (Colorado), in Spokane, in Jacksonville (Florida), and in Galveston (Texas) \$1.50, in Utica and in Albany (New York) \$1.30, in Portland (Maine), in Council Bluffs, in Dallas, and in Tacoma \$1.25, in Lincoln (Nebraska) \$1.20, and in Omaha (Nebraska) and in Hoboken (New Jersey) \$1.10.



Looking Down Market Street in Civil War Times from the Corner of O'Farrell and Stockton.



Looking Down Market Street Today from the Corner of Eddy and Powell.

In February of 1906 San Francisco first began getting gas made from California petroleum. Tests have shown that this substance, treated by the very advanced gas-making methods now applied to it, produces a quality of gas superior to that made from coal, and that San Francisco as a city has gas of a higher candle-power and heat value than any of the great cities of the East.

Reports also show that in the year 1908 just twice as much gas was used in the United States for cooking and heating as was used in 1902. The day of wood stoves and coal stoves in the kitchen is rapidly passing.

Splitting kindling, lugging coal or wood, carrying out ashes, getting up a little earlier every morning or hurrying home a little earlier every afternoon to start a kitchen fire, and always having to endure the unneeded heat after the cooking is done, all these disagreeable kitchen features are gradually going out of the domestic life of American womanhood.

They are going out because they mean drudgery, unnecessary dirt and annoyance, and hundreds of hours of extra work in a woman's lifetime. They are passing because the modern gas range, with its broilers and its bake ovens, save so many hours and days in a woman's life, so much wear and tear upon her nerves and health. And they are passing because, like the telephone, they save time, and life is made up of time used or wasted. They are going out because, when intelligently used and not needlessly wasted, gas, at the price charged in San Francisco, is the cheapest of all the fuels, both for cooking and for heating.

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## NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

The relative functions of the newspaper and the magazine have been matters of general discussion since the proposal to increase the postal rates upon second-class matter. The Boston *Sunday Globe* prints a contribution to the debate that is worthy of careful attention:

Some magazines which borrowed their more distinctive policies from the daily press now seem to be bent on taking away even the good name of the newspaper. Engaged as they are in publishing a daily, paper once a month, they are apparently trying to make the reading public think it must wait thirty days in order to get the real news.

It is a good business project—if it succeeds. But its success is doubtful, because trial by magazine is fast falling into deserved disrepute, and the indictments, inquisitions, and judgments of that tribunal are losing their terror.

This was inevitable. The newspapers themselves went through the same painful stage of development in their teething period. They were valiant muckrakers before the dime dreadfuls and the 15-cent ferrets of evil were born. A healthy public, however, grew weary of a daily diet of denunciation and exposure, just as it is now perceptibly harking at the monthly portion of the same dish served up by certain magazines, beginning where the newspaper left off.

Let there be no misunderstanding on this point. Enterprising magazines, inspired by an intelligent news sense and employing sound newspaper methods, are doing a fine service in supplementing and amplifying the reports of important events in the dailies. Their field is not circumscribed by local lines, but is national in its scope, and there are magazines which have made themselves powerful factors in nationalizing certain movements for the public good. A few among them, alas, are not content with the homely reportorial rôle, but display a vanity for trimming their fur-lined coats with judicial ermine.

Trial by newspaper had many shining virtues in comparison with trial by magazine.

In the first place, it was a trial by a jury of the vicinage, and thus fulfilled one of the solid guaranties of Magna Charta. The reporter who wrote the story, the editor who indorsed it, and the publisher who circulated it were all actually on the ground, acquainted with the surrounding circumstances and answerable to the good opinion of the neighborhood. The offender was confronted, as the Constitution says he shall be, by the witnesses against him, and, what was more important, he could confront them the next morning. Moreover, the readers also were of the vicinage, and thus prepared to judge between the accuser and the accused.

Notwithstanding these several advantages, trial by newspaper was abandoned as a legitimate duty years ago. As it lost its novelty, the readers of the daily press reflected that perhaps it was not wholly safe to centralize the functions of detective, prosecutor, judge, jury, and executioner even in the ubiquitous reporter. The newspapers, on their part, finding there was plenty of trouble in the world without manufacturing it, cheerfully resigned to the courts of law the task of establishing justice.

Trial by magazine is a very different thing from trial by newspaper. An editor in New York, wholly innocent of the mere facts in the case hundreds or thousands of miles away, by pushing a button at his desk can summon for instruction a writer equally untrammelled by positive knowledge. This versatile gentleman, hastening to the distant scene for the sake of gaining a little local color and collecting the necessary material for the pictorial lay-out, usually accomplishes the round-trip with such speed that he has time to change neither his shirt nor his mind.

The editor, of course, is delighted, as he goes over the copy, to find his worst fears and suspicions verified. If the story is had enough, its dark imaginings are luridly woven into the cover design, and in due time the nation stands appalled in front of the news-stands of forty-four States. The forty-fifth State is the scene of the write-up, and the good people there only scratch their heads and wonder if the thrilling things they have been reading about other communities in past months were equally unincumbered by the plain truth.

It is only when our State or our city receives this long-distance attention or absent treatment that we become skeptical of its infallibility. Thenceforth doubt sits on the arm of our chair as we turn the pages of similar articles, and like little children growing into incredulity we can not help asking, "Is this a true story?"

Perhaps the editor himself never loses his honest credulity. He may dwell all his days in ignorance of the persons and places which supply him with the most startling lines in his table of contents. The people of Oregon or Idaho or Georgia are not going to journey all the way to New York to enlighten him. Besides, it would take three months to get in a correction.

Did any one ever see an acknowledgment

of an error in one of these magazines? On the other hand, as every observant reader knows, truth is pretty likely to overtake falsehood in the second or third edition of the rashest newspaper.

It is an amusing irony that magazines should helahor the newspapers with the very muckrakers which the latter discarded and the former picked up on the journalistic dump. With these purloined weapons they are whacking the papers for suppressing news, much of which long ago ceased to have a news value for the daily press.

The advertiser is seized upon as the villain in the plot, and he is portrayed as a hydra-headed monster, ruthlessly blue penciling the news of the papers which he patronizes. Any working member of the staff of a successful paper knows this is all fudge.

There is naturally and properly a comity between a newspaper and its customers, readers and advertisers alike, just as there is between a church and its contributing members, a university and its supporters, or any institution or business and its patrons. But that does not necessarily involve the slightest sacrifice of principle.

News is suppressed, of course; a paper that didn't suppress news would be intolerable. For the waste-basket of a newspaper is a veritable Pandora's box. There is nothing easier than to have things kept out of the papers. But they are just as often omitted at the request and out of respect for the feelings of some poor friendless mother or wife as they are to please the rich and powerful.

On the other hand, there is nothing rarer than even an attempted interference from the outside with the settled policy of a paper, notably in public affairs. There is no question in politics, for example, which arouses more selfishness than the tariff; yet we hear nothing of advertisers, who sometimes have millions of dollars involved in pending legislation, seeking to bend the newspapers one way or the other in their treatment of a tariff bill.

Judged by the high ideals to which public opinion would hold the newspaper, it is seen to have many mortal failings. Nevertheless, it would seem to be fairly entitled to respect and applause for its ever-growing independence.

Tammany Hall, in the heyday of Croker's power, when statesmen and multimillionaires courted the wigwag, was the daily target of every influential paper in New York. The Tweed ring went as high as \$5,000,000 in its bidding for one paper, and without success.

Through all the recent muckraking of bribe-giving and bribe-taking the daily press has passed with unspotted skirts. No paper of standing or influence has been found in the market-place.

The Hooley exposure in London, which caught sordid earls and barons by the score, did not catch in its slimy net a single newspaper with any reputation. It was the same in the insurance disclosures in New York.

A newspaper's influence in this day is really too dear to be bought, and he who buys it gets nothing. Therein lies the security of the daily press against temptation.

Its repute for good faith with its readers is all that a paper has. Sell that and its influence is gone in a twinkling, while its assets shrivel to pitiable proportions.

When James Gordon Bennett was asked to name his price for the New York *Herald* he answered, "Three cents." A daily newspaper worth buying can have only one price, whether one, two, or three cents, and any of you can buy it just as well as a Rockefeller, an Astor or a Vanderbilt.

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AGAIN "THE THIEF."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

While the restless, novelty-loving American writer is ever searching for new types to discover, new motives to exploit, and new corners of the earth—and more particularly of our American share of the earth—to bring before us, the French writers remain content to the old theme. It is woman's weakness more than man's, and the consequences resulting therefrom, that the Gallic mind prizes upon as potential drama. The American, more chivalrous—inwardly, at least, if not outwardly—often makes of her the innocent victim, showing by inference man's humanity to woman.

True, Clyde Fitch, our most representative playwright, in "The Truth," one of his very best and best plays, puts husband and wife in much the same relative position toward each other as Henri Bernstein does in "The Thief." In both plays the wives have committed a grave fault which showed a serious lack of ethical perception. But in "The Thief" the fault goes further, and becomes a crime. And not only that, but, unlike the crime of Ibsen's Nora, there is no noble or self-sacrificing motive back of it. And, as if still further to antagonize our sympathies and to away with all possibility of extenuation, the wretched criminal not only steals from her bosom friend, but accepts the sacrifice of hopelessly adoring strippling at the romantic age, who offers himself as a scapegoat when it is evident that the crime will be ferreted out.

The surpassing art which Henri Bernstein has lavished upon "The Thief," its brilliantly compact construction, the complete relevance of each scene and of every scrap of dialogue, the sureness with which he repeatedly introduces the element of suspense, the mingling of dramatic strength and naturalness and directness in the dialogue, all are thoroughly typical of the French literary mind, which wishes an infinity of art on a motive or theme which, in contrast with its setting, seems almost puerile. The vanity of a woman, used by her love of dress, and her genius in expressing it, that is what causes the downfall of the thief.

To be sure, Bernstein makes a good case for his heroine, who pleads, as extenuation for her first fall from honesty, her adoration of her husband and the intense pleasure that she felt in the compliment he pays her when he had with the proceeds of her stolen money out-distanced all her rivals by the elegance and distinction of her dress. "Petite farise, ton mari t'admire," he says to her with a long, long kiss, and she is happy. The left is forgotten, the consciousness of his mirroring love remains.

"You do not understand," she says to him while confessing her fault. "Only a woman's love could."

How peculiarly Latin is that naively materialistic love, and how thoroughly Gallic is open expression of it!

After all, if we succeed in divesting ourselves of our American point of view it is Bernstein's French couple, and not Fitch's American married lovers in "The Truth," who are truest to nature. In their conjugal discussions, their amatory playfulness, their dissensions, their reproaches, their tears, their rony, they are fairly palpitating with life, and make Becky and Tom Warder, all entrapped in their Anglo-Saxon propriety, seem comparison as gray and pallid as a pencil sketch beside an oil painting glowing with color.

Both women, to continue the comparison, are consistent in their innate levity of character. Clyde Fitch's bits of suggestion as to Becky's intrinsic lack of principle are enlightening, but not so liberally bestowed as those of Bernstein, who is all French in the sureness and length of the scenes which reveal Marie Louise's curious blending of apparently irreconcilable traits. For this pretty girl of paradise knows how to love with an intensity that is not generally possible to such shallow souls. For shallow she is.

In the English version the young wife, bringing her characteristic conversation with a boy admirer concerning the mistress he is desperately chosen in order to appease his longing for her, does not go quite so far as the original. In that, with thoroughly Eve-like curiosity, she pushes the youth into a corner until he admits that he has two confessions—a Gallic touch of nature quite inadmissible in a play for English-speaking

people. And later, in the second act, what a little pagan the wife reveals herself, in her long tête-à-tête with her husband. She can not abandon herself to her husband's mood of shocked sympathy for the grief of his friend, who has suddenly and terribly discovered that his son is a thief. She wishes to drive away the unwelcome memory, to divert him, to turn his thoughts upon herself and her woman's panoply of charms.

Such a little pinchbeck soul it is, but so human! She has lured Fernande to take upon himself her guilt, and, made feverishly gay by the relief of feeling the burden taken from her back, she woos and cajoles her husband in all kinds of pretty ways, the realism of which the indulgent husbands of bewitching women will recognize.

Seldom do we penetrate so intimately into the matrimonial boudoir, even in these days of all-revealing dramatic candor, as in "The Thief." I recall the half-shocked, wholly delighted interest with which, long years ago, we followed the bride and groom into the matrimonial bower in "Le Maître de Forge." But that was a very touch-me-not affair, and nobody got singed.

In "The Thief" Marie Louise is all woman—that is to say, from the Latin point of view. When the terrible truth is told to her husband she begins her defense. Her love is a kind of obsession. She reminds him of his past. "Tu avais eu des tas de femmes, des femmes très élégantes."

He was "un homme se'duisant, réputé." He was therefore a person whom she despaired of winning when she found she loved him. Yet he loved her, and stooped a little to wed her. She could hardly credit her good fortune, her surpassing joy. It seemed to her, she said, "que je t'avais gagné au jeu"; that each day she risked losing him she feared he would compare her to those *élégantes* whom he had possessed in the past; and she began to devise means of rivaling them; for she had, in her first days of economy, seen in his eyes that he compared her to her friends who were "bien parées." Thus she fell from honesty, and her reward was that her husband passionately admired his exquisitely dressed wife, and ceased to compare her to those surrounding her to her disadvantage.

All this Marie Louise pours forth in a flood, suppressing nothing, extenuating nothing. Recklessly, for a true Frenchwoman, who is always *coquette* with the man she loves, she reveals to her lover-husband what an obsession is her passion for him. She will be his slave, his servant, if he will only keep her. We discover, in this passionate exchange of souls, that Richard is a fine fellow, living upon a much higher plane of feeling than the sensuous little pagan that he has wedded. Friendship, to him, includes certain duties and responsibilities, an ardent sympathy, an unswerving loyalty.

The wretched little thief sees this adored being slipping away from her, ranging himself on the side of the friends whom she has wronged and robbed. She grovels, mentally and physically. In all her arsenal of woman's weapons there is but one left, and immediately, without compunction, and even in this hour of tragedy, she uses it.

Such is Marie Louise, the shallow being that is the soul of this splendidly constructed and brilliantly written drama. She is to an American audience rather harder to swallow as a sympathy-inspiring heroine than for a French one. A Parisian audience will forgive all her other sins because of her one great talent for loving and for winning love.

Says the happily relieved husband when his jealous suspicions of the boy lover are appeased and he discovers that he, and he alone, is the adored object of his wife's passionate devotion: "Nous autres, nous n'en-seignons qu'un devoir à nos femmes; celui de plaire. Lorsqu'elles sont désirables, désirées, c'est nous qui triomphons. Elles le savent bien." And that is a thoroughly Parisian viewpoint on such subjects.

The American press agents have not failed to find a moral in this piece, which, however, is quite as lacking in one as that painful story, "The Necklace," by Guy de Maupassant. In this also a woman's vanity wrought lasting consequences in innocent lives, but the vanity, unlike Marie Louise's, was harmless, and the consequences more distressing.

Some of the French critics have regretted the total lack of moral in "The Thief," and declare its characters to be open to criticism on account of their lack of moral perception. But M. Bernstein was not seeking to convey a moral. He had a plot, which involved a new and strongly dramatic situation, a psychological turn to its motive, vivid elements of suspense, and the old primal passions of love and jealousy in a new arrangement. The fact that the core of the drama lies between husband and wife makes the play just so much more acceptable to English-speaking audiences; but it does not make for morality, since Marie Louise was frankly immoral. The husband forgives his wife, as he had to and ought to, because he was a strong man and she was a weak woman who loved him; and he returned her love. But, like Becky in "The Truth," Marie Louise was thoroughly lacking in principle, and if our thoughts follow the fate of this pair of faulty heroines

beyond the fall of the curtain we know well that their luckless husbands are bound to run against snags in the future; and in the near future, too.

It was quite interesting to compare Effie Shannon's conception of the character with that of Margaret Illington. From the Parisian's point of view Margaret Illington would probably be more admired, because she brought out so plainly the frankly animal character of Marie Louise's love for her husband. To an average American audience, however, Effie Shannon would be more acceptable, because she suppresses the more sensuous side of the young wife's character, thus portraying her more as a weak, foolish, loving, yet most womanly woman. Considering how long she has been appearing before the public, Effie Shannon makes a remarkably good appearance. She looked very pretty and was dressed extremely well, as was absolutely necessary for the part.

Although "The Thief" is considered to be an "actor-proof" play, somehow the really fine traits of the husband do not show up so well in seeing as in reading the piece. Mr. Kelcey always shines in portraying the polished exterior of a man of the world, but he was rather oushoned by his wife in the strongly emotional scenes. Mr. Frohman has surrounded the co-stars with a good company. Leonard Ide acted the rôle of Fernande, the boy lover, with quiet intensity; Eleanor Jennings, as the second wife, is pretty, dressy, and generally appropriate, while Messrs. Mawson and Lawrence, as the father and detective, lent strength and significance to each scene in which they figured.

Dr. Wullner's Recital.

"Wullner week" will begin in San Francisco Sunday afternoon, when the distinguished song interpreter, Dr. Ludwig Wullner, who created a furor here last November, will begin a series of recitals at the Valencia Theatre, with a Greek Theatre matinee added for good measure. Seats for the San Francisco and Berkeley concerts are now on sale at Kohler & Chase's, 26 O'Farrell Street, and the indications are that the audiences will be even larger than those which greeted the great haritone upon his first visit here.

Dr. Wullner's first Valencia Theatre concert will be sung this Sunday afternoon. The second will be given Friday night, May 6, and the third and last will be given Sunday afternoon, May 8. The Greek Theatre "Witch's Song" programme will be given Tuesday afternoon, May 3.

This Sunday's programme will have as its feature Schumann's Dichterliebe Cycle, never before given here in its entirety. It has been one of the sensations of Dr. Wullner's recent New York and Boston appearances. Many other numbers never before given in the West by Dr. Wullner will be included.

All numbers on Dr. Wullner's next Friday night's programme will be new to San Francisco and will include the "Four Serious Songs," by Brahms. Sixteen classics and Wildenbruch's "Das Hexenlied" will be given at the Greek Theatre Tuesday afternoon. The features of the May 8 programme will be announced later. Coenraad V. Bos will accompany Dr. Wullner at all recitals.

The Final Burton Holmes Travelogues.

The last of the Burton Holmes Travelogues, delivered by Wright Kramer, are scheduled for Saturday and Sunday nights at the Garrick Theatre, and "Berlin," one of the most interesting cities in the world, is to be the subject. In this travelogue, in addition to the busy street scenes, architectural wonders, and beautiful surroundings of a scenic nature, some extraordinary reproductions of masterpieces in the Royal Art Gallery will be shown. These were colored by an eminent artist and are wonderfully like the originals.

Motion pictures showing parades of the military forces of the emperor and the maneuvers of the German fleet off Heligoland will be exhibited, and in addition a trip will be made to the "Spreevald," a charming forest park.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday all day at the Garrick Theatre box-office.

The Actors' Fund Benefit to be held at the Columbia Theatre week after next will attract widespread attention, as those in charge have arranged for the presentation of one of the greatest programmes ever brought together in this country.

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Evening prices, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c. Box seats, \$1. Matinee prices (except Sundays and holidays), 10c, 25c, 50c. Phones—Douglas 70, Home C 1570.

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Only Matinee on Saturday  
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Seats 50 cts, 75 cts, \$1.00. Admission 50 cts.

**THE N. Y. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**  
WALTER DAMROSCH  
Conductor  
With Four Vocal Stars and assisted by the Loring Club and S. F. Choral Society  
Commencing Sunday aft., May 8, with a Wagner Festival, and ending Sunday aft., May 15, with Tschickowsky's opera, "Eugen Onegin"  
Seats \$2.00, \$1.50, \$1.00, ready Wednesday, May 4, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where schedule of programmes may be obtained. Address mail orders to Will L. Greenbaum.  
**GREEK THEATRE—BERKELEY**  
Saturday night, May 7, Wagner Festival  
Thursday aft., May 12, Symphony Concert  
Seats 75 cts to \$2.00, ready Wednesday at usual places  
Coming—Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trebelli).

Fitzpatrick & Norwood have the honor to present the Distinguished Song Interpreter  
**Dr. LUDWIG WULLNER**  
AND COENRAAD V. BOS  
**Valencia Theatre**  
Sunday aft., May 1  
Friday night, May 6  
Sunday aft., May 8  
In Three Remarkable and Entirely New Programmes  
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**GREEK THEATRE RECITAL**, Tuesday aft., May 3  
Wildenbruch's tremendous poem, "Das Hexenlied," will be given during the Greek Theatre concert.

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VANITY FAIR.

The question of how to behave in the presence of royalty is not a pressing one for the majority of us. At the same time we never know what may be on the knees of the gods, and it is certain that a great many Americans soon to be on their way across the Atlantic are studying the question of etiquette with an interest to which they have hitherto been strangers.

Of course there is no need for either anxiety or study. The right way to behave in the presence of royalty is to behave as a gentleman, or a lady, as the case may be. To this all other things are added. Naturally there are occasions when special formalities are required, but the visitor is not supposed to know these by intuition, and if it is necessary for him to know them at all he is carefully guided and could hardly make a mistake even if he wished to.

Without doubt a good many people have given offense to royalty at one time or another, and their misfortunes are usually attributed to faulty etiquette. But usually it will be found that it was their manners and not their etiquette that was faulty. Good manners would have saved that unlucky lady who discussed politics in the presence of the King of England and who never had a chance to do so again. She did not, it is true, discuss politics with the king, but she knew that he was within hearing, and she must have known also that the king is supposed to have no politics, and that it was a breach of decorum to engage in any conversation from which he was necessarily excluded. She was not actually barred from court, but she was never again allowed to enter the inner circle, where her foolish tongue might be an embarrassment. But her offense was not against etiquette, but against ordinary good manners.

Another piece of bad behavior was that of the man and his wife who were received by the king and who then allowed themselves to be interviewed by a society reporter. Nothing whatever of public interest had transpired during the conversation, but the offense of repeating what the king had said in the course of a private talk was a deadly one, and the unlucky couple were given to understand that their chance had passed away forever. With the exception of such extraordinary stupidities as this, the king's words are never quoted in the newspapers unless they are part of a public speech, and to repeat what he has said in the course of conversation is an unpardonable breach of good manners. Once more it is not a question of etiquette, but of breeding.

Not only does the king dislike to see references to himself in the newspapers, but it is well understood that those who wish to have his confidence had better avoid the society reporter as they would a pestilence. The notoriety hunter can never be trusted to hold his tongue, and the king keeps on the right side by holding at arm's length all those who have a weakness for seeing their names or their doings in print.

And, speaking of etiquette, what amazing rubbish finds its way under this heading into the daily press. Most of it is evidently written by parlor maids and waitresses, and unusually vulgar ones at that. Surely the New York Herald should be above this sort of thing, but as a matter of fact it is among the worst of offenders. A few days ago, for example, we have a screed headed "Etiquette Demands That Social Indebtedness Be Paid in Kind," and then follows an assurance that "one of the fundamental rules of society is that if an invitation to an entertainment is accepted, an invitation to a similar function must be sent to hostess and host. A woman may not accept the courtesies of others if she is not prepared to do for them as much as they have done for her, and that she may make no error a list of social indebtedness becomes imperative where an acquaintance is large."

From any such "society" as this, so clotted with vulgar nonsense, may the saints preserve us. Is hospitality, then, a matter of barter wherein every social attention is ticketed and labeled with its equivalent? It would seem so, for we are told that a "bridge" dinner may be repaid with a dinner theatre party, "the point being that the entertainment includes more than dinner." Yes, the point is quite clear, thanks to the snobbish explicitness of the chambermaid who wrote this precious rubbish. But why not reduce the thing to figures right away, and so have done with it? Why not say that \$10 worth of hospitality must receive \$10 worth of exchange? Why not advise an estimate of expenditure so that its precise equivalent may be returned? It would be much simpler, because then an expensive dinner could be made to cover a simple dinner and a theatre ticket, and so on. There is nothing like reducing these things, such as courtesy and hospitality, to a plain dollars and cents basis, and then we shall all know where we are.

If we could believe that ideals of such distressing vulgarity are actually prevailing at the present time we might well despair of "society." Of course they do not prevail, and the old ideals are still upon deck. The old ideals measured hospitality by good-will rather

than by schedules of material value, and hostesses exchanged the best hospitality within their power and recognized no balance in the account. There is no social courtesy so splendid that it can not be requited in full by an equal amount of good-will, however slight be its material expression, and this rule is likely to prevail so long as there is any good breeding left among us.

The horns continue to circle around the head of Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith, who said that New York is the most insolent city in the world, or words to that effect. We may regret the use of superlatives, but at the same time we can hardly fail to wonder at the number of those who raise their voices in indignant protest against the charge and who assume a tone of surprised grief as though never before had they heard a whisper against the suave urbanities of New York. Are these people sincere or is their attitude merely the correct pose? Can we suppose that any one exists who has never heard an adverse comment upon the manners of New York?

Of course there are extremists upon both sides. Probably New York is not the most insolent city in the world, even though our geographical knowledge may not enable us to be more precise. Nor, on the other hand, is New York the most courteous city in the world. In this connection we seem to need a definition of terms. There is a courtesy that has no good-will behind it and there is a rudeness through which good-will is discernible. The latter is much preferable to the former, but unfortunately rudeness is so much more quickly felt than good-will.

The discussion centres for the moment around the treatment accorded to women in the subway. The more noisy of the sex have been declaring for some time past that women are able to stand upon their own feet, and now that they are permitted to do so all the way to Ninety-Sixth Street we hear endless lamentations on the decline of chivalry. Of course the extremists get in their work here as elsewhere. On the one hand we are told that New York is sinking into a pit of brutality because women are allowed to stand in the cars, while upon the other hand we are assured that the women who do so stand are merely idle shoppers who have been wandering through the stores, sampling, tasting, pricing, and gorging themselves with ice-cream and that the men who keep their seats are weary after a hard day's work and entitled to all the rest they can get.

The truth is to be found somewhere between the two extremes. Men are just as chivalrous as ever they were, but we must remember that chivalry is a virtue exercised toward a weak and dependent sex, and not toward a sex that is assertive and dominant. Women must not expect to repudiate their state of dependence and their need of protection and at the same time to exact the code of conduct that was founded upon that state and upon that need. The change naturally works hardship upon those women who are as dependent as ever and who know it, but men can hardly be expected to discriminate between those who need the real chivalry and those who resent it. When we find that no seat is offered to the woman who proves her old-fashioned womanhood by the baby in her arms we may begin to talk about the extinction of chivalry. The rights of the woman with a poodle in her arms are not so clearly defined.

The political situation in England is playing havoc with the fashionable trade of London. English society is closely identified with politics, and when the wealthy houses are breathlessly engrossed with the parliamentary fortunes of sons and husbands there is but little leisure or inclination for social hospitalities. Then, too, the expense of a general election is great, and even the heaviest purses feel the drain. Not only is the country just emerging from one of these costly struggles, but another and an even greater one is imminent. A well-known London caterer is quoted as saying that the situation is serious from the tradesman's point of view. "Take a typical case," he adds, "of a titled customer of ours. I ventured to hint to her yesterday that she might be favoring us with the usual orders for the season. She replied, 'I am afraid there will be no season worthy of the name this year. People who go, or try to go, into Parliament have already spent hundreds of thousands of pounds on one election. All these expenses and the big contributions to party funds have to be paid all over again in connection with the next election. Where is the money to come from for entertaining? And when, even if there were no need for economy, shall we be able to entertain?'"

Within the last few years the so-called Chow dog, a native of China, has become a pampered favorite of English and American society women. Strictly, he should be called the "Chow Chow," which is the Chinese word for "eat," and intimates what is tragically true, that in his own country he is so little valued that he is often used as an article of diet. He is not of aristocratic origin, like the little Pekinese, the dog of the palace, but has for uncounted centuries been known as

the dog of the people, of a plebeian caste scarcely superior to that of the street scavengers of Constantinople. In many instances it has been his destiny to be made into a thick, soft rug. The heavy fur was the Chow's necessary protection in the bitter northern latitudes of Manchuria, and geographical proximity, as well as physical characteristics, have suggested his distant relationship to the Siberian wolf and the Eskimo dog.

Until the Chow was first brought to England, some twenty years ago, no pains whatever was taken by the Chinese to "breed for points" or to insure the survival of the fittest. The consequence is that the high-bred animals are exported to this country from Great Britain instead of their native land.

The marriage market which was held at Ecussines, in Belgium, has many counterparts elsewhere. In several of the more remote Swiss cantons, for example, there is held what is called the Feast of the Garlands. The marriageable maidens assemble at sunset, sing, dance, and make merry. Each wears a chaplet of flowers on her forehead and carries a

nosegay, tied with a bright colored ribbon. If a lad is attracted by a maid he plucks a flower from her bunch. She pretends not to notice, but when the merry-making breaks up at dawn she will, if she reciprocates his feelings, tie the entire bouquet by a ribbon to the handle of the cabin wherein he resides.

The famous Tunis marriage mart, of which so much has been written, is held twice a year, in the spring and in the autumn. The Tunisian girls attend by the hundreds, each with her dowry in coin and jewelry disposed about her person.

The "golden girdle of maidenhood" encircles her waist, and in it is an unsheathed dagger. When the dagger is gently removed by a passing gallant and presently returned it means that a proposal has been made.

A prettier custom prevails among the Ooroon maids, who, at stated intervals, assemble in the marketplace. In front of each is a lighted lamp, an emblem of conjugal fidelity. A young man feels attracted and gently blows upon the flame, extinguishing it. When the girl relights it, it is a rejection; if she allows the lamp to go unlighted, however the suitor is acceptable.






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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The woman who answered the doorbell refused to impart her age. "I'll tell no man how old I am," she snapped. "Quite right," replied the tactful agent. "Quite right. But here's a way out of this. Supposing you just write it down here while I look the other way, and you will thus avoid telling it to me," and she did.

It was a frazzled cigar that the young lawyer tendered an old one. "I observe," said the old lawyer, "that you are contemplating matrimony, in fact, engaged." "How did you know that?" inquired the youngster. "It's a secret yet." "I observe," said the old fellow, "that you always resurrect your cigars from your vest pocket and I have further observed that they are invariably squashed."

After John Barrymore had witnessed a performance of Pinero's "Mid-Channel" the other day in New York his sister asked him what he thought of the play. "It reminds me," said John, "of a scene in the operating room of a hospital. A group of happy surgeons is gathered around a patient who is at the point of death, and one of them is saying, 'Oh, what a lovely cancer!'"

A Sheffield tenor who had been invited out to dinner was asked to sing, and although he had no music with him and was nearly as coarse as a frog, the result of a bad cold, he consented to try, but broke down. "Never mind, lad," said an elderly guest, trying to cheer him up, "never mind the breakdown, or that's done thy best; but t' feller as asked thee t' sing ow t' be taken oot and shot."

Mark Twain said that he had always taken a woman's part. "For instance," he related, "I once strongly reprimanded a woman out in Hannibal, Missouri. Here was the occasion: 'So this is a little girl, eh?' I said to her as she displayed her children to me. 'And this urdy little urchin in the bib belongs, I suppose, to the contrary sex?' 'Yassab,' the woman replied. 'Yassab, dat's a girl, too.'"

Rufe Johnson blundered into a graveyard and woke up a spook. "Yessur," he said, in talking about it afterwards, "it sure was a most, and you ought to seen de way I run. De fust mile I made in nuffen, and den I arnt de wind for two or free more, and den I sit down on a rail fence to rest, and when I 'bout cot my breff I looked over my shoul-er and dere was dat ghost agin, an' it said: 'Ve sure did run, Rufe, didn't we?' And den say, 'Yes, Mr. Ghost, we sure did, but we didn't run nuffen to what we's gwine to in.'"

A physician who was being entertained at dinner was enlarging upon the beauties of education in the detection of crime when a lady asked him if she could utilize them. My detective powers," he replied, "are at our service, madam." "Well," said the lady, "frequent and mysterious thefts have been occurring at my house for a long time. Thus he disappeared last week a motor horn, a room, a box of golf balls, a left riding boot, dictionary, and a half-dozen tin plates." "Ridiculously easy, madam," said the physician, "somebody in the neighborhood keeps a cat."

In his early days Sir Walter Gibley used to devote some portion of every year to mountain-climbing. While in Switzerland once he had a somewhat weird experience. He was about to make an ascent when he thought that he might as well make some inquiries about the guide who was to accompany him. "Is he a thoroughly skillful climber?" he asked his hotel-keeper. "I should say so," was the reply. "He has lost two parties of tourists down the mountain-side, and each one has come off without so much as a scratch on himself."

Jim Hornaday, one of the Washington newspaper correspondents, has the fortune, good or bad, to bear a very strong personal resemblance to Attorney-General Wickersham. The other evening about dusk he was stopped by a ranger of distinguished appearance, who sa-

luted him with, "Good evening, Mr. Attorney-General." "You have made a mistake; I'm not the Attorney-General," said Mr. Hornaday. The distinguished looking gentleman drew himself up and appeared to be offended. "You don't have to deny your identity to me, Mr. Attorney-General," he said. "I'm not one of those darned newspaper men; I'm Senator Raynor of Maryland." "Well, Senator Raynor," was the reply, "I am one of those darned newspaper men, and I'm not the Attorney-General."

Indianans tell a story of Senator Beveridge's entrance into politics when he was little more than a boy. He won the liking of the governor of the State by a quaint little speech he made during the presentation of a petition by a delegation whose spokesman was insufferably long-winded and tedious. The man talked to the governor for nearly an hour, during which every one stood. To all it seemed that it would never end. When, however, it finally did, the governor asked wearily if the delegates wished to offer any further reasons for the granting of the petition. Whereupon Beveridge remarked quietly, "If you don't grant it, governor, we'll have that speech repeated to you."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Triolets of Springtime.  
The lark is a-wing  
And the robin is singing;  
Again it is spring,  
The lark is a-wing,  
'Twixt poles on a string  
The carpets are swinging;  
The lark is a-wing,  
The robins are singing.

Green huds reappear,  
Fond lovers go Maying;  
The cock's on the heer,  
Green huds reappear,  
And faintly I hear  
A German hand playing;  
Green huds reappear,  
Fond lovers go Maying.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.


She Poured the Tea.  
She poured the tea. Ah, she was fair  
As, urn in hand, she neared my chair  
And stooped my waiting cup to fill,  
The while I sensed a wondrous thrill—  
For such a fragrance filled the air.  
  
'Twas not the tea; her wayward hair  
Just brushed my cheek, and lingered there;—  
How could I calmly wait until  
She poured the tea?

To steal a kiss who would not dare?  
If one, who would not steal a pair?  
I stole them, as a fellow will,  
And sensed a warmer feeling still,  
Tho' not of heart, for that's not where  
She poured the tea!  
—Louise Schneider, in Puck.

"The Humorousness of Things."  
What we call a sense of humor is a curious affair;  
Some say it's rather common; some consider it  
quite rare.  
It's funny when somebody seats himself upon a  
pin,  
Provided it's somebody you're not interested in.  
It's funny when the gold brick man deludes a  
trusting soul  
And leaves his crops in pawn and puts his family  
in a hole.  
It's funny when small children eat green fruit and  
cakes and pie  
And suffer pain—though I could never see exactly  
why.

It's laughable to see a man in most things brave  
and strong  
Break down and seem quite helpless when affec-  
tion's hopes go wrong.  
It's funny when some man in whom the public  
placed its trust  
Gets out and makes a silly splurge with other  
people's dust.  
It's funny when you stand for hours as on the  
cars you ride;  
It's funny when big autos have explosions or  
collide.  
When you note the timely topic and the gay satiric  
fling,  
There's no doubt a sense of humor is a very  
curious thing.  
—Washington Star.

The Palate and the Intellect.  
Geo. Haas & Sons' deliciously flavored can-  
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Capital actually paid up in cash.. 1,000,000.00  
Reserve and Contingent Funds... 1,529,978.50  
Deposits December 31, 1909.... 38,610,731.93  
Total Assets ..... 41,261,682.21

OFFICERS—President, N. Ohlandt; 1st Vice-President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President, Emil Rothe; Cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; Assistant Cashier, William Herrmann; Secretary, George Tourny; Assistant Secretary, A. H. Muller; Goodfellow & Eells, General Attorneys.  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

With the Chinese flag floating over the Palace, and the pennant of King Manuel of Portugal flying on the *San Gabriel* in our bay, San Francisco has been living up to her reputation for being delightfully cosmopolitan. The city was in gala attire in honor of the Chinese prince who arrived Friday, the 22d. The parade to greet him, a trip around the bay, and a brilliant reception at the Palace, gay with uniforms and Chinese dress, were crowded into the few hours the prince was with us before his departure for Washington. The representatives of the young King of Portugal have been the incentive for much entertaining during their visit. The reception to the wife of the Japanese consul-general of New York at the Fairmont last week partook of a diplomatic nature, and the Japanese ladies completed the list of representatives of the old world most charmingly. This has been a season of entertainments for charity, but the coming Dog Show, which promises to attract a large and fashionable patronage, is the exception. There is little in the way of formal entertainment, but with the announcement of engagements and the dates of weddings being set, the interest of society does not get a chance to wane. Teas and luncheons for the brides-to-be follow each other in rapid succession, and it seems a wonder that an engagement cup is left in the stores.

The wedding of Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. J. C. Kirkpatrick, and Mr. Alan MacDonald, which was postponed on account of Miss Kirkpatrick's illness, took place quietly at the Fairmont Hotel on Thursday, April 23, only Colonel and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. MacDonald, and Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacDonald being present.

The marriage of Miss Dorothy Draper and Midshipman Kirkwood Donavin, U. S. N., will take place in San Rafael at the home of the bride's parents on June 11. Miss Elsa Draper will also be married in June, but the date when she will become the bride of Midshipman James Lawrence Kaufman has not yet been set.

The wedding of Miss Zellah Lee Gibson and Dr. Henry Matthew Elberg, of San Luis Obispo, took place on Wednesday, April 20, in Woodland. A reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Gibson followed the ceremony. The bridesmaids were Miss Kathleen Farrell and Miss Florence Braverman, and Mrs. Walter Greer was matron of honor.

Miss Genevieve Harvey and Mr. Ward Barron will be married the first week in June at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

The marriage of Miss Constance Cummings and Ensign George Joerns of the *Yorktown* will take place on the 3d of May at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. M. E. Cummings. Mrs. Harry Child (formerly Miss Gladys Cummings), and Mrs. George Alexander Knox, sisters of the bride, will be matrons of honor.

The marriage of Miss Marie Lundeen, daughter of Colonel John A. Lundeen, U. S. A., commander of the Presidio of San Francisco, and Lieutenant Edward A. Pritchett, U. S. A., will take place in Minneapolis in the fall.

The marriage of Miss Marie Hooper Churchill, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Johnson Churchill, and Mr. John Martin Haenke will be celebrated in June at San Mateo.

Mrs. Harry Maxwell entertained at her home in Piedmont on the 20th in honor of Miss Pattiani, whose engagement to Ensign Olson, U. S. N., was recently announced.

Mrs. Nagai, the wife of the Japanese consul, was hostess at a reception at the Fairmont on Friday, April 22, complimentary to Mrs. Midzuno, wife of the Japanese consul-general at New York. Among those who were invited to meet the guest of honor were the women connected with the consular service in the city and many others.

A birthday dinner was given by Mr. Joseph Rosborough on Saturday evening, the 23d, at the Claremont Country Club.

The final concert of the season under the auspices of the St. Francis Musical Art Society took place at the St. Francis Hotel on the evening of April 20, the Flonzaley Quartet being the attraction of the evening.

Among the dinners given before the concert at the St. Francis was one at which Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess at her home on Broadway, afterwards occupying a loge with her guests. Mr.

William Mintzer, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Mark Gerstle, Miss Jane Leonard, and several others were hostesses for the evening either at suppers after, dinner before, or for the enjoyment of the music alone.

A reception at the Officers' Club at the Presidio was given on Thursday evening, April 21, in honor of Colonel Charles St. John Chubb, new commander of the Thirtieth Infantry, and Mrs. Chubb. The guests were received by Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen, Major and Mrs. Day, and Major and Mrs. O'Neill.

A farewell tea in honor of Mrs. Lawrence Austin, who is going to make her home in the East, was given by Miss Edith Treanor on Thursday, the 21st.

Mrs. Edwin Newhall was hostess at a tea complimentary to Miss Anna Scott on Saturday afternoon, April 23. The guests were received by Mrs. Newhall, Miss Scott, and the bridal party, which includes Miss Louisiana Foster, who will be maid of honor at her cousin's wedding, the Misses Newhall, Miss Martha Forster, and Miss Ida Trejen.

The operetta, "When Fairies Rule," which is to be produced at the Garrick Theatre the first week in May, is written by Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and set to music by Dr. Humphrey Stewart. The proceeds will go to help the Salvation Home at Lytton Springs. The list of patronesses who are interested in the success of the two performances, to be given May 6 and 7, are Mrs. Duplessis Beylard, Mrs. Harry Babcock, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. J. B. Casserly, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mrs. J. Wilson Shiels, Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, Mrs. Carter Pomeroy, Mrs. Willis Polk, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Peter Martin, Mrs. James G. Jordan, Mrs. Livingston Jenks, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Prentiss C. Hale, Mrs. Charles P. Eells, Mrs. Albert Dibblee, Mrs. Joseph Crockett, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, and Mrs. G. P. Ayres.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller was hostess at a luncheon which she gave in honor of Miss Amy Bowles at the Francisca Club on Wednesday of last week. Among the guests were Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Gladys Wilson, and Miss Marian Marvin.

Another luncheon at the Francisca Club on Wednesday, the 20th, was given by Miss Ella Morgan. A game of bridge finished the afternoon.

Mr. Sherwood Coffin, one of the ushers at the wedding of Miss Scott and Mr. Newhall, gave a theatre party in their honor on Tuesday evening of last week.

The picnic hostesses of last week were not obliged to have their luncheons indoors, which inclement weather of the weeks before necessitated. Among those who had outdoor parties at San Mateo were Vicomtesse de Tristan, Mrs. George Howard, Mrs. Robert Coleman, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Clark.

At the different hotels during the week there were many informal luncheons given, among the hostesses being Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Eugene de Saba, Mrs. Fletcher Ryer, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. William Cluff, and Mrs. J. J. Moore. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Foster also had a luncheon, at the St. Francis, in honor of Miss Scott.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean entertained at a luncheon at the Fairmont on Tuesday, the 19th, in honor of Mrs. Gordon Blanding. Others of the guests were Mrs. Louis Parrott, Mrs. Edith Coleman, Mrs. Henry Kierstedt, Miss May Friedlander, and Miss Fannie Friedlander.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Whitwell of Boston entertained at a dinner at San Mateo last week, their guests including Mr. and Mrs. Tom Driscoll and Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard.

Mrs. George Rodman Shreve was hostess at a bridge party at her home in San Mateo on Monday of last week.

Mrs. Frederick Wheeler Beardslee was a bridge hostess on Monday of last week at her home on Jackson Street. Some of those present were Mrs. Howard C. Holmes, Mrs. Thomas H. Williams, Mrs. William J. Shotwell, Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Jr., Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Mrs. Charles D. Farquharson, Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mrs. Watson D. Fennimore, Mrs. Harry R. Bostwick, and Miss Tillie Feldmann.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin entertained a party of friends at dinner at the St. Francis on Saturday evening, the 23d, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Mr. Buckley Wells, and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker.

Maud Allan's Farewell This Sunday Afternoon.

The positively last performance of Maud Allan, the dancer, assisted by her symphony orchestra under the direction of Paul Steindorff, will be given this Sunday afternoon at half-past two at the Garrick Theatre, when a request programme will be given which will include all of her favorite numbers, besides the interpretation of Grieg's "Peer Gynt Suite." The "Vision of Salomé" will not be given.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and the box-office will open at the theatre on Sunday at 9:30.

Manager Greenbaum announces that he has reserved a large number of the cheaper priced seats to accommodate the hundreds unable to secure them at previous performances.

Elsa Ryan wears a profusion of jewels in her dance in the second act in "The Belle of Brittany." She believes the effect of jewels on the stage is greatly enhanced by wearing them all in one place instead of having them scattered over the fingers and gown, so she has had them all set in one garter.

No Use for Doctors.

Asti, the home of the Italian-Swiss Colony in Sonoma County, is without a doctor or druggist. There is no business for them there. Pure California wines and outdoor life keep health abloom.

## The Damrosch Orchestral Concerts.

Sunday afternoon, May 8, the orchestra of the New York Symphony Society under Walter Damrosch will commence a series of eight concerts at the Garrick Theatre, opening with a Wagner Festival in which four great vocal stars, Mme. Sara Anderson, Mme. Van der Veer, Mr. Reed Miller, and Mr. Marcus Kellerman, will participate. The programme will consist of both instrumental and vocal excerpts, including some of the beautiful trios, duets, etc., from "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Die Meistersinger," "Die Walküre," and "Tristan and Isolde."

Monday night, May 9, the concert will be under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association and will be a Tchaikowsky programme, including the "Symphonie Pathétique."

Tuesday night will be a symphony concert with Brahms as the feature of the evening, and by request Beethoven's "Overture" Leonore No. 3. Works by Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Gounod, etc., will complete the programme, and the soloists will be Mme. Van der Veer, contralto, and M. George Barrere, flutist.

Wednesday night, under the auspices of the American Music Society, there will be a programme made up of novelties by American and foreign composers, the feature of which will be the new "Sinfonietta," by George W. Chadwick.

Friday night, May 13, a combination symphony concert and the Bohemian Jinks music, "St. Patrick of Tara," composed in memory of the late Denis O'Sullivan by Wallace A. Sahin. The latter will be directed by the composer, with the Loring Club of seventy voices assisting. The symphony will be Mozart's "Jupiter."

Saturday afternoon, May 14, will be another symphony concert with Beethoven's "Eroica" and Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan," as the important numbers. Mr. Alexander Saslavsky, violinist, and Mr. George Barrere, flutist, will be heard in solos. Saturday night will be devoted to another Wagner programme, with excerpts from "Rienzi," "Flying Dutchman," "Rheingold," "Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," and "Parsifal."

On Sunday afternoon, in addition to some concert numbers, the most successful of the Tchaikowsky operas, "Eugene Onegin," will be given in concert form with six soloists and a chorus of over one hundred members of the San Francisco Choral Society trained by Paul Steindorff.

The sale of seats will open Wednesday, May 4, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where programmes may be obtained and where mail orders should be addressed to Will L. Greenbaum.

The entire organization will also give two concerts at the Greek Theatre, Berkeley, the first being a Wagner Festival, Saturday night, May 7, and the second a symphony concert with a special programme on Thursday afternoon, May 12. The seats for the university events are to be sold at the usual places in Berkeley and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s in both this city and Oakland.

Ordinary theatre prices will prevail at the Damrosch concerts.

Aloysius Coll, newspaper man, magazine writer, and poet, is now secretary of the chamber of commerce of Douglas, Arizona.

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## PERSONAL.

### Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Alexander Garceau is planning to spend about three months in Europe with her sister, Mrs. Camillo Martin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman will leave in May for a trip of some duration through Europe.

Mr. Drummond MacGavin left for Klamath the early part of last week, and Mrs. MacGavin, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. L. L. Baker, has joined him there, having left San Francisco some days later.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank A. Gummer and Miss Gummer have left for an Eastern trip, to be absent about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Walker will spend the summer in Burlingame, where they have rented the home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight.

Mr. Ivan Shed Langstroth purposes leaving here early in May, and will sail for Europe in June to make Berlin his home for the next few years.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their sons will spend part of the summer in their home on Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters will go to their country home in Mayfield the beginning of May.

Miss Minnie Houghton will leave for the East in May to spend the summer months with her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley.

Mrs. Pierre Moore and Miss Sydney will spend the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Samuels departed for Europe a few days since. They were accompanied by the latter's mother, Mrs. Sophie Lilienthal, and their stay abroad will probably cover about four months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Burnham have returned from a month's visit to Coronado and other points of interest in Southern California.

Mr. Louis F. Montague has gone to New York and Mrs. Montague will join him there early in May. Mr. and Mrs. Montague and their sons will spend the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Schonwasser will spend the summer in Larkspur.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her children have gone to New York and will sail for Europe with Mrs. Augustus Spreckels early in May. Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels has planned to return to San Francisco in the fall.

Mrs. Russell Wilson, who has been abroad for some months, expects to sail for home about the end of May. Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Florence, and Mr. Samuel have planned to sail on the same steamer.

Dr. and Mrs. Emmet Rixford will leave San Francisco this month for New York, en route to England.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Austin are going to Duquene, Iowa, to live, as Mr. Austin has resigned from the navy and will go into business in Duquene. Mrs. Austin is a Californian and well known here as Miss Roma Paxton.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutro have returned from a visit of several months to the East and South, and are again occupying their apartments at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mrs. Eugene Murphy will spend several weeks in New York before sailing for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brenner have returned to San Francisco, after a trip to the Grand Cañon,

the East, and Portland. Mr. and Mrs. Brenner are at the St. Francis.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Z. Blakeman expect to leave shortly for their ranch in Sonoma County, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Edith Simpson has gone East, and after spending a few weeks as the guest of Mrs. Laura Fike Fuller, she will visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page and their daughter, Miss Leslie, will soon leave town for their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. Stewart Baldwin and her daughter, Miss Laura, have gone to Paso Robles for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Mish and their daughter, Miss Florence, who have been traveling through Italy recently, are planning to spend some time in Vienna and will visit through Austria-Hungary and Bohemia before returning to San Francisco.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Charles Kindelberger, whose home is at the navy yard, have been at the Fairmont for a short visit, having come here to welcome Lieutenant Kindelberger's mother, who recently arrived from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright will leave early in May for Europe. They will spend the summer in traveling abroad, returning to San Francisco in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell of Ross Valley will spend the greater part of the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Alliston Hayne, Mrs. James Ellis Tucker, and Miss Ida Bourn, accompanied by their mother, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, will soon go to their home near St. Helena for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Lilienthal are going to spend the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Ellen Barry left for a visit to Portland last week and will be the guest there of Mr. and Mrs. Wood.

The Misses Davis, who have been spending the winter with their uncle, Mr. Horace Davis, will leave early in May for their home in Italy.

Among those sailing on the *China* last week was Mrs. Henry Myers, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Miriam, who is going to marry Mr. Bernard Westermann, now in Kobe, Japan, where they will make their home.

Miss Louise and Miss Alice Schussler have spent most of the winter in Italy.

Miss Margaret Thompson, who has been visiting Colonel and Mrs. Benet at Benicia Barracks, will be with her aunt at the Douglass Apartments until her marriage in the early summer to Ensign Charles Conway Hartigan.

Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler has returned from her visit to New York, and will spend the summer with her daughters at their McCloud River place.

Mrs. Louis Parrott is going to Europe in May, and will leave San Francisco about the end of April.

Miss Virginia Newhall returned from Boston on Friday last week.

Bishop William Ford Nichols, Mrs. Nichols, and their daughters will spend part of the summer in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry Sherman will spend May in Ross with Mrs. John Kittle.

Admiral Schree from San Diego, Admiral Osterhaus from Mare Island, and also Admiral Harber registered at the Fairmont this week.

Mrs. Thornburgh Cropper of London, who is visiting California, has been the guest recently of Mrs. Phebe Hearst.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Inness have decided to spend the summer abroad and will leave here early in May and return about November. Mrs. Tomlinson, who had planned to visit her mother this summer, will probably join her in Europe instead.

Among those who sailed from New York recently on the *Kaiserin Augusta* was Archbishop Patrick Riordan, who was accompanied by his secretary, the Rev. Father Ramm.

Consul Rojstevsky will live in San Francisco during the absence of his wife, who will leave in May for Paris, where she expects to spend about six months.

Mrs. Agnes F. Hanna left on Wednesday for New York, where she will join a party of friends and sail for Europe on May 5 for an indefinite stay.

Mrs. Emma Butler and Mrs. Henry Clarence Mann are planning to spend the summer in San Mateo.

At a luncheon recently given by the members of the National California Club at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York were Dr. and Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, who returned to New York several weeks ago.

Mrs. Francis J. Heney is in Washington, where she went to join Mr. Heney.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their sons will go to their San Mateo home the end of April.

Miss Jennie Crocker will be the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, while she is in New York, where she plans to go shortly.

Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Miss Maud Wilson, and Miss Louise McCormick have gone to Paso Robles for a brief visit.

During the last days of the "Concours Hippique" in Paris Miss Cora de Marville was the guest of Count and Countess de Piolenc.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Meyerfeld and Mrs. Florence F. Schloss left Monday morning for New York, from which city they sail May 11 on the *Mauretania* for Europe. During their absence they will visit London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna.

Among recent arrivals at the Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo, were Mr. and Mrs. Felix Marceau, Mr. Theodore Vogt, Mr. Andrea Panella, Mr. J. T. Marshall, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Green, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Fritz and the Misses Fritz, Mr. George E. Crothers, Mr. Frank Langstroth, Mrs. M. Stone, Mr. Robert Hyman, Mrs. E. L. Hunt, Mr. J. V. Sims, Mr. W. J. Tansey, Mr. E. J. Brown, Mrs. C. A. Clinton, Mrs. M. E. Tillman, Mrs. O'Donnell, Miss Farrell, Mr. C. J. Ashlin, Mr. Clarence Ashlin, Mr. and Mrs. I. Y. Doane, Mrs. H. U. Parker, Mrs. O. S. Orrick and daughter, Mrs. J. T. Scott, of San Francisco.

The following are among San Francisco registrations at Hotel del Coronado: Mrs. J. W. Goodwin, Miss Peterson, Miss Holton, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Holton, Mrs. B. Y. Kron, Miss Hattie J. Thompson, Mr. David R. Eisenbach, Mrs. Eisenbach, Miss H. Lillis, Mr. De Putron Gliddon, Mr. G. Marshall Dill, Mr. M. C. Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Kanan, the Misses Kanan.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

In "A Woman's Way," which will be seen at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night, for a two weeks' engagement, with matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and with Miss Grace George in the stellar rôle, the playwright has written an amusing satire of some of the foibles of high society in present-day New York. It tells the story of a woman who resolves to fight for her husband instead of discarding him. The story of her efforts, their inspiration and results, is adequately and amusingly written. It is a play of plot, dialogue, and character. The whole piece is easy, clear, and clever. Among the supporting members of Miss George's company are C. Aubrey Smith, Henry Miller, Jr., Jack Standing, Frederick Esmelton, Charles Wellesley, Elwood Cromwell, Charles Stanley, Carolyn Kenyon, Ruth Benson, Louisa Rial, Lulu Konari, and Jewel Power.

The second and last week of "The Thief," by Charles Frohman's special company, starts at the Van Ness Theatre on Monday night, the first week ending with tonight and tomorrow night's performances. As is always the case with all Charles Frohman companies, a faultless cast and scenic equipment is provided. The play and the company are reviewed at length on another page. "The Thief" offers one of the most powerful moral lessons that has ever been exploited on the stage, and should be seen by every lover of the drama. The story is natural and human, and compels attention from start to finish.

Next week the Orpheum will present the hashall comedy by Bozeman Bulger, "Swat Milligan," the hero of which is known far and wide as the man "who knocks the hall a mile," and he makes a hit of the same character with audiences of the play. Little Vienna Bolton, a clever actress, plays the part of a tough little waif of the streets and some of her sayings have become picturesque additions to present-day slang. Johnny Gorman is the messenger boy, while the part of "Me Lord" is acted by Charles Kennedy. The Avon Comedy Four will introduce the idea of surrounding a quartet of excellent singers with a humorous farce. Messrs. Goodwin, Coleman, Smith, and Dale, who constitute the quartet, will present what they call "The New School Teacher," which abounds in ludicrous situations and pleasant melody. A recent Orpheum importation, the Three Sisters Klos, who recently finished a highly successful engagement at the London Hippodrome, will appear in the new programme. They are considered Europe's most daring aerial gymnasts. John McCloskey, a young American tenor with a remarkable voice, will be heard for the first time in this city. When he sang recently at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, the *Herald* proclaimed him "The American Caruso." Next week will be the last of Anna Laughlin, the "Toyland" prima donna, the Five Juggling Normans, Marshall Montgomery, and of Elita Proctor Otis in the amusing comedy, "Mrs. Bunner's Bun."

The Lamhardi Grand Opera Company will close its engagement at the Columbia Theatre on Sunday night with a Mascagni Night. The programme on that occasion will include the Intermezzo from "L'Amico Fritz," by the orchestra; the entire performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana," duet for Calvi and Nadal from "L'Amico Fritz"; Hymn to the Sun from "Iris," by chorus and orchestra; Dance of the Hours from "La Gioconda," by the orchestra; Prologue from "Pagliacci," by Angelo Antola; Ester Adaherto, Giuseppe Maggi, and other artists in special numbers.

Maude Adams is coming to the Columbia Theatre on Monday, May 16, with her brilliant success, "What Every Woman Knows." It will be the first appearance here of the star since her three weeks' engagement at the Van Ness Theatre when she presented "Peter Pan," "Quality Street," and "L'Aiglon."

### The Last "Pop" Concert.

The final "Pop" concert of the Greenbaum series at Kohler & Chase Hall will be given Sunday afternoon at 2:30, when the Lyric Quartet, assisted by Miss Therese Ehrman, pianist, will give the following exceptionally interesting programme: Quartet for strings, D major, Op. II, *Tschaikowsky*; Serenade for two violins and piano, *Sinding*—Misses Mary Pasmore, Sallie Ehrman, and Therese Ehrman; Quartet for piano and strings, G minor, *Mozart*.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s and on Sunday the box-office will open at the hall one hour before the concert.

*Detective (in search of clue)*—Can you recall the last words your husband addressed to you before he went away? *Deserted Wife*—Yes. He said, "Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"—*Sheffield Union*.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What is alimony, ma?" "It is a man's cash surrender value."—*Town Topics*.

Stella—I wouldn't marry the best man on earth. Knicker—Have I asked you to?—*Harper's Bazar*.

Black—I buy all of my wife's dresses. Brown—So do I, but I never pick them out.—*St. Louis Star*.

Miss Passé—That's the Duke of Oldhouse. He married a million. Mr. Blasé—You don't say! Well, he's got Solomon beat a mile!—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Traveler—But, waiter, I only ordered two eggs. You have brought three. Waiter—I know, sah, but I thought possibly one might fail.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what is worldly wisdom? Pa—Worldly wisdom, my son, is a perfect knowledge of the failings of our neighbors.—*Chicago News*.

"What was you askin' for the widdler's bonnet, mum?" "Well—er—I thought ninnence." "E's very ill, mum. I think I'll risk it."—*The Tatler*.

Salesman—Shirt, sir. Will you have a negligee or a stiff bosom? Customer—Negligee, I guess. The doctor said I must avoid starch things.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Does your wife cry when she gets angry?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "It isn't the heat of her temper that distresses me so much as the humidity."—*Washington Star*.

She—There goes Mrs. Strongmind. She says her husband never spoke a cross word to her but once. He—Yes; you should have seen him the next day.—*Home Life*.

Physiology Teacher—Clarence, you may explain how we hear things. Clarence—Pa tells 'em to ma as a secret and ma gives 'em away at the bridge club.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"This popular fiction is all bosh. In real life the girl's father seldom objects to the man of her choice." "You're wrong there. He often objects, but he's usually too wise to say anything."—*Washington Herald*.

Him—Why on earth do the poets always speak of "wine and women" together? Her—I'm sure, I don't know. It isn't very complimentary. Him—Of course not. Wine improves with age.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Do you know that there are millions of germs on a dollar bill?" "So I've heard, but if they expect to transfer themselves from the bill to me while it is in my possession, they'll have to step lively."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Lady (prospecting for a cook)—Now, I want a girl who will be able to think for herself; one that I won't have to watch and correct every minute of the day. I want one

in whom I can repose perfect confidence, sure that she will get the meals at the time and in the way I like them. I want a cook—*Superintendent of Intelligence Office*—Excuse me, ma'am, but you don't want a cook. What you want is a Fairy Godmother!—*Puck*.

"The engineers find Gatun Dam safe," read Mr. Jones from his newspaper headlines to grandma, knitting at the other side of the table. "Well," she said, looking up over her

glasses in pained surprise, "I don't know anything about the safety of Gatun, but I think a family newspaper oughtn't to use such language in print."—*Emporia Gazette*.

Nervous and Inexperienced Host (rising hurriedly at the conclusion of a song)—Ladies and—er—gentlemen, before he started to—er—sing, Mr. Bawnall asked me to apologize for his—er—voice, but I—er—omitted to do so—er—so I—er—apologize now!—*London Opinion*.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Waste of Navies.

The prodigious waste involved in the maintenance of modern navies is illustrated in a recent order of the Navy Department striking the name of the torpedo boat *Winslow* from the active list. The *Winslow* was built fourteen years ago, representing at that time the best type of construction in her class. In fourteen years she has been so completely outdated by advances in designs and methods of construction as to be utterly useless. Still more notable is the case of the battleship *Oregon*. After several periods of repair and of building, this historic craft is still on the active list, not as a matter of fact, is not in commission. For fundamental reasons the *Oregon* will not, just now at least, be sent to the scrap heap, but, measured by the severe tests of efficiency under modern standards, she is valueless excepting for junk. When the number of naval vessels in the world is considered, the cost of their maintenance, and the rapidity with which they become obsolete, it will be seen that the nations pay a prodigious aggregate for scrap iron. The peace conservationists could hardly find a more effective argu-

ment than the roll of deteriorated and discarded ships which might be furnished by the several navies of the world.

### McCarthyism As It Works Out.

It is barely four months since Patrick Hooligan McCarthy undertook the political regeneration of San Francisco, but even thus soon his administration is beginning to make good—that is to say, it is beginning to work out those moral and social effects promised not more by the oracular utterances of Mr. McCarthy himself than by the circumstances under which he came into office.

The week has supplied an interesting demonstration of the moral and other kinds of infallibility before the Marin County grand jury at San Rafael. The main story is told by one Joe Abbott, a bunko steerer known to the police of two continents. According to Abbott, immediately after the election of McCarthy and under the hopes which that event inspired, he and other bunko workers sought to establish themselves in San Francisco. He communicated with a personal friend, one H. P. Flannery, ward politician, whisky seller, companion and friend of the vicious classes, and was delighted to learn that he (Flannery) was in his own phrase to be the "Czar" of the McCarthy régime. Among other kinds of authority, he was to be officially in charge of the police department. A bargain was quickly struck. Flannery promised leave to Abbott and his gang to ply their interesting trade not only without molestation at the hands of the police, but under police protection. The "money talk" suggested a rake-off of 12½ per cent of the profits of the business and an additional fee of 5 per cent to be given to some policeman to be assigned by Flannery to the business of guarding and protecting the traffic. This, in outline, is Abbott's story, recited under oath; and it is supported by many corroboratory circumstances. Abbott's wife, who is described by the discriminating daily press as "a lady of grace, beauty, and refinement," supplies evidence of a confirmatory character in the shape of a telegram from Flannery to Abbott in which the former renews his promise previously given. That this telegram was saved from destruction at a time when Flannery was seeking to cover up his tracks is due to the forethought of this interesting lady, she at a critical moment, and after the adroit manner of ladies of grace, beauty, and refinement, having confided the incriminating document to the chaste security of her stocking-leg.

For some reason not explained the working out of this arrangement was postponed for a few weeks, and in the interim Abbott and his gang, upon Flannery's advice and by way of marking time, went over to Sausalito, where they put into operation a wire-tapping game, whatever that may be. The business was a makeshift, but it appears to have been profitable, since it is shown that a single victim, one Bob Woods, a confiding youth from the San Joaquin Valley, yielded up \$800 in hard cash. After escaping from the toils Woods "squealed," and as the result of his disclosures a straight case was made out against Abbott and his associated swindlers. It appears by Abbott's story that Flannery had promised him protection at Sausalito as well as San Francisco, and when his troubles came on he applied naturally to his patron and fellow-conspirator. But Flannery failed to respond. On the other hand, he undertook to shake Abbott off, and endeavored by various devices to cover up or destroy evidences of the deal previously made. It was at this point that Mrs. Abbott's hosiery became a factor in the transaction. By conserving the telegram duly addressed to Abbott and signed by Flannery she has supplied an essential link in a chain of incriminating evidence which appears to be complete, leaving Flannery no leg to stand on. Mrs. Abbott will no doubt be called as a witness when Flannery shall be brought to bar, and

we prophesy a crowded lobby when her evidence, duly attested by the proper exhibits, shall be given in.

There appears little doubt about it. Unless there has been a world of lying, the head of the police department of San Francisco under the grace and favor of Mayor McCarthy has been in concealed partnership with a gang of remorseless swindlers. The scheme, according to the confession, was to work under police protection to the end of "cleaning up" enough money in two years to relieve Abbott and presumably his delectable associates from the necessity of working for a living for the rest of their precious lives. This game was spoiled by the mishap at Sausalito. All the members of the outfit, including Abbott and Flannery, have been indicted by the Marin grand jury. On Monday of this week one member of the gang was convicted and sentenced to San Quentin. It is expected that Abbott will be released in return for his service as a witness. As we write on Wednesday Flannery is on trial. He protests that he is not guilty, but in the meantime under pressure he has resigned his police commissionership, and his conduct and utterances hardly tend to accredit him as an injured innocent.

It will readily be seen how all this reflects upon that eminent purist, Mayor McCarthy. When he came in office he found the police department under a commission accredited by character and a decent record. The infamies of the Ruef-Schmitz régime had been exorcised, and if the department was not in ideal shape, things were at least better than they had been. This did not satisfy Mr. McCarthy. He wanted, so he said, a police department organized upon his own ideas and administered by men he could trust. Therefore, in his wisdom and virtue and by a palpable strain of official authority, he vacated the police board by arbitrary dismissal of its members. He made his friend Flannery president and then filled up the board with biddable creatures. There is no reason why he should not have known Flannery then as well as he knows him now. In the opinion of the *Argonaut* he did know him then as well as he knows him now, in spite of his loud profession that Flannery had disappointed and deceived him. Then as now Flannery was a ward politician of a low type. Then as now Flannery was in the saloon business. Then as now Flannery was cheek-by-jowl with the Billies and Bobbies and Patsies and Jakies of the tenderloin. McCarthy had no reason to "trust" Flannery, unless it be in just such projects as that which time has developed. By all the circumstances of his occupation, association, and condition he was fitted for and ripe for the kind of jobbing with which Abbott's statement identifies him.

Furthermore, Flannery's course since he became police commissioner has been under the eye of the mayor. If it be granted that he was not directly responsible for it, Mr. McCarthy can not fail to have seen that in reorganizing the police force Flannery was substituting intrigue for efficiency, character for low serviceability. He can not have failed to know that Flannery's saloon has been a headquarters for traffickers in official patronage and favor and that Flannery has been reaping a harvest through his connection with the municipal administration. Mr. McCarthy can not have failed, these several months past, to see that Flannery's connection with the city government was, both by its acts and its atmosphere, enforcing deterioration and degeneracy all down the line.

Since this has been as plain to McCarthy as to everybody else, there is but one logical or possible deduction, and it is a deduction which rings out of tune with Mr. McCarthy's loud profession of surprise and indignation over Abbott's confession. It is a deduction in precise confirmation of the *Argonaut's* estimate of McCarthy when he was a candidate for the mayoralty.

Shame on the whole dirty business! There is but one possible hope in the situation, and that is that it may help in the enforcement of that lesson which San



Francisco is always learning, but which she seems never to learn.

### Miladi's Newest Fad.

The woman with a cause is not new, but hitherto she has been an intense and self-forgetful enthusiast, and instead of dressing the part, has let the part dress her. The Minervas of the anti-slavery movement meant all they said and did, and there was no mistaking them either in utterance or garb. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in that period, was a typical Miss Ophelia. When the cause of woman suffrage arose the women who arose with it were never suspected of mere faddism. They were quite ready to be martyrs, and their millinery and frocks helped prove it. They had turned their sturdy backs on the fashions and were out for a deeply-cherished purpose; and if they did not carry hatchets at their belts it was because nature had endowed them with weapons of a keener edge.

Since society women have gone in for causes the relation of costume to sincerity has again been emphasized, but with more pessimistic results. The latest fad is to counsel with working girls, and it has invariably called out the woman who goes with the right kind of a jewel at the throat. For society, there is no more labor in slums. There was never very much. The scenes could not be advantageously set for it. Slums were always a bit soiled and smelly, and were utterly lacking in high lights and publicity. One might work in them a long time without getting a descriptive word in the newspapers. There were also microbes and symptoms of thanklessness; there were signs of resentment on the part of the poor when miladi sent her footman to cellar or garret with inquiries and the gift of soup tickets. What society needed was an air of more exclusiveness about its philanthropy, a little less contact with the unwashed and unmanicured—for even the footman fretted—and a vantage ground for it all in which one might not have to lose sight of her own world or vice versa. There was wanted the rarefied air of social and moral elegance to breathe even while engaged in doing good to those outside; to be seen and heard and complimented withal, and at the same time not to be so wrought upon as to compel sacrifices which no woman of position can find time to meet.

So Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Mackay and one or two others of similar distinction went to look and they found, as we say, the working girl. Not the scullion and housedrudge by any means. Not the janitress's assistant or the one who waits on table. Certainly not the invalid in a basement. The one found was the one sought—the neatly dressed girl from the dry goods stores and candy shops, the stenographers and better class of telephone girls, the young milliners and dress-makers, the shirtwaist makers, and the ladies' maids and companions. Here were young women who would receive counsel without exposition of things so harrowing as to keep one awake o' nights—those who were clean and dressed neatly and made a quite respectable audience in the colonial rooms of the great hotels—audiences to draw the tolerant eye of society and arouse the news instincts of the press. It would be delightful to step from the charmed circles and reach these deserving "units" outside. Standing on a carpeted platform, clad in something becoming, and with the scent of roses in the air and the distant harmonies of an orchestra it would be delightful to reach out, as it were, and take these less fortunate ones into your own atmosphere and talk to them as friends. And they need advice so greatly from those who know so much more than they of the vanities of social aspiration, and can point out the hollow places under the gilding. And they were likely to have such perverted views about the manners and reserves of the rich and to be so impatient about the stations in life to which God had called them. To be sure—the working girl! Let us have her, by all means.

And it has worked out so well. The ladies engaged in this delicate philanthropy find new delights in it as they go along. A decorative season at Newport never yielded such relief from ennui, and as for publicity, look at the course of the press in reporting the activity of the social leaders who did so much for the shirtwaist workers—urging them to stand up for their rights even if they went hungry, and saying words of cheer to them in the best theatres and public halls. Where old ways were so confining and so sure to bring on headache, the new philanthropy does not even delay a trip to Europe. It may be mostly carried on in

Lent or in the intervals of Western or Southern travel and between seasons in town. When it is inconvenient to bring the working girls together—when there is a Kirmess or a hunt ball—why the gathering may be postponed. The destitute poor, as in the old slum days, are always with us, but the preferred class of working girls can wait. They are earning their livelihood right along and it does not matter to them if social exactions keep the best people more or less engaged at times. Indeed, they get more chance to fondle the pearls of wisdom which were so graciously scattered among them at the last reception.

Some day we may hear from the girl who has been receiving these blessings without the thankful spirit expected of her; and then it may be the fad of patronage—for that is all it is—will have had its day, being found out. Then we may get light on why the feminine mind always, when about to do good publicly, tends that way. There never was a woman philanthropist from the sphere of ultra-fashionable society to go about her work for human betterment as Tolstoy does. Like the bluestocking who poses her learning and parades it, the Mme. Belmonts and Mackays pose their charity and are sure to make it pass, in grand processional, through the daily papers. Obviously these queens of society are merely playing the game, and they are playing it badly. Even though they may not be entirely conscious of it, they are playing it not for the poor working girls, but for themselves. Miladi is tired of the old things; she has her new fad; she will leave it for another in a little while and, meantime, she will feel less regret over a lost lapdog. Nor will she particularly care, in the end, that she has left that little plot of philanthropic ground which she essayed to cultivate more barren than when she found it. All she has really done is to give her new "cause" a social background and herself an unreal reputation. And as for the great lesson that the service which the world gets from men and women is that which they don't stoop to do, perhaps the working girl who talks back will waste breath in teaching it; for miladi has been out for diversion, not philosophy.

### The Exposition Fund.

By no single circumstance in recent years has San Francisco so finely illustrated her spirit as in the raising on Thursday of last week of a fund of upwards of four millions of dollars for the projected Panama-Pacific Exposition. It was an achievement of which any city in the country—even the greatest—might be proud. When it is considered how recent and how vast our community misfortunes have been, the incident gains an emphasis and distinction truly amazing.

In the days which immediately followed the disaster there were those to question with shakings of the head if the traditional spirit of San Francisco were destined ever to be revived. If in more recent months the progress of events had left doubt in any mind, the incident of last week must surely have exorcised and banished it. San Francisco—new San Francisco—is San Francisco still. The spirit of our people is the old spirit plus the stimulus which has come to us through the successful working out of the greatest problem of reconstruction ever put upon a city in this or in any other country.

Large as was the amount subscribed last week—\$4,089,000—it by no means fills the measure of our provision for the great celebration projected for 1915. Day by day, since the great meeting in the Merchants' Exchange, subscriptions have come pouring in, each day's aggregate being greater than that of the day before, showing plainly that the tide is still rising. Nor is this all, for no one of the great public service corporations from whom liberal subscriptions are expected has definitely fixed the amount of its contribution. There still remains to be heard from the Southern Pacific Company, the Santa Fé Company, the Western Pacific Company, the United Railroads, the telephone companies, the Gas and Electric Company, the Spring Valley Water Company, and other business organizations of large resource and liberal habit. It is plain that before the books shall be closed the figures will stand nearer seven millions of dollars than the originally proposed five millions. And this will be none too much—none too much for the work to be done, none too much as illustrating the spirit and resource of San Francisco, none too much in the emphasis that it will give to our demands for coöperation on the part of Congress.

The incident of last week is nobly suggestive of what

San Francisco is capable of when she puts aside the differences which have so long distracted our bod social, when our people rise above the spirit of contention and combine their energies. In the meeting of last week there was no division of classes, no blighting vice of factional or personal resentment, no purpose or aim in which men of all affiliations and all opinion could not join in good spirit and without reservation. The result was not only important in itself, but it has even a greater value in its promise of more harmonious, of more mutually helpful times to come.

### Compensation of Federal Judges.

The common sense of the country ought to combine with its sense of justice in support of the movement originating with the American Bar Association to increase the compensation of the several classes of Federal judges. The United States is more dependent upon the judiciary for the integrity of its system than any other country in the world, yet it has been the last to provide an adequate scheme of support for those who serve in its courts. Great Britain pays its Lord Chancellor \$50,000 per year and its Justices of the King's Bench and other judges in proportion. The United States pays the Chief Justice of its Supreme Court \$13,000 per year, the Associate Justices \$12,500 and the Circuit and District Judges \$7000 and \$6000. Under the conditions which attend conspicuous official life these salaries are inadequate, unfair. They enforce not only a graceless economy, but a grievous self-sacrifice upon every first-class man who accepts judicial service. In cases where domestic responsibility is large they make it impossible for the right men to accept the government's commission. Only the other day, in a neighboring State, the President could not get a man he wanted for the Federal bench and found it necessary to cast about in embarrassment for one whose personal fortunes would enable him to make a financial sacrifice.

The proposal of the American Bar Association embodied in a bill introduced into Congress by Representative Moon fixes the salary of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court at \$18,000 per year; Associate Justices, \$17,500; Circuit Judges, \$10,000; District Judges, \$9000. When the character of the service at the conditions under which it is rendered are considered the salaries proposed are still low—far below those paid in other countries where the general charge of living are less than with us. Even if Congress should accept and confirm the proposals of the Moon bill, we shall still be getting the cheapest judicial service the civilized world—this in spite of the fact that our system imposes upon the judiciary a responsibility unmatched elsewhere.

We have said that the common sense of the country should support this proposal. How can we expect the integrities and dignities of judicial service to be maintained permanently if we do not pay adequately? We can not reasonably expect the personnel of our Federal courts to be maintained at their traditionally high level under an inadequate and unfair system of compensation and we ought not to ask or desire it.

The amount required in the aggregate to answer the demands of the Moon bill is not great, since the number of Federal judges is relatively small. We spend in a thousand useless ways vastly more money than would be required to give to our Federal judges a compensation consistent with equity and national respect.

### A Level-Headed Socialist.

If Mr. Seidel, the Socialistic mayor of Milwaukee be really and truly a Socialist, then Socialism has been misjudged. The first utterance of Mr. Seidel after his election gave assurance that there would be no radical change in the methods of administration, only this, that the great corporations would be compelled to pay their fair share of public taxation and that there would be no graft in public expenditure. Next he gave pledges tending to confirm Milwaukee credit with bond buyers, in the form of assurances that there would be no movement towards repudiation or the impairment of fixed obligations. The latest announcement is that of Mayor Seidel's retirement from the management of the Milwaukee Pattern Company to devote his entire time and energies to the public business. Talking to a reporter about his retirement, he said: "Wouldn't I be foolish to try to run a pattern shop and be mayor at the same time? It is obvious that I could succeed with neither. Not only would I make a failure as mayor, but at the end of t



years I wouldn't have much of a pattern shop." We commend the course of Mr. Seidel to Mr. P. H. McCarthy, who, while mayor of San Francisco, nevertheless regards the presidency of the Building Trades Council as his most important business. We suspect that Mayor Seidel's philosophy is the sounder one. We suspect that before Mayor McCarthy has been two years in office he will make a mess both of the mayoralty and of the affairs of the Building Trades Council.

### The Immorality of Sugar.

What is there in sugar which plays such mischief with the conscience? Why does sugar corrupt morals in a way not even predicated of liquor, tobacco, or Standard oil? So innocent and sweet a thing as sugar, even with a sifting of seaside realty in it, should tend to restrain the baser impulses. But from the day that black labor was first stolen to hoe the cane for nothing and church privileges down to the last delivery of short weight and sand at the corner grocery the spirit of the Adversary of Souls has pervaded the whole business.

Sugar should have had no more evil in it than rye which had been hand-raised by the bushel instead of being still-born by the gallon; but people had hardly begun to produce it on any more than a back-yard scale than they were seized with a passion to kidnap negroes. From the way they did it, the ethical question soon arose whether hunting sugar hands or committing piracy was the gentlest occupation for souls which combined a love of commerce with a taste for pure adventure. The answer was apt to depend, in that materialistic time, on the size of the returns. That the law of nations had captious prejudices in the matter never really concerned the man-hunting experts, absorbed as they were in the profits of raising sugar without a wage system and selling it in London at a net profit of 300 per cent. Jamaican, Brazilian, and Gulf-coast dividends were the things to consider, and to do so in the spirit of the homely modern financier who said that his hogs might come home dirty, but they had to come. And speaking of conscience, even the stiff New England variety grew flexible under the lure of prices which sugar radiated through the slave trade—a fact which the Hon. Eugene Semmes Ives once pointed out, with shocking candor, to a Northern legislature, when, speaking as an ornament of the South, he said: "You Yankees were the slavers. You sold the niggers to us for the love of gold and stole them from us for the love of God."

Once established and prospering in the new world, and particularly in the United States, sugar might have grown respectable, as men do, under like conditions. In the South the church did its best to justify methods of production, and labored to make a Biblical as well as a natural distinction between Legree and Uncle Tom. But sugar slavery and religion would not mix. Admitting that black hens laid white eggs, there was still something strained in the efforts of the pulpit to reduce that philosophy to Scripture. The whole thing got so intricate that it did not seem to have much of a moral pull. So the pulpit dropped the matter, except on occasions of heat, and relied on the mysterious ways of Providence; and the mystery continued through a great Civil War. Even Mr. Gladstone, whose business instincts had been sharpened by the ownership of sugar shares in Guinea, found himself in an ethical quagmire whenever he tried to break a way out for his conscience. Daniel Webster had a somewhat similar experience. And Daniel never got to be President.

There were hopes that the curse might be removed from sugar when people began to raise it in the South Sea islands which the missionaries had redeemed in the blood of the lamb, with a furtive eye on the fleece—and this despite the sinful blackbirding done by Bully Hayes. But you never can tell! One hears shocking things from the islands of the blest. There are tales that, instead of blackbirding poor Polynesians, sugar hands living much further away are hired for good promises and, on arrival in the sugar fields, are disillusioned by poor pay. There are stories about stock deals which, but for the primal curse on sugar, might possibly be held up to shame the undoubted church-building records of the Connecticut and Massachusetts-born planters. One holds his breath, especially if it has been vitiated by the insidious by-product of sugar which has given an immoral distinction to Jamaica and Santa Cruz, to hear the tales that are told of plantation management. Could one believe—except for the hoodoo which the cane sugar interest visits on all moral

endeavor of planters—that captains of industry, renowned for their picky even in the missionary capital, would use the privileges vested in them as majority owners of the stock to compel the plantations to buy all supplies of their own agencies at prices which enable them to absorb 30 per cent more of the profits than the minority stockholders can hope to secure. Perish the insinuation! If such things happen it is only another evidence that sugar has no morals itself and maliciously saps the morals of others.

And what is this we hear of the central sugar business on the mainland, the methods of the trust! Manipulations which put sugar prices up after the crops have been delivered and down while the trust is gathering the crops from the planters? Stories about false weighing to defraud the customs, and tapping water mains near the refineries without letting the water companies know of it! And those stories of courts and legislatures which can never look on a full sugar bag without getting a diabetic conscience! One's utter faith in the high character of the American business man, which chambers of commerce have long inculcated, would quell these suspicions if it were not for all that sugar at the bottom of it. It has come to such a pass that one may believe anything of sugar. Give a man a sugar name and you could probably elect him mayor of San Francisco. Given a sugar fortune and it has been known to estrange father from son and set brother at the throat of brother. Let a witness for sugar go on the stand and the sleepest grand jury will sit up and take notice. Even set a lot of honest Vermont farmers at work boiling maple sugar for the market, and the fate that mocks such enterprises brings it out 65 per cent brown sugar and the rest under suspicion. Is there any lower deep than that in which to search for the evidence of the unsanctified mission of sugar in the world?

### Editorial Notes.

No single act of President Taft's administration has so commended it to intelligent public approval as the appointment of Governor Hughes to the Supreme Court. It illustrated judgment on the part of the President and it further illustrated the value of his persuasive powers, for the country well knows that Governor Hughes would not have taken the justiceship if acceptance had not been demanded in terms appealing to his sense of patriotic obligation. The incident has distinctly strengthened the administration, because there is implied in it the power of winning for the public service men of preëminent qualifications. It is the universal instinct that Governor Hughes would not have accepted Mr. Taft's invitation, however earnestly urged, if he had not respected the administration and felt a positive obligation to cooperate with it. The circumstances under which Mr. Hughes takes office are impressive in the lesson which they enforce with respect to patriotic sentiment. Governor Hughes is relatively a poor man, but his situation is such as to assure large fortune if he had chosen to remain in private and professional life. In going to the Supreme Court he makes deliberate choice of a course which enforces a career of rigid economy for himself and his family with no possibility of doing what every father naturally wishes to do in the way of establishing and endowing those of his own blood who come after him.

Supervisor Murdock is making a commendable effort to reduce the moral hazards of that most serious social problem, the social dance hall. There are scores of these places, not necessarily vicious, exercising an irresistible appeal to multitudes of working girls, whose need of social diversion is quite as positive and controlling as is that of their sisters of the fashionable sphere. At its best the social dance hall has dangers enough for the young and for the most part unguarded girls who frequent them, and these dangers are tremendously augmented when there is license to carry on a liquor business in conjunction with it. Mr. Murdock is entirely right; if the social dance hall is to be tolerated, and we see no way to do anything else with it, it should at least be compelled to get on without cooperation with the liquor traffic.

If the publishers of the New York *American* did, as Mayor Gaynor alleges, "rout out" the date line from a stereotype reproduction of a check for the sake of supporting a personal assault by misrepresentation, then everything that Mr. Gaynor said at the publishers' dinner in New York was justified. All the

same—no matter what crime had been committed by the *American*—the publishers' dinner was not the place for Mr. Gaynor to air his grievance or his resentment. The publishers' dinner was, in a sense, a national affair; and in a sense those who were present by invitation were the guests of every member of the association. At its worst the *American's* offense against Mr. Gaynor was a purely local matter, and it should not have been intruded upon a nationally representative gathering or at a gathering at which Mr. Hearst was one of the hosts. The sympathies of the *Argonaut* are naturally with Gaynor, for it likes his type of man precisely as it loathes and despises the degenerate journalism represented by the *American*. But granting a certain broad moral justification to Mr. Gaynor, his assault upon Hearst was out of place, untimely, in bad taste, in bad manners.

Upon investigation it turns out that Mr. Hale's retirement from the senatorial contest in Maine was not entirely on account of his health. It appears that there has developed an embittered opposition to Mr. Hale in Maine and that his reelection under any circumstances would have been an improbability. In retiring now he merely makes a virtue of necessity.

While Waterloo, Nebraska, gets on as well as any other place with the barber and his shop, it has risen as one man against the tonsorial artist and his parlor. There is a marked difference between the two. The barber takes an order for a shave and fills it without further suggestions, and his shop contains no traps for the unwary. But the tonsorial artist is not satisfied to do as he is told, and an order for a shave is but the prelude for a plea from him which includes the proffer of a hot towel, a haircut, a singe, a vibratory massage, a neck-shave, a head-rest tonic, a shine, and the attentions of a lovely manicure, with a tip to taper off with. Not infrequently the artist mixes the savor of nicotine or bordelaise with the lather on the customer's cheek. In Nebraska, as it appears, his preference is for onions, and at this even the prairie farmer draws the line. So Waterloo has led off with an ordinance making it unlawful for the gentleman of the tonsure to eat onions between seven o'clock a. m. and seven o'clock p. m. Neither shall he discuss the gossip of the town, use tobacco or insist upon the customer having his neck shaved or his hair singed. The reform thus begun will be watched with anxious interest all over the land, and although it does not bear the hallmark of New Zealand and may invade the sacred privileges of the Tonsorial Artists' Union, there is hope of its general support and approval.

Long ago Thackeray discovered an interesting principle in economics, namely, that debt may be turned into a basis of credit. Various communities in the West have developed another interesting principle, namely, that commercial expectation exalted to the measure of enthusiasm becomes a tangible asset. It has remained for Mr. Hammerstein, the impresario, to make money and even to make money largely out of a steadily losing business. For four years Hammerstein has been fighting a losing fight against impossible odds. At last he has gone to the wall, that is to say he has quit the business and sold out such rights as he possessed. But curiously enough in thus quitting he is personally richer by a round million dollars than when he began four years ago. Will Mr. Hammerstein kindly give the world a friendly tip as to how this result has been achieved?

Oscar Matthew Nelson, better known as "Battling" Nelson, the prize-fighter, was recently refused accommodations at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel at Philadelphia. Manager McCormick put the matter plainly: the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel is maintained for "refined and presentable" people—for "gentlemen and ladies"—and pugilists and other "notorious disreputables" are not wanted. Nelson has sued the hotel people for damages, maintaining that he pursues "a gentlemanly vocation." Here we have a question which has been much controverted, but never with a satisfactory result. John L. Sullivan never undertook to define his own social status, but his successor in the championship, our own James J. Corbett, quite ostentatiously claimed character as a gentleman, although he never could quite make his pretensions stick. There were those who insisted that Corbett was a gentleman, but nobody ever heard of one of them undertaking to present him at the more exclusive clubs. Others of the same



have undertaken to pose as gentlemen. It is interesting, however, to recall that Robert Fitzsimmons, personally the least objectionable of the old tribe of professional pugilists—the manliest man of them all, in fact—referred to himself in a famous controversy as “a man of civil manners,” obviously avoiding the use of a phrase which might have stimulated contention. Ideas as to what constitutes a gentleman not only in this country, but in all other countries nowadays, are a bit hazy, but we think it will hardly be conceded that a man whose distinctions have been won in the prize ring has a right to this designation. Nelson, testifying in his own case, set up as further claims to the character of a gentleman, that he owned \$250,000 worth of real estate; that he had written a book about his own life; that he had been correspondent for a dozen newspapers in the last five years. This, we fear, will hardly sustain the contention. Perhaps if Nelson will increase his property holdings to a round million or better still to two million, something may be yielded to him, though the least said about authoring and newspapering the better it will be for him.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Close scrutiny of the editorial tributes paid to Mark Twain discloses the fact that no Plutarch has arisen to draw a parallel between the American writer and Sir Walter Scott. Yet there is a close parallel. What is most remembered to Scott's honor today among thoughtful students of literature is not the magic touch with which he evoked music from the harp of the North, or even the delightful companionship of his countless creatures of romance, but the sturdy righteousness with which he set himself to pay off a huge debt for which he was not legally responsible. When the house of Ballantyne failed, Scott's legal indebtedness amounted to £30,000, but he felt himself morally responsible for an additional £100,000. And how he slaved with his pen, till his eyes ached, and his heart ached, is one of the glories of literature.

It is at this point that Mark Twain's record crosses that of the lovable Scott. He also was involved in a great business disaster, and the words he wrote in that hour of catastrophe are the noblest that ever came from his pen:

The law recognizes no mortgage on a man's brain, and a merchant who has given up his all may take advantage of insolvency, and start free again for himself; but I am not a business man, and honor is a harder master than the law. It can not compromise for less than one hundred cents on the dollar.

There is the parallel. Like Scott, who paid pound for pound while the “business” men of his firm compromised with a few shillings, the American writer could not stop short of dollar for dollar. That he gave so splendid an example of unflinching probity in an age of commercial dishonesty is a nobler monument to his fame than the most deathless page he ever wrote.

Mr. Bryan's vacillations on the subject of prohibition afford a valuable index to the timid and compromising state of his mind. While Federal prohibition is anathema to the Nebraskan at the present moment, he is willing to coquette with any State where the doctrine can count upon a useful majority of believers. This is a pretty method of preparing for the adoption of Federal prohibition in the event of the “cause” coming within measurable distance of a triumph. But Mr. Bryan's attitude reveals how chastened is his spirit compared with its cocksure pose in 1896 when he sent a representative to Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*. His messenger was received by Mr. G. C. Eggleston, who, in his recently published “Recollections,” gives this illuminating account of the interview:

Mr. Bryan was unselfishly anxious to save the reputation of the newspaper press as a power in public affairs. His election by an overwhelming majority, he said, was certain beyond all possibility of doubt or question. But if it should be accomplished without the support of the *World* or any other of the supposedly influential Democratic newspapers, there must be an end to the tradition of press power and newspaper influence in politics. For the sake of the press, and especially of so great a newspaper as the *World*, therefore, Mr. Bryan asked Mr. Pulitzer's attention to this danger to prestige.

When this was repeated to Mr. Pulitzer he merely laughed. And his answer to Mr. Bryan's audacious message was to predict the majority by which he would be defeated and instruct Mr. Eggleston to embody the prediction in an editorial. Which was done, and four months later the prediction was verified within two votes in the Electoral College. Perhaps this explains why Mr. Bryan is more diffident in 1910 than he was in 1896.

Like the Fat Boy in “Pickwick,” the journalistic gentlemen in London who correspond and cable for American newspapers seem to take genuine pleasure in efforts to make our flesh creep. Ever since the Lords and Commons set their ranks for conflict the supply of material which it was possible to handle in a barrowing style has been abundant, and cable and letter have been framed on the notion that American readers are best catered for by dwelling upon “revolution” and similar horrors. Most of all do these accommodating correspondents delight to draw lurid pictures of “fears for the throne of King Edward,” or inside views of that monarch's mental despair at the situation in which he finds himself.

This is all bosh. There never was a time when the throne

of England had so stable a place in the affections of English people. Had such a situation as the present come a generation ago, when republicanism had taken some hold of the British mind, it might have developed seriously. But the closing years of Victoria's reign cemented people and crown in a bond of love which has grown stronger under the rule of her son. If Mr. Asquith is so ill-advised as to implicate the crown in any way in the election which must come shortly he will bitterly rue the day. Such a false step would mean a sweeping triumph for the Unionists, for it would rally the forces of order as they have never been aligned for many a year. It needs some such turn of affairs to put an end to the careers of such pernicious demagogues as Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill.

Mr. Taft is exhorted by the New York *Evening Post* to emulate Mr. Cleveland in vetoing pension bills:

Does he not know that Mr. Cleveland read every pension bill that came before him; that his wholesale vetoes of unworthy pension bills did more than anything else to convince the country of his downright honesty and devotion to the public welfare?

All this of course is apropos of the statement that while Mr. Taft is opposed in principle to the bill creating a retired list for all surviving volunteer officers, he will not carry his opposition to the veto stage. This bill means another drain on the treasury to the extent of over nine million dollars, and is confessedly a bait for the old soldier vote. Hence the opportunity it affords Mr. Taft to regain some of his lost ground.

Governor Patterson of Tennessee has unlimited effrontery. Not content with shocking the country by his recent pardoning of Colonel Cooper, the slayer of ex-Senator Carmack, he now announces himself as a candidate for a third term! As the Springfield *Republican* says, “Tennessee ought to repudiate him. Any governor with a record of having pardoned 152 murderers is a menace to society.”

From Pittsburg comes the news that five of the largest radiator works have combined interests. This may prove a blessing in disguise. American literature is the poorer for the absence in prose and verse of the fireside sentiment; Ik Marvel could not have written his “Reveries of a Bachelor” over a radiator. So let the trust get to work quickly and drive the prices soaring! And then let the cafés and hotels combine and help in the work of re-creating the home in America.

Mr. Rockefeller seems to be losing heart. To have his gift horse looked in the mouth so suspiciously is evidently an unexpected hardship which the pulpit blandishments of his adoring pastor can not mitigate. It is obvious, too, that the present session of Congress will not pass the bill for the proposed foundation. President Schurman of Cornell imagines he has found a way out of the difficulty by suggesting that while the corporation might be left close for a generation, thereafter the majority of the trustees should be appointed by the President of the United States. But it is questionable whether even that concession, which Mr. Rockefeller is hardly likely to make, would disarm the criticism of those who discern in the foundation an attempt to pauperize the nation by plutocratic charity. A sturdy opponent of the scheme, Dr. C. H. Dickinson, made an ominous selection of a text—“Thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money”—from which to deduce his objections. His view in brief is:

It is not a question whether Mr. Rockefeller may give his money in some way, but whether he may give it in this way; nor is it a question of what he will do if this offer is declined. Just this is to be decided: Shall he be allowed to incorporate a perpetual foundation of vast extent, under a body of incorporators selected by himself and of whom the chief is his own personal counsel, this body to be self-perpetuating, with no limit to the causes to which it may contribute, no limit to the sums which it may receive?

Of course it is true that in the event of flagrant abuse Congress might repeal the charter, but by the time that drastic remedy was called for the beneficiaries would probably be more powerful than Congress.

Cecil Rhodes's dream, the Cape to Cairo railway, is coming true. By the end of the year the whole extent of the line will have been surveyed. From Khartum in the north and from Broken Hill in the south the line is creeping forward to the fulfillment of one of the greatest enterprises of modern times. The line, with its 5600 miles of steel, will be by far the longest in the world. Boats on the Congo River will carry passengers from Kindu north to Ponthierville. The line from Ponthierville to Stanleyville is in operation, and the next section north to Mahagi is already surveyed. Boat and rail complete the route northward to Lado and Khartum, whence the journey to Cairo can be made by the existing railway. The great bulk of the line, including some thousands of miles at the northern and southern ends, will be British, and the remainder will pass through Belgian territory.

Edmund Halley, after whom Halley's comet was named, was the son of a soap-boiler. He was educated at St. Paul's School and Queen's College, Oxford, and began to study astronomy in early youth. His fame was founded chiefly upon his knowledge of comets, and especially on the fact that he declared the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 to be the same body, and predicted that it would reappear in 1758. From that day the comet in question has been known as Halley's.

Lord Lister, who originated antiseptic surgery, celebrated his eighty-third birthday recently.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### Love in the Garden

See't not, my love, with what a grace  
The Spring resembles thy sweet face?  
Here let us sit, and in these hours  
Receive the odours of the flowers,  
For Flora, by thy hearty woo'd conspires thy good.

See how she sends her fragrant sweet,  
And doth this homage to thy feet,  
Bending so low her stooping head  
To kiss the ground where thou dost tread,  
And all her flowers proudly meet, to kiss thy feet.

Then let us walk, my dearest love,  
And on this carpet strictly prove  
Each other's vow; from thy request  
No other love invades my breast.  
For how can I condemn that fire which gods admire?

To crop that rose why dost thou seek,  
When there's a purer in thy cheek?  
Like coral held in thy fair hands,  
Or blood and milk that mingled stands:  
To whom the Powers and grace have given, a type of Heaven.

Yon lily stooping t'wards this place,  
Is a pale shadow for thy face,  
Under which veil doth seem to rush  
Modest Endymion's ruddy blush.  
A hush, indeed, more pure and fair than lilies are.

Glance on those flowers thy radiant eyes,  
Through which clear beams they'll sympathize  
Reflective love, to make them far  
More glorious than th' Hesperian star,  
For every swain amazed lies, and gazing dies.

See how these silly flowers twine,  
With sweet embracings, and combine,  
Striving with curious looms to set  
Their pale and red into a net,  
To show how pure desire doth rest forever hlest.

Why wilt thou then unconstant be?  
T' infringe the laws of amity,  
And so much disrespect my heart  
To derogate from what thou art?  
When in harmonious love there is Elysian bliss.  
—W. Bosworth.

#### January and May.

His spacious garden made to yield to none,  
Was compass'd round with walls of solid stone;  
Priapus could not half describe the grade  
(Tho' God of gardens) of this charming place:  
A place to fire the rambling wits of France  
In long descriptions, and exceed Romance;  
Enough to shame the gentlest hard that sings  
Of painted meadows, and of purling springs,  
Full in the centre of the flow'ry ground,  
A crystal fountain spread its streams around,  
The fruitful banks with verdant laurels crown'd:  
About this spring (if ancient fame say true)  
The dapper Elves their moonlight sports pursue;  
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,  
In circling dances gamboll'd on the green,  
While tuneful sprites a merry concert made,  
And airy music warbled thro' the glade.  
—Alexander Pope.

#### Spring in a Garden.

Though you be absent here, I needs must say  
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay,  
As ever they were wont to be;  
Nay the birds' rural music too  
Is as melodious and free,  
As if they sung to pleasure you:  
I saw a rose-hud ope this morn; I'll swear  
The hushing morning open'd not more fair.  
How could it be so fair, and you away?  
How could the trees be beauteous, flowers so gay?  
Could they remember but last year,  
How you did them, they you delight,  
The sprouting leaves which saw you here,  
And called their fellows to the sight,  
Would, looking round for the same sight in vain,  
Creep back into their silent harks again.  
Where'er you walk'd trees were as reverend made,  
As when of old gods dwelt in every shade.  
Is 't possible they should not know,  
What loss of honour they sustain,  
That thus they smile and flourish now,  
And still their former pride retain?  
Dull creatures! 'tis not without cause that she,  
Who fled the god of wit, was made a tree.

In ancient times sure they much wiser were,  
When they rejoic'd the Thracian verse to hear;  
In vain did nature bid them stay,  
When Orpheus had his song begun,  
They call'd their wondering roots away,  
And had them silent to him run.  
How would those learned trees have followed you?  
You would have drawn them, and their poet too.

But who can blame them now? for, since you're gone,  
They're here the only fair, and shine alone.  
You did their natural rights invade;  
Where ever you did walk or sit,  
The thickest houghs could make no shade,  
Although the Sun had granted it:  
The fairest flowers could please no more, near you,  
Than painted flowers, sat next to them, could do.

When e'er then you cam' hither, that shall be  
The time, which this to others is, to me.  
The little joys which here are now,  
The name of punishments do hear;  
When by their sight they let us know  
How we depriv'd of greater are,  
'Tis you the best of seasons with you bring;  
This is for heasts, and that for men the Spring.  
—A. Courley.

Big Ben, the famous London bell which strikes a discordant tune, derives its name from Sir Benjamin Hall, who was first commissioner of works at the time the bell was cast. It weighs thirteen tons, and on a calm day floods London with a wave of sound. Discordant or melodious, however, Big Ben will always remain the standard timekeeper for Londoners, who regulate their watches by it.



## A NEW YORK CAFE THAT FAILED.

With Thoughts on Evening Dress and Other Matters.

Laura Murdock, the luxury-loving heroine of "The Easiest Way," will never change her last line to, "I'm going to the Café de l'Opera to make a hit!" For those doors on Broadway and Seventh Avenue which once lured diners by their winged bulls and other non-zoological animals are closed; in brief, the Café de l'Opera has suspended business.

Less than four months have sufficed to demonstrate that the manners of Paris and London can not be transferred to New York. The Gothamite will not be coerced into a dress suit at the bidding of a restaurant manager. Exactly who was responsible for the rule which made evening dress obligatory with the diners does not transpire; it is probable, however, that the manager, Henri Pruger, who was drawn across the Atlantic by the magnetism of a fifty-thousand-dollar salary, must be saddled with the responsibility. He was fresh from his experience at the Hotel Savoy in London, where, as also at the Carlton and Claridge's and many another fashionable resort, it is unnecessary to insist upon evening dress because everybody adopts it by choice.

But was there no one associated with the Café de l'Opera to warn Mr. Pruger of the rocks ahead? An enterprise which involved four million dollars ought to have been engineered by experts familiar with social conditions in New York. Failing such, the evenings of a single week devoted to dining at the leading cafés and visits to the most fashionable theatres would have taught the necessary lesson. That New York is a law unto itself in the matter of evening dress was never more strikingly illustrated than at the opening of David Belasco's Stuyvesant Theatre. It was an invitation function; no seats were on sale, the entire house having been given away to Mr. Belasco's numerous friends in all parts of the country. Hence if ever there was an occasion when evening dress might have been expected to be the rule, that was the occasion. Yet what was the case? Perhaps half the men did honor their host as they should; but of all the hundreds of women two and two only were in evening dress.

Not a night passes without this haphazard habit being illustrated at all the leading restaurants. It is utterly immaterial whether the student of manners goes; whether to the almost regal café of the Plaza, or the glittering interior of Rector's, or the more subdued shades of Shanley's—in each haunt there is the same promiscuous blending of men and women arrayed in lay and evening attire. And the theatres tell the same tale. While the orchestra stalls of a London playhouse will present an unbroken phalanx of spacious shirt front and uncovered flesh, the same region in a New York theatre will display enough variety in men's suits and women's gowns to stock an ordinary store.

All this alone would have been fatal to the Café de l'Opera. If it needs a city ordinance to compel women to take off their hats in a theatre, nothing less will make them and their escorts put on evening dress for a restaurant. Besides, who is to decide what is evening dress? The male variety was easy to adjudicate—once. If the garb drew to its wearer the fire of inquiries usually addressed to a waiter, it would pass muster. But all sorts of innovations are threatening. Now that Mark Twain is unhappily gone, there is no longer of the white suit becoming fashionable; but what of the knee-breeches and plum-colored coat which are trying to invade the upper-ten circles over the water? Nay, more, if the master of ceremonies is a rigid guardian of use and wont, what is there to prevent him from decreeing that a black tie with a wallow-tail is a fatal offense? So a man may be arrayed in all the glory of a waiter and yet not be in evening dress. But all these puzzles are not worth mentioning compared with the profound problem of what constitutes evening dress for a woman. The male mind reels at the difficulty.

New Yorkers have always been notorious for their titlitude to evening dress. Their singularity is pertinently illustrated by the rule which E. C. Stedman proposed for the Authors' Club, which tabooed evening dress at its meetings. The first offender was Stedman himself, who arrived about ten o'clock one night in full dinner garb. His only apology was that he had been to a function where that attire was as necessary as combed hair or polished boots or washed hands, but here was no forgiveness for him until he had torn off his white tie and donned a black one in its place. Perhaps the Authors and other Gothamites never pause to consider that there may be as much affectation in wearing evening dress as in wearing it. They remind me of the self-contained individual who on appearing at a gathering where all the other men were in evening dress wondered whether they did not feel "out of it and uncomfortable!" Surely it is too often forgotten that to change from day clothes to a dress suit is as much hygienic relief as a toll to custom.

But to return to the Café de l'Opera. The dress question was not the only cause of its failure. The same was sufficient to cause its undoing. Richard Mansfield ascribed the failure of his play, "Monsieur," to the imputed inability of American managers to pronounce the French title. It was the same difficulty that lay in the way of the success of the Café de l'Opera. As one cynical humorist has observed, Broadway pronounces the name of the resort with

the accent of Paris, Texas, rather than Paris, France. Though it gets the 'caf-fay' part pretty well, it rather goes to pieces on 'de l'oppra.' For Broadway eats French better than it speaks it." When we get the diaries of the Four Hundred we shall learn how many dinner parties came to grief because the telephone girl could not locate the place of meeting or the chauffeur find the destination for which he set out.

After all, did not the organizers of the Café de l'Opera realize the fate which was in store for their enterprise? Their scheme of decoration had in it a prophecy of ruin. The winged animals, and, above all, that portentous canvas of the Fall of Babylon gave a hint of what was coming. Nebuchadnezzar from just such surroundings went out to eat grass, and the patrons of the Café de l'Opera have gone elsewhere to consume the *pâté de foie* variety. *Sic transit gloria Café de l'Opera.*

NEW YORK, April 30, 1910.

At the age of twenty-two Jean Richepin accepted a place as instructor in literature in a school which prepared students for the military college of Saint-Cyr. His employer warned him that the future army officers took very little interest in *belles-lettres*, and that their principal occupation in class was raising chaos. Richepin's first lesson began amidst a storm of whistling and cat-calls. But the young instructor's voice boomed out above the uproar, and imperiously commanded silence. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am not here because I like it. I am here for my living. Is any one of you going to stand in the way? If there is, I should be obliged if he will tell me so face to face on the Place du Panthéon, where I am ready to meet him at any time. And inasmuch as we are all of us about the same age, you understand, of course, that the interview will be with bare fists." And so saying, young Richepin brought his clenched hand down upon the desk, and the desk broke in two, and he and his pupils lived happily ever afterward. Thus runs the official legend.

A very important personage in the social life of Naples, Alfredo Moreno, the head of the "claque" at the St. Carlo Theatre, died recently. Moreno was known to every artist in Europe, and was esteemed, or feared, by them as the case might be. With his band of vigorous applauders it was within his power to make or break a piece or an artist. As a man he had no esthetic preferences, and his tastes in art were purely in proportion to the benefit which he derived from the piece or the artist concerned. But there were two musicians whom he particularly hated—Wagner and Strauss. "Their music," he said, "is bothersome. It goes on forever, and there is no means of interspersing applause. One neither applauds, encores, nor recalls the artists, and if they become popular it is the end of the 'claque'."

There is a probability that the Isle of Wight is doomed to become a lost Atlantis, like poor little Heli-goland, whose battered head the Kaiser is trying to keep above water. The great mass of cliff which recently flung itself into the sea had the example set long before the ancient Britons began to call the island names—Guich (the separated one) among them. "Vectis" tells the same tale of a time when the island was a happy part of the mainland. Even Wight's familiar names have long since lost their felicity. There was up to 1780 a lofty, pointed rock, resembling a needle and justifying the name. It reared its head 120 feet above low water mark; but there came a day when it crashed into the waves and totally disappeared.

Turkish women do not wear veils because of their religion, as many suppose. It is merely the survival of an old custom. When the Turks still lived in Tartary, before the time of Mohammed, it was the habit of the men to steal such women for wives as attracted them. This led to so much fighting that about the second century after Christ the Turks came together and decided that henceforth the women should go veiled, and should not meet men, but should dwell in harems as soon as they arrived at womanhood—which was at about eleven years of age.

Africa has adopted the aluminum coin. Nearly thirty-two million coins of that metal have been struck from the royal mint for circulation in Uganda and the Nigerian protectorates. Each coin bears the value either of one cent or of two mills. They are perforated in the centre like Chinese coins, in order that the natives may string them together. Bronze coins are in wide circulation on the west coast of Africa. In the interior small shells known as *cowries* are used as fractional currency. It is primarily to replace the *cowries* that the new coins have been struck.

At the American Museum of Natural History in New York recently there was a private exhibition of the collection of African game made in 1909 by E. Hubert Litchfield, Bayard Dominick, Jr., and Henry Sampson, Jr. The collection includes more than 300 heads, mounted in London, and illustrates the range of variation in size and color of the animals that have made East Africa famous.

Mr. S. Goulitchambaroff is the chief petroleum geologist of the Russian government.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Li Ching Fong, Chinese minister to the court of St. James, is a son of the late Li Hung Chang.

Lawrence P. Lee is the official "marrying man" at the immigration bureau on Ellis Island, New York. During the past six years he has married over five thousand couples.

Lady St. Helier has been elected to the London county council, and the British papers are gravely speculating whether she is to be designated an alderman or alderwoman.

Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, used to drive spikes on a section. Then he drove a locomotive over a division. After that he started climbing the railroad ladder and did not stop until he reached the top.

Congressman Coudrey of Missouri believes in timely legislation. A short time ago he arose in Congress and introduced a bill providing for the imposition of a twenty-five-dollar fine upon any one who shall display in Washington a clock that is more than two minutes out of the way.

Freiherr von Eiselsberg, who is now visiting Chicago, is generally regarded as the leading surgeon of Europe. He is head of the Billroth Clinic, which was founded by Dr. Billroth, the "father of pathology." During Dr. Billroth's life he was his first assistant, and when he died he succeeded him.

Mrs. Margaret Selenka, widow of the Dutch scholar, Dr. Emil Selenka, has been chosen to lead a scientific expedition that will soon start for the island of Java. The expedition is backed by the Dutch government and the Berlin Academy of Science. Its object is to continue the researches of Dr. Dubois.

Colonel Harvey Pasha, inspector-in-chief of the Egyptian police, is a Scotsman. He entered the Forty-Second Highlanders in 1876, fought at Tel-el-Keber and El Teb, joined the Egyptian service in 1884, and raised the corps known as "Harvey's Blacks." He has been chief of police both at Cairo and Alexandria.

Mirza Ali Abbas Baig has been selected as Moslem representative in the Indian Council by Lord Morley, with the title of Dewan or Prime Minister of Junagadh. For thirteen years he was Oriental translator and reporter on the native press to the Bombay government. But when he got to be Dewan of Junagadh he became interested in forest conservation.

Prince Frederick Henry of Prussia, cousin to the German emperor, has lately become converted to Catholicism, ceded his entire fortune of a million and a quarter dollars to the church and entered an Italian monastery as a monk. He is the oldest son of the late Prince Albert, Regent of Brunswick, is thirty-six years of age, and a Knight of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

Kaid Belton, the young English officer who, at the age of twenty-six, became commander-in-chief to Mulai Hafid and helped him win the throne of Morocco, has had a stranger-than-fiction career. At nineteen he received his commission for bravery in South Africa, soon after achieved his captaincy in Somaliland, entered Mulai Hafid's service in 1908, and now everybody in Morocco calls him "the king-maker."

Queen Olga of Greece is the only woman admiral in the world. She was Grand Duchess Olga Constantino-vna of Russia when she married Prince William of Denmark, who afterward was elected King of the Hellenes and assumed the title of George I. Before the wedding, Alexander III, then the Czar, appointed her an admiral in the Russian navy. Today she is the commander of the second squadron of the Russian fleet.

Prince Albert of Monaco, who delivered the inaugural address at the opening of the Oceanographical Museum at Monaco recently, has for twenty-five years devoted himself to the study of ocean depths. His original idea was to erect a museum for his own specimens, but the plan has developed and the collection has grown until it is world wide. The prince, although sixty-two years of age, is still an active collector whose enthusiasm is distinctly boyish.

Princess Chadye, daughter of the ex-Sultan Abdul Hamid, has a will of her own, and has refused to accept Ali Namih Bey, son of the ex-Grand Vizier, to marry whom she was recently brought from Salonica to Constantinople. The princess is only sixteen years of age, but she has displayed so much determination in her refusal to marry Ali Namih Bey that in order to avoid a scandal an official communication has been made to the press announcing that the engagement has been broken off.

Matthew Teefy of Richmond Hill, Ontario, who recently celebrated his eighty-eighth birthday, is the oldest postmaster, both in years and time of service, in Canada. He was born in Tipperary, village of Newport, and left there when two years old. In his early years he was an apprentice on the *Patriot*, a newspaper published during the Fenian rebellion of 1837; then he sold dry goods for a while, but soon preëempted a post-office, and has maintained his possession of it for sixty-six years.



## POKER JACK'S DREAM.

A Day and a Night in Donner Flat.

It was a hot day in Donner Flat; despite the mile high elevation the fiery California sun streamed down on the white alkali roads, until the masses of withered vegetation bordering the trails crackled in the fierce heat. Beyond the flat in the green of the timber spirals of dust rose to the tree tops, marking the path of squeaking logging trucks. Still higher, patches of snow gleamed on the peaks of the Sierra Nevada range. From the sun-baked plain could be seen the haunts of fern, and spots of vivid green traced the windings of foaming torrents. The town baked and stewed in the August heat, and the business men—by courtesy—languidly cut and shuffled in the games around the tables.

Built on three sides of a square, nine saloons and two general stores represented the business activities. At the south end the majesty of government was typified by a low frame structure bearing the sign "Post-office & Notions." Called into being by the construction camps of the railroad, with the completion of the Transcontinental destiny had been fulfilled, but the saloons and card men still lingered, the latter vainly hoping for something to revive the faded glories of the place.

On this morning, when the little narrow-gauge train pulled out from the depot, Nims watched it crawl away until it had become a blurred speck on the horizon. Then closing the office, the postmaster walked slowly across the square to the Mohawk saloon. The town appeared to be sleeping in the sultry autumn haze. As he neared the entrance to the Mohawk a howl of pain, followed by the sound of blows, brought the entire population to the doors. Mr. Nims with much agility stepped to one side, thus allowing the flying form of Indian Pete to alight in the middle of the road. Pete lay for a moment as though stunned, then rising unsteadily, ran to his horse, mounted hastily, and rode away in a cloud of dust.

"There! I guess no Digger will kick a dog of mine 'cause he went broke." Mr. John Ostrander, the proprietor of the Mohawk, stood in the doorway growling his wrath, at the same time gazing earnestly after the fleeing rider, who was galloping rapidly towards the river. His large blond face was red, indignation choked him, and the physical exertion of throwing the audacious Pete into the street made his broad chest heave like a smith's bellows.

"Look out for me a little, Poker Jack, for I get even with you," floated back from the dust-enveloped horseman. Mopping his face with a large crimson handkerchief, the landlord walked back into the building.

"What's the Injun locoed about, Poker?" inquired Nims.

"I'll show him," responded Ostrander irately. "Kicked my fox-terrier 'cause three kings don't beat a full: an' he went broke on the hand."

"It's best to be careful with them kind, Poker," replied Nims. "They're treacherous cattle."

Ostrander, known throughout the mountains as Poker Jack, drew himself up to his full six feet, and grinned amiably at little Nims. "There aint an Indian hereabouts that I can't outshoot, or give cards an' spades at any old kind of a scrap. Have another, Nims."

Mr. Nims, who was short and fat, with a round, puffy face and little beady eyes, shook his head dubiously. "It aint that, Poker; when a Injun starts in to get even, you don't get no show."

Ostrander's good humor was now fully restored, so he merely laughed at the postmaster's pessimistic remarks. "I'll take care of him, if he comes nosing 'round this joint."

For a few minutes longer the rattle of chips and low growled oaths came from the tables. Outside the heat increased as the sun mounted to the zenith; the heat waves radiated from the square as from a bake oven. "Cash in, gents," groaned Nat, a sharp featured gamekeeper. "Ther' aint life enough in this game to keep me from hunting a shade tree."

The players scattered at the close of the game in a general search for cool nooks in the shade along the river. Mr. Nims and Poker were left alone in the Mohawk. Ostrander beckoned the postmaster over to the bar, looking at him in a quizzical manner. "Any more letters come, Nimsy?"

Nims approached with an expression of sheepish mystery on his chubby face. "Three for you and two for me. Besides that, the last issue of *The Matrimonial Budget* has a lot of new uns in. Peaches, by their photographs, some of 'em is. I'll show 'em to you." Mr. Nims's weak round face beamed as he imparted his news.

"You'll naterally have the pick, Poker," he continued, "for I aint never been considered handsome. But a home with a loving, congenial woman in it is what I've been wanting for quite a while back. Only I don't never have no luck. Now there was that girl in Fresno; she suited me ace high. Why! she used to call me 'her Nimsy,' quite endearing like. Her letters was plumb full of affection, allowing we'd drift to a peaceful haven together. But lordy! after I'd sent her that three hundred dollars for a wedding troosso, an' tickets to come to me, I aint never heard of her any more."

The gambler grinned appreciatively at Mr. Nims's story of blighted hopes. Reaching over the bar he patted the little man on the shoulder. "Cheer up,

Nimsy, you'll land one yet. Don't open the paper, and give me the letters. We'll look 'em over tonight when all the boys have gone back to camp. We'd have a hell of time if it got round that Nimsy and Poker Jack was advertising for wives."

With this understanding, the postmaster crossed the square to his office, and for the remainder of the evening gazed tenderly at the features of ladies who advertised for peaceful homes and loving husbands.

Ostrander watched the postmaster until he disappeared into the cubbyhole of an office. "Poor little Nimsy," he muttered. "Sure, he aint handsome, but he's got staying qualities. Any woman overlooking the homeliness of the critter would sure be loved to the grave, and mourned till Nimsy cashed in his last bet. But gals aint looking for that kind of a paragon."

Being now alone, the gambler straightened up his figure, and gazed earnestly into the large bar mirror, as though mentally taking stock of his own qualifications. The reflection gave out six feet full of brawn and sinew; a large face, puffed a little, as though from the effect of habitual drams; the gray eyes, shrewd and humorous, but capable of deadly menace in times of conflict. A month of clean living would have transformed him into the ideal stage-border hero.

"I'll have to cut it out," he murmured, shaking his head at the mirror. Throwing himself into a chair, Ostrander scrutinized his letters. One, addressed in a beautiful flowing hand, he opened carefully. A faint suggestion of perfume came from the tiny sheet. He read it to the end with a rather perturbed face.

"How can she—how can she know? She can't understand. She's too good for me," he muttered. "It's my dream coming true after years of hell." Throwing the other letters aside, Ostrander closed the saloon, locking the door behind him, and with a long swinging stride headed down the river trail.

Nat, the dealer, three woodsmen, and a couple of bartenders off shift were lying in the shade of a huge sugar pine. The gambler swung by, heedless of the greetings showered at him, and walked rapidly on into the shade of the deep woods. Turning to the right, he came out to the river where it entered the cañon above the town. Far across the mountain the yellow outline of the "right-of-way" hugging the cliffs followed the convolutions of the Feather River, which ran babbling over its pebbles a thousand feet below the road. The low murmurs of running waters came softly on the still evening air. In the mellow haze the cañons gleamed in colors of purple and gold. The peace and beauty of the scene calmed the gambler's troubled mind. Leaning on a moss-grown log, he spread the tiny letter in front of him and read again:

DEAR JACK: How strange it seems that I, who have never left my quiet country home, should be engaged to you, who have been in the far West so many years. Even in our school-days I always liked you, though you were older than I. And how could I forget the boy who saved me from drowning in the old mill dam, at the risk of his own life. Indeed, I have often prayed for your happiness and prosperity. Who could have foreseen that a chance copy of a matrimonial paper falling into my hands should have brought this happiness to me. Indeed, I never meant to answer any of those horrid letters from strange men, but your name made me just long to know if it could be my old school days' friend. And oh! Jack, I have been lonely since mother died. You say you have money. I suppose you struck it rich in a mine; most people do Out West, don't they? Yesterday was my twenty-first birthday, and your beautiful present came in on the morning's mail. How good of you to remember all these years. God bless you and bring you safe home. With love, MATTIE.

It was such a letter as a true-hearted girl could write to her lover, but surely a strange one for the most reckless gambler of Donner Flat to receive. And it stirred him mightily; everything good in the man quickened to the influence of a pure heart. It appeared to him as a scroll from regions not far removed from heaven. "May all luck leave me if I don't make her happy." Mr. Ostrander confided this laudable sentiment to the trees and the whispering wind as he sprang to his feet.

That night the patrons of the Mohawk found fresh cause to wonder in the action of the proprietor. Promptly at twelve he ordered Nat to cash in the chips. "Closing time, gentlemen," was the next astounding utterance. This transcended the experience of the oldest inhabitant. There had never been such a thing as closing time in Donner Flat.

"It aint right," murmured one, "when a man's got money to buy chips an' is willing to play."

"It seems like flying in the face of Providence," said a little wizened pocket-miner.

"Some of you men have wives, and it's time you were going to camp."

Gasping at this explanation, as though they had not heard aright, the men filed slowly out, and heard the locking of the door behind them.

The gambler extinguished the lights of the Mohawk, save the one in the office. This apartment was furnished with desk, chairs, and a sleeping lounge. On the wall hung a solitary picture of an old-fashioned farm house. By the privileged few who had been admitted to the sanctum, it was opined to be Poker's birthplace. On the desk in a cabinet frame stood a portrait of a girl: the pretty dark eyes had an appealing look of shyness, and a wealth of soft brown hair crowned a delicate face. Ostrander paused, and looked lingeringly at the photograph. "The husband of that angel must be a straight man in a straight business," he murmured.

A low tap at the casement aroused him from his reveries. "All right, Nimsy," he sung out. "Come around to the side door."

"It's going to be a storm, Poker," said Nims, entering. "Gee! look at that; that heat spell brought it on." As he spoke a sharp bolt of flame zigzagged across an indigo sky; the cracking report following the flash shook every casement in the building.

"I thought I'd better come over an' tell you the Injun's in town and loaded."

"He won't hurt anything," replied Ostrander, carelessly.

Enconced in the office, Mr. Nims looked bashfully at his companion before speaking. "I've had another proposal, Poker; one in the mail, an' a new un in the *Budget*. The one in the mail has a nice, sunny disposition, is very amiable, an' likes a quiet, domestic life. She is also a good housekeeper, and would make a loving wife to the right man. The other lady weighs two hundred pounds, plays the organ, sacred music only. She is of pleasing appearance, though not tall, and desires a kind, loving husband of a serious turn of mind. What do you think of 'em, Jack?" asked Nims, concluding.

The gambler shook his head reflectively. "Now what makes an old heavyweight gal like that pine for the matrimonial bonds? I'd bet a stack of blue chips on the first one, Nims. But don't send any money; wait till the knot is tied before loosening up your play."

The postmaster smiled gratefully. "I've answered already, but I wanted your advice about it, for you've done a lot for me in this town, Poker. You see when a man's little, an' peculiar looking, he don't get no show. An' I'm blamed if a man don't get to thinking himself a fool, when all of his fellow-citizens get to treating him that way. So when you put me wise to go frothing around the square, brandishing two big guns, an' a shouting 'Maybe you guys can kill me, but you've got to show me,' the bluff worked, an' I've been one of the boys ever since."

"You had the nerve to run the bluff, Nims. A good bluffer can make himself respected in any kind of a game. And now I'll introduce you to Mrs. Jack Ostrander." The gambler waved his hand to the photograph on the desk. "This town is all in, Nims, and I'm going to close down tomorrow. Poker Jack will step on the train, and Mr. John Ostrander will arrive in New York, with a grip full of gilt-edged mining stock, and a wedding on his hands. It's been my dream, Nimsy, for years. I'm going to cut this life out, and be respected in a good neighborhood, with the best girl ever was for a wife." The gambler's face glowed as he sketched out his future. "There will be schools, and friends' houses, and a trip to the theatre once in a while. Maybe the wife will have to be driven over to church on Sundays, and I'll go into a respectable business."

"Sure, you will need good schools for the children," interpolated Mr. Nims.

To Mr. Ostrander's credit, and much to his surprise, a slight blush mantled his eager face.

"Why," he continued, "there's all life before me; I'm only twenty-five and—" The gambler's speech was never finished. The window near which the two men were sitting crashed in. A large stone, passing over the postmaster's head, broke into fragments the photograph on the desk. Leaping to the door, Ostrander dashed into the square. Nims heard a shot out in the dark. Then another dazzling flare of light tore across the sky. Ostrander was hanging to the doorpost, with gun leveled, and at every flash of the lightning was firing repeatedly at some object bounding across the square. The building rocked with crashing thunder, and sheets of rain came pouring down as darkness hid everything from view.

The gambler staggered back into the room as Nims ran out with the light. "The Injun's got me, Nimsy," he groaned, sinking to the floor. "Listen! You'll find a paper in the desk willing that bunch of stock to the girl. Send it to her. Telegraph her old aunt first."

"No, no! You're going to get over this, aint you Jack?" queried Nims tremulously.

A smile flitted across the gambler's pale face. "It was only a dream," he said faintly, "happiness like that aint for such as me." He closed his eyes and died as the crowd came rushing in.

Solemn oaths of lynching were sworn by excited angry men. But it was not needed, for daylight revealed the body of Indian Pete, face downward on the edge of the square. A bullet under the shoulder blade had reached his heart, and he died as he ran.

Little Nims, who had been wandering around wringing his hands in a dazed state, cheered up when they found Pete.

"Jack was game," he said. "Jack got him, after being wounded to death. I'm proud I was his friend." Then he hid himself in his little room in the postoffice and cried bitterly.

Ostrander's bequest was forwarded to the girl with a note couched in the following terms:

RESPECTED MISS: We, the undersigned population of Donner Flat, send our sympathy in your bereavement. Mr. John Ostrander was an honored fellow-citizen, and would stand as a friend to the last chip. He could have been elected mayo of this town unanimous. Drawn under the hand of Alfie Nims, Postmaster.

Appended below were the signatures of eight purveyors of stimulants, their respective assistants, and the two general merchandise dealers, comprising the whole population of Donner Flat. And the little narrow-gauge train bore it eastward over the desert on the next trip. PERCY WALTON WHITAKER.  
RENO, NEVADA, May, 1910.



# RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

An Exhaustive Biography of the Famous Wit, Dramatist, and Politician.

Were it not for "The Rivals" and "The School for Scandal" the fame of Richard Brinsley Sheridan would have undoubtedly suffered comparative eclipse long ere now. This would have been an injustice. How great an injustice is now more apparent than ever, for Walter Sichel's life-size canvas of "Sheridan" reveals the rare versatility of the man and goes far to explain why he was so notable a figure of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. In truth, it was high time such a service was rendered to his memory, for his career has been too often depicted in mere profile. Happily, Mr. Sichel has fallen heir to an enormous mass of new material, which is often of marked value, and has consequently been able to produce a definitive life.

Strictly speaking, Mr. Sichel is slightly in error in asserting that Sheridan's life falls naturally into two divisions: literary and political. This is to overlook his exertions as theatrical manager. Yet the classification may stand, for Sheridan's connection with the Drury Lane Theatre was the direct outcome of his play-writing.

Although there is nothing on record to uphold the theory, it is more than probable that Sheridan would have ranked his winning of Elizabeth Ann Linley as not the least of his achievements. No romance of fiction enshrines so many thrilling episodes, so many cross-purposes, so many hopes alternately high and low as the love story of Sheridan. It was in Bath he first saw that accomplished singer and beautiful girl who became the idol of poets and the despair of painters. He was in his twentieth year and had found his way to the concert-room where his father, a teacher and exemplar of elocution, was to give one of his Attic entertainments. The elder Sheridan, however, was sufficiently alert to the tastes of the day not to rely upon his own powers of elocution; to add a charm to his programme he had enlisted the vocal services of the eldest daughter of Thomas Linley, the director of the Bath concerts. And so the lovers met. Sheridan was a personable and handsome stripling; of Miss Linley there is the following sketch from Mr. Sichel's pen:

She had barely turned sixteen. And though for over four years already an enchantress of the public and exposed to the ude gaze of mankind, she remained "the most modest, pleasing and delicate flower" in nature's garden, as voluptuary Wilkes styled her when he dined with the family in the following year. She had trodden a thorny path without contamination. Purity and beauty embodied, she consecrated her art to the strains of that Handel whom her sister Maria died singing, whom their father revered and resuscitated, and after whom he christened his eldest son. "For sure," sang Tickell, urging Sheridan's rhapsodies,

For sure the sweetest lay she well may claim  
Whose soul breathes harmony o'er all her frame.

She was indeed one, to quote Sheridan's "Duenna," "who peaks in song, who moves in light." In after years a hishop termed her the connecting link between mortals and angels; a statesman, who said the same, sat up half the night to hear her; the king himself hung on her every tone. And her voice was an emblem of herself. Contemporaries unite in hyperbole. "Hark, Sheridan's old schoolmaster, always spoke of her as more than human, while the musician Jackson of Exeter owned that "her countenance while singing was like nothing earthly." Talihans stood abashed at this Miranda.

More than two years were to elapse ere the youth in the audience and the singer on the platform became man and wife, but the interval was to witness their historic elopement, the determined opposition of parents, a couple of duels of which the second nearly proved fatal, and other excitements foreign even to the pages of fiction. But perseverance won the day and the bride, and these two entered into a heritage of happiness which knew no serious break until that day when Mrs. Sheridan passed into the unknown. Then the light went out of Sheridan's life, not to return. For his second marriage with the capricious Esther Ogle, fashionable and extravagant, was a profound mistake.

Whoever knows anything of Sheridan knows that he was always in debt. It was a common failing of the age, but in his own case the facility he possessed to incur monetary obligations must count as an extenuating circumstance. No one could resist his persuasiveness. He could, as Byron said, soften the heart of an attorney:

When the stage upholsterers at Birmingham laid siege to Sichel, the singer, it was Sheridan who contrived to deliver him. When the Drury Lane treasury despaired of sipping more from its hankers, Sheridan entered their sanctum and emerged radiant with three thousand pounds. He was a veritable *deus ex machina*. Duns quitted the Proteus, when they could catch him, with old scores unsettled on his desk, and fresh commissions on their hooks. And he was deliciously cool. Now, the hand conductor, whom Sheridan had often helped, now demanded the return of five hundred pounds. Sheridan retaliated by requesting twenty-five pounds for an important errand, and met his friend's anger with "My dear fellow, reason. The sum you ask me for is a very considerable one, whereas I only ask you to lend me twenty-five pounds." At another time as much as five thousand pounds was granted without a murmur, and his grave offer of security rejected as an insult. He could achieve the impossible. When twelve thousand were demanded for the settlement on his second marriage he disappointed the skeptics, and in 1789 his first wife tells Mrs. Canning how her husband, anxious "for poor Dr. Ford's large claims on the theatre," baffled expectation by coming up with a draft for no less than eighteen thousand pounds. When Mrs. Siddons stubbornly refused to appear as Lady Macheth till the arrears of her salary were paid, and could not be moved by the Drury Lane messengers, five minutes of Sheridan's flattery and remonstrance brought her to her senses and back to the theatre.

How did he do it? What, apart from his genius,

was the secret of the ascendancy Sheridan attained in his lifetime? That ascendancy was not confined to one class of society; the common folk trooped weeping to his funeral. "He is beloved and almost adored by all," was the testimony of one witness, and applewomen blessed him at street corners. Mr. Sichel attempts to explain this universal fascination:

It was not wit alone, or art, or the unaided spell of his conversation. He grafted a power of taking pains on a natural and buoyant playfulness. Though he often played truant in the schools of society and parliament, it should be remembered that the impression left by him on the rank and file at the dawn of his career was that of solidity as well as of sprightliness. "A leading man, ma'am, solid, quick, lively; nobody like him—a leading man," was the verdict of "Mr. Thursty," a kind of political Alfred Jingle, who called in 1785 at Delapre Abbey during one of Mrs. Sheridan's stays with the Bouveries. Earlier than this, again, Mrs. Sheridan tells her bosom friend, Mrs. Canning, that Sheridan is a pillar of strength to his party. Much earlier, Kitty Clive, on the eve of retirement from the stage, wrote to Garrick of Sheridan that every one said he was "very sensible." In June, 1783, when Sheridan was Secretary to the Treasury, Lord Sheffield informed Eden (the future Lord Auckland) that "he trains on as a man of business and attention." A year earlier, when Sheridan first entered government, he himself sportively assured his brother "how very much a man of business" he had become; while he cites Fox as a witness for the change. Lord Brougham, too, has dwelt on Sheridan's unwearied attention to parliamentary detail. But he would take his own time and his own way. The playing Sheridan, like the working Sheridan, was informal. He brimmed over with fun. "Oh, how I longed for Sheridan to roll with me on the carpet," writes his sister-in-law. Every one was at ease with him. He could romp like a child, and children were his devotees.

What has also to be remembered is that in an age distinguished for brilliant conversationalists Sheridan knew no peer. Fox declared after meeting him for the first time that the pleasure was worth a week's waiting for, and many of his sayings had sufficient savor to preserve them to this day. We too often forget that it is to him we are indebted for such phrases as "Defense not Defiance," "The Old Lady of Threadneedle Street," "Peace with Honor," "the Ministry of All the Talents," "no scandal about Queen Elizabeth," and "I could name him as soon as I could name Jack Robinson." Of course it is difficult for a later generation to appreciate the conversational powers of Sheridan at their true value, but Mr. Sichel is able to place on record some of its effects:

In his youth it detained Lady Cork for two months at Chatsworth from a house awaiting her at Bath. In his age it held Rogers and Byron spellbound from six in the evening till one in the morning. It brought up Thackeray's witty and beautiful grandmother night after night to the Westminster house of her uncle Peter Moore for the mere pleasure of hearing him. It disarmed his opponents, it propitiated men so opposed to each other as Dundas and Wilberforce. It softened Sheridan's breach with the fastidious Windham. It conciliated the commonplace George Rose, who once boasted that he had christened a son William in honor of Pitt and was told by Sheridan that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. For a long space (to use Burke's word) it "dulcified" Burke's righteous asperity. "You have only to wish to be excused," he assured his colleague in the Hastings trial, "to succeed in your wishes. For indeed he must be a great enemy to himself who can consent on account of a momentary ill-humor to keep himself at a distance from you." Even Lady Holland's dislike was not proof against the spell. "Whenever I see him," she sets down in her day-book, "if but for five minutes, a sort of cheerful frankness and pleasant wittiness puts to flight all the reasonable prejudices that I entertain against him." In his old age, it is true, he would often sit silent, and on those nights he is twice mentioned as speechless, once for want of the hottle, and a second time because of it.

Postulating Sheridan's possession of the dramatic instinct, the fact that his father was an actor, a "gentleman-actor," is sufficient to explain how he came to write plays. But the "divine Miss Linley" was another important factor. Marriage brought responsibility, and as the law proved a barren source of income, Sheridan turned to the stage to supply the deficiency. Many 'prentice efforts preceded "The Rivals," and, oddly enough, not one earned the approval of "the divine Maid of Bath." When "The Rivals" failed, as it did fail when first produced, Mrs. Sheridan was not surprised. "My dear Dick," she wrote, "I am delighted. I always knew that it was impossible you could make anything by writing plays; so now there is nothing for it but my beginning to sing publicly again, and we shall have as much money as we like." Sheridan did not agree. He set himself against his wife appearing in public, and proved that he could make something by writing plays. Hence the determination with which he set to work revising "The Rivals." But for general encouragement due note should be taken of the fate which befell that classic at its first hearing:

The first performance of "The Rivals" attracted a crowded and brilliant house. The social success of the Sheridans provoked some envy, and the author was known though he was not named. It is plain from contemporary news that a claque was organized both in and outside the theatre against the play. A whole chorus hissed disapproval, a faction was ejected from the gallery, and it was said that even the boxes witnessed a challenge. Only the epilogue escaped, but even that was given out to be Garrick's. The play itself was damned. Its hlemishes—length, exuberance, and drawn-out sentiment—were fair game, but its very beauties were blamed and belittled as second-hand. One of the journals, it is true, owned that in the very imperfections might be traced "the man of genius, the gentleman and the scholar," and they protested "tenderness" to a "novice" and a "young hard." But on the whole nothing would content them. It was all a hungle. The piece was voted "insufferably tedious," and its naturalness was resented as much as had been Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer." More point and polish, more artificiality, might mend though it could never save so immature an achievement. These cavils gave Sheridan a distaste for the play which he never surmounted, and that itch for polish which over-refined "The School for Scandal." When "The Rivals" was revived with *éclat* in 1791, Sheridan wrote to the future Lady Holland, who was then still Lady Webster, "I had rather you would not listen to the play from my good

will to the author, and yet I would not have your attention otherwise engaged."

No such dubious reception awaited "The School for Scandal." Old Drury Lane Theatre was packed to its utmost capacity on the eighth of May, 1777, when that epoch-making play was performed for the first time. Its triumph was complete. And it was well earned. Sheridan distilled into that play the quintessence of himself and his age; he wrought at its lines and situations with infinite pains and patience. And he was equally assiduous in directing the rehearsals. When Mrs. Abington delivered the line "How dare you abuse my relations?" "That will not do," he said; "it must not be pettish. That's shallow, shallow. You must go up stage with, 'You are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be,' and then turn, sweep down on Sir Peter like a volcano—'You are a great bear to abuse my relations! How dare you abuse my relations?'"

Unusual pains had been taken in the selection of the cast. No piece, as Lamb said, was ever so completely cast as the "manager's comedy." King played Sir Peter, Mrs. Abington was Lady Teazle, Smith was responsible for Charles Surface, and Joseph was in the capable keeping of Jack Palmer.

The success of such a combination was unbounded. The century recognized its own countenance in this looking-glass of manners. Night after night the theatre overflowed, and for a space even the American War was forgotten in the sensation of the moment. During the seasons of 1777 to 1778 and 1778 to 1779 it was performed no fewer than seventy-three times, and realized nearly £15,000, or over 20 per cent of the whole capital embarked in the theatre. A note in the accounts records that it "damped" every other piece, though, among many, such favorites as "The Tempest" and Congreve's "Old Bachelor" were included; while Sheridan obliged Cumberland by playing his "West Indian," revived his mother's comedy of "The Discovery," and sought to humor his already murmuring father by lending the stage for his lectures. The comedy had come to stay, and the next season, which also revived "The Rivals," still reaped close on £3000 by the "School," the performances of which even during the seasons of 1781-2 gathered nearly the same harvest. The representations of it in the following year excited as much applause as on its first production, and in 1787 the tenth year of its life was marked with equal appreciation. Miss Farren succeeded Mrs. Abington as Lady Teazle, though the fine manners of the future countess could not equal the exquisite airs of the self-made lady. This part was the last acted by Miss Farren in her farewell year of 1797, and the play, then twenty years old, once more achieved a signal triumph. In the provinces it met with the same favor. Bath, naturally attracted to Sheridan's masterpiece, saw it acted within a few months of its first appearance at Old Drury, and by the account of Bernard, who played Sir Benjamin, it created a *furor*.

Notwithstanding the success which came to him as a dramatist, Sheridan was not satisfied. He had been a politician at heart from his earliest days. Being an Irishman, how could he be other? But his association with the theatre was a hindrance rather than a help in the late eighteenth century. But that it was more difficult to become an M. P. than to write a successful play served to whet Sheridan's desire for those coveted letters.

As Mr. Sichel has devoted nearly the whole of his second volume to Sheridan's political career it will be obvious that that phase of his life is now for the first time adequately treated. But the politics of a bygone age have little interest save for the historian, and the general reader will be content to learn that the author of "The School for Scandal" had a keener vision with regard to affairs in America than most politicians of his time:

For America there was always a tender spot in his heart. A striking instance in the shape of an ode by him during the year of his "Rivals" and "Duenna" will appear as our narrative proceeds. That ode, rejoicing in the struggle for freedom and actually addressed to the sovereign, holdly warns him that English resistance to transatlantic liberty must result in ruin; the great Chatham had done the same in the same memorable year. Early in life, according to Miss Edgeworth, who had been shown the letters by Mrs. LeFanu, he rejected a bribe of £20,000 for advocating the American cause. But he did advocate it earnestly, when he first took office, in his letters to Thomas Grenville respecting the Peace of Paris. And in a speech twelve years later, celebrating America's "wisdom, prudence, and magnanimity," "America remains," he commented on the defeats which opened the anti-Jacobin war, "America remains neutral, prosperous, and at peace. . . . Observe her name and government rising above the nations of Europe with a simple but commanding dignity which wins at once the respect, the confidence, and the affection of the world. And is America degraded by this confidence and this condition? Has Washington debased himself by his temper and moderation? . . . The Americans are at this moment the undismayed, undegraded, and unharassed spectators of the savage broils of Europe, whilst we are engaged in a struggle, as we have been this day distinctly told by our ministers, not for our glory or posterity, but for our actual existence as a nation."

One other aspect of Sheridan's political career is also assured of a place in history. It is true that Burke's impeachment of Warren Hastings is better known to the man in the street, but the part taken by Sheridan in that historic trial was hardly less remarkable. He spoke for four days; many who heard him were moved to tears; Mrs. Sheridan was among those who fainted; and fifty guineas was paid for the privilege of a ticket.

And yet it is of the play-writer and not of the orator one inevitably thinks when the name of Sheridan is mentioned. Such is the reward of creative genius; to be held in affectionate remembrance when the achievements of statecraft are buried in oblivion.

SHERIDAN. By Walter Sichel. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. Two vols., \$7.50 net.

Prince Eitel Frederick of Prussia, the German emperor's second son, has gone to Jerusalem to open a new German hospice on the Mount of Olives.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A Modern Chronicle.

Honora Leffingwell, the heroine of Winston Churchill's new novel, is undoubtedly intended as a type. She is the American Woman in the abstract. From her tender years she made easy conquests; as a baby traveling in street-cars she extorted the homage of a smile from the most indifferent, and while yet in her teens her dominion over all comers was complete. This is accounted for by her possession of "an air of race," by her dancing naturally, by her consciousness of a feeling of pain in the presence of beautiful things, and by her complacent acceptance of service and adoration as natural rights.

Nor is Honora less typical of the American Woman in her matrimonial adventures. Perhaps, however, Mr. Churchill has reversed the usual order. Wall Street usually comes last; with Honora it was first. The intervening romance seems rightly placed, for there is a period, and it generally comes after rude awakening from social ambitions foiled or sentiment dispelled, when a woman becomes the prey of a masterful lover. Whether, however, such experiences are a fitting preparation for wedded happiness with so serious a lover as Peter Erwin must be left for proof at the novelist's pen.

Incidentally, Mr. Churchill seems to point his own moral. And Liberty provides him with his text. Let us mark, he says, "that Liberty is a goddess, not a god, although it has taken us in America over a century to realize a significance in the choice of her sex. And—another discovery!—she is not a *hausa-frau*. She is never domiciled, never fettered. She is a coquette, and she is never satisfied. If she were, she would not be Liberty; if she were, she would not be worshipped of men, but despised." After this it is not surprising to find Honora expounding the gospel of the American Woman in its baldest terms: "You've got to notice me once in a while. If you don't I'll get another husband." Perhaps the character of Honora is over-refined, but the story of her development, her successes and failures, is certainly told with consummate skill. In mere craftsmanship, too, this novel reveals notable advance in Mr. Churchill's art.

A MODERN CHRONICLE. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## The Thief of Virtue.

Mellowness and reticence are distinguishing qualities in Eden Phillpotts's latest novel. The latter is noticeable in an unusual subordination of background. In nearly all his previous stories Mr. Phillpotts has devoted large space to pen-pictures of the Dartmoor country, which, although admirably painted, have sometimes diverted the mind of the reader from the men and women set in those spacious landscapes. But in "The Thief of Virtue" that defect is remedied. The nature background is still in evidence, poetically expressed as is this author's wont, but it is sufficiently out of focus to allow the characters adequate relief.

Still more notable is the growing mellowness of the novelist. The simple rustics whom he uses as chorus have hitherto fared harshly at their creator's hands. They have been men and women of crude religious faith, devotees to one or other of the many forms of dissent which flourish in English villages, and as such have been made the vehicle of satire. Mr. Phillpotts still uses those humble folk for that end, but Gregory Twigg, the most conspicuous among the minor characters of this novel, is dismissed in tenderness and charity at the end.

Rarely has Mr. Phillpotts allowed one character so to dominate his story as in the present case. But that does not imply weariness for the reader. On the contrary, Philip Ouldsbroom is so vital and living, and develops so naturally from the man he was when the story opens, that to watch his growth is as fascinating as to follow the progress of a germ of life in any of nature's forms. It is the familiar triangle of one woman and two men which forms the theme of the story, but it is handled from so novel a point of view and with such genuine power that the story must be regarded as the supreme achievement of the author's genius up to the present.

THE THIEF OF VIRTUE. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

## The Elizabethan People.

Convinced that the only way to understand the plays of Shakespeare is to acquire a knowledge of the social conditions and manners of the time in which they were written, Henry Thew Stephenson has devoted himself to an industrious delving among the records of the Elizabethan period. In an earlier volume he reconstructed the London of Shakespeare's day; in the present book he goes wider afield and sketches the environment of the Elizabethan Englishman on a broader scale.

Naturally these pages are of a somewhat discursive nature. It could hardly be otherwise in view of the plan adopted, which is to allow old writers to speak mostly in their own words. But Professor Stephenson has

tapped so many unusual sources of information, has relied so largely on books no longer accessible to the general reader, that the disjointed character of his chapters may be freely forgiven. Line upon line there is built up an informing picture of the Elizabethan in his country and town life, at his recreations, and in his home. We learn many curious details of his superstitions, and of the customs associated with the three great phases of human existence—birth, marriage, and death. Hardly a page can be scanned without the gleaming of some fact bearing in an interpretative manner on the plays of Shakespeare, thus justifying the purpose Professor Stephenson had in view in writing the volume. At the same time he betrays one reprehensible fault, for it is a severe tax on a reader's patience to have so much attention devoted to re-slaying the slain in passages which take serious account of those ultra-Shakespeareans whose efforts to make the dramatist an exception to the laws of human development have never been deemed worthy of respect by the best critics.

THE ELIZABETHAN PEOPLE. By Henry Thew Stephenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2 net.

## The Undesirable Governess.

Lady Jane was driven to seek an undesirable governess because her two younger sons flirted with the pretty ones, to say nothing of her husband's predilection in the same direction. Hence an advertisement which stipulated that applicants for the vacancy should be innocent of "charm of manner, symmetry of form, and brilliancy of conversation." And Lady Jane found her ideal in a young lady with a hump on her shoulder, a limp in her walk, a red nose, and blotches on her face.

Of course the men folk of the household found nothing to tempt them in such an unattractive person. That is, with the exception of the eldest son, Lionel, who was a bookish young man, proof, apparently, to all feminine wiles. He speedily discovered under the make-up of the "undesirable governess" the girl he loved, and the ensuing game of cross-purposes leads to many amusing situations. The story, as may be imagined, is in that lighter vein which Mr. Crawford cultivated too seldom, and provides easy reading for an idle hour.

THE UNDESIRABLE GOVERNESS. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## Essays on the Spot.

Why Mr. Stewart has been called "the Thoreau of the West" is a mystery. If he must be catalogued by any name save his own, it would be more appropriate to assign him to the school of Dr. John Brown of "Rab" fame. But in truth Mr. Stewart has sufficient individuality to require no categorical label.

Indeed, something approaching a new note is discernable in these six essays, a new note which persists through diversity of theme. Whether it be spiders, or an ox, or a moraine, or a philosophical poem, or the contradictions of grammarians, or a question of style, Mr. Stewart observes for himself and writes for himself. And his observation and writing are not to be labeled and dismissed. Take, for example, the essays on Chicago spiders and Bully, a black ox of rare parts. The former, observed with keener attention than by Bruce, are reported on as they are, and not anatomically or microscopically, but only personally. And when he has to point a moral Mr. Stewart does it in his own way: "And the outcome of all one's observations is finally a question—Is it God that is doing these things or is it a spider?" Equally refreshing is the point of view from which Mr. Stewart explores rocks with a six-pound sledge. "If a man has antiquarian tastes, let him browse in one of these stone-fence libraries with a sledge. It is like opening ancient volumes with beautiful pictures in them." In fact, nearly every page tempts to quotation.

ESSAYS ON THE SPOT. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Green Mouse.

While not wholly deserting that realm of society life which he has taken as his special province, Mr. Chambers, with his tongue in his cheek, dashes for the moment into the field of purposeful fiction and shows how disastrous it may be to take things too seriously.

Few will suspect the novelist of such designs at the opening of this lively story. There is a hero, drawn as ever with strict attention to fashion-plate ideals, and a heroine who, also as usual, concentrates in one person all the graces and charms of femininity that ever were on land or sea. And the story sets out in orthodox manner, with thrilling promise of all sorts of obstacles in the path of true love. But having got his reader keyed up to the right pitch, Mr. Chambers deliberately assumes the cap and bells and proceeds to prove how foolish that same reader is to imagine he knows how events will turn out.

For instead of William Augustus Destyn and Ethelinda Carr having to surmount all kinds of difficulties ere they reap the reward of their love, they are married and back from their boneymoon in an unwritten interval be-

tween two chapters. It is at this unexpected turn that the reader is dragged into a family council whereat the Green Mouse, Limited, is formed as an association for connecting the "subconscious personalities of two people of the opposite sex" with a view to matrimony. And then the fun of the book starts, never to relax until it is conclusively shown that the old-fashioned way is not yet obsolete. The story is full of high spirits.

THE GREEN MOUSE. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

## Briefer Reviews.

At the suggestion of her astronomer husband, Mabel Loomis Todd set herself to watch the sunsets of an entire year, making notes of each day's decline. The result is now before the public in the form of a dainty little volume entitled, "A Cycle of Sunsets" (Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.25 net). Mrs. Todd has justified her husband's faith in her ability to reproduce that spirit of pensive musing which the setting sun has power to awaken in every human breast.

Three characters exhaust the *dramatis personae* of Marion Cox's "The Veiled Woman" (Funk & Wagnalls; \$1.50), which is described as "a romance of the intellect." Each of these characters talks at interminable length, but in so philosophical a vein that the ordinary novel reader will speedily become wearied. Mrs. Cox has evidently thought closely on many subjects, but has yet to co-ordinate her conclusions.

Hillaire Belloc's reputation will not be materially advanced by his latest volume, "On Everything" (E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net). The essays are reprints from a London daily and are concerned with various phases of life in the British capital, diversified by occasional papers of travel impressions. The latter are more in the delightful vein of Mr. Belloc's exquisite "The Path to Rome," and prompt the wish that he had not chilled in the atmosphere of the House of Commons that pilgrim spirit which lent so rare a charm to his earlier work.

Another successful play has been turned into a novel by William Devereux and Stephen Lovell under the title of "Raleigh: A Romance of Elizabeth's Court" (J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50). It presents a stirring picture of the "spacious days," but, owing to disregard of recent historical research, draws an idealized and misleading portrait of its hero. The book is liberally illustrated by reproductions of photographs of scenes from the play.

Socialism is debated for and against in a lively manner in "Men vs. the Man" (Henry Holt & Co., \$1.35 net), by Robert Rives La Monte and Henry L. Mencken. Most readers will agree with Mr. Mencken when he declares that socialism and kindred schemes are "almost beyond the pale of debatable ideas."

Five addresses delivered at Yale have been published in a volume bearing the title of "Everyday Ethics" (Yale University Press, \$1.25 net). The subjects treated are journalism, accountancy, lawyer and client, transportation, and speculation, and the object of each is to hold a high ideal before young men on the verge of a life career. To those who contemplate becoming brokers Henry C. Emery says, "Do not take upon your consciences the burden of having acted as an agent for men who were engaged in ruining themselves."

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## Literature and Religion.

When an author sets out to establish a relationship between religion and literature he lays himself open to suspicion. He may be sincerely devoted to religion, but hold a dubious loyalty to literature; or he may be sound in letters but partisan in faith. With Mr. Chapman, however, the case is different. To him religion is summed up in that liberal definition, "to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God"; he has no patience with those who limit the scope of religion to the interpretation of any dogmatic system. Consequently, when he uses such terms as "Sin" or "Salvation" he does not read into them theological contents.

Having dismissed suspicion in that conclusive fashion, Mr. Chapman is assured of his reader's agreement when he proceeds to argue that "both literature and religion deal with the elemental things in man and nature; both are gifts to the imagination and make corresponding demands upon it." To support this view appeal is made to the literature of the last century, Mr. Chapman's reason for this limitation being the wholly praiseworthy one of contending that if he can prove his case from the letters of a century so perturbed by religious doubt he will have made good his position. Of course he has no difficulty in proving the indebtedness of many authors to religion, such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, etc.; but he does not shirk the more difficult task to align poets so notoriously speculative as Byron and Shelley. It is true he finds Byron useful by way of contrast; he thinks he illustrates the need which literature has of some comprehensive and coordinating principle upon which to feed her soul; but in the case of Shelley he claims that while the poet was in revolt against an idea of religion which made God a despot, he felt "the appeal of a faith which made Love not a mere sentiment of good-nature, but an impulse of sacrifice."

Perhaps the most suggestive chapter in this helpful book is that devoted to an examination of the newer fiction. Mr. Chapman takes a wide survey in this spacious field, and finds, among other things, that the bulk of Bret Harte's prose is "one long and ingenious endeavor to show the image of God, as it persisted, sometimes altogether hidden, more often badly defaced and obscured, in the souls of rude, profane, and even criminal men." But it is in this chapter that the reader will find Mr. Chapman sighing as unreasonably as the rest for the advent of "the great American novel." He thinks it will be produced by the writer who will do justice to the religious life of New England. Does he not realize that such a story stands no more chance of becoming "the great American novel" than a work of fiction which should worthily interpret any one phase of life on the Pacific slope? It is time the critics recognized that "the great American novel" can never be written, just as "the great English novel" or "the great French novel" is beyond the power of human pen.

ENGLISH LITERATURE IN ACCOUNT WITH RELIGION. By Edward Mortimer Chapman. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

## Civil War Conditions.

An admirable subject inadequately treated is the only verdict possible on Emerson David Fite's "Social and Industrial Conditions in the North During the Civil War." It is interesting to learn that, contrary to general belief, the war did not interfere with the business activities of the North, but Mr. Fite dwells upon the evidences at too great length, fails to digest his materials, and is not particularly happy in his manner of writing.

Despite the use of the word "social" in his title, Mr. Fite confines his review of that phase of life to the question of luxuries and amusements. This, however, is the most interesting chapter in the book, showing conclusively that the Northerners took as keen an interest in sport and in the theatre and opera as though no great conflict was raging in the country. All this, however, did not go unrequited, for "many leaders of the time were shocked at the popular taste and cried out against it."

SOCIAL AND INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS IN THE NORTH DURING THE CIVIL WAR. By Emerson David Fite. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Marion Crawford's books are to be sold by auction in London next week. Although described as a "working library without rarities," the volumes will probably furnish another example of the unearned increment of genius.

Gertrude Atherton's "Tower of Ivory" is second on the *Bookman's* list of best-sellers for the past month. That alone should have been sufficient to discredit the rumor that the book was the novelist's "last" story. Thus far the only novelist who has adhered to a "farewell" appearance is Thomas Hardy, who has faithfully kept the vow he made to write no more fiction owing to the adverse criticism of "Jude the Obscure."

After having been located for more than a generation on West Twenty-Third Street,

New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons are removing to larger premises on Forty-Fifth Street.

W. D. Howells affirms that "the number of good novels today is as great as ever." He gives first place to Robert Herrick, whose new story, "A Life for a Life," will be published shortly.

Optimists are so rare nowadays that it is reassuring to learn of the existence of one in C. S. Valentine, who is to tell us "How to Keep Hens for Profit."

Julius Chambers' "The Mississippi River," a volume which is to trace that famous stream from its sources to the sea and gather up its romantic and other associations, will not be published till the fall.

Lady McLaren is probably the only woman who has written a book upon which parliamentary hills have been based. Eight such measures introduced in the English House of Commons by her husband, Sir Charles McLaren, are founded on her volume entitled, "The Women's Charter."

William Archer gives this reminiscence of his recent visit to the United States: "I am apt to estimate the civilization of a city by inspecting its book-stores; but during a long day in Louisville (Kentucky) I could not find a single one. No doubt I failed to look in the right place; but I certainly perambulated the leading business streets. I was reminded of a couplet from I know not what poet:

Alas for the South! Her books have grown fewer; She was never much given to literature."

Professor Lowell, of Mars fame, is at present in Europe lecturing before the Royal Institute of London and the Association Astronomique of Paris.

Thomas Nelson Page has been struck by "the difference between the way in which American books are received in England and the manner in which English books are received on this side. For one favorable notice of an American book in England you will find fifty of an English book in America."

Matthew Arnold's ascendancy as a literary critic is becoming so pronounced that the prospect of a third volume of "Essays on Criticism" will give pleasure to many. It will be published in the near future and include that notable deliverance entitled, "On the Modern Spirit in Literature."

## New Books Received.

MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS. By Oscar Browning. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

An autobiography of unusual interest. Mr. Browning has had the tutoring of many distinguished men, of whom he records new facts and anecdotes. He also enjoyed the friendship of Tennyson, Browning, George Eliot, and numerous other immortals.

WALKS AND PEOPLE IN TUSCANY. By Sir Francis Vane, Bart. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Records in a readable manner impressions gathered during five years' walking and cycling throughout Tuscany. The people rather than the art treasures of Italy are constantly in evidence.

THE LIFE OF MARY LYON. By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

A sympathetic study of the career of Mount Holyoke's famous bead, with singularly interesting excerpts from her diary and letters.

COLONIAL MOBILE. By Peter J. Hamilton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3.50 net.

An enlarged and revised edition of a volume which has long been regarded as a classic account of the exploration, settlement, and development of the vast region which drains to Mobile Bay. Mr. Hamilton has added much new material and many fresh illustrations of peculiar interest.

THE UNDESIRABLE GOVERNNESS. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Life in an English country house described with a lighter touch than was usual with Mr. Crawford. Colonel Follitt is an admirable creation and the governess will add to the gaiety of nations.

ESSAYS ON THE SPOT. By Charles D. Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Six essays by a writer who has individuality and is not afraid to express it. Mr. Stewart says his point of view "ranges from an ox to a lyric, and from Kipling's symbolism to a schoolboy's grammar."

THE RIGHT STUFF. By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

Tells in an entertaining manner how a Scottish boy of lowly birth won his way to political leadership in England.

AN ARMY MULE. By Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

An amusing little story which is not the less enjoyable because the author incidentally conveys a moral.

A MANUAL OF DEBATE. By Ralph W. Thomas. New York: American Book Company; 80 cents.

Designed to assist the beginner. There is a useful analysis of Burke's famous speech on Conciliation.

THE WINNING OF IMMORTALITY. By Frederic Palmer. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net.

Expounds in an earnest manner the doctrine of conditional immortality.

SANDRA BELLONI. RHODA FLEMING. EVAN HARRINGTON. By George Meredith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2.00 net per vol.

Welcome additions to the superb Memorial Edition of Meredith, the distinguishing features of

which are new type of perfect legibility, fine paper, handsome binding, and numerous illustrations by Millais, Du Maurier, Sandys, Charles Keene, and Hablot K. Browne. This edition is sold only by subscription and in complete sets.

A MANUAL OF PRACTICAL FARMING. By John McLennan. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Aims to place before the reader "in a plain, practical way useful knowledge and the results of scientific research as applied to the common things in agriculture."

STORIES IN VIVES. By Mrs. Beloe Lowndes. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50.

Sex conflict described without favor, leading to "the decree made absolute."

THE ETERNAL FIRES. By Victoria Cross. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.50.

Another treatment of the sexual problem, but introducing circumstances which relieve the woman of responsibility.

THE FATED FIVE. By Gerald Biss. New York: Brentano; \$1.50.

Described by the author as "the tale of a Tontine," in which one man pulls out to the ruin of his five associates.

THE BEAST. By Ben B. Lindsey and Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Gives the story of Judge Lindsey's efforts to redeem children by his well-known Children's Court.

AN INTERVIEW. By Daniel W. Church. Chicago: The Berlin Carey Company; \$1.

Discusses in interview form the thesis that "we are approaching a great change, or that we are passing through a great change."

LATTER DAY SINNERS AND SAINTS. By Edward Alsworth Ross. New York: B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net.

An indictment of the most vicious elements of social conditions and a programme for reform.

HEALTH AND SUGGESTION. By Ernst von Feuchtersleben. New York: B. W. Huebsch; \$1 net.

A translation by Ludwig Lewisohn of a German book which gives the fundamental principles of the Emmanuel movement.

THE STORY OF PADUA. By Cesare Foligno. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.75 net.

Another volume in the admirable Medieval Town series, liberally illustrated and unusually complete in its treatment of art treasures.

REST AND UNREST. By Edward Thomas. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Nature essays with a large intermixture of human interest.

THE BURDEN OF ISIS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 40 cents net.

An addition to the Wisdom of the East series, translated from the Egyptian by James T. Dennis.

THROUGH AFRO-AMERICA. By William Archer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

An English writer's view of the "color line," based upon visits through the States east of the Mississippi, and observations made in Cuba and Jamaica.

HEALTH PROGRESS AND ADMINISTRATION IN THE WEST INDIES. By Sir Robert W. Boyce. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3.50 net.

An epitomized account of the progress of sanitation, etc., in the West Indies, giving an introduction to the history of yellow fever from a medical point of view.

MARION HARLAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Fascinating reminiscences touching life and personalities from the Civil War to recent days. Well described by the author as "a story for the table and arm-chair under the reading-lamp."

AN EXPLORER'S ADVENTURES IN TIBET. By A. Henry Savage Landor. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Retells for young people the principal adventures set forth at greater length and with more scientific detail in the author's "In the Forbidden Land."

TRAVELS AT HOME. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper & Brothers; 50 cents.

Selections from "Roughing It" and "Life on the Mississippi," arranged for home and supplementary reading in elementary schools.

THE RAMRODDERS. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

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Since William of Normandy devastated (according to some historians) or laid out (according to others) that fair corner of Hampshire still misleadingly known as the "New Forest" for the pleasures of the chase, the Englishman has been notorious for his love of the horse. It is a passion which diplomacy can not suppress or warfare quench.

Diplomacy and warfare are cited of set purpose. In the ante-bellum period in South Africa a characteristic and hitherto unchronicled scene was enacted at the famous Bloemfontein conference. It was at a session when the question of war or peace hung perilously in the balance; a session notable for the adroit fence and parry of Oom Paul and Sir Alfred Milner. Suddenly the tense proceedings were interrupted by the arrival of a cable from England. It was opened by Sir Alfred Milner's secretary, who read it, smiled, and then passed it along to another English delegate. His expression was not so cheerful, but the next recipient and reader looked radiant. Paul Kruger watched the course of that cable around the table with intense curiosity; he was convinced that it contained instructions of moment from Downing Street, whereas it read thus: "Flying Fox has won the Derby."

Here is another episode: The scene was the high seas, and transports were passing to and from the seat of war in South Africa. They changed their courses to be near enough each other for the passengers to read black-board messages, and while the homeward-bound vessels displayed brief records of battles and deaths, the outward-bound ships signaled the winner of the latest horseraces.

And now has happened another proof of the Englishman's ingrained love of the horse and all that it stands for—a proof which shows that the saddle and the steeplechase keep age at bay for many a squire and lady. Each year one of the pleasantest functions of House of Commons life is the recurrence of the point-to-point races over the velvety grass course at Gardner's, not far from the historic town of Epping. It is one of those events, like the parliamentary golf competition, which abolishes party distinctions; Liberals and Conservatives forget their political animosities under the transforming influence of the scarlet coat and the peaked cap.

Gardner's was at its best on the April morning which brought round this year's point-to-point contests; the grass in its fresh verdure and the sweet air justified Browning's "It's good to be in England now that April's there." And the meet was unusually large. Among the onlookers were the Speaker of the House of Commons, as become a Lowther and a huntsman; Lord Roschery, relieved apparently to have so congenial a respite from instructing his fellow-peers how to reform themselves; and several "grave and reverend" occupants of the English bench. But the centre of interest in that animated gathering was a popular member of Parliament, the Right Hon. James Tomkinson, whose scarlet coat indicated that he had entered for the contests of the day.

In fact, like a schoolboy whose vista of life is closed in by the next holiday, Mr. Tomkinson had been talking of nothing else for several weeks. "I'm fit and healthy," he said to a friend in the House of Commons a few days ago, "because for fifty years I've been an abstainer and non-smoker. I'm fond," he went on, "of all outdoor exercise, but my favorite sport has been hunting, and during the half-century I've followed the hounds I've had many spills. But nothing more serious than a broken collar-bone has befallen me." He intended, he said, to ride the steeplechase at Gardner's on his six-year-old mare, May Day, whom he had bred himself.

He was as good as his word. And no wonder he attracted attention. For all his seventy years, Mr. Tomkinson put to shame many another horseman by his straight figure and alert movements. "He looks as keen as mustard and as hard as nails," was the glowing tribute of one bystander; while the horseman, patting the glossy neck of May Day, ejaculated, "A good mare, and likely to win." So, indeed, it seemed. And so it ought to have been. Mr. Tomkinson had the hunting strain in his blood. His father and two uncles were the heroes of the Cheshire poet's quatrain:

Were my life to depend on the wager,  
I know not which brother I'd hack:  
The Vixen, the Squire, or the Major;  
The purple, the pink, or the black.

From the moment the race started Mr. Tomkinson's course was followed with absorbed interest. The pace was unusually fast. His mount seemed inclined to take all her ferce "flying." May Day did not stand back at any of her jumps. And now only one more obstacle remained. This was a high place with an awkward drop on the other side. And here the mare was found wanting. She took it badly, swerved, fell, and her rider shot forward full on his head. Not far off the Speaker of the House of Commons

waited at the judge's post; to "catch his eye" first in a sense other than parliamentary had been the sturdy veteran's ambition; but the "good mare, and likely to win" was not to carry him so far.

Once more the significant little scene so often enacted on the hunting-fields of England: the group of friends stooping around a prostrate form, the hasty services of mercy, the summoning of a doctor, the silent procession to the nearest house, and—death. Yet probably the huntsman would have been well content that his end should come thus, and that his epitaph should be: "He died as he lived—a sportsman to the finish."

May Day will be a sad heirloom in Mr. Tomkinson's stables, but the mare will not lack of gentle care. The huntsman loves his horse none the less for an occasional "spill." And that personal affection for a favorite mount goes to the good of all horsekind in England. The proof thereof came a day or two later in that chamber which Mr. Tomkinson will enter no more; for ere the unfortunate huntsman had been carried to his grave a fellow-member of Parliament brought in a bill the object of which is to secure protection and mercy to out-worn horses. There was no opposition to the measure; introduced by a Liberal, it was "hacked" by several Conservatives, and read amid approving cheers from all quarters of the house. So it seems as though there is something typically English in that royal cry: "A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" PICCADILLY.

LONDON, April 16, 1910.

### CURRENT VERSE.

#### Amulets: A Song.

Out of the dark, your eyes  
Beckoning far and fair,  
Under whose laughter gleams  
A witchery of dreams,  
A fantasy of prayer—  
Making new hopes arise  
Out of the dark . . . your eyes!

Out of the storm, your voice  
Bidding the sea be still—  
Warm with the kindly mirth  
And honesty of earth;  
Rousing my strength to will,  
And struggle, and rejoice  
Out of the storm . . . your voice!

Out of the world, your heart  
Waiting to call me home:  
A beautiful calm place  
Wherein to hide my face  
Awhile from flame and foam,  
Feeling all pain depart  
Out of the world . . . your heart!  
—Brian Hooker, in *Harper's Weekly*.

#### The First Born.

I dreamed of a conquering legion  
That boasted the pride of its might;  
The sack of a hundred cities;  
The thrill of the steel-clanged fight;  
And the strain of the victors' psalm  
Like the call of the beast grew wild—  
When lo, through the night I heard it,  
The cry of a little child.

I dreamed of a nation in labor,  
A-hungred of wealth and domain,  
That huddled great dust-choked cities,  
And flowered the sun-baked plain;  
And the prayers that the wan boy murmured  
Were with craving for gain defiled—  
When sharp through the night I heard it,  
The cry of a little child.

The strain of the conquerors' psalm  
With the blasphemous prayers grew faint,  
As clear through the night I hearkened  
The note of my man-child's plaint.  
Then I dreamed of a wondrous future,  
Love lighted, contented and mild,  
And soft through my dream I heard it,  
The cry of a little child.

—Clarence Richard Lindner, in *Leslie's Weekly*.

#### In the Egret's Nest.

The Angel who numbers the birds for the God of  
All Things That Be  
Had come afar from his journeying over the land  
And the sea.  
And he spake to the Lord of the Sparrows: "True  
was my count today,  
Them that were slain I numbered, and the sparrows  
that fell by the way;  
And down in the reeds and water-grass of an  
island in the west,  
I counted the young of an egret, that starved in  
the egret's nest."

"And some they were slain that man might live,  
for so hast Thou made the Law;  
And some for the lust of their shining plumes,  
and all of them I saw;  
And counted all whose songs were hushed within  
their little throats—  
The slain for the Law of Living, and the slain  
for their shining coats.  
True have I numbered them all, and the smallest  
along with the rest—  
The young that starved in the rushes, alone in the  
egret's nest!"

And the Lord of the Little Creatures, who marks  
where His sparrows fall,  
And in the hollow of His hand makes room for  
the weak and the small;  
The Father of the fatherless gave ear, and He  
listened and heard,  
And behold, He has asked a question: "And what  
of the mother-bird?"

Now answer, you who wear the plumes that were  
stript from the mother-bird:  
Tell why the young of the egret starved, alone in  
the egret's nest!

—Anne McQueen, in *The Independent*.

### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Even San Francisco seems destined to have a "summer" season in theatricals—that is, as in the heat afflicted cities of the East, some of the theatres will experience a short period of rest. Next week the Van Ness, the Princess, the Novelty, the Valencia, and the Savoy theatres will be "dark." But the reason is not the weather. San Francisco is the one big amusement-loving city in the country which knows nothing of summer heat or winter cold. The fact is good attractions are not numerous. Perhaps affairs will mend. In the meantime one of the best of modern comedies is at the Columbia Theatre, the great Bernstein play, "The Thief," with Herbert Kelcey and Effie Shannon, is in its last nights at the Van Ness, and vaudeville at the Orpheum is with us always.

Grace George will continue as the attraction at the Columbia Theatre for a second and last week, commencing with Monday night, May 9. Miss George is ably supported in the presentation of the Thompson Buchanan comedy, "A Woman's Way," which is full of surprises and brimming over with fun. The play and company are reviewed at length on another page. The success of star and play is one of the notable events of the season. The demand for seats for the remaining week is heavy and the engagement bids fair to eclipse even the brilliant one played here by Miss George with her production of "Divorçons."

The Orpheum programme for next week has a most inviting appearance. Helen Grantley, the dramatic star, who scored a tremendous hit in Israel Zangwill's one-act play, "The Never-Never Land," some two years ago, will be the headline attraction. She has prepared an ambitious offering for her engagement here entitled "The Agitator." It is by Mrs. Oscar Beringer, celebrated as the authoress of "A Bit of Old Chelsea." Miss Grantley has secured the rights to its production from its owner, Charles Frohman, who purchased it with the idea of using it in his theatres as a curtain raiser. "The Agitator" has a timely theme, dealing with a young girl nicknamed "Pickles," who comes to the aid of her oppressed co-workers, leads a strike, and suffers and starves with them till victory is assured. Eddie Leonard, one of the best-known and most popular comedians in America, who was the feature of George Evans's Honey Boy Minstrels last season, will introduce a new singing and dancing creation called "At Home Again," in which he interpolates his own compositions in his own inimitable way. He will be assisted by the versatile comedienne, Mabel Russell. James Harrigan, the "Tramp Juggler," will reappear after a lengthy absence. His impersonation of the ragged, lazy tramp juggler has been widely imitated, but none has succeeded in successfully copying his quaint humor. The Olivetti Troubadours, who play the violin and guitar, will be a feature of the coming programme. They are both good musicians, possessed of an extensive repertoire of classical and popular numbers. Next week will be the last of the Avon Comedy Four, the Three Sisters Klos, John McCloskey, and of the great baseball comedy hit, "Swat Miligan."

Maude Adams in her latest success will be the next attraction at the Columbia Theatre, opening on Monday night, May 16. The tour of Miss Adams is one of the most wonderful in the matter of shattering attendance records that the theatrical world has known of recent years. As has been announced, the play that she is appearing in is Barrie's comedy, "What Every Woman Knows," a work that has greatly added to the reputation of its brilliant author. This is the fourth play from the pen of this author in which Maude Adams has found great success. The first was "The Little Minister." Then came "Quality Street," and after that, "Peter Pan." The advance sale of seats for Miss Adams's engagement at the Columbia Theatre will begin next Thursday morning.

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1:45p	9:15a	1:40p	11:45a	1:40p	11:15a
* 4:45p	9:45a	2:40p	12:50p	4:14p	12:40p
.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	9:50p	2:32p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:50p	.....	3:45p
.....	1:45p	.....	5:20p	.....	5:10p
.....	2:45p	.....	6:40p	.....	6:40p
.....	4:15p	.....	.....	Tamalpais only	.....

\* To Muir Sat. only. † Mon. only. ‡ Sat. only. § Muir only. Ticket Office—Sausalito Ferry and 874 Market. General Office—Mill Valley, California.

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☐ In Santa Barbara, a city of 12,000, the people wanted to know about the gas business and the basis of rates.

☐ So the city council engaged the expert engineering services of Professor C. L. Cory of the University of California.

☐ He visited the city, examined the plant, collected the data, figured it all out. Last month he rendered his official report.

☐ Here are the pertinent facts in that report:

☐ To determine what rate for gas will give a proper return upon the investment, including the cost of improvements proposed, it is necessary to make allowances also for depreciation charges upon the new construction. The average depreciation upon the total plant is at the rate of 4.6 per cent. Allowing a return of 6 per cent. upon the investment and including the cost of fuel oil at \$1.15 a barrel, operating expenses, and depreciation, then 1000 cubic feet of gas would cost 123.87 cents; and with oil at \$1 a barrel, 119.78 cents a thousand.

☐ The items of expense making up this gas cost are:

fuel oil (at \$1 a barrel) .....	27.26c.
other station costs .....	14.71c.
distribution of gas .....	10.35c.
administrative expenses .....	22.13c.
depreciation (4.6 per cent.) .....	19.68c.
profit (6 per cent.) .....	25.65c.
Total .....	119.78c.

☐ (That's gas at practically \$1.20 a thousand.)

☐ (In San Francisco the supervisors fixed the rate at \$1.

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GRACE GEORGE'S WAY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

In Thompson Buchanan's comedy of modern life, called "A Woman's Way," Grace George not only has a dramatic vehicle particularly well suited to her methods as a comedienne, but one that, in itself, is an extremely adroit and witty society comedy. It is the sort of play that keeps an audience in a perpetual state of good nature. The fair protagonist is on the scene the greater part of the time, and she always holds us in the hollow of her faint hand.

A wife who feels in the air the menace of marital infidelity from a husband whom she loves, and who never whines a whine, nor weeps a tear, but gallantly defends her rights with a smiling face, a witty tongue, and a brave and undismayed spirit may count upon practically unanimous sympathy.

This, of course, is a point in the play that would especially commend it to the average star in search of a new play, but "A Woman's Way" is fairly scintillating with other good qualities. It fulfills the prime requisite of all plays, in that its central idea is so essentially that of conflict; and the conflict is of a nature that always warmly appeals to the sympathies of both men and women. The piece is much more compact in construction than the general run of society comedies, the humor is refined yet unerringly popular, and the lines are fairly crackling with wit. The situations are sequential and closely related, the action and dialogue brisk yet unhurried, and the atmosphere the pleasantly stimulating one of good society.

Grace George makes a charming central figure. When the chic figure of Howard Stanton's pretty wife enters the scene, every man is her champion immediately. She is so pretty, so dainty, so point *devise* from head to foot—nothing about her suggestive either of the unloved wife, or of the married flirt. She has a pretty and charmingly expressive face, full of character; a chin that hints at decision, and some powers of aggression, eyes that are smilingly haffling. And a tongue that distills something like the lemonade of our childhood—a perfect blend of sweetened acidity—or perhaps it is champagne punch. At any rate, it is something worth watching and waiting for, for it sparkles, and foams, and refreshes, and exhilarates.

And this pretty little woman with the quick, unvenomed wit, the cool head and the warm heart, and the devices of resourceful tactics hinted at by her daintily aggressive chin has to defend from the eager clutchings of a society adventuress a long-legged, indiscreet male that she happens to love—something "tall and hollow." She knows the limitations of her property, she smilingly allows us to deduce, from the wicked inferences drawn by her apparently innocent allusions to the tall glass vase.

The wife, knowing well the weakness of an adventuress's position when deprived of her *entourage*, resolves holdly to invite her to her own house, and put herself in comparison. Between the two the erring one shall decide. The author has brought things to this pass through hinting at a previous coolness between the husband and wife, followed by indiscretions on the part of the sympathy-seeking husband which result in an automobile accident and newspaper notoriety. The husband foresees his wife casting him off and himself making restitution to the lady in the case of marriage; and this attitude of his is what precipitates the conflict.

The author, in selecting his type of adventuress, has been very perspicacious. The lady is supposed to have the air of good society, and to be very fascinating. He does not commit the mistake of making the wife outshine her at once, but gives her a fair field and plenty of favor. She is a woman trained in bedazzling and hemusing man, whose weakness she well knows. She is handsome, with expanses of alluring white flesh, and she is dressed perfectly. The men flock to her standard, and she handles them with the innate, instinctive skill of a horn man-suhduer.

Poor little wife! She sees her carry off all of them; father, friend, brother, husband. She thinks her experiment is a failure. At this point, out of an army of reporters who from the opening of the play have been prowling unsatisfied one penetrates the citadel. He is a pearl among reporters, a tactician, a strategist. He believes nothing—save the evidence of his own eyes—and affects to believe

everything. This inspired being, after every statement, explanation, denial, or carefully arranged pose, always swiftly and unexpectedly returns to get his gloves—and the truth. But the wife outwits him; made wise by previous experience, she is ready for him when he returns, and he goes away with his claws drawn, and scoopless.

This is the scene in which the adventuress is frightened and quiescent, and the gallant little wife has her innings.

Another point that the author makes is the discovery by the husband that "Puss" has received various favors, such as pearl necklaces and the like, from the several male friends and relatives that are invited to meet her at the dinner. He is outraged, and severely lectures those who so recently were lecturing him. And thus we see the edifying spectacle of the dwellers in glass houses assiduously throwing stones at their neighbors similarly positioned. And we also discover how largely man's enamored state toward adventuresses consists of an inflammation of his vanity, and how quickly the inflammation subsides when he discovers that he is one of several in being admitted to the particular primrose path which led to joy-rides and automobile misadventures.

This clever, bright, sparkling play is put on in ideal shape, on account of the very excellent company which supports the brilliant and winsome star. Grace George drew out a high-class audience, which gave her a particularly cordial and personal welcome, as well as appreciation of her work, as well they may. Besides personal charm, Miss George has particular attractiveness as a comedienne. She makes her points so delicately yet so unerringly, she is so full of subdued mischief, her sense of humor is so admirably restrained, yet so manifest, and she is so beautifully free from stage conventions. Thus, in her occasional brief evidences of affection for her husband, she sticks to the characteristics indicated, and refrains from sentimentality, and the final reconciliation was not celebrated with the usual stage embrace.

C. Auhrey Smith played a leading man who looked, but did not act, like John Drew. Mr. Smith has quite a keen sense of humor, and did not fail to do his duty in making the husband a little ridiculous. In portraying the disconcerted condition of the husband at the numerous dextrous stabs dealt him by his wife, and his confusion when the two fair rivals are present, indulging in polished innuendo, Mr. Smith was extremely, and perhaps too palpably, funny, but although his style of comedy is not super-subtle, it is genuine and most agreeable.

A very admirable selection for the rôle of the designing beauty was made in choosing Carolyn Kenyon. Her brunette, Mrs. Pat-Campbell tints, made her an admirable foil for the delicate fairness of Grace George, and her insinuating and *trainante* charms were also effectively contrasted with the bright, alert, incisive, quick fineness of her opponent. Miss Kenyon had considerable prominence in all three acts, and sustained her rôle not only with skill but with some distinction. Her suave manner, her gliding step, her wooing eye, were all consistent and characteristic.

The two women were beautifully dressed in apposite styles, and it was a keen pleasure to observe the differences which the author had put into their manipulation of the susceptible male animal. The scene in the second act that was so heavily charged with mental electricity, when a faint rumbling of thunder was heard and flashes of summer lightning occasionally relieved the situation, was delightfully played by all who participated.

A well-selected company of expert players lent the appropriate atmosphere for drawing-room amenities, the men in particular being important to the unfolding of a story which contained a jeweled "Puss" of uncertain financial standing and large masculine appreciation.

Jack Standing, as the most important; Henry Miller, Jr. (in whom we detected a paternal resemblance), Frederick Esmellton, and Charles Stanley comprised this group, who played with appreciation to the lady's charms. Charles Wellesley made an excellent servant.

A particularly vivid little life sketch was comprised in the portrait of the reporter, played with remarkable fidelity by Elwood Cromwell. This young man is an actor who, in spite of the acting qualities of his rôle, is indebted to himself for its truth to nature, and the little details by which he intimated that Lynch was the richest jewel of his tripe.

Antonia Dolores (Trebelli) Concerts.

Two programmes of song are announced by Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trebelli), to be given at the Garrick Theatre on Monday night, May 16, and Thursday night, May 19, under the direction of Will Greenbaum.

The appearances of this artist were not on the impresario's schedule for the present season, but as Mlle. Dolores happens to be passing through, en route to Australia, where she rivals even Melba in point of popularity, the manager could not resist the temptation of securing one of the world's greatest concert sopranos for a few concerts.

No one who heard this singer some six years ago will ever forget the purity of her art and the beauty of her voice, and as it is some time since we have had song recitals by a true concert artist these additional events will be a welcome ending to a brilliant season.

The Dolores programmes will be exceptionally interesting and varied. At the Monday night concert, works by the old English masters Purcell, Wilson, Linley, and Dr. Arne form the first group; the second group will consist of German songs by Beethoven, Schubert, and Schumann, and the third of works in French by Tschaiowsky, Piere, and Debussy. In addition Mlle. Dolores will sing the arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix."

At the Thursday night concert a group of rarely heard songs by J. S. Bach, and works by Pergolesi, Haydn, Gounod, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Grieg, MacDowell, and W. J. McCoy will be given in addition to arias from Bellini's "I Puritani" and Charpentier's "Louise."

Seats will be ready Thursday morning, May 11, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be secured. The prices will be \$1 and \$1.50.

On Friday afternoon, May 20, at 3:15, Mlle. Dolores will sing in Oakland at Ye Liberty Playhouse offering the same programme as at her concert here on Thursday night.

Maurice Rostand, son of the French dramatist and poet, though only eighteen years old, has already distinguished himself in artistic circles in Paris. He is preparing the English version of "Chanticleer" which Mr. Frohman will use in America.

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Damrosch at Creek Theatre This Saturday eve, May 7, at 8:15, "Wagner" (Take 7 or 7:20 boat) Thursday aft., May 12, Symphony Concert

Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trebelli)

SOPRANO

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## VANITY FAIR.

A labor member of the English Parliament has been called upon to defend his democratic sincerity from the attacks of those who say that no man can be a good democrat and at the same time wear a good silk hat. A democrat may wear a shabby silk hat because he may have rescued it from the ash barrel. He may wear any kind of "howler" or soft hat, or cap, or no hat at all, without causing aspersions upon his principles, but a good silk hat, or "topper," places him at once in the ranks of those who toil not neither do they spin.

The incriminated member is Mr. John Hodge, who comes, silk hat and all, from Lancashire. When he made his first appearance in Parliament after the general election his silk hat became at once an object of remark, and then he received a delicate intimation that a wolf in sheep's clothing was simply not "in it" compared with a labor member who thus aped the headgear of an aristocrat. No true democratic sentiment could hide itself under such a disguise, and as members of the House of Commons usually wear their hats during the debates, the presence of Mr. Hodge—whose name alone should have been a guaranty of good faith—was a perpetual affront to the horny-handed sons of toil who had flocked to Westminster to hear the lordly lion in his den.

But Mr. Hodge was undismayed. Mr. Hodge had no apologies to offer. Mr. Hodge had bought his "topper" and intended to wear it to the hilt. Mr. Hodge was not disposed to concede a monopoly of dignified dress to the aristocrat. The silk hat, he said, is a British institution like the House of Commons itself. As a matter of fact he came from a constituency that makes silk hats, and how could he convey a more delicate compliment to a free and enlightened electorate than by a public patronage of home industries? But Mr. Hodge wears other hats as well, straws, Panamas, hard and soft felts, all sorts, but for sheer, solid comfort give him the silk hat with the union label inside. This manifold defense won the hearts of his detractors, and henceforth Mr. Hodge may wear his silk hat unmolested.

The House of Commons has become tolerant of unorthodox headgear since the day when Mr. Keir Hardie turned up for the opening day in a cloth cap. At the sight of that cloth cap the pillars of the British constitution seemed to shiver and shake, but equilibrium was partially restored when Mr. Hardie explained that the lapse from decorum was due to an oversight.

The first really great picture to reach America since the removal of the duty on works of art has been imported by Mr. Otto Kahn, the banker. It is the portrait of Franz Hals and his family, painted by himself and Mr. Kahn paid \$500,000 for it, the vendors being the Duveen Brothers. Mr. Morgan was a keen bidder for the picture and he was willing to pay \$400,000, but eventually it went to Mr. Kahn for the higher price. It is now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, but the fortunate owner has expressed his willingness to lend it to public art collections throughout the country.

Of course there are hundreds of Americans who could not be persuaded even though one rose from the dead in order to do so that they are not the possessors of pictures much more valuable than the Hals just acquired by Mr. Kahn. They did not pay so much for them, it is true, but that was due to the extraordinary acumen displayed in their purchase. They were found in the lumber rooms of the old shops "where no one would have thought of looking for them, sir," or they were accidentally noticed in the back room of some village caharet or pushed nearly out of sight behind the door of a mean little tobacco shop. Of course the original owners had no idea of their true value, and perhaps a thousand pairs of eyes had rested upon them without a suspicion of the immeasurable values hidden behind the grime and dust. The process of hargaining was a sight for men and angels, the cunning assumption of indifference, the furtive examination of the nearly obliterated signature, the careless take-it-or-leave-it offer and the ultimate and well-concealed triumph as the masterpiece is carried away to be exultingly packed and shipped for the ecstatic admiration of the transatlantic rural populace to whom it is to be displayed. Absolutely there are thousands of such pictures now in America. Ruhens and Greuze must have persistently violated the eight-hour law if they were actually responsible for as many of their reputed pictures as are to be found in many a single State. Henri Rochefort says that these forgeries are being produced by the thousand in the Paris ateliers, and they are all bought by Americans. To conceal them in such a way that they shall be found by the American tourist is one of the arts of the day.

But why break down an illusion that brings such happiness, such congratulation? A really well done copy of a masterpiece is a thing much to be desired. What matter if the process be acknowledged or not? After all, the main thing is to be happy, and if the local Mas is to be made happy by contemplating

the result of his superhuman cunning why should any one deprive him of his joy? He has done no one any harm, while we may be sure that he has the prayers of the European dealer, who hopes that he and his kind will increase and multiply and be fruitful exceedingly.

Let us cease to talk about agricultural depression or to deplore the luxury of the city and the poverty of the farm. What shall we say to the fact that there are ten thousand automobiles in Iowa and that five thousand of them are owned by farmers? What shall we say to the further fact that Kansas farmers spent \$3,200,000 for automobiles during 1909 and \$2,730,000 in 1908? There are other facts from other parts of the country that are no less significant. In one Nebraska town of 800 population forty automobiles were bought by farmers last year. An estimate of the total number of automobiles owned by farmers in the United States is 76,000, while no less than sixteen automobile manufacturers advertise their wares regularly in the farming newspapers on the ground that the automobile will help to keep the hoy at home and make life endurable to the farmer's wife.

Let us hope that the Elite Association of Head Waiters will do something to alleviate the miseries of the diner. The Elite Association is officered by the head waiters of the Plaza, the Devon, and the Breton Hall in New York. Recognizing that the one weak link in the chain of American public hospitality is the waiter, the association proposes to separate the sheep from the goats and to put a label upon incompetence and insolence that will not readily come off. For this purpose a sort of judgment hook is to be prepared, and woe betide the waiter whose name is not to be found in that book or whose name appears upon the wrong side of the page. Incompetence is of course had enough, but it may disappear in time, and by itself it will not justify an entry upon the blacklist. None the less incompetence will be noted, but the association hopes to banish insolence by making it impossible for the insolent waiter to secure a situation anywhere. Insolence will be the one unpardonable crime. Waiters who satisfy the association will be provided with a diploma, and the association hopes to persuade employers all over the country to give invariable preference to those who have this diploma.

Long life and success to the association in its war against insolence. As a crime it is infinitely worse than incompetence. The waiter who pours holling soup down the back of your neck is almost certain to arouse feelings of impatience if not of positive annoyance, but he is an angel of light compared with the waiter who is insolent. For the latter no death can be too hideous or too lingering, no damnation too eternal. He is beyond the pale of humanity and his head should be stamped into the dust like that of a rattlesnake. The president of the association said at its opening meeting that its design was to help a long-suffering public get what it pays for. American hotels are the quintessence of luxury in all except the matter of meals, and here the fault was with the waiter rather than with the cook. He believed that after a few months the association will have made insolent waiters as rare as white crows or clucking policemen. More power to him.

There may be something significant in the fact that the character of the Princess of Wales is now being discussed a good deal. In the ordinary course of nature the Princess of Wales can not be very far from the throne, and her disposition and qualifications are therefore matters of some importance.

The note of excuse and defense seems a little over-evident in all the descriptions of the princess. We are told, for instance, that she is not actually cold and stiff, but that she only seems so. Now the person who seems cold is cold, or at least the difference between seeming and actuality is so slight as to be negligible. We do not touch a piece of metal and say that it seems to be cold. We know at once that it is cold. And so we are told that the invariable stiffness of the princess, the infrequency of her smiles, and a certain chilling demeanor that wraps her round like a fog are all due to shyness and that as a matter of fact she is warm-hearted, cheerful, and sympathetic.

It may be so, but it is hard to understand how one who is perpetually in the limelight can be shy, and we may rather suspect that this is one of the excuses that are never lacking for exalted persons. Indeed, shyness in a princess is almost as reprehensible as dishonesty in a hanker. It shows that the princess is lacking in one of the supreme essentials for her position, and that she is so lacking, whether from shyness or not, is painfully evident to those who have observed her. About ten years ago the Prince and Princess of Wales made a tour through Canada, and the comments upon their deportment were not favorable. The prince seemed to be wholly incapable of saying a word without a typewritten sheet of conventionalities in front of him, while as for the princess she seemed to be hardly of flesh and blood, so insensitive

did she appear to the enthusiasm around her. There was not one spontaneous word or action from either of them at any time, at least so far as the public could see. They had about as much spontaneity as an eight-day clock.

And how easy it is for royalty to evoke enthusiasm, indeed even adoration. There have been kings and queens who have known how to do this, but they are not alive now. Queen Victoria was among them because she knew how to be spontaneous and to be alternately a queen and a woman. She could write an ungrammatical letter of sympathy without consulting the court chamberlain or go quietly around to a hospital to see a sick pauper child who believed that she would get well if she could but speak to the queen. She could have tea with a laborer's wife and discuss habies with the best of them, and do all sorts of unconventional and impulsive things. It was these things that made her a great queen and that triumphantly took the place of profound intellect or learning. King Edward has inherited something of the same gift, but it seems likely to die out with him. The Prince of Wales gives no sign of it, nor does the princess, and it is a poor consolation to be told that they are shy. Under such circumstances, to be shy is to be incompetent.

Fate might bring an organist and a pianist into next-door contiguity, but it would assuredly break the connection as soon as the fact transpired. However, when the pianist persists, the next-door neighbor sometimes becomes an organist in reprisal. Both musicians then may find themselves in court, as did two of these artists recently in London. Reluctantly the defendant admitted that she had bought an organ because her neighbor played the piano incessantly, and that she had joined in the recitals, as soon as her new purchase was installed, and had pulled out all the loud stops and swells at the beginning of the contest. The fair plaintiff admitted

that the noise was deafening. A sympathizing jury found the organist guilty of provoking a disturbance, but contented itself with awarding only one farthing damages. It would seem that the complaining pianist was supersensitive. Suppose her neighbor, instead of securing an organ, had invested in a phonograph with a motor attachment. There is no situation so uncomfortable that it might not be worse.

One notices that the importation of English styles, which is increasing constantly in this country, has not stopped at mere clothes and manners. The use of the monocle is becoming more and more common every day in New York (declares the Sun). "Just watch some bright afternoon along Fifth Avenue," remarked a close observer. "You will see dozens of men wearing monocles. In the big hotels at tea time they are especially common. I have noticed that a good many of the young chaps who have taken up the fad do not appear to be wholly at ease with the single glass."

Strange to say, the national color of Ireland is, and always has been, blue (that is heraldic blue, ultramarine, not as some people have thought, sky blue). Green never was the national color of Ireland. The national color is taken from the ground of the Arms; in the case of Ireland it is azure, a harp or stringed argent—thus blue is the color for Ireland.

Embarrassed Preacher (reading the first chapter of Jonah and making the best of the seventeenth verse)—And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the—er—a—and Jonah was in the—er—And the Lord prepared a great fish to swallow up Jonah, and Jonah was in the society of the fish three days and three nights. —Life.

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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

Moriarity had been badly hurt by falling from a scaffold, and after the ambulance had carried him away the question of breaking the news to Mrs. Moriarity came up. "Send Hannigan," suggested one of the gang. "He's just the man to break the news gradual—look now he stutters."

A certain lady recently reached the conclusion that the attachment of a certain policeman for her cook must be investigated, lest it prove disastrous to domestic discipline. "Do you think he means business, Mary?" "I think so, mum," said Mary; "he's begun to complain about my cookin', mum."

Sambo was whitewashing a fence when an acquaintance strolled up and observed: "I wish you made a big haul in a Front Street jackyard de odder evening, Sam. Dey say you cleaned up de entiah week's wash." "Yes," answered Sambo. "I was jes' follerin' out de Roosevelt advice—hittin' de line hard."

The champion absent-minded man lives at 34th. On one occasion he called upon his old friend, the family physician. After a chat of a couple of hours the doctor saw him to the door and bade him good-night, saying: "Come again. Family all well, I suppose?" "My heavens!" exclaimed the absent-minded jeggan, "that reminds me of my errand. My wife is in a fit!"

During an equestrian performance a number of ladies in the front stood up, thus obstructing the view of those persons who were seated. In vain were they collectively requested to sit down, till at last a happy thought occurred to one of the sufferers. He called out, in measured tones: "Will the pretty lady in front kindly sit down?" whereupon about fifty women briskly seated themselves.

The young man who had taken the débütante in to dinner was talking art. "Are you fond of etchings?" he asked. "As a general thing, yes," she answered, looking up into his eyes with an engaging frankness that threatened havoc to his heart; "but," she added, hastily, as he started to say something witty, "not any tonight, thank you; it is rather late. A small piece of jelly will be sufficient."

The village constable was in a hurry, when somebody asked him where he was going in such a hurry. "Goin' down to Hi 'erkinses," he replied. "Hi's got a curiosity own thar. The other night his old Jersey cow had the colic and Hi went down to give er a dose of cow medicine. Blamed if he didn't make a mistake and give her a pint of asoline. Now, instead of going 'Moo, moo!' ke any other sensible cow, she goes 'Honk, honk!' like one of them thar blamed automobiles."

Two Irishmen were in a city bank recently, waiting their turn at the cashier's window. This reminds me of Finnegan," remarked one. "What about Finnegan?" inquired the other. "'Tis a story that Finnegan died, and when he greeted St. Peter he said, 'It's a ne job you've had here for a long time.' Well, Finnegan," said St. Peter, "here we count a million years as a minute and a million dollars as a cent." "Ah!" said Finnegan, "I'm needing cash. Lend me a cent." "Sure," said St. Peter, "just wait a minute."

It was the morning of the Yale-Harvard game at Cambridge, and two New Haven collegians were wandering through the Harvard yard, looking at the university buildings. Down a walk toward them came a youth of serious aspect, but palpably an undergraduate. "I beg your pardon," said the Yale man, who was a bit of a wag, to the stranger, "can you tell me where I can find the Harvard University?" "I'm very sorry," said the serious one, with never a smile. "They've locked it up. You see, there are so many Yale men in town."

Jack Barrymore dropped into a Broadway restaurant the other day and fate assigned to him a waiter who, to quote the actor, was solid ivory from the chin up." Failing to get anything he ordered, he at last lost patience. "Waiter," he said, "you are the ultimate thing in punk dispensers of gastronomic rovenider! Why don't you chuck this job and try piccolo-playing at the opera?" "I no can play da peccalo," said the waiter. "That's all right," replied Barrymore. "Why aste all your incompetence in one place?"

She was a muscular young woman skating under the room at something like twenty miles an hour, and he was a smart little dandy of about 125 pounds, doing fancy skating in the centre. They did not know each other—that is, until turning suddenly out of her course, he ran into him full tilt, with the result that they both fell in a heap, the young man nearly on top of the old one. "Miss,"

he said, as he picked himself up with a bow—a very pretty piece of work—"I apologize, and I'm sorry." "Oh, but you needn't apologize!" she smiled. "It was all my fault."

"Miss," he said, with a still deeper bow, "I know it was. I merely apologize for being on earth, and I'm sorry, because I had the misfortune to fall underneath."

A lady about to deliver a temperance lecture thought it well to get her information at first hand, so she interviewed a workingman. "Is it true," she asked, "that you working-men drink a great quantity of beer every day?" "I don't know, ma'am," he replied; "it all depends. Some dyes I've seen me drink eighteen or twenty pints; while, on the other hand, some dyes I've seen me drink quite a lot."

As one of the White Star steamships came steaming up New York harbor the other day a grimy coal barge floated immediately in front of her. "Clear out of the way with that old mud scow!" shouted an officer on the bridge. A round, sun-browned face appeared over the cabin hatchway. "Are ye the captain of that vessel?" "No," answered the officer. "Then spake to yer equals. I'm the captain o' this!" came from the barge.

He was a kindly constable, and had, for long, been answering the inquisitive old lady's questions to the best of his ability. But he was beginning to tire a little. "And what's your truncheon for, policeman?" inquired the inquisitive dame. "Ketch a feller a cop over the nob if 'e gets villent!" responded Bobby. "And what are those numbers for?" "Hiden-tificashun purposes, mum," said Bobby, laconically, turning away. "And what policeman," said the old dame, catching him by the arm; "is that strap under your chin for?" "Well, mum," snorted Bobby, "that's ter rest me jaws when I gits tired answerin' silly questions."

**THE MERRY MUZE.**

**Lucky.**

"The stork has brought a little peach!"  
The nurse said with an air.  
"I'm mighty glad," the father said,  
"He didn't bring a pair!"—The Nurse.

**A Movable Feast.**

She has a biscuit-colored hat,  
With plumes of olive green.  
Beneath the mushroom crown so flat  
A hunch of cherries may be seen.

'Tis perched upon her chestnut hair  
Above her shrimp-pink gown.  
And from her little neck so fair  
A chain of oyster pearls hangs down.

Her coat is made of Persian lamb,  
And frogs are all the style.  
She doesn't mind at all the "jam,"  
Because she's got 'em beat a mile.

And scallops, points of every size,  
Go floating round her feet.  
When she goes mincing down the street  
She looks just good enough to eat!  
—Harper's Weekly.

**Eloping Up to Date.**

The coatless man puts a careless arm  
'Round the waist of the hatless girl,  
While over the dustless, mudless roads  
In a horseless wagon they whirl.

Like a leadless bullet from hammerless gun,  
By smokeless powder driven,  
They fly to taste the speechless joys  
By endless union given.

The only luncheon his coileless purse  
Affords to them the means  
Is a tasteless meal of boneless cod,  
With a dish of stringless beans.

He smokes his old tobaccoless pipe,  
And laughs a mirthless laugh  
When papa tries to coax her hack  
By wireless telegraph.  
—Motor Record.

**A Summer Idyl.**

You may talk about your shack and living free  
As mountain air,  
Of roughing it near nature's heart away from  
every care,  
Just two rooms and a kitchen where you eat the  
fish you catch,  
Then lazy hours of boating and then another  
batch.

But who will wash the dishes in the morning?  
And who will fill the bucket from the spring?  
And is there no hot water for your shaving?  
No porter to come running when you ring?

There's a soulful sound in running water (in the  
pipes) to me;  
There's attraction in my bathtub, in the boiler,  
always free  
In yielding to my slightest call its fluid, steaming  
hot;  
I revel home with other men who share my bond-  
man's lot.

And you may wash your dishes in the morning,  
And struggle with the bucket from the spring,  
And build your fire, and hoat, and fish—I'm  
lazy,  
And the luring charms of Home, Sweet Home,  
I sing.  
—The Circle.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

That the season is over until autumn has become plainly apparent, although last week it seemed to be still lingering pleasantly along as though in no hurry to set a seal upon the social diversions of the winter. The large attendance at the church April 28, when Miss Scott and Mr. Newhall were married, made it seem as if we were still in the midst of winter gayeties, but in spite of the number present on that occasion society has moved into the country. The May Day celebration in Golden Gate Park planned by the park commissioners for the benefit of the children of San Francisco was a delightful reminder that summer has indeed begun. Some of the earliest items of interest are that an unusually long list of Californians are going abroad; that weekend parties are a possibility for the resorts around the bay and country houses in the vicinity that help many to philosophical reflection in staying nearer home; that Southern California is the Mecca for honeymooners; that walking is the fad in Burlingame, houseboats the ideal dwelling-places at Belvedere, and steam yachts in demand at Lake Tahoe. Rains Day, April 30, was not allowed to slip by unnoticed by patriotic Californians. Raisin delicacies were served in the tea rooms at the hotels, and the day served as an excuse for several informal teas.

The wedding of Miss Anna Nicholas Scott and Mr. Almer Mayo Newhall was celebrated at St. John's Church on Thursday evening, April 28, at nine o'clock. Miss Louisiana Foster of San Rafael was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Frances and Miss Virginia Newhall, Miss Martha Forster, and Miss Ida Tietzen. Mr. Edwin Newhall was his brother's best man and the ushers were Mr. Edgar Zook, Mr. Sherwood Coffin, Mr. Spencer Grant, Mr. Arthur Forster, and Mr. John Young. Following the ceremony at the church there was a reception given at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Nicholas Kittle, on Steiner Street.

The wedding of Miss Lucy M. France, daughter of the late Dr. John K. France, and Mr. E. B. Auerbach took place at Trinity Church on Tuesday, April 26, at high noon. Mr. and Mrs. Auerbach will reside in San Francisco after a trip to Honolulu and Japan.

The marriage of Miss Renee Kelly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Roberts Kelly, and Mr. Edward Alexander Palmer took place at the home of the bride's parents, on Devisadero Street, on Monday, April 25. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. John Ewing of New York, as matron of honor, and her bridesmaid was Miss Louise McCormick. After a trip to the southern part of the State, Mr. and Mrs. Palmer will reside in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Irwin announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Helene Irwin, to Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker, only son of the late Colonel Fred Crocker. No date for the wedding of Miss Irwin and Mr. Crocker has yet been decided upon.

The engagement of Miss Edith Simpson, daughter of Mr. Asa M. Simpson, and Mr. Roy Pike, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Pike of Berkeley, was telegraphed from New York the early part of last week. Miss Simpson is in New York and will remain there until after the wedding of Mrs. Laura Pike Fuller and Mr. George Barr Baker, which is announced to take place in June.

An engagement of interest to San Francisco, which has just been announced in New York, is that of Miss Arnstein and Mr. Joseph Lilienthal, son of the late Mr. Philip Lilienthal of this city.

The Twentieth Century Music Club met informally at the residence of Mrs. C. Carter Nichols on Monday, April 25, and entertained the members of the Flonzaley Quartet. Among those who contributed to the afternoon's programme were Mrs. Walter MacGavin and Mrs. Richard Bayne.

Mrs. Louis Parrott was the guest of honor before her departure for the East and Europe at a luncheon on Thursday, April 28, given at the Palace Hotel by Mrs. Lily Coit. The guests invited to meet Mrs. Parrott were Mrs. William Mayo Newhall, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs. Alexander Garceau, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt, Mrs. Edith B. Coleman, Mrs. Charles Page, and Miss Flood. Later in the afternoon the Misses Friedlander gave a tea complimentary to Mrs. Parrott at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Miss Freda Smith entertained a group of friends at a matinee box party on Wednesday of

last week, which was followed by a tea at the Hotel St. Francis. Among her guests were Mrs. Walter Greer, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Irene Farrell, Miss Rhoda Niehling, Miss Keystone, Miss Anna Olney, and Miss Dorothy Taylor.

Visconde d'Alibi was host at a dinner at the Palace Hotel on Thursday evening of last week, at which he entertained the officers attached to the Portuguese man-of-war *San Gabriel*, which came into port early in the week.

Among several informal affairs given in honor of Captain and Mrs. William H. Tobin before their departure for the Philippines May 5 was a dinner given by Lieutenant and Mrs. Jesse Langdon at their home in the Presidio.

Colonel and Mrs. Benet gave a garden party complimentary to Miss Margaret Thompson on Saturday afternoon, April 30, at the Benicia Arsenal. The wedding of Miss Thompson to Ensign Charles Conway Hartigan of the U. S. Navy will take place June 1 at St. Mary's Cathedral.

A luncheon in honor of Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Miss Anna Morgan, and Miss Rhett, was given by Mr. and Mrs. William Bowers Bourn at their home in Burlingame on Tuesday, April 26. Miss Rhett has been the guest of Mrs. Bourn during the stay here of the party of which she is a member.

A luncheon in honor of Miss Elsa Draper was given at Mare Island on board the *Hopkins* May 1, to which several guests from town were bidden.

A luncheon in honor of Miss Genevieve Harvey was given by Mrs. Edward Barron at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday of last week.

Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Giles B. Harber gave a dinner on board the flagship *California* last week at which were present Rear-Admiral Edward B. Barry of the flagship *West Virginia*, Rear-Admiral Osterhaus of Mare Island, Captain Edmund B. Underwood of the *Independence* and Mrs. Underwood, Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel L. Graham of Mare Island, Commander Victor Blue of the *Yorktown* and Mrs. Blue, and Lieutenant Lamar R. Leahy and Lieutenant Donald B. Craig of Rear-Admiral Harber's staff.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols gave a reception on Wednesday evening, April 27, complimentary to the Reverend and Mrs. J. Wilmer Gresham. Mr. Gresham is the new dean of Grace Church. His grace and Mrs. Nichols were assisted in receiving by their daughters, Mrs. Philip Lansdale, Miss Claire and Miss Margaret Nichols.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Rose, who are here on a visit from Denver, were guests of honor at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Tuesday evening of last week given by Mr. Harry Scott. Among those invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Rose were Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Scherwin, Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Martin, Miss Jennie Crocker, Miss Virginia Loffie, Mr. Walter Hohart, and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mrs. Victor Blue, who has been in Mare Island for several months, gave a bridge party last week at which there were about five tables of her friends. The *Yorktown*, of which Commander Blue is the commanding officer, is at Mare Island now.

A luncheon complimentary to Mrs. Harry Weihe, who as Miss Jean Tyson was a debutante of last winter, was given by Miss L. B. Connor at the Palace Hotel on Wednesday of last week.

Mrs. Whitney Palache was hostess at a garden party on Saturday, April 30, at her home across the bay, complimentary to Miss Helen Sutton, whose engagement was recently announced.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin was hostess to the San Francisco Archaeological Society at her home on Broadway on Friday evening, April 29.

Mr. and Mrs. Purdy of New York, who are traveling with Dr. Seward Wehli and his party, gave a luncheon on Tuesday of last week at the Palace Hotel, among their guests being Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bahcock, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, and Mr. James Ellis Tucker.

At the home of Mrs. Wigginton Creed in Berkeley a tea was given on Saturday, April 30, in honor of Miss Georgia Creed, the debutante daughter of Mrs. William Creed of Piedmont.

Mrs. C. O. Alexander was hostess at a tea last week complimentary to Miss Louise McCormick. Among those invited to meet Miss McCormick were Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Marian Zeile, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Merritt Reid, and Miss Maud Wilson.

Mrs. William Cluff, who is living at her home down the peninsula, was in town for a few days and collected a few of her old friends for a cup of tea an afternoon of last week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. George Ker gave a raisin tea at the Hotel St. Francis last Saturday afternoon. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. Cohn Hale, Mrs. Walter Havens, and Mr. John Noyes.

## Walter Damrosch and His Orchestra.

The New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch, with the assistance of four great vocal stars, the Loring Club, the San Francisco Choral Society, Mr. Lowell Redfield, Mrs. H. McCoy, Wallace A. Sahin, and Paul Steindorff, will offer the greatest week of orchestral concerts that our music lovers have known.

The first will be the great Wagner Festival, with vocal and instrumental excerpts from the five great works, "Tannhauser," "Lohengrin," "Meistersinger," "Walkure," and "Tristan and Isolde." This will be given this Saturday night at the Greek Theatre of the University of California at Berkeley, and one should taken the 7 or 7:20 boat to arrive in good time. If the weather is propitious this will be one of the big events in the history of that great auditorium, for a Wagner programme is especially suited to its grandeur and magnificence.

The same programme will be repeated at the Garrick Theatre on Sunday afternoon at 2:30.

On Monday night Tschaikowsky will be the sole composer, and a splendid collection of his masterpieces will be played under the auspices of the Elizabeth Murison School Association.

There will be a magnificent programme every night excepting Thursday, and the special features will be the American and European Novelty night on Wednesday, when the American Music Society will attend in a body; Friday night, May 13, when the Loring Club under Wallace A. Sahin will assist in the production of Mr. Sahin's composition, "St. Patrick of Tara," the last Bohemian Club Jinks drama; and Sunday afternoon, May 15, when Tschaikowsky's most successful opera, "Eugene Onegin," will be given in concert form, with the San Francisco Choral Society of over one hundred voices under Steindorff assisting.

In honor of the visiting alumni there will be a special symphony concert at the Greek Theatre on Thursday afternoon, May 12, when Dvorak's "New World" symphony, Brahms's "Academic Festival" overture, and several other great orchestral works will be given, and Mme. Van der Veer and Mr. Marcus Kellerman will sing.

Seats for all these events are at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and for the Greek Theatre also at W. C. Crowl's, Tupper & Reed's, Harms & Geary's, The Sign of the Bear, and the Student's "Co-Op" Store in Berkeley.

Thomas James Macnamara, parliamentary and financial secretary of the admiralty, who has followed the example of Prince Bismarck in placing himself on public record as fond of whistling, is the only statesman besides the Iron Chancellor who openly makes such an admission. In a public address the other day Dr. Macnamara stated that he "whistled a tune" when on his way to his daily work at the admiralty. He added that he was perfectly aware that "many people think it an objectionable practice, even for errand boys, in the street," but to his mind it seemed "far less objectionable than to sit and gorge on turtle soup, duck and salmon mayonnaise, while a hand cooped up in a corner played selections."

For the Schumann centenary, which will occur on June 8, preparations are being made throughout Germany and quite specially in Zwickau, Schumann's birthplace. There is a movement on foot to establish a Schumann museum in Zwickau. Professor Friedlander of Berlin, who is at the head of this movement, advocates an exposition of Schumann manuscripts and other interesting relics in connection with the centenary celebration. A large number of Schumann manuscripts is in the possession of the Berlin Royal Library, which will lend these treasures for the Zwickau exposition.

Dr. Nicholas J. Elsenheimer sailed a few days ago from New York on the steamship *Rhein* for the purpose of presenting his cantata, the "Consecration of Arts," before the German emperor at Wiesbaden in May. The "Consecration of Arts" won the prize of one thousand dollars in an international contest in 1898, Zoelner, Van der Stücken, and MacDowell being the judges. In 1899 it was performed in Cincinnati at the golden jubilee of the North American Saengerbund by a mixed chorus of two thousand voices.

In another column will be found the corrected time-table of the Mt. Tamalpais Railway, showing the change of time made May 1. There is no outing trip from San Francisco more convenient or more pleasurable.

"They are going to lock Jones up for the good of the community." "What's he done?" "He's talking of setting Browning's poems to Richard Strauss's music and have Isadora Dunham dance them."—*Cleveland Leader*.

## A Riddle.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Robert White and Miss Emilie have sailed for Japan and Siberia, and after traveling through those two countries they intend to make a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Hayne are settled at their new home on Steiner Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dean, with their daughter, Miss Helen, have returned from the East, and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Judis have taken a house in Ross Valley for the next six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin have left for the East, and will sail for Europe May 11.

Miss Victoria Lilienthal left here the early part of last week and expects to spend the next few months abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, who have been making a tour of the world, are expected in New York shortly, and will proceed directly to their home here.

Miss Harriet Alexander has been in Rome recently.

Mr. Arthur Coe, who has been visiting here as the guest of Dr. Harry Tevis, has returned to his home in the East.

Mrs. Edgar Wilson, Miss Maud Wilson, and Miss Louise McCormick have returned from Paso Robles. Miss McCormick is preparing to return to her home in Chicago in a few days, but there is a possibility that the future home of Miss McCormick and her parents will be in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering have taken a cottage at Blithedale for the summer.

Mrs. Robert McMillan, better known to Californians as Miss Leontine Blakeman, is expected here shortly from New York on a visit to her parents.

Major and Mrs. John A. Darling have been spending a few weeks in town.

Miss Leslie Page contemplates spending a part of the summer on the Atlantic coast as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. John Hays Hammond.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Mish and their daughter, Miss Florence, have lately been traveling through Italy.

Mrs. Harry Child arrived here last week from Spokane to be present at the wedding of her sister, Miss Constance Cummings, and Ensign George Joerns. Mrs. Child is staying with her mother, Mrs. M. E. Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Stetson have taken a house in Burlingame for the summer. They are planning to build a permanent home in San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Perry, with their daughter, Miss Gertrude, are planning to spend the summer in the Yosemite, and will have as their guest Miss Julia Thomas.

Admiral and Mrs. S. A. Stevens are at Del Monte for the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. Beverly MacMonagle are spending several weeks at Del Monte.

Miss Rose Walter of New York City is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Walter in San Francisco.

Miss Ethel Amelia Johnson will spend the summer at her country home at Lake Tahoe, and will have as her guests Miss Helen Gray, Miss Harriet Schultz, and Mrs. D. H. Miller.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton expect to move into their new home at Fair Oaks early in May.

Mrs. James Carolan has left for an Eastern visit. Mrs. Carolan expects to be away several months visiting her daughter, Mrs. Timlow.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rodman Shreve have planned to leave early in May for the East, and will be away until fall.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and her daughter, Miss Genevieve, are visiting Mrs. Eleanor Martin, and will in all probability remain until after the wedding of Miss Harvey, which is to take place some time in June.

Mrs. Duane Bliss, Miss Bliss, and Mr. William Bliss, Jr., are coming from the East to spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Nathan will be in San Anselmo for the summer months.

Mrs. Patrick Calhoun, with Miss Martha and Miss Margaret, has arrived home, after a two months' visit in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker and their three sons have established themselves in their San Mateo home. Mr. and Mrs. Hooker have been occupying the house of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott McAllister, on Pacific Avenue, this winter during the absence of the family in Europe.

Mrs. Horace B. Chase has returned to her home in Napa County, after a visit in town to Mrs. Robert Oxnard.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall, Miss Frances and Miss Virginia, expect to spend the summer at Belvedere, where they have taken a house.

Dr. and Mrs. William Watt Kerr, who have been visiting at Del Monte, have returned to their home in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pope have gone East for several weeks, but have decided not to go abroad as they had planned.

Mr. and Mrs. Maillard, with their daughters, Miss Anita and Miss Marian, have left town to spend the summer in Belvedere.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan has gone to England to visit relatives until September. Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., has returned to her home in Los Angeles, after a visit here.

Mrs. Robert Greer of Seattle has returned to her home, after a visit of some duration to her parents, Dr. and Mrs. C. N. Ellinwood, at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Polhemus have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Baldwin have gone to New York and Philadelphia, en route to Europe for a trip of several months.

Mrs. William Leavitt has returned from an Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Gallois and Miss Jeanne are in Paris.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and Miss Dorothy will spend a part of the summer at their ranch in Shasta County.

Dr. Eugene Dupuy and his daughter, Miss Anna, have returned to Colorado Springs, after a visit of several weeks to Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller and their daughter, Miss Anna, will spend the summer at Glen Ellen.

Mrs. S. L. Bee and her son, Mr. Everett Bee, are planning to go abroad for a year's stay.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bahcock will spend the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Magee, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Kohl, and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Schmiedell are among those who will be at Lake Tahoe this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Dimond expected, when last heard from, to spend May in London.

Judge and Mrs. John F. Finn, who have spent the winter on the French Riviera, are now in Genoa, on their way to the Italian lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin, who are now at Burlingame, will go to their ranch near Calistoga for the month of June.

Judge Sidney M. Ballou and Mrs. Ballou of Honolulu sailed on the *Manchuria* for their home, after a trip to Washington, D. C. Mrs. Ballou is well known to Californians, having made her home in Los Angeles with her sister, Mrs. Turner, before her marriage to Judge Ballou.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Brodie are coming out this summer from their home in Minneapolis to spend several months in the new home they have purchased in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. César Bertheau and her daughter, Miss Helen, who have been abroad for the past year, have sailed for home.

Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Marian and Miss Elizabeth Newhall returned home from their camping trip in time to be present at the wedding of Miss Scott and Mr. Newhall.

Among those who are planning to go to Blithedale for the summer are Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Parquharson, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Chickering, Mrs. M. G. Hincley, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Summers, who have recently returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude have sailed for Europe to travel for several months. They plan to return to San Francisco for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicklen and their daughters, Miss Elida and Miss Dorothy, are again settled in their home in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Porter will return to San Francisco from the East about the first of May.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Bocqueraz, who have been at their ranch in Napa County, expect to sail shortly for Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Weir are established in their home in Menlo Park, after spending the winter with Mrs. Weir's father, Mr. W. F. Whittier.

Mrs. Baldwin Wood has returned from a trip through Southern California.

Admiral and Mrs. Kempf have returned from a visit of several months to Byron Springs.

Mrs. W. C. Ralston and Mrs. Lucie May Hayes sailed the middle of April for Genoa via Gibraltar and Naples. They expect to travel for about six months.

Mrs. Spencer Brown and Miss Florence have returned from New York, where they have been spending the winter with Mrs. Henry F. Allen.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Jr., who has been the guest of Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, will join Captain Smedberg in Manila this month.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Paul Verdier, Mr. George Lewis, and Mr. Robert Davis have

planned to cross the Atlantic together, sailing from New York about the middle of May.

Mrs. Mary McNutt Potter, who has been spending the winter on the Riviera, expects to return to California to spend the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. McNutt.

Mrs. John Tallant has returned from the Orient and is stopping with her daughter, Miss Elsie.

Miss Abby Parrott, who has recently returned from abroad, is the guest at present of Mrs. Joseph Donahoe, Sr.

Mr. William G. Irwin will sail for Honolulu on Saturday, May 7, for a trip of several weeks' duration.

Among those who have recently arrived from Honolulu are Mr. and Mrs. James Wilder. Mrs. Wilder is well known here as Miss Sara Harnden. Mr. and Mrs. Wilder left for the East on Thursday and thence to Europe for a trip of a year.

Mrs. M. M. Scott and Miss Marion Scott arrived on Tuesday from the Islands, and expect to be in San Francisco until the fall. Miss Scott is the sister of Mrs. Richard Ivers of Honolulu, sister-in-law of Mrs. William G. Irwin, and she has visited San Francisco many times since her graduation from the University of California.

Among recent arrivals at the Hotel St. Francis were Colonel J. E. Emerson of Baltimore and his daughter, Mrs. Smith Hollis McKim of New York; Señor E. Q. Pena and Don Carlos Castillo, of the City of Mexico; Mr. W. Bundy Cole of Vera Cruz.

Mr. Stewart Edward White is at the Hotel St. Francis.

Among recent San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado were Miss A. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Ralston L. White, Mr. George H. Kieder, Mr. I. N. Hihherd, Mrs. C. W. Neal, Miss Lucile R. Neal, Mr. Hugo A. Taussig, Mr. Hugo Kleinhaus, Mr. A. R. Sherman, Mr. C. W. Cook, Mr. R. Marrach.

Among recent arrivals from San Francisco at Aetna Springs were Dr. and Mrs. W. R. Lovegrove, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, Miss Carolan, Miss Clothier, Mr. John White, Miss Tonte, Mr. Edmund Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, Colonel and Mrs. Frank W. Marston, Mr. and Mrs. Maurice L. Asher, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Patrick, Mrs. J. C. Patrick, Miss Margaret Patrick, Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. de Bretteville, Miss de Bretteville, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Spreckels, Mrs. M. A. Huntington, Miss Huntington.

Among the week's arrivals at The Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo, were Mr. E. J. Brown, Miss T. E. McEnery, Mrs. I. Hetzel, Mrs. C. C. Warren, Miss M. Cory, Mr. and Mrs. E. O'Donnell, Judge Frank Murasky, Mr. S. Renard, Mrs. A. M. Grennan, Mr. and Mrs. I. Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Newmark, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Neustader, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rosenfeld, Miss C. K. Nicholson, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Callundun, Dr. M. E. Botsford, Mrs. D. Henderson and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schwabacher, Mr. and Mrs. R. Tibbets, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Leavitt, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. B. H. Pratt, the Misses Callaghan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Torpey, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Zellerbach, Mrs. W. L. Breesee and family, Mr. H. B. Bemis, Mrs. F. Miller, Miss Miller.

The water hyacinth is a beautiful thing, so beautiful that some years ago an enterprising gentleman decided to introduce it in Florida. As it turned out, he not only introduced it, but he made it a part of the country. It has outgrown all bounds, formed impassable barriers in streams, caused the government to spend thousands to get rid of it, and is still an impediment to navigation in many rivers all over the South. The situation has become so serious in Louisiana that it is proposed to import hippopotami. At first thought, few people will be able to see any relation between hippopotami and water hyacinths, yet there is. In fact, the ordinary hippopotamus eats water hyacinth from morning until night if he can get it. It is evident, therefore, that were there plenty of hippopotami in Louisiana there would soon be no water hyacinth. It is for this reason that the government will be asked to import the beasts, domesticate them, and turn them loose in Louisiana.

Dante Rossetti, like Signor d'Annunzio, took infinite pains to extend his vocabulary (says the *London Chronicle*). W. M. Rossetti relates that his brother used to hunt "through all manner of old romances to pitch upon stunning words for poetry," and make lists of them. The words thus noted were of a miscellaneous character, such as euphrasy, fat-kidneyed, fat-witted, fleshquake, foolhappy, gorhellish, gramram, lass-lorn, lustral, primerole, recreandise, angelot, cherishance, triflicate, laureole, novelries, flexuous, cumberworld, and jobbernowl." Some of these explain themselves, but how many people could say offhand what "gorbellish" means? It does not figure in the English Historical Dictionary. And yet a good mouth-filling epithet surely deserves to live.

United States Indian agents are trying to solve the problem of finding a home for the homeless San Pasquale tribe of Indians. Several times sites for a reservation have been selected, but each time the white settlers of the region chosen were successful in efforts to keep the red men wandering. The San Pasquales are the only homeless Indians in the United States.

Imported vines, planted at Asti thirty years ago, produce the choice grapes from which the Italian-Swiss Colony's celebrated TINO (red or white) is made. For sale by all grocers.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Perkins—Did you see Morgan's new machine? Jerkins—Not in time.—*Smart Set*.

Wigwag—I never knew such a fellow as Bjones! He is always looking for trouble. Henpecked—Then why doesn't he get married?—*Boston Courier*.

"It wasn't much trouble to wind up poor old Slezem's affairs when he died." "No?" "All the property he left behind was a silver watch."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"My new hat is a poem," she said enthusiastically. "I have just received the bill for it," replied he. "I don't understand these stories of so many poets dying in poverty."—*Washington Star*.

"Why do you make that patient wait three hours every day in your anteroom?" "He needs rest," explained the doctor, "and that is the only way I can compel him to take it."—*Courier-Journal*.

Squire Durnitt (of Lonelyville)—Our town's got the four biggest liars in the State. Uncle Welby Gosh (of Drearyhurst)—I guess that's right. You're three of 'em. Who's the fourth?—*Chicago Tribune*.

Chief of Detectives—Now give us a description of your missing cashier. How tall was he? Business Man—I don't know how tall he was. What worries me is that he was \$25,000 short.—*Philadelphia Record*.

"My dear brother," said the clerical looking man, "are you doing anything to keep your brother from falling?" "Why, yes," was the reply. "I'm interested in a concern that manufactures lamp-posts!"—*Boston Courier*.

"Have you been married, Bridget?" "Twicet, mum." "And have you any children?" "Yis, mum—I've three. One he th' third wife av me second husband, an' two he the second wife av me first."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Author—Have courage, my boy, I tried for ten years to sell my manuscript and finally— Literary Aspirant—You succeeded? Author—No. I was the means of raising the local postoffice from the third to the second class.—*Chicago Daily News*.

Mrs. Starvem—How do you like the chicken soup, Mr. Newbord? Mr. Newbord—Oh—er—is this chicken soup? Mrs. Starvem—Certainly, how do you like it? Mr. Newbord—Well—er—it's certainly very tender.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"I believe we ought to have a change in our Constitution, providing that only citizens who could read and write good English should be permitted to vote." "What's your object? Do you want to shut out the college graduates?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"Before we were married," sighs the fond wife, "you used to call me up by long-distance telephone just to hear my voice." "Well," retorts the rebellious husband, "nowadays you won't let me get far enough from you to use the long-distance."—*Chicago Post*.

"Excuse my laughing," said Mrs. Bridey, "but I'll never forget my feelings when you asked me to marry you." "Why?" asked the husband. "Was it such a hard thing to answer?" "No, but you were such a soft thing to answer."—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"So you think the bluffers are faking about their extended European tour?" "I should say so. They said there were so many Americans in Venice that many had to walk in the middle of the street." "Well?" "Why, the streets of Venice are canals."—*Springfield Union*.

The Man—Did you notice that woman we just passed? The Woman—The one with blond puffs and a fur hat and a military cape, who was dreadfully made up, and had awfully soiled gloves on? The Man—Yes, that one. The Woman—No, I didn't notice her. Why?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"I felt so sorry when I heard your house was burned down, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Hawkins. "It was too bad," said Mrs. Jones, "but it had its bright side. John and I were both afraid to discharge our cook, but now that the house is gone, of course we don't have to."—*Harper's Weekly*.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—It is said that the five great original forests of the United States covered eight hundred and fifty million acres and contained fifty-two billion feet of lumber. Mr. Crimsonbeak—In those days, you see, there was some place for a man to go when his wife cleaned house.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"I understand, Miss Araminta," said the professor, "that you are inclined toward literature." "Yes," said the blushing spinster, "I wrote for the *Bugle Magazine* last month." "Indeed! May I ask what?" asked the professor. "I addressed all the envelopes for the rejected manuscripts," said Araminta, proudly.—*Harper's Weekly*.

Stranger (to prominent clergyman)—I came here, sir, to criticize your church management and tell you how it ought to be run.

Prominent Clergyman (amazed)—What do you mean, sir? How dare you? Who are you, anyway? Stranger—I am the humble editor of the paper you have been writing to.—*Life*.

"I endeavor not to make any distinction as to my servants," says the new mistress. "My rule is to treat each of them as one of the family." "Yes, mum," replies the new girl, "but if it's all the same to you I'd rather be treated with respect."—*Chicago Post*.

"So you are going to housekeeping as soon as you're married? I thought you had made up your mind to board." "Yes, but George is equally determined to have a house of our own." "And so you are going to keep house in order to please George?" "No, I'm going to keep house so that George will be glad to board."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Have you heard of the civil service examination for ambassadors?" inquired the man with the fur on his overcoat collar. "No," replied the man next the car window. "I haven't heard of it. Are they examining 'em now?" "Yes. They ask 'em just one question." "Only one question? What's that?" "Are you a multimillionaire and a free spender?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

## Dietetics.

In order to have good health it is absolutely necessary to observe well-recognized hygienic laws.—*Medical Journal*.

He never, oh, he never broke a health law whatsoever, he bathed, breathed deeply, and inhaled the open air;

He observed the laws of diet, lived a life of calm and quiet, avoided all rich dishes, and partook of simple fare;

The Demon Rum he hated, said its joys were overrated; he never chewed tobacco nor smoked a cigarette;

His clothes were cool or warm, suiting sunshine or the storm, and his footgear so constructed that his feet were never wet.

No joy-ride caught his fancy, no siren's necromancy ever lured him or seduced him from the straight and narrow road;

He eschewed all late-hour joys, never went out with the "boys," and in no way was a patron of pleasure's dizzy code;

His life was ruled by reason, he did nothing out of season, and stuck closer to the doctor's word than man was ever found;

But—in yonder plot he sleepeth, where that lonely willow weepeth, and all of him that's mortal lies six feet under ground!

And he? Oh, he is sure a devil, whose life is one long revel, he cares not for hygienic nor any other rules;

Cigars he smokes in bunches, drinks rum and whisky punches, and considers Prohibitionists as just so many fools;

He abhors room ventilation, swallows without mastication, and cares not what his garments are in sunshine or in rain;

He loves to play the ponies, plays late at night with cronies either pinochle or poker for pastime or for gain;

He goes out on numerous whirls with gay and giddy girls, and the glitter of the night-time pleases more than sunshine's ray;

He loves to haunt the places and loves to face the faces that one may see at eventide on pleasure's primrose way;

No doctor's aid he ever tries, no druggist's pills he ever buys, nor ever takes vacation as he gayly goes his rounds,

But—his voice rings loud with laughter, rings at night and next morn after, his cheeks are two red roses, and he weighs two hundred pounds!

—Puck.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

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S. S. Nippon Maru.....Tuesday, June 21, 1910  
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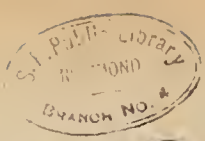
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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Hopeful Prospect.

There is evident disposition, more or less diplomatic, on the part of our daily newspapers to give a rose-colored interpretation to the situation at Washington respecting the appeal in behalf of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The truth appears to be—and we see no reason why it should not be plainly stated—that the California delegation has found it inexpedient to present an immediate demand for a money bonus. The first necessity is for formal recognition and adoption of the San Francisco project as a national enterprise. This is asked for by a resolution offered in the House of Representatives by Mr. Kahn, inviting the various countries of the world to participate in the celebration at San Francisco. This is logically a first step—it is an essential step. The demand for a cash subsidy will logically and naturally come later—at a time when the national government shall stand committed to the project. We shall know whether or not the efforts of our special delegation to Washington have been successful when the votes on Mr. Kahn's resolution

are counted. In the meantime there is every reason to be satisfied with the effort that has been made and to be hopeful for the outcome.

### The "Majesty of England."

Measured by the standards of tradition Edward VII of England was not a mighty king. Measured by the standards of intellectual and moral power he was not an impressive personage. Measured by the standards of political success—even accrediting to his personal influence the political fortunes of his reign—he was not a king of high achievement. Yet Edward VII was a great figure in the world. He served his country with distinction and prestige. In his death Englishmen everywhere are aggrieved and the whole world is moved by the sentiments of sympathy and respect. The throne of England has borne more puissant, more heroic figures, but never a king who by his temperament and poise better matched the need of his day and generation or who won and held more deservedly the affection of his people and the good-will of the world.

Kingship, like other human institutions, is subject to changes in fashion. In an older time it was needed in a King of England that he possess the spirit of command; that he be a resolute and all-dominant politician; that he be fired with the temper of a bold and aggressive soldier. In Edward's day the qualities which best befitted the King of England were of quite another sort. Modern England, for all the monarchialism of its names and titles, is a democracy. Today the British throne in its true character is representative not so much of political power as of a national majesty compounded of tradition and achievement wrought out in the struggles and triumphs of a conquering race. A man of another temper, heir in the sense that Edward was of all the ages, might easily have misconceived his position. By lofty pretensions under old standards, by a not unroyal insubordination to new times and standards, he might have put himself in antagonism with the spirit of the age and in conflict with the mood of his people. And by so doing he would have intensified and hurried forward a movement which for the welfare not only of England, but of the civilized world, ought to be deliberate and orderly in its march. Edward perfectly conceived the position of a constitutional monarch; he comprehended in its dignities and in its limitations the function of a king in these newer days. With absolute judgment and in perfect taste he yielded where to yield was a virtue, gave himself freely to the currents of his time, played the part as it fell to him, and so upheld and passed on undiminished that intangible but none the less tremendous force in the modern world, the Majesty of England.

The stolidity of the British character, its resistance to the spirit of innovation, have long been the sneer of other races and countries. And yet who is there who knows anything of world movements since the rule of absolutism who has failed to observe the hospitality of the British mind to new political ideas? And who has failed to observe as among the traditional merits of British royalty that it has yielded, mostly in good temper and in good faith, to the advancing liberalism of times and conditions? It was this spirit in the British race and British royalty—barring reactionary exceptions—which gave to England an orderly and wholesome political evolution in ages when continental countries were torn with the passions of revolution, paralyzed by the weight of unyielding systems. Viewed broadly, the British race, for all its conservatism, has moved more steadily toward liberal ideals and in truth has gone further in their attainment than any European contemporary. And today it may fairly be said of the English system that despite its monarchical and anachronistic names it is in some respects the most democratic in the world, not

even excepting our own. For who does not know that the British government in its modern organization responds to popular opinion more quickly and more surely than our own? Both observation and reflection are confused by the fact that in England names are what they were generations ago, while the things represented by names have undergone radical metamorphosis; and there are few to comprehend that even in point of time the present English system, dating as it does from Parliamentary Reform, approximately seventy-five years ago, is half a century younger than our own, dating from the Revolution of 1776?

England's use for a king in these modern days of a supreme Parliament has been that of an august figurehead, representative of tradition, history, sentiment—all summed up in the Majesty of England. How well Edward VII has played his part all the world has observed. As we have already said, he perfectly conceived both the obligations and the limitations of a constitutional monarch. He understood the value of form in its relation to social and political stability. He comprehended, no man ever better, the potentialities which lie in social authority. He knew by instinct the British mind; by a still finer instinct he knew the British heart. Upon both he wrought not by the arts of pose and demagoguery, but by the higher powers of sympathy. He was fit to be an English king because he was ideally an English gentleman. The dignity of birth and authority he had in due degree. He had, too, that dignity which comes of a just consideration for others. He possessed in eminent measure that personal and social tact which is only another name for common sense disciplined by good breeding. Fortune made Edward a king, but by his own character, by a rigid self-mastery, he made himself the first gentleman of his kingdom.

Until time shall have revealed the inner diplomacies of the past decade we shall not know how to estimate the political character of Edward VII. But we do know that out of a multitude of embroilments, great and small, England has come off with dignity and without recourse to the arbitrament of war. We do know that confidence and friendship have supplanted uncertainty and enmity in the relations between England and certain of her continental neighbors; and we do know that the spirit and the voice of the king have ever supported the influences making for friendship and peace.

George V comes to the throne with scant preparation for its obligations, albeit he is forty-five years of age and for twenty years has been a king in expectancy. All his life he has walked in a shadow, first that of his elder brother, and later that of his father. It is fair to say that in every relationship wherein his abilities have been tested he has carried himself creditably. Yet he has made little or nothing of great opportunities. He has not impressed himself either as an effective or as an interesting personality upon the world or upon his own country. He has, indeed, had no chance to play at the kingly game, but surely if he had been a man of high qualities he would have found the chance to make himself known and valued. The heir apparent of a throne—above all of the British throne—need have no difficulty in impressing the world if he be a man of impressive powers. Responsibility is the best of all schoolmasters. The duties of his place may do much for the character of the new king, but if the truth be plainly spoken there is small reason to hope for spirit and grace in one who up to the age of forty-five and in conspicuous princely station has not exhibited these traits.

The death of Edward and the succession of George come at a time when something like a revolutionary movement is in process. Unquestionably the feeling of grief for the old king in combination with a spirit of loyalty to the new will have a powerful effect upon



the British mind. That it will tend to a revival of national sentiment, involving a reaction favorable to tradition as against innovation nobody can doubt. The immediate effect, we believe, will be a postponement of the movement involved in the recent controversy over the budget. But in the end we think the forces of tradition more likely to lose than to gain through the change in the throne. Edward was an immensely popular figure. He satisfied fully and completely the British imagination, which turns instinctively to the robust, the hearty, and the candid type of man. At every stage of his life—even in the peccadilloes of his youth—Edward commanded the interest and affection of the people. His marriage amazingly helped him, bringing as it did to the British court the most charming figure it had ever known.

It is possible that King George, under the inspirations of his situation, may develop traits hitherto unobserved and unsuspected, but it must be confessed that there is little in the way of tangible motive for this hope. His personal presence is not impressive; his manners are abrupt. He may have intellectual force, but social tact, which would go much further in the circumstances in which he finds himself, he certainly has not. On the domestic side, he is not likely to be greatly aided. His wife, Princess Mary of Teck, has never been a favorite with the English people. She comes of a family which, in spite of its royal rank, and in spite of the kindly nature of the Duchess of Teck, has never commanded general affection or interest. She was betrothed to Clarence, Prince of Wales, at the time of his death; and there was that in the way in which she was passed on from the dead heir apparent to his brother and successor which jarred upon the sensibilities of a people who have always seen something uncanny in transactions of this kind as defined in their law with respect to a deceased wife's sister. Queen Mary, so the world has been told, has all the domestic virtues, but the impression she has made upon the world is that of a prim and more or less forbidding personage. She will, no doubt, play her part conscientiously. She will not fail to command that solid respect which the English people yield to moral punctiliousness and domestic efficiency. But her name is not likely to become a national toast, a symbol for graciousness and loveliness, as that of the Queen Dowager has been for half a century. Then there is that in the king's own domestic history—we refer to the reputed Seymour marriage—however it may accord with the presumed obligations of a royal personage, which must always tend to a certain individual discredit.

On the whole, it must be said that in the change from Edward VII to George V the British throne as a political and social institution appears more likely to lose than to gain in consideration and strength. Most certainly, however he may develop under the discipline of his high station, it will take years for the new king to give to the throne the high individual prestige which has characterized it in the reign of Edward VII.

#### Taft Will Be Supported.

The charge that there is no party in Congress strong enough to carry into enforcement the constructive policies promised by the Chicago platform and urged by the President was exploded by the action of Congress on Tuesday in its passage of the railroad bill by a solid Republican vote, plus thirteen Democratic votes. This action is not final; it does not determine the form in which the measure is ultimately to be worked out. But it does demonstrate an underlying resolution among Republicans of all types and factions to come in the end to the support of the administration in its effort to fulfill party pledges.

This has been the only logical, we had nearly said the only possible, outcome of the apparent congressional deadlock. It was inevitable that the so-called insurgent Republicans should see that in affiliating with the minority they were hazarding the disruption of the national Republican party and playing into the hands of enemies whose sole purpose and policy has been to promote discord to the end of going before the country with an exhibit of Republican pledges disregarded.

In one form or another the railroad bill will pass Congress, although it will not entirely satisfy either the insurgents or the stand-patters. Both elements will vote for it, not because they like the measure, but because the conditions and circumstances require its adoption. And in due turn the other so-called adminis-

trative measures will likewise pass Congress. The list includes besides (1) the railroad bill, (2) statehood for Arizona and New Mexico, (3) the postal savings bank bill, (4) the anti-injunction bill, (5) the validating-conservation measures, (6) the publicity of campaign expenditures bill. Upon these measures the administration will insist and Congress will act, with perhaps some modifications and concessions all round.

With the success of its legislative plans now practically assured by the action of Tuesday, the administration will take on a certain renewed prestige. And it was time that it should if it were to hold the confidence and respect of the country. Mr. Taft has made mistakes, but the rallying of Congress in support of the administrative measures will tend to retrieve them. In effect it inaugurates a new and what we trust will prove a prosperous era for the Taft administration.

#### The Gubernatorial Campaign.

The primary campaign for the governorship has now been under way something more than three months—long enough to afford the public fair opportunity to size up the men and adjudge the motives involved in it. The appeal of Mr. Bell, candidate for the Democratic nomination, is a warming-up of his unsuccessful campaign for the governorship three years ago and of a previous unsuccessful campaign for Congress. Now, as ever, Mr. Bell's voice is pitched in the negative key—he is "agin" pretty much everything. Individually, the fleeting years have robbed Mr. Bell of what was interesting in his youth and in his early—and only—political success without endowing him with the clearer insight, the surer poise, the sounder wisdom which should have come with maturity. The boy of some promise has grown into a commonplace man—one in whom an itch for office has become chronic and in whom repeated disappointments have wrought the pessimistic spirit and the mood of resentment. Mr. Bell has now been up and down the State for several weeks speaking almost nightly. But he has said nothing, done nothing, to impress the public with the solidity or efficiency of either his political character or his political projects.

Mr. Johnson, candidate of the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League—in other words, the Pardeeites—under the special patronage of its inside managing ring has been diligently at it for upwards of a hundred days and nights. He has put into his appeals the full fury of that fire-eyed frenzy which he employs professionally in the criminal courts, and which is so effective a protection to murderers, bank looters, and other offenders against the laws of God and man. Mr. Johnson, like Mr. Bell, is mostly "agin" things. His powers of slang-whanging, trained to serve any side of any cause where profit lies, have been brought to bear upon the organized political life of California. On this one string he has harped excitedly and exclusively. His time and energies have been so consumed in denunciation that he has had neither time nor energy left to present even by suggestion any theory for betterment if he should be called to the governorship. Mr. Johnson's campaign has, indeed, been impressive—impressive of his individual lack of poise, of his temperamental incapacity for unimpassioned and level-headed judgments, of his lack of responsible experience, his lack of everything save a capacity for loose and perfervid talk.

Mr. Johnson has shared in Mr. Bell's campaign of universal denunciation, although Mr. Bell is a Democrat and Mr. Johnson is nominally a Republican. As the candidate of the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt League he is the mouthpiece of that little faction headed by Dr. Pardee which founds its politics in resentment and hatred of the Republican organization. It was expected, in view of the pretensions of his candidacy, that Mr. Johnson might have some definite, some plausible grounds of criticism of State affairs and that he would offer some definite scheme looking to a worthy and helpful reformation. But not so. With all his declamation and for all his railing, he has not pointed out one real grievance of any magnitude in the conditions of State administration, in the management of State funds, or in the recent enactments of the State legislature. Those who had expected to have from Mr. Johnson an orderly and rational setting forth of real grievances have been compelled to listen to mere rhetorical denunciation of individuals and of more than less imaginary political ills. The causes which have impelled Mr. Johnson and his little group of backers in this curious political move-

ment are personal and trivial. Their foundation lie in the political disappointment and undying chagrin of Dr. Pardee—this is the foundation and to it have been added the personal disappointments and resentments of a few other aspiring spirits whose individual merits have not found a recognition persistently sought.

Mr. Stanton's campaign is not impressive of anything in particular unless it be of a somewhat ridiculous ambition for the unattainable. Mr. Stanton is not a man of the gubernatorial measure, and apparently he himself knows it. In its largest pretension his candidacy is merely local and sectional, but it lacks even the strength of local and sectional approval. It is indeed, a candidacy not worth considering seriously having no connection with the outcome excepting as it may draw a few votes from one or another or all of the other candidates. Of Mr. Ellery's candidacy it can not be said that it has even a local and geographical character—it is only an impertinence.

Mr. Curry's campaign has at least the merit of definiteness founded in a consistent plan and addressed to fixed classes of voters. Mr. Curry is an old-style professional office-holder. Mr. Curry lives and has his being by the game of practical politics. He is a professional good fellow in affiliation with the little groups of politicians who hang around county courthouses, drinking resorts, and cigar stores with back room attachments. The motive, end, and aim of Mr. Curry's politics is vote-getting by scheming, persuasion, jolly ing, trading, and what not—vote-getting and nothing more. If Mr. Curry cherishes any political principle or purposes that he is not willing to compromise for votes, nobody has ever heard of them. His candidacy to a degree cheapens and vulgarizes the gubernatorial campaign; it has been made possible only by the foolish law which allows any unblushing self-seeker to propose himself for public dignities and responsibilities, however lacking in the requisite qualities of capacity and character. Of course Mr. Curry in the governorship is unthinkable.

The one candidacy which inspires confidence in the efficiencies and dignities of government is that of Mr. Anderson. Here is a man brought into the contest under suggestions and motives worthy of respect. Mr. Anderson has held high public office and duly accredited himself in it, but he is no professional office-holder, no dependent upon political favor. His personal politics is that of a man of affairs, familiarly acquainted with the State and inspired by sense of responsibility for its welfare. He makes no demagogic appeals; he urges no political resentments; he is not striving to exhibit himself in heroic poses; he is not cheaply and vulgarly trafficking for blocks of votes. Mr. Anderson's campaign is founded in the necessities of sustaining the State government in accordance with the ideals of the Republican party and in working harmony with its national leadership. This is his whole platform, and in conjunction with his high personal, business, and public character it should be a sufficiently broad platform for all who want to see the government of California decently and efficiently administered.

Far the larger share of the duties which fall to the governor of California may be classified under the head of business affairs. The management of the great State institutions, the construction and repair of buildings, the purchase of materials and supplies, these are other functions of like character call for business judgment, business methods, business exactness and thoroughness. Is there anybody so confiding as to look for the qualities essential to these duties in Mr. Bell, a lawyer-politician without business experience; in Mr. Johnson, a criminal practitioner and professional spell binder likewise without business taste or training; in Mr. Curry, who is a mere political wire-puller without experience in any other kind of activity? These questions answer themselves. It would be the extreme of folly to put any one of these incapables, speaking practically, in charge of operations measurable in terms of millions of dollars. No business organization, corporate or private, would consider for one moment suggestion so out of harmony with business standard and precedents. And it is at the point where these men are notably weak that Mr. Anderson is notably strong. In his hands the business affairs of the State would be in expert, qualified, responsible hands. The same capacities, the same training, the same prudence that have marked Mr. Anderson's public and private career will sustain him in the governorship, yielding



to the people of California a sense of confidence with respect to matters not only of large material importance, but of the highest moral consequence.

One thing emphasized by this campaign is this fact, namely, that for all the vitriolic declamation of the Bells, the Johnsons, and the Pardees, the administrative and legislative life of California is practically clean. For if it were otherwise we should have something more than hot-blooded and embittered oratory. If there were crimes in State administration, if there were scandals in State finance, if there were gross favoritism in law-making, there would be something more tangible in the outgivings of the muck-raking champions than mere noise and fury. Furthermore, if there were grievances, apart from personal disappointments and resentments, we should have in the field men of larger calibre and of sounder quality than those who are now beating the air with such desperate but futile energy. When things are very wrong with an American State it is not left to the unsuccessful, the disappointed, the embittered, the rattle-brained, and the loose-tongued to correct them.

### To Flannery's Rescue.

Every man and woman who has the interests of the Paris of America at heart will hope that the indictment of the Hon. Henry P. Flannery—"Old Harry" as he is affectionately known at the bar—may prove to have been so hastily drawn that a trial under it must result in acquittal. True it is, when judged by technicalities, such as might impress people of shallow public spirit, Harry may be somewhat at fault; but as a Mr. Seward long ago pointed out there is a higher law than statutes, higher than the Constitution itself, and that is the Public Interest. On this ground Mr. Flannery, patriot and good fellow that he is, ought to be safe. Is it not in the Public Interest, we ask, that this city should be a Paris of America in which any person should find instruction in any so-called vice? And we put the further question: How could San Francisco become the Paris of America if it should let its Flannerys go to jail? Was not the forced retirement of Schmitz and Ruef, who had this same work capably in hand, lesson enough in the folly of hatching the geese that were about to lay the golden eggs?

We urge our readers to look at this question in a spirit of civic pride. You can not leave the building of another Paris, especially one with a family entrance, to mere dilettantes, man-milliners, and charade-statesmen. Can you? Nor is such a task to be left to the Y. M. C. A., that feeble graft which can not raise as much money to house itself, with the aid of fifty solicitors, as Flannery could for a cockfight with the aid of a slot machine and free drinks. The creation of a new Paris calls for men of red blood and generous neck measurement; men who have, all the way up from their boyish crap games, seen their duty and done it; men who can look anybody else in the face and then push it in. What we need are men like the Hon. Henry P. Flannery, whom Mayor McCarthy justly described as one of "fine American spirit." These are the kind to build a Pacific Coast Paris. Why keep them behind any bars but their own?

Look at the thing ethically. What did Harry do? It is meanly said that he was caught in a protection deal with wire-tappers and crooks. But what is the truth? He was hail fellow well-met with a little group of facetious poolroom operators, common to all cities, and having its place in every centre of amusement; and in his capacity of police commissioner, when one of these friends made a misstep, was he the one to cast him down and throw the first brick? Not Harry Flannery! He might be president of the police commission, but he was still a man among men. Yet because he did not turn on his friend, because he was willing to keep a poor fellow on his feet, he has been misjudged and indicted. What is to become of San Francisco—and we put the question in plain Irish, so as not to be misunderstood—if thim things kin be?

Citizens of San Francisco, you have by a large majority elected a mayor who represents the Paris of America idea. He was chosen on that very platform. He deserves your support, not only because of his election, but because he is making his election pledges good. At the head of the police commission he put his old friend Flannery, a man who had been honored upon a time by the great Democratic party of the State, which gave him in preference to Mr. James D. Phelan a complimentary vote for United States senator; particularly a man who keeps a convenient saloon, full,

like himself, of fine American spirit. Elected on the ticket with the mayor is a board of supervisors devoted to his honor's ideals; and at the crooked elbow of the administration are other men who take the same. Now we want to know if the mayor himself as well as Harry Flannery is to be "trun down"? Has P. H. McCarthy not played fair? Is any man with a red badge walking up and down before his office calling "Unfair! Unfair"? We put the question: Is not San Francisco getting to be like Paris as fast as it can? Are not the French restaurants, of which old San Francisco was so proud and which suffered from the fuzzy-wuzzy blight, rebuilding fast? And are they not more ornately planned than the old ones and with more exclusive rooms upstairs? Is there not more personal liberty? Have not the generous and picturesque Chinese, whom the McCarthys, the Flannigans, the Finns, the Murphys, the Grogans, the Kearneys, and the O'Rourkes have done so much for and to, now been given way and room to pursue their attractive racial customs in peace? Did not the mayor send the police captain who threatened them despite his humane wishes to the milk ranches on the San Mateo line? Haven't we secured for San Francisco's benefit the greatest prize-fight the West will have seen since the glad days at Reno? Is there not song and dance and other Parisian cheer in the places of refreshment where, under the late un mourned Taylor régime the rat after one a. m. gnawed the cheese at the end of even Flannery's bar? How is it today? No matter what time in the night or early morning it may be, a perfect lady may walk the streets and ask any man for common, human protection without having to shrink from the coarse threats of a policeman. Talk about the way to Paris! Why even the fine arts are feeling the tonic influence of McCarthy's all-embracing plan. A glance at the walls of our best saloons and into our finest picture machines shows it. Everybody is on the boulevard, going to the new Paris, just as the mayor foresaw—everybody but Flannery, who helped make it possible, and they say he is going to jail. But is he? Not if tens of thousands of patriotic men and women can help it. San Francisco knows its friends. It is not going to let itself be turned into a sodawater bazaar through the machinations of the law. We advise no rash measures, but it is time to assemble in every hall of progress, in the saloons and poolrooms, in the billiard parlors, in the headquarters of the unions, down on the track and even in the blind pigs, and show that, whatever betides, the fine fruits of the municipal election of 1909 are not to be gathered by unfriendly hands.

### Small Change No Object.

In raising a Panama Exposition fund, New Orleans will do nothing by halves. A scoffer may say that it prefers to do them by quarters and dimes, but this gibe does injustice to a peerless city, which means to hold the exposition if it has to subscribe "almost a million" of dollars and tax the State of Louisiana besides.

The perfected idea is to have New Orleans go to Congress with enough money to breed three times as much more and with a brand-new tax law to fall back on. The *Picayune* says that a million dollars will be none too much for a subscription; and it points with pride at the mass meeting "at which nearly if not quite one-third of a million was subscribed, and that without canvassing." "This striking fact," says the *Picayune*, "shows how heartily our people have taken up this great public enterprise, and it makes the prospect of ultimate success from every point of view brilliant in the extreme."

Such an outpouring of money in which the large corporations like the United Fruit Company with its magnificent subscription of \$25,000 and the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company with its dual pledge of \$10,000 were near the top of the lists, could not but stimulate public and private generosity in a marked degree. During the first flush of enthusiasm it looked as if New Orleans, all by itself, might bear the palm. A director of the Rapid Transit system, after due consideration, came out and proposed to have the cars run as a fifteen instead of a twenty-minute schedule during the great fair and use two mules instead of one. Indeed, the company voted to put on three more cars without waiting on the result of the general discussion. There was no thought in this of making money, the plan being to serve all patrons of the exposition without regard to a possible deficit. Other large corporations showed a helping spirit, even the peanut trust, which has done so much

in the South to increase the cost of living, being ready to stock the fair with medium goobers at the mere cost of delivery. The infection became individual. An open-handed Italian citizen offered \$5000, to be paid in two semi-annual installments, for the banana privilege during the exposition, pledging himself not to raise the price. The services of twelve new herds were promised by the livery combine for the use of the fair officials and public guests. On every hand school children wanted to swell the fund. Shut-ins would crochet. Rummage sales were proposed by the Ladies' Auxiliary. The negro stevedores at the levee offered to run an extra pump in supplying the fair grounds with fertile river water. But it was noted by prudent friends of New Orleans that her people were beginning to get prodigal and reckless, and so the public mind was diverted in favor of leaving all the rest to a State tax, covering a term of years, which Louisiana would do its part in shouldering and which would not be subject to sober second thought.

Hence the formal charter of the World's Panama Exposition Company of Louisiana, which embraces the plan by which, Congress willing, New Orleans may get the congressional fair appropriation with the least possible strain on the resources of New Orleans itself.

The corporation is to be a going concern when \$100,000 shall have been subscribed; and the authorized capital, \$10,000,000, is believed to be large enough to dazzle eyes which otherwise might detect the actual amount raised. At any rate the figures will have a fine moral effect. The corporation is to last twenty years and if it has a surplus left the money is to be divided between Louisiana parishes to be spent on good roads. So if Congress does the right thing by the \$10,000,000 fund Louisiana will see that, by a judicious use of the surplus, the facilities of travel in Louisiana will be much increased.

It is pleasing to see that New Orleans has entered upon the preliminary work of boosting the exposition with the same disregard of expense. It is proposed that every manufacturer of New Orleans molasses shall label each can with the impressive figures, 1915. An advertising agency has been induced to run a New Orleans "ad." in all its trade announcements. Every merchant in the country will be given a low rate on Panama stick-flags, to be put in his show windows with the legend "New Orleans—1915." All traveling men are to be invited to talk up New Orleans and the fair in hotel dining and bar rooms. A request has been made to rubber-stamp every piece of mail matter leaving Louisiana with the phrase "Let's boost New Orleans for 1915." If satisfactory rates can be made, five thousand toy balloons carrying New Orleans circulars will be let loose all over the country.

After this exhibition of pluck and enterprise, it is the duty of San Francisco as the hated rival to watch every point. It can not afford to sleep on its mere subscription of four millions plus. That does fairly for a city of "specious gifts material," but New Orleans may yet send out half a dozen creole opera companies, if it thinks they can pay their way, and set the people to singing its exposition tunes. The New Orleans mind is as productive in methods of getting something for nothing as its bayous are in water hyacinths; and even when it comes to money its hundred thousand dollars of "an authorized capital of ten millions" and a possible State tax to back it up may go a long way. "It is the same as cash," remarks the *Picayune*, "while the California promise is a mere verbal promise without the guaranty."

### Galvanizing the Mummies.

It has struck Europe, after reflection, that Mr. Roosevelt did not come out of the wilderness with much that is new. He was mildly startling when, as the apostle of American democracy, he told the Egyptians that they had been born saddled and bridled, for the use of those who had been born booted and spurred; but this postulate was a respectable tradition in the time of the Pharaohs. There was nothing fresh about it save in the form of its delivery. At the Sorbonne, the intellect of France was invited to concentrate itself upon the thesis that honesty is the best policy in civic as well as private affairs; and the Immortals were Frenchly entertained by a dissertation on race suicide, the subtle intent being to show them that a reduction in the number of babies had, in the long run, a depressing effect on the census returns of adults. These reflections corrugated the highest brows of France for at least a week, but at the end of another



French scholarship could go no further than to agree that the ancients who first demonstrated these now axiomatic truths were quite correct. The applause then began to die down. It was generally felt, as a mere matter of justice, that until the author of the sociological text-books which Solomon had studied in his youth had been rewarded by academic honors, Mr. Roosevelt would have to wait for an encore.

In other parts of Europe like causes produced like effects. In due time the Scandinavians had their turn. Sitting spellbound at the feet of the American savant, they learned that it is better, from the economic standpoint, to limit armaments than to increase them, especially after the taxes have become a burden. This conclusion, especially at a Nobel Peace Prize meeting, was irreproachable and convincing; but after curing the hoarseness caused by round after round of vocal enthusiasm over it, the Scandinavians began to take the address more as an indorsement of what the Carthaginians thought of the galley question and the Romans of the legionary issue than as an example of Mr. Roosevelt's original turn of mind.

At this writing it is not known what particular truths Dr. Roosevelt—for in the first excitement he was made a Ph. D.—will drive home to the Germans and the English, but his opportunities will be wide to state undisputed truths in terms of stentorian but antique philosophy. The unhappy relation of beer to a Scotch plaid liver looks inviting. It would lend itself to the ex-President's strenuous delivery, and, beside puckering the German intellectual and alimentary processes for at least a month, might have a good moral effect on the rural vote at home. The multiplication of soldiers, Colonel Roosevelt may explain, with a fine flourish, adds an unearned increment to the mass of consumers, thus depriving the soil of the needed community of producers. One needs but little imagination to see the Germans denting their mahogany with steins and hocking everything in sight over these immemorial truths and demanding as with one voice that the universities shall do the right thing—only to recover in a week and wonder what had occurred to lame their mental equipment and remind them of the last katzenjammer. The suggestion that the Pundit of Oyster Bay may also tread heavily among the German parts of speech and pull out the roots in the interest of spelling reform is, however, withheld. Mr. Roosevelt is no longer able to revive his own enthusiasm on this subject.

Whether, in view of the national bereavement of England, the Roosevelt programme for that country will be changed, it is too early to say. It is possible that the ex-President will not stay there long enough to expound his views on the Deceased Wife's Sister law, consider the attitude of the Liberal party on Home Rule, or to discover his fourth cradle of civilization. But if he does, we are quite certain that the English people, under the hypnotic spell of their distinguished guest, will go into the usual trance and pass on into the customary awakening. It all goes to show what a belligerent man, with a loud voice, a generous dentation, and a long swing of muscular arms, above all such a man with a famous name, can do with platitudes; how, clad in academic gowns, hemstitched with epigrams, they are made to strut across a wide stage, pride in their port and defiance in their eye, leaving the audience in a state of delirious enthusiasm until the morning after. And it is then, with appalling certainty, that they find their sulphite turned to bromide.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Two bombshells within a couple of weeks is a liberal expenditure of ammunition even for Principal Woodrow Wilson. In a sense, too, they are aimed at different targets, for while the missile discharged at Pittsburg had for its objective the parlous condition of education, that which is projected from the new issue of the *North American Review* is directed at the evils of party organization in politics. The president of Princeton is convinced that the present elective system is in direct opposition to the spirit of the Constitution, and adds:

The short ballot is the short and open way by which we can return to representative government. It has turned out that the methods of organization which lead to efficiency in government are also the methods which give the people control. The busy owner is more effectually in control if he appoints a capable superintendent and holds him responsible for the conduct of the business than he would be if he undertook himself to choose all the subordinate agents and workmen and superintend both them and the superintendent; and the business is better conducted—incomparably better conducted. What the voters of the country are now attempting is not only impossible, but also undesirable if we desire good government.

To point his moral Dr. Wilson adduces the charter of the city of New York as a pertinent example of a system of

obscurity and inefficiency, and certainly it would seem difficult to devise an instrument more to the liking of the ward boss.

Owing to garbled reports, Dr. Wilson's speech at Pittsburg has been interpreted as a plea for that one-sided view of college work which is demanding its results to be appraised by tangible external achievement. This is an aftermath of the "mollycoddle" gospel which a certain hoisterous person is never weary of preaching. It holds aloft before all graduates the idea that "doing things" is the he-all and end-all of existence. But the head of Princeton does not subscribe to that doctrine. He values, and values highly, the work of those who devote themselves to the problems of poverty and the improvement of the less well-to-do masses, but he is conscious that there are other things in the world that are worth while, and that contribute to the making of variety, beauty, and stimulus in life:

Among these is liberal culture; and the liberal culture that men get out of four college years properly employed leavens their whole lives, and makes the world a better and brighter place not only for themselves, but for others.

Two other high-minded publicists have recently enforced this view, a view, by the way, which is in danger of being ignored. The danger comes not alone from the hazy manner in which the "mollycoddle" gospel is preached, but also from the supremacy of athletics in our colleges. Unhappily, the college athlete has become both in college sentiment and in public estimation the representative college man. Consequently, as President Lowell of Harvard states, the student will often submit willingly to the drudgery which will make him efficient in football or baseball, but recoil from the study which will prepare him for distinction in letters or science.

So acute and sympathetic an observer of American conditions as Mr. James Bryce has noted the same tendency. He does not, as becomes a guest of the nation, venture to interfere in the question of athletics, but he reminds us of the danger of neglecting humanistic subjects. After all, that phase of education is not so unrelated to practical matters as is often thought. Scholarship, or that resultant character which comes from scholarship, is becoming increasingly necessary to teach men how to gratify their tastes properly in the use of money. Besides, there is no discipline comparable with scholarship for training for power.

Ohio indulged in a Mothers' Day last Sunday. It was set apart by Governor Harmon in compliance with the request of the Federated Mothers' Clubs, and in his proclamation he said:

No element in either national or domestic life is more important than the mothers of our country. Home virtues are the safeguard of our existence. Our mothers are their highest exemplification. How better realize this and how better renew the early influence of a departed or living mother than by setting apart a day for her whose life was full of denial and self-sacrifice.

Excellent sentiments, which we have all expressed at some time or another, but which do not seem to need recognition in the way Governor Harmon has approved. The precedent, indeed, opens up an interminable vista of ear-marked "days." If the mother, why not the father; and when parents are exhausted there are husbands and wives, and brothers and sisters, for whom much good might be urged. But it is the principle which is wrong. It is another and vicious extension of the irritating custom which insists upon presents at Christmas whether one is in the giving mood or not. The tendency of all such "days" is to confine the virtues they attempt to foster to the twenty-four hours set apart in their interests.

Humor has not quite deserted New York in view of the return of the Wanderer. Thus, the announcement that the entire reception committee will meet him at quarantine and that he will then "be taken aboard" the cutter has prompted the self-appointed Chairman of the Real Reception to Roosevelt, according to the *Evening Post*, to emit this deliverance:

It seems to me that the committee lacks imagination when it suggests that it will go down the hay and just "take" Roosevelt off the *Auguste Victoria*. Can anybody see Roosevelt being "taken"? Never! Now our plan is to hire a number of low-rakish crafts and go far out to sea and have the reception committee hoard the ship at break of day, as if with the intention of scuttling her. Of course the colonel will give battle and "take" all the committee. When this sham fight is over, the naval procession will start, Roosevelt walking on the water at the head of it.

But the Chairman of the Real Reception has not looked at one of the latest photographs from Egypt. It depicts the Untakable on horseback in charge of a son of the desert. And, by the way, has anybody counted the photographs which have been reproduced since the emergence into civilization?

Dr. George M. Niles of Atlanta, Georgia, may expect a summons to the White House at any moment. In what he calls a "physiological appreciation" of corpulence he reminds us that "fat people can stand with impunity many hard knocks that would completely demoralize attenuated individuals." Nor is that all. The doctor believes that "a physiologic reserve of fat by its very presence exerts a quieting and reassuring influence on the vital forces most concerned in constructive metabolism." And he rounds up his homily by the "eat, drink, and be merry" text of Scripture. Here is a desirable friend indeed, whose visits might do much to relieve that solitude of which Mr. Taft complained. Dr. Niles had better hurry along before another searcher of the Scriptures unearths that other text which tells how "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked."

Sir Francis Galton gives the British "eldest son" an unpleasant shock by stating that late researches have shown that "the eldest born are, as a rule, inferior in natural gifts to the younger born in a small but significant degree. Primogeniture, like gavelkind, has to be defended on other grounds besides that of heredity."

### KING EDWARD THE SEVENTH.

Some Outstanding Dates and Events of His Career.

No king of Great Britain save Edward VII has drawn his first and last breath under the same roof. Apart from the fact that the somewhat sombre Buckingham Palace was the scene of his birth, it was eminently fitting that he should pass away within its walls, for it is situated in the heart of the capital of his vast empire, in the centre of that London he loved so well.

Albert Edward, the second child of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, was born November 9, 1841. As his advent had been preceded by a daughter, his birth was the occasion of widespread rejoicing. From his earliest years unusual pains were taken to fit him for his great destiny, though none could foresee that his accession to the throne was to be postponed for fifty-nine years. In accordance with the wishes of Queen Victoria, though in opposition to public sentiment, the initial education of the future king was intrusted to private tutors, the most famous of whom was Charles Kingsley, who specially instructed the prince in history. Later, however, he took a course of study at Edinburgh University and afterwards became a student at both Oxford and Cambridge. By this wise arrangement the young prince acquired intimate relationship with the three most notable seats of learning in the British Isles.

But, happily, in addition to this scholastic training, the factor of foreign travel was allowed free play in his education. He was still in the formative period of early manhood—not twenty, in fact—when he made his memorable tour through America after a visit to Canada, an experience which gave him the unique distinction of being the only British monarch who has visited the United States. Two years later he made a tour of the East under the wise and informed guardianship of Dean Stanley, and in 1875-6 he paid his memorable visit to India, which, years later, inspired the conception of that Imperial Institute which has done so much to serve the common interests of the empire. These were his most important absences from England, but all through his life, from early childhood to the month before his death, his visits to the continent were frequent and beyond counting, enabling him to acquire that knowledge of European politics and persons which served him so valuably during his brief reign.

Two events of his early manhood conspired to impress his personality as Prince of Wales upon the hearts of his future subjects. The first of these was his marriage, on March 10, 1863, to Princess Alexandra, eldest daughter of the then crown prince of Denmark and subsequently King Christian. Tennyson rarely voiced the heart of the nation so perfectly as in his poetic welcome:

Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!  
Welcome her, thunders of fort and of fleet!  
Welcome her, thundering cheer of the street!  
Welcome her, all things youthful and sweet,  
Scatter the blossoms under her feet!

Less than a decade later, in 1872, the prince was stricken by a virulent attack of typhoid, and for six weeks his life was in imminent danger. His recovery was made the occasion of a stately thanksgiving service in St. Paul's Cathedral, the subdued splendor of which marked it as a unique pageant in the history of British royal events.

Such, in brief, were some of the outstanding dates and events of his career before his advent to the throne. But after the death of his father, and the consequent comparative retirement of the "Widow of Windsor," the burden of representing the crown fell almost entirely on his shoulders. In all those years he manifested a keen interest in industrial exhibitions, in all charitable institutions, in movements for improving the housing of the poor, in schemes for perfecting agriculture, and in every way possible to one in his position associated himself zealously with every effort for ameliorating the life of the people.

But along with this untiring activity in public affairs he was able to embody in himself that spirit of sportsmanship which has always been so marked a trait of the English character. His devotion to the race-track is well known, as also is the fact that he had the rare fortune to win the Derby with horses of his own stable on three occasions. On each of those occasions, too, he manifested the spirit of the true sportsman by refusing to allow his royal position to exonerate him from the duty of leading his winning horse from the track. This phase of his character had many other manifestations, notably in his interest in yachting, shooting, and all other recreations of the country gentleman.

What he has accomplished for the peace of Europe and the world since his accession to the throne on January 22, 1901, is of too recent occurrence to require particular record. By his missions to Lisbon, to Paris to Rome, to Revel, he consolidated friendship with Portugal, made the *ente* with France a dominant factor in European politics, weakened Italy's adhesion to the Triple Alliance, and put an end to Russian aggression in India. These are the achievements which surely entitle him to go down in history as "Edward the Peacemaker."



# THE CAPITULATION OF HAMMERSTEIN.

A Question of "Revenge on the Music-Loving Public."

When Mme. Tetrizzini unburdened her soul to an English interviewer at Fishguard on the 18th of last month she had no premonition that her compliment to New York as the "most musical city in the world" was but ten days removed from being out of date. The gay prima donna carried two canaries in a gilded cage, singers of greater sweetness than herself, she confessed, adding with a smile, "and their fees are much smaller." Of course she was thinking of her own three thousand dollars a night, and with that comfortable memory at the back of her mind she continued: "If you are to judge the musical taste of a city by the price it will pay to hear grand opera, then New York, beyond any doubt, is the most musical city in the world."

But Oscar Hammerstein has changed all that. Ten days after Mme. Tetrizzini had aired her optimism off the coast of England his capitulation to the forces of the Metropolitan transformed the grand opera situation from a competition into a trust. And henceforth the "songbirds"—hateful synonym of the press agent—will not be able to bid the Manhattan against the Metropolitan or the Metropolitan against the Manhattan.

So the irrepressible Oscar has entered upon the enjoyment of the second stage of his "revenge on the music-loving public." Divided family counsels were at the bottom of that thirst for recompense. At least that is how Mr. Hammerstein explained the situation to the Friars when they had dined him wisely and well some time ago. His father thought he had the making of a great violinist; his mother was just as certain that his special forte was the flute. Seizing the opportunity afforded by the absence of her obdurate partner on a business trip, Mrs. Hammerstein called in a professor of fluting and bade him do his utmost with her son. The result was hardly what she anticipated. On the morning after his father returned Oscar was bidden to take his flute and serenade at his parent's bedroom door. He obeyed with "When the swallows homeward fly," but had not proceeded far when "all of a sudden the door flew open and my father appeared. He gave me about as good a spanking as a boy ever got. That settled me. I made up my mind to have revenge on the music-loving public."

For many a year, however, he had to nurse his wrath to "keep it warm." He was but eighteen when he ran away from his home in Germany, pawned his violin to pay his passage to America, and, on landing in New York, was lured to his first employment at two dollars a week by a placard which appealed for cigar makers, who were to be paid while they learnt. The cigar industry, in theory and practice, held him captive for half a decade, but all the while he never lost sight of his vow. The years went by, years which brought him more and more in touch with singers and musicians, and then there came an hour at a vaudeville entertainment which opened up a tempting vista. But the story had better be given in his own words:

Time and time again I have watched the audiences in vaudeville theatres in "turns" smattering of grand opera. A quartet from "Rigoletto," a sextet from "Lucia," could always be relied on to bring forth the most deafening applause; the trio in the prison scene of "Faust," sung fairly well, would almost shake the rafters of the building. The audiences are made up of people to whom grand opera is an unknown quantity. But in these demonstrations I detected the seed from which grand opera could be made to ripen into an everlasting plant.

Four years have taught him a different lesson. But those four years have given him his "revenge." What a time he has provided the "music-loving public" as represented by officialdom at the Metropolitan! He outbid them for the American rights of "Thais," "Louise," "Pelleas and Melisande," "Juggler of Notre Dame," and "Elektra"; he obtained first right to the services of Mary Garden, Luisa Tetrizzini, Maurice Renaud, Mario Sammarco, Charles Glibert, and Hector Dufranne; he sent the salaries of singers soaring by 24 per cent; and his adroit scheming compelled the Metropolitan to invade Baltimore at a big loss, and enticed his rivals into Chicago with a similar result! An excellent showing, this, for the operations of four years. And all because his father and mother could not agree on the question of violin versus flute.

Yet there is no question that in reaping his "revenge" Mr. Hammerstein has been a friend of the music-lover. He has proved beyond gainsaying that the man who will show "some new thing" in operas can count upon generous support in America, and the manner of his productions has done something to improve the somewhat slovenly methods of the Metropolitan. Young singers in New York and other cities have reason to be grateful to Mr. Hammerstein, for he has been patriotic enough to encourage native talent, and in so doing has proved that a chorus of American singers can more than hold its own with those of foreign birth.

What the future is to bring forth is a lively topic of discussion in musical circles at the present moment. It may be that the consolidation will prove to the benefit of Boston, Chicago, and Philadelphia, inasmuch as the Metropolitan will have sufficient forces to obviate the necessity of sending second-rate singers to those cities. But it remains to be seen whether all Mr. Hammerstein's stars can be shepherd into the Metropolitan fold under the new conditions. Mme. Tetrizzini may need to reduce her fees, not to the scale of her canaries, but to a figure at which the competition of Europe will

be a more powerful factor than it has been in the past. That also applies to all the other famous singers, and the situation is complicated for America by the enormous distances which have to be traveled. Unlike actors and actresses, operatic stars detest long railroad journeys, for nothing is so fatal to the singing voice. No doubt the statement from the Metropolitan to the effect that that organization is "not in the business to make money" is intended to be reassuring, but that will cut both ways. The past season has demonstrated beyond question that the public will not any longer pay abnormal prices for grand opera, especially in Philadelphia and Chicago, and hence the temptation to reduce salaries and save on productions will be well nigh irresistible. But the man least concerned in these burning questions is the man who has brought them to the front! He leaves the field with a comfortable bank balance, having had four seasons of as sweet "revenge" as ever fell to the lot of man.

FLANEUR.

New York, May 5, 1910.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Legend of the Goldfinch.

I wandered, listening, in a wind-blown wood,  
While all around me, in harmonious flood,  
Rose the clear singing of the brotherhood  
Of wing and feather.  
Shyly the linnets hid, and twittered there,  
Larks circled upward in the outer air,  
Whitethroat, and willow-wren, and whistling stare  
Singing together.

One beyond others in the joyful throng  
Sang in the orchard close the whole day long  
A crystal cadence of sweet-throated song,  
Divinely fluted.  
Lightly the Goldfinch, e'er he lit to sing,  
Spread the pale yellow of his painted wing—  
He, that bears record of his ministering  
In hues transmuted.

His he the praise of the first Lenten-tide!  
Seeing the wooden Cross where Jesus died,  
This bird the nail within His hand espied,  
And tried to ease it.  
Vainly he fluttered on a tender wing,  
Held in his slender beak the cruel thing,  
Still with his gentle might endeavoring  
But to release it.

Then, as he strove, spake One—a dying space—  
"Take, for thy pity, as a sign of grace,  
Semblance of this, My blood, upon thy face,  
A living glory;  
That while the generations come and go,  
While the earth blossoms, and the waters flow,  
Children may honor thee, and mankind know  
Thy loving story."

Lord of dominion over man and beast,  
That out of nothing madest great and least,  
Thine everlasting praise hath never ceased  
From heavenly choir,  
And from the earth, in these awakening days,  
I hear from meadowland and orchard ways  
Anthem and madrigal and roundelay  
That never tire.

Grant Thou to us of the untoward will,  
Tardy of utterance, in praise too still,  
Some of this happiness our hearts to fill,  
And our mute voices;  
That, like the birds, our song may rise on wings  
Seeking the rapture of celestial things.  
Lord! let us serve Thee with the mind that brings  
Life that rejoices. —Pamela Tennant.

The Robin.

My old Welsh neighbor over the way  
Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,  
Pushed from her ears the locks of gray  
And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson, playing at marbles, stopped,  
And, cruel in sport as boys will be,  
Tossed a stone at the bird, who hopped  
From hough to hough in the apple tree.

"Nay!" said the grandmother, "have you not heard,  
My poor, had boy, of the fiery pit  
And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird  
Carries the water that quenches it?"

"He brings cool dew in his little bill  
And lets it fall on the souls of sin.  
You can see the mark on his red breast still  
Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

"My poor Bron rhuddyn! my breast-burned bird,  
Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,  
Very dear to the heart of our Lord  
Is he who pities the lost like him!"

"Amen!" I said to the beautiful myth;  
"Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well;  
Each good thought is a drop wherewith  
To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

"Prayers of love like raindrops fall,  
Tears of pity are cooling dew,  
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all  
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!"  
—John G. Whittier.

Inventive minds have been trying for a long time to hit upon some process by which old newspapers could be reduced to a pulp and the ink extracted, and the pulp made into printing paper again. But the extraction of the ink has hitherto been unaccomplished. From Germany, however, comes the news that the paper pulp treated with alkaline solutions ceases to hold the lampblack or other pigments of the ink, and they are easily extracted from the fibre by making an emulsion of the pulp with gelatinous silica.

Dr. A. K. Fisher of Washington is the government expert on rapacious birds.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. de la Roche has won an air pilot's license from the French Aero Club by flying four times around the aviation course at Heliopolis, a total distance of twelve miles. She is the first woman to get this distinction.

Professor Willis George Craig, who recently resigned the chair of didactic and polemic theology of the McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago, had been connected with that institution for thirty-eight years. He is seventy-six years of age.

Miss Elizabeth Moore of St. Louis, a Vassar graduate, has entered the agricultural department of the University of Missouri at Columbia, and has announced her intention of becoming an expert farmer. She is a member of several clubs in St. Louis.

Robert S. Sharp of Nashville, Tennessee, is the new chief of postoffice inspectors. Through the men under him he appears periodically and unexpectedly in the most remote little offices, counts cash, stamps, postoffice orders, and if the postoffice hasn't got a sign he wants to know why.

Henry Bird, the English organist, has been playing the organ for sixty years, having commenced his career at the age of eight. When he was eighteen he took up the post of organist at Holy Trinity Church in London, remaining there until 1872, when he migrated to St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington, where he has remained ever since.

Miss Helen F. Mears of New York is just completing the memorial statue of Frances E. Willard for the capitol at Washington. This is the first statue of a woman, by a woman, to be placed in that building. Miss Mears was born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, studied in Paris, and won a medal in 1904 at the St. Louis Exposition.

Henry M. Alden, who has edited *Harper's Magazine* for forty years, has seen New York grow up. His little, dingy, six by six office was on the second floor of the Franklin Square building, reached only by a winding staircase in the tower that also led up to the manufacturing rooms of Harper & Brothers. When he first looked out of that window there was no elevated railroad or Brooklyn bridge to be seen.

Six years ago the New York legislature elected Dr. Andrew S. Draper to be commissioner of education, although there was some opposition to him because he had a thorough knowledge of politics. Since then Dr. Draper has built up a unified system of education for New York State that has been widely copied. And a few days ago he was unanimously reelected. Dr. Draper began his work in Illinois and made an impression in educational circles from the start.

Marshall M. Kirkman of Evanston, Illinois, who recently retired from the service of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, began at the bottom of the ladder when he was fourteen years of age and has for twenty years been second vice-president of the corporation. He has found time, during his fifty-one years of active service in railway affairs to become the author of a twelve-volume work entitled "The Science of Railways," which is an achievement in itself.

Admiral Sir William Garnham Luard, K. C. B., the Grand Old Man of the British Navy and one of the most respected personalities in the county of Essex, celebrated his ninetieth birthday recently at Whitham Lodge, his residence, near Whitham. "Long Jerry," as his men affectionately called him when he was commander of the *Indefatigable* in the 'fifties, first went to sea at the age of fifteen, when he joined *H. M. S. Actaon*, and he has witnessed during his long career the transition from the "wooden walls" of Nelson's time to the great floating forts of steel which are the battle-ships of today.

W. E. D. Stokes, Jr., president of the Junior Wireless Club of America, Limited, is only twelve years old in spite of his sonorous and high sounding title. He is also, by the way, the first boy in "short pants" to receive respectful attention from a committee of the United States Senate. And he was there for no less purpose than to cross swords with Chauncey M. Depew, who seeks to have the government regulate wireless telegraphy. In the midst of a comprehensive resumé of wireless telegraphy young Stokes stated that the proposed bill was a discrimination against the amateur; that it was impracticable, ambiguous, unjust, and tending toward the stifling of latent genius in the American boy. In spite of this the boys call him "Buster" Stokes.

Fernard Forest, seventy years old, who lives at Suresnes, has just been recognized by France as the real inventor of the explosive motor, and has had the cross of the Legion of Honor conferred upon him. He began life as an apprentice in the cutlery trade, at the age of eighteen applied himself to general mechanics, and when passing from workshop to workshop constructed his first motor. The invention at that time, nearly fifty years ago, was regarded as a mere toy, and capital for development could not be secured. One after another his patents expired, and when the automobile industry began to avail itself of them Mr. Forest did not profit in the least. He has, however, saved up enough to retire on comfortably, and declares that his promotion to the Legion of Honor satisfies the ambition of his life.



## THE SHADOW OF AN INHERITANCE.

How an Interloper Won.

Old Martha came to wake me, saying: "Your uncle is dying!"

So I went downstairs and stood once more in front of the half-open portière, where for two days I had been awaiting the death of the man who had reared me, and who had been such a tender guardian to me. He had banished me from his presence. He had given strict orders that I should not be allowed to enter the house. And all this without any valid reason, without any offense on my part; simply he had chosen to disinherit me in her favor!

In her favor! I could see her moving about in the dying man's bedroom, only a few steps from me. She was reigning there like a queen. She was devoting herself to the sick man! She obeyed every direction of the physician, who was also in attendance. I did not lose one of her movements, but watched her with hatred mingled with sorrow, humiliation, and disgust.

She was beautiful and impressive in the dim light of the curtained room. Her face shone like a pale water-lily among overshadowing leaves. But I execrated her because of her grace, since she was using it infamously, just as an assassin uses his knife or a thief his picklocks. And gloomy recollections rose in my mind, like dark clouds driven by the west wind.

Again I saw her, as I had found her on my return from Germany, installed with the old man. Again I heard my uncle say to me: "This is my old friend Sévant's daughter. The poor fellow died a ruined man. I hope that you will let me give her a little marriage portion. You will be, none the less, a millionaire!"

The refugee, with her haughty, taciturn disposition, her mysterious expression like dark ponds in autumn, her marvelous complexion gleaming beneath the sombre fire of her hair, was by no means affable. She met me with proud reserve. But, in spite of that, she went straight to my heart. Her step made me tremble; the delicate outline of her profile filled me with pleasure. At the end of a month I would have given heaven and earth to call her mine. I dared to say so to her. She refused me without a moment's hesitation. I remonstrated: "You might at least have treated me more gently!"

"That would have been less effectual," she replied.

There was a certain barbaric grandeur in this frankness which I admired, like the sentimental imbecile of twenty-two that I was.

But now I knew what this girl with the deep-set eyes had been concealing. I understood her silence, her cold reception, her insulting refusal. She was already confident of her success; she knew that she was to rob me of my fortune. And how she must be laughing at the young idiot! At that thought my anger nearly mastered me, as I stood helplessly by the portière. I was on the point of entering the room. But the doctor's warning words rang in my memory: "Do you want to kill our patient? It is the work of a moment! A surprise, any sudden emotion—and he will die!"

Nature itself seemed to favor the designing interloper! Again I watched her as she leaned over the bed, again I saw the haughty beauty, and that mysterious expression which had won my heart. I heard the old man moan like a child; then there was a deep silence and the doctor said in a low tone: "He is dead!"

I went into the room, could not speak, and it was she who broke the silence by saying: "I want to speak to you."

Her eyes were full of tears, but her voice was steady. It seemed to me that she was defying me. However, I yielded, and went with her into the adjoining room. After a moment's silence she said: "I want to excuse myself for not having sent for you sooner. Your uncle absolutely refused to see you, and, in his condition, I had nothing to do but to obey him. Besides, the doctor's orders were explicit. Believe me, I regret it!"

"I believe it!" I exclaimed with an ironical laugh.

She looked me full in the face, her eyes flashing. She had ceased weeping.

"You will repent of that laugh!" she said proudly. "It is base! As a courteous man your first duty is to listen to me!"

I was impressed by her attitude, though I considered it only another stroke of duplicity. I answered, gravely: "So be it! I am listening to you."

She continued, vehemently: "I know that you believe that I have been plotting against you, and have alienated your uncle's heart from you! I know that you believe me guilty of having robbed you of your inheritance! You think me avaricious, intriguing, infamous. And yet all this is false!"

"Then you are not the heiress?" I asked, with a sad irony.

"Yes, sir, I am the heiress! But I have done nothing contrary to the most scrupulous delicacy. I begged your uncle to call you back as long as I could do so without danger. I only stopped my entreaties when the doctor commanded me to do so. Your uncle was my benefactor. He saved me from poverty, and I could only act in a way consistent with my gratitude. When he became possessed of that strange insanity of preferring me to you I could do nothing but yield to his will. He was too ill to be contradicted."

"But you have inherited his fortune!" I continued, with the same melancholy irony.

"What of that?" she said, and her ardent, solemn look never turned from my face.

I exclaimed: "What would you think, in my place?"

"I would think just as you do!"

She drew a little pocket-book from the folds of her dress and handed it to me.

"Pardon the poor old man and destroy this proof of his insanity!"

I remained motionless. My hands trembled. I dimly saw the wretchedness of my mistake.

"What do you mean?" I stammered at last.

"The will is there. I give it to you as the only heir of your unhappy uncle."

My heart failed me. I leaned against the wall, speechless from shame and grief, not daring to look at the woman whom I had so cruelly accused.

After a moment my strength returned and I exclaimed in a beseeching voice: "Forgive me, and take back this pocket-book! I would rather die than accept the heritage under these conditions!"

"And I," she cried. "Do you suppose that I want to touch it? Do you think that I want to soil myself by a theft?"

"I have misunderstood you!" I exclaimed. "I have behaved like a brute! I am a wretched imbecile!"

"What does it matter? We shall probably never see each other again!"

She spoke gently, with a far-away look in her eyes; and a great dread filled my heart, mingled with adoration and deep humility.

"This is misery!" I faltered. "What do I care for that money! To receive it in this way is the worst of tortures! I don't want it! In receiving it from you who have rejected me so cruelly, from you who despise me with such humiliating gentleness, I should feel that I was dishonored for life!"

"What do you say? Dishonored simply because I restore to you what is your own? Because I refuse to take advantage of a sick man's delirium?"

She had taken a step backward, and the swaying motion of her dress, the play of light upon her hair, and the tender grace of her mouth, overcame me.

"O heaven!" I exclaimed. "Why could you not have accepted my love? Why did you repulse me from your life?"

"I was a poor girl, received with kindness and confidence. I should have betrayed that trust if I had listened to you."

"Would you have listened to me if you had been rich?"

She lowered her eyelids. For a moment she remained undecided. Then the long lashes were raised again, and she said: "I think that I would!"

My excitement increased, words failed me, and I could only murmur: "Why, then—you could, still—"

She motioned me to be silent: "Let me consider!"

We were silent. I held my breath, and felt as if I were at the end of the world, and in a sacred place where a miracle was about to be performed.

"Today," she said, "I think that I have the right to listen to you: my refusal or my acceptance would now depend upon nothing but my inclination."

I went to her side, trembling as if with cold.

"Then take my life or refuse it!"

"I do not refuse it!" she said gently.

Then, suddenly smiling, and with her subtle feminine irony, she added: "And I never would have refused it—if. For if you loved me very quickly, I myself was not slow to love you!"

I had no consciousness save of a wonderful sweetness. I took her hands and kissed them humbly. She withdrew from me, reminding me of the presence of that solemn death, which, indeed, I had forgotten. We lowered our voices. But my heart could not dwell upon thoughts of the grave; for it was full of that ardent youth which claims its share of life and joy even in the midst of catastrophes.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of J. H. Rosny, by Edward Tuckerman Mason.

In the year 1859 E. L. Drake of Titusville, Pennsylvania, drove the first oil well. Like other pioneers, he was regarded as a dreamer or a fool, and people laughed at the idea of tapping a subterranean oil lake. It was only by pretending that he was in search of a bed of salt that he was able to get drillers to work for him. When the borer had reached a depth of about seventy feet Drake found his anticipations realized, and he was the possessor of an oil well which, with the aid of a hand pump, yielded him twenty-five barrels a day.

The French government is about to venture upon an experiment for raising money by letting or selling the rights of advertising on matchboxes, the sale of matches being a State monopoly. A proposal to this effect was passed by the Chamber of Deputies recently, although discountenanced by M. Cochery, Minister of Finance. The proposer estimated that the advertising rights ought to bring in between \$200,000 and \$250,000 a year.

Half of the subjects of the principality of Monaco recently marched to the palace and demanded of the Prince of Monaco a constitution, declaring that his domain was the only absolute monarchy remaining on the face of the globe. The prince received a deputation from the crowd and promised to consider its wishes.

## HALLEY'S COMET AND ITS TRAIN.

Many of the astronomers, scientific and journalistic, who have written timely articles concerning the return of Halley's comet, have seemed to overlook the fact that the wonderful celestial visitor of 1882 is still distinct in the memory of middle-aged readers, and that comparisons are inevitable. In the Argonaut of October 21 of that year the great comet was noted in a page article, illustrated with cuts and diagrams, prepared by Robert Duncan Milne, and illuminated by the imagination as well as by the knowledge and reason of that brilliant writer. Mr. Milne described the comet, then a streaming glory of the eastern skies in the early morning hours, and gave a theory of his own concerning the mystery of comets' trains, as follows:

The suggestive circumstance, that this train usually points directly away from the sun, in a straight, or nearly straight, line, has led to the inference that the nucleus may act somewhat like the convex lens of a magic lantern, and project the light of the sun upon an ulterior atmosphere surrounding the nucleus. It must be confessed that it is easier to conceive of a semi-transparent convex nucleus obeying a recognized law of optics, and projecting a conical shaft of light upon a receiving ground of atmosphere, than to conceive of a shaft of luminous vapor 10,000,000 miles long (as the train of the present comet at least is), sweeping through a nearly semi-circular arc, the dimensions of which arc would give—allowing a speed of 370 miles a second for the nucleus while rounding the sun for the space of four hours—the enormous speed for the extremity of the train of 32,000,000 miles in the same time, or 8,000,000 an hour, 133,333 a minute, or 2222 miles a second. It is easier, we repeat, to conceive of a shaft of light being projected upon different portions of a nebulous atmosphere surrounding a comet at all points, than to conceive of a tenuous body sweeping round through space at a speed which would disintegrate any forms of matter of which we have any experience. Nor does the fact that comets have been observed with two or more tails, and with tails curved in every possible direction, militate against the soundness of such a theory, for a nucleus whose component parts were of varying degrees of density would refract the solar beams unequally, and give rise to such trains, or projections of light. Varying density of the nebulous envelope itself would produce the same result. This hypothesis will also explain naturally the diminished radiance of the train as it recedes from the solar influence, and its decrease in length, which is not so easily accountable on the grounds of the increasing obliquity which it presents to us, as it is by the rapid condensation of the nebulous medium which reflects the sun's rays; since there is reason to believe that comets only become luminous and incandescent, and their nebulous envelopes correspondingly rare and extended, while close to the sun, while at the aphelion of their orbits they are probably nothing else than spheres of chilled metals and gases traveling sluggishly on through the cheerless blackness of a thousand-fold Arctic night.

Professor T. J. J. See, director of the Naval Observatory at Mare Island, California, has a comprehensive and interesting article in the May number of the Pacific Monthly on the two comets of this year, one unexpected and the other an arrival on schedule time. His historical references are brief but informing:

In the Middle Ages it was supposed that the comets were all near the earth, in the upper part of our atmosphere; but about 1580 Tycho Brahe found by simultaneous observations taken at Prague and at Copenhagen that the comets are further from the earth than the moon, and are really heavenly bodies revolving in the spaces where the planets move. About the same time it was suspected by Apian that comets move in parabolæ. Shortly after this time, 1619, Kepler discovered and proved the laws of planetary motion, and showed that a planet moves in an ellipse, having the sun in one focus, and that the radius vector drawn to the sun's centre describes equal areas in equal times. Then in 1686 Newton showed that Kepler's laws resulted from the law of universal gravitation; and that a body would move in an ellipse, parabola, or hyperbola according to the velocity with which it is started. The discoveries of Kepler and Newton made it possible for us to predict the motion of a comet in its orbit.

This much of the scientist who was deservedly honored in the name given to this periodic courser of the heavens:

It will be recalled that before 1680 it was not supposed that any great comet ever returns. When Halley observed the great comet of 1682, and found the position of its orbit to agree very closely with previous bright comets appearing in 1607, 1532, 1456, 1382, 1306, and 1066, he concluded that he was not dealing with separate comets, but with successive returns of the same comet. This conclusion was reached in 1705, after Halley, by nearly incredible labor, had calculated the orbits of twenty-six comets; and he predicted the return of the comet in 1759. Halley was then forty-nine years of age and Newton sixty-three, and acknowledged to be the greatest philosopher in the world.

We are indebted to Halley not only for the first investigation of the great comet, which is now lighting up the Western sky, but also for the publication of Newton's "Principia." It does not seem to be generally known that Newton was a very poor man, without the means for printing his own work. When he wrote the "Principia" he dedicated it to the Royal Society, and had it read at one of their meetings, expecting that they would publish it. But through some unworthy jealousy they refused to print this most immortal of all the works of the human intellect. Knowing that Newton was high-tempered and would be indignant at this course, Halley at first concealed from Newton the neglect of his work by the Royal Society; and when he saw no hope that they would publish it, finally printed it at his own expense, which he could very ill afford to do.

Concerning any possible apprehension connected with the passing of the earth through the comet's tail next Wednesday, Professor See says:

In 1861, June 30, the earth passed through the tail of a great comet, and the only effect noticed was a slight phosphorescence of the atmosphere. This was noticed in England and a few other places by meteorological observers, but the masses of mankind never dreamed that we had passed through the comet's tail.

In the past there have been many strange historical coincidences linking great events with the appearance of comets. Shakespeare says in his "Julius Cæsar,"

When heggars die there are no comets seen.

And this is often quoted since the sudden death of King Edward VII.



# GEORGE EGGLESTON'S RECOLLECTIONS.

A Good-Humored Book of Anecdote and Literary Reminiscence.

George Cary Eggleston has touched the life and the times of his country at so many points, is so representative of the multifarious activities of the American, and so admirable an example of the type of man who arrives at leadership in spite of early handicaps, that his "Recollections of a Varied Life" would have been replete with interest and moral even had the book been "thrown together." How much more, then, must it arrest the most indifferent reader, seeing that there is hardly a paragraph which does not bear witness to the touch of a ready and trained pen. By content and form the volume deserves to rank high in the literature of American autobiography, even though that literature boasts the masterpiece of Benjamin Franklin.

A strange wistfulness exhales from Mr. Eggleston's earliest chapters. From the vantage ground of seventy years he looks back at what has been, to the days when the "power of preaching" was immeasurable in Indiana, when the "shiveree" was a custom more honored in the observance than in the breach, when hospitality was as open as the day, and the "store clothes" of these days were neither existent nor dreamed of. Early in his life, however, he was called upon to quit the kaleidoscopic West for the picturesque South. It was, as he says, like escaping from the turmoil of battle to the green pastures and still waters of the Twenty-Third Psalm. Next to the repose of Virginia, the trait which impressed the young Westerner most was the indifference to money matters. Money in the form of coin was rarely seen; the planters were in the habit of writing checks on a slip of foolscap, instructing the bank to "please" pay the amount specified.

This custom of paying by check so strongly commended itself to a certain unworldly parson of my time that he resorted to it on one occasion in entire ignorance and innocence of the necessity of having a bank deposit as a preliminary to the drawing of checks. He went to Richmond and bought a year's supplies for his little place—it was too small to be called a plantation—and for each purchase he drew a particularly polite check. When the banks threw these out, on the ground that their author had no account, the poor old parson found the situation a difficult one to understand. He had thought that the very purpose of a bank's being was to cash checks for persons who happened to be short of money.

"Why, if I'd had the money in the bank," he explained, "I shouldn't have written the checks at all; I should have got the money and paid the bills."

Fortunately the matter came to the knowledge of a well-to-do and generous planter who knew Parson J. and who happened to be in Richmond at the time. His indorsement made the checks good, and saved the unworldly old parson a deal of trouble.

Not in the unsophisticated South, however, but in the practical East was Mr. Eggleston to find his life's occupation. After a few years of law in Virginia, and service in the Confederate army, he found his way to New York, and in 1870 joined the Brooklyn Union as a reporter. Thus he became associated with Theodore Tilton, concerning whom he relates many valuable reminiscences. He hints, too, at a story "that has never been told" in connection with the famous Tilton case, a story which indicates that the inner details of that sordid affair have never been made public.

Notwithstanding Tilton's appreciation of his own ability, he was quick to discern the gifts of the young reporter. And thus it happened that when the outcry against the prevalence of illicit stills in the neighborhood of the navy yard stirred the country, Mr. Eggleston was sent to interview General Grant on the subject, duly equipped with influential letters of introduction.

So armed I had no difficulty in securing audience. I found General Grant to be a man of simple, upright mind, unspoiled by fame, careless of formalities and the frills of official place, in no way nervous about his dignity—just a plain, honest American citizen, accustomed to go straight to the marrow of every subject discussed, without equivocation or reserve, and apparently without concern for anything except truth and justice.

He received me cordially and dismissed everybody else from the room while we talked. He offered me a cigar and we had our conference without formality.

In presenting my credentials, I was moved by his own frankness of manner to tell him that I was an ex-Confederate soldier and not a Republican in politics. I was anxious not to sail under false colors, and he expressed himself approvingly of my sentiment, assuring me that my personal views in politics could make no difference in my status on this occasion.

After I had asked him a good many questions about the matter in hand, he smilingly asked:

"Why don't you put the suggestions so vaguely mentioned in these letters into a direct question, so that I may answer them?"

It had seemed to me an impossible impudence to ask the President of the United States whether or not his administration was deliberately protecting crime for the sake of political advantage, but at his suggestion I formulated the question, hurriedly putting it in writing for the sake of accuracy in reporting it afterwards. He answered it promptly and directly, adding:

"I wish you would come to me again a week from today. I may then have a more conclusive answer to give you. Come at any rate."

Eventually this interview led to a raid on the offenders, an incident which enabled Mr. Eggleston to secure an important "beat" for his newspaper.

Gradually, however, he drifted into the calmer waters of journalism, for after a year's service on the Union he formed a connection with the more sedate Evening Post. He also attempted, in conjunction with his brother Edward, to steer *Hearth and Home* to a haven

of prosperity. Nor did these enterprises exhaust his activities; for a considerable period he acted as literary adviser to Harper & Brothers. The latter position continually brought him into hot water with irate "rejected" authors, and a discussion of those tribulations with Mr. George P. Putnam on one occasion led that veteran publisher to ask:

"Do you know the minimum value of a lost manuscript?" I professed ignorance, whereupon he said:

"It is five hundred dollars." Presently, in answer to a question, he explained:

"In the old days of Putnam's Monthly, one of the multitude of unsolicited manuscripts sent in would now and then be mislaid. I never knew a case of the kind in which the author failed to value the manuscript at five hundred dollars or more, no matter what its subject or its length or even its worthlessness might be. In one case, when I refused to pay the price fixed upon by the author, he instituted suit, and very earnestly protested that his manuscript was worth far more than the five hundred dollars demanded for it. He even wrote me that he had a definite offer of more than that sum for it. To his discomfiture, somebody in the office found the manuscript about that time and we returned it to the author. He sent it back, asking us to accept it. I declined. He then offered it for two hundred and fifty dollars, then for two hundred, and finally for seventy-five. I wrote to him that he needn't trouble to reduce his price further, as the editors did not care to accept the paper at any price. I have often wondered why he didn't sell it to the person who, as he asserted, had offered him more than five hundred dollars for it; but he never did, as the thing has never yet been published, and that was many years ago."

Greatly as he enjoyed his work on the Evening Post, it is evident that Mr. Eggleston prized his position as literary editor on that journal most for the opportunities it gave him of intercourse with William C. Bryant. And in the regrettable absence of intimate details of that poet's life, the recollections recorded by Mr. Eggleston are of unusual value. Here is the story of how the two became more closely acquainted:

Our interviews usually occurred in this way: he would enter the library, which communicated with my little writing room by an open doorway, and after looking over some books, would enter my room and settle himself in a chair, with some remark or question. The conversation thus began would continue for such time as he chose, ten minutes, half an hour, two hours, as his leisure and inclination might determine.

It was always gentle, always kindly, always that of two persons interested in literature and in all that pertains to what in the culture-slang of this later time is somewhat tiresomely called "uplift." It was always inspiring and clarifying to my mind, always encouraging to me, always richly suggestive on his part, and often quietly humorous in a fashion that is nowhere suggested in any of Mr. Bryant's writings. I have searched them in vain for the smallest trace of the humor he used to inject into his talks with me, and I think I discover in its absence, and in some other peculiarities of his, an explanation of certain misjudgments of him which prevailed during his life and which endure still in popular conception.

In view of that confession on the part of Mr. Eggleston, and also remembering other remarks to the effect that Mr. Bryant shrank from self-assertion, it is not unjust to chide Lowell with having, in his "A Fable for Critics," given the impression that Mr. Bryant was of a cold nature? Unwittingly, Mr. Eggleston supports Lowell's view. Yet that the poet had some human traits is proved by the following incident:

When it was given out that Martin Farquhar Tupper intended to visit America during the Centennial Exposition of 1876 I wrote a playful article about the "Proverbial Philosophy" man and handed it to the managing editor for publication as a humorous editorial. Mr. Sperry was amused by the article, but distressingly perplexed by apprehensions concerning it. He told me of the difficulty. It seems that some years before that time, during a visit to England, Mr. Bryant had been very hospitably entertained by Tupper, wherefore Sperry feared that Mr. Bryant might dislike the publication of the article. At the same time he was reluctant to lose the fun of it.

"Why not submit the question to Mr. Bryant himself?" I suggested, and as Mr. Bryant entered at that moment Sperry acted upon the suggestion.

Mr. Bryant read the article with many manifestations of amusement, but when he had finished he said:

"I heartily wish, Mr. Sperry, you had printed this without saying a word to me about it, for then, when Mr. Tupper becomes my guest, as he will if he comes to America, I could have explained to him that the thing was done without my knowledge by one of the flippant young men of my staff. Now that you have brought the matter to my attention, I can make no excuse."

Sperry pleaded that Tupper's coming was not at all a certainty, adding:

"And at any rate, he will not be here for several months to come and he'll never know that the article was published or written."

"Oh, yes he will," responded Mr. Bryant. "Some damned, good-natured friend will be sure to bring it to his attention."

Incidentally, Mr. Eggleston remarks that the "damned" in the above remark must be taken as a quotation, for Mr. Bryant never swore. He was of too calm a temperament for that, just as he always hesitated to estimate the work of his contemporaries. He would not express an opinion of Tennyson, declaring he had never been a critic. Mr. Eggleston, indeed, says he never heard Mr. Bryant commit himself as to the work of any modern poet.

The nearest approach to anything of the kind that I can recall was in a little talk I had with him when he was about leaving for Boston to attend the breakfast given in celebration of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's seventieth year. The subject of Holmes's work arose naturally, and in talking of it Mr. Bryant said:

"After all, it is as a novelist chiefly that I think of him."

"You are thinking of 'Elsie Venner'?" I asked.

"No, of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,'" he answered. "Few persons care for anything in that except the witty wisdom of it, and I suppose Dr. Holmes wrote it for the sake of that. But there is a sweet love story in the book—hidden like a bird in a clump of obtrusively flowering bushes. It is a sweet, wholesome story, and the heroine of it is a very natural and very lovable young woman."

Perhaps the most surprising thing in Mr. Eggleston's

career is that he should have left the academic environment of the Evening Post for the sensational atmosphere of the New York World. Evidently it was a question of dollars; the proposal was one "which I could not put aside in justice to myself and my family." Mr. Eggleston met some remarkable men in the World office, including the wholly lovable W. H. Merrill and the brilliant Don Piatt. One of the best stories in the book is that wherein Mr. Piatt is allowed to relate how he once committed arson:

"When I was a young man trying to get into a law practice out in Ohio, and eager to advertise myself by appearing in court, a fellow was indicted for arson. He came to me, explaining that he had no money with which to pay a lawyer, but that he thought I might like to appear in a case so important, and that if I would do the best I could for him, he stood ready to do anything for me that he could, by way of recompense. I took the case, of course. It was a complex one and it offered opportunities for hroweatching and 'bailing up' witnesses—a process that specially impresses the public with the sagacity of a lawyer who does it successfully. Then, if by any chance I should succeed in acquitting my client, my place at the bar would be assured as that of 'a sharp young fellow, who had beaten the prosecuting attorney himself.'"

"But in telling my client I would take his case the demon of humor betrayed me. Just across the street from my lodging was a negro church, and there was a 'revival' going on at the time. They 'revived' till two o'clock or later every night with shoutings that interfered with my sleep. With playful impulse I said to the accused man:

"You seem to be an expert in the arts of arson. If you'll burn that negro church I'll feel that you have paid me full price for my service in defending you."

"I defended him and, as the witnesses against him were all of shady character, I succeeded in securing his acquittal. About four o'clock the next morning a fire broke out under all four corners of that negro church, and before the local fire department got a quart of water into action, it was a heap of smouldering ashes—hymn books and all. A week or so later I received a letter from my ex-client. He wrote from St. Louis, 'on his way West,' he said. He expressed the hope that I was 'satisfied with results,' and begged me to believe that he was 'a man of honor who never failed to repay an obligation or reward a service.'"

Faithfully does Mr. Eggleston keep his promise to write nothing but a "good-humored book." Save with one exception, there is hardly a regret such as most men of seventy can not resist. That exception is where he asks whether America has quite lost its provincialism, whether the country has achieved intellectual independence? Mr. Eggleston should not let that thought cloud his sunset days. He should remember that the development of literature is a lengthy process, that America has achieved wonders since the days of Sidney Smith's sneer, and that his own volume is no inconsiderable stone added to the cairn of American letters.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A VARIED LIFE. By George Cary Eggleston. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$3 net.

Freedom from the rolling for the battleship in the heaviest seas is now assured, according to Elmer A. Sperry, who delivered a lecture at the Engineers' Club in New York recently and told of a series of experiments that have been made by him at the navy yard in Washington during the last six months. Mr. Sperry demonstrated his talk with a working model of his improved gyroscope, through which the stability is to be obtained. Mr. Sperry has been investigating the possibilities of the gyroscope for the last eighteen years. The results of the experiments show, he declares, that not only will the improved gyroscope be valuable in preserving lateral stability of battleships for the purpose of sighting big broadside guns, but that as a result of this stability the necessity for a great amount of armor-plate that is now placed beneath the water line will be done away with.

Japan's police force in the old days was the most aristocratic body of the kind that ever existed. At the time it was created the emperor had just promulgated a decree forbidding the wearing of swords. By this imperial order the samurai were deprived of cherished weapons by which the gentlemen of Japan had from immemorial time advertised their rank. So the samurai went into the police, where it was still possible to carry a sword. And a very formidable weapon it was, being of the two-handed variety.

Bouck White, the biographer of Daniel Drew, is a graduate of Union Theological Seminary and is devoting his life to social service. He is now head resident at Trinity house, New York City, which seeks to unite all classes and creeds in the cause of good citizenship. Born in 1874 in Middleburg, New York, a Dutch village in the Catskills, Mr. White graduated from Harvard University in 1896. Before entering Union, he spent some time as a reporter for the Springfield Republican.

A ferry service between Dover and Calais is now being organized, and in two years' time, according to Sir William White and Sir John Wolfe Barry, the advising engineers, passengers will travel between England and France without change of cars. Railway ferries, such as are commonly in use in many parts of the United States, will be employed, and it is further planned to transport light goods from any part of England to any part of the continent without unloading.

Great Britain's survey of Africa from the Cape to Cairo along the thirtieth meridian began many years ago, and, revived by a bequest from Cecil Rhodes, been carried to a point seventy-two miles north of the equator.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A Marriage Under the Terror.

Given a French maiden of aristocratic birth and royalist sympathies, and a French youth of the middle class and enamored of republicanism, the problem Patricia Wentworth sets herself to solve is that of bringing about a marriage between the two in the time of the French revolution. The actual ceremony is performed as an amusement for an angry crowd, but ere the story ends Mlle. de Rochambeau and Jacques Dangeau are man and wife by force of love. This consummation does no violence to the sentiments of the aristocrat, for the young republican is essentially noble and generous by nature, in marked contrast to the men whose companionship was forced upon him by his political beliefs.

For background this remarkable story has the lurid scenes of the reign of terror, with the sinister figures of Marat and Robespierre and other historic characters in the middle distance. But the foreground is always occupied by the characters with which the story is primarily concerned, and these are drawn and developed with knowledge and a keen historic sense of the era in which they are placed. Moreover, the novel is conspicuous for its skill in incident, each chapter having an adroitly constructed "curtain," the suspense of which urges the reader ever onward. Historically, too, the story is of great value for the analysis it gives of the processes by which so many adherents of the revolution came to lose faith in their ideals.

A MARRIAGE UNDER THE TERROR. By Patricia Wentworth. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50.

## The Ramrodders.

Holman Day, then, is on the side of the "reformers." That is, in a sense. His picture of Thelmsen Thornton—the politician who would "have played the game different with angels, but I couldn't find the angels"—is certainly the most compelling figure, and the most virilely drawn, in his new story, but in the end victory rests with the grandson who resolves not to sell his soul to get ahead in politics. Young Harlan is an optimist, but better balanced than most. One of the troubles in the politics of his State was connected with prohibition, and he proposed an assemblage to take thought on a plan which would lift out of politics a "question that doesn't belong there." In brief, Mr. Day makes him stand for the type of young men who are asking the older men in State affairs to drop the game for a little and give the new generation the opportunity to be honest when they vote.

But politics are not the whole of this breezy story. There is a dual love interest of clever construction and handling, the climax of which pays due tribute to the reader's sentiment. It is a novel of the times, with many stirring situations and not a little humor.

THE RAMRODDERS. By Holman Day. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

## The Beast.

Sometimes a forceful title to a book is excusable; in the present case it defeats its end, for it gives no clue whatever to the contents. However, Judge Lindsey seems to think that "The Beast" is a good description of the "conditions that threaten to make the American democracy a failure in government and a farce in the eyes of the world."

Naturally there is much in this volume concerning the well-known Juvenile Court of Denver, but in addition it dwells at length upon the numerous other "reforms" which Judge Lindsey has attempted. In retrospect he claims that he has saved Colorado more than two million dollars in money, but glories most in the saving of "flesh and blood." He has obtained an effective registration law that prevents most of the ballot-box stuffing and instances other improvements secured by his means. The book, which is in the autobiographic form, is exceedingly plain spoken.

THE BEAST. By Ben B. Lindsey and Harvey J. O'Higgins. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Marion Harland's Autobiography.

Began at the instigation of the author's children and continued under the promptings of her grandchildren, these pleasant chapters of reminiscence go back to the Old South and reach down to the sunset days of a singularly happy and successful life.

Particularly winning is the portrait Marion Harland draws of her father, than whom she never expects to have a reader more devoted or with greater faith in her hooks. He made the perusal of each volume "as solemn a ceremony as he instituted for the first." That, of course, was "Alone," and he had more than a father's interest in its success. When the manuscript had been returned by the publisher, with the report of the reader advising him not to "publish it upon speculation," the father of the author made a cigar-lighter out of the letter and then exclaimed: "I believe in that book! I shall send it back to Morris tomorrow; and tell him to bring it out in good style and send the bill to me." "But," objected the daughter, "you may lose money by it!" He did not think so; and his fore-

cast was justified. "Alone" speedily found its public, and then kindly letters of encouragement began to reach the young author. One came from Longfellow: "I have carried that letter, word for word, in my heart for more than half a century." And the book called forth a strange epistle from James Redpath, who never rested from exploiting it until he had completed a self-imposed vow to write and get published a thousand notices in its favor in gratitude for its having rescued him from infidelity.

Many of Marion Harland's reminiscences are concerned with episodes of her family life, but now and then a figure from the outer and better known world flits across her pages. Among these are Bayard Taylor, T. B. Aldrich, Maria Cummins, and Anna Cora Mowatt. To Aldrich there is this tribute: "To know him was to love him. The magnetism of the rarely sweet smile, the frank sincerity of his greeting, the direct appeal of the clear eyes to the brother-heart which, he took for granted, heat responsive to him, were irresistible, even to the casual acquaintance." In this spirit Marion Harland writes all through, giving to her pages an atmosphere which it is good to breathe.

MARION HARLAND'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

## Through Afro-America.

William Archer, whose name is more associated with the drama than problems of racial adjustment, took advantage of a recent visit to the Southern States of America to inquire into the color question. In the book which is the outcome of that investigation he attempts to decide whether the color lines drawn by nature ought to be enforced by human ordinance, or whether they ought to be obliterated by intermarriage, etc.

With those who favor the obliteration of race boundaries, Mr. Archer has no sympathy. He can not see that any considerable fusion is taking place, nor does he believe that the solution of the problem lies in that direction. The problem is not acute in the West Indies, or in India, but he sees that it has reached a serious stage in the Southern States of America. And after visiting and note-taking in those States he addresses himself to a discussion of the solutions which have been suggested. There are four possibilities: Things may be allowed to "worry along" until the negro dies out; or education may gradually enable the two races to live side by side in tolerance and forbearance; or the color line may be wiped out by miscegenation; or the negro race may be geographically segregated. Mr. Archer inclines to the last remedy; he believes the only solution is in "the formation of a new State, which should be not a white man's land, but a black man's land." He thinks this is physically possible, and accepts the suggestion of Lower California as the scene of the experiment. But he shirks the duty of formulating definite plans for such a scheme, contenting himself with declaring that the American statesman who grapples with such a task will deserve to rank with Washington and Lincoln.

THROUGH AFRO-AMERICA. By William Archer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$3 net.

## What We Owe the Greeks.

Scholarship is not fatal to enthusiasm, for otherwise our literature would have been the poorer by the lack of Professor Mahaffy's glowing tribute to the influence of the Greeks on the modern world. He is convinced that a first-hand knowledge of Greek is essential to culture, and even goes so far as to doubt whether a proper appreciation of English literature is possible without a classical education. Obviously, then, he is a sturdy opponent of those educational reformers who would retain Latin at the expense of Greek. "The danger I see before this generation," he says, "is that which came upon the Roman world insensibly and which resulted in a decadence not arrested till it sank into the night of the dark ages. The later empire was content to take Greek art and Greek letters at second hand, and to substitute Latin culture for the models which had educated their greatest masters."

Holding, with a tenacity begotten of fifty years' study, that Greek thought has been the greatest and clearest the world has yet seen, Professor Mahaffy shows how in poetry, prose, art, science, politics, and speculation

that thought has exercised a profound influence in the modern world. He declares, indeed, that if there ever should come a time when men will no longer be led by revelation, when miracle and prophecy are rejected, the ethical types created by Zeno and Epicurus will remain. To account for the great gifts of the Greeks, Professor Mahaffy brushes aside the physical geography theory—on which, by the way, California might be expected to become the Greece of the new world—and finds the secret in the fact that they established their home on the confines of two diverse civilizations, so that they were able to assimilate ideas from both and weave them into a fabric of their own. From every point of view this is an inspiring book, and should do much to bring about its author's desire that others will succeed him in holding aloft the torch of Greek fire.

WHAT HAVE THE GREEKS DONE FOR MODERN CIVILIZATION? By John Pentland Mahaffy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.50 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

Premising that the story of the United States is that of a series of frontiers gradually reclaimed, Frederic L. Paxson in "The Last American Frontier" (The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net) gives a fascinating account of the forces which have carried civilization beyond the Mississippi. The book embraces the period between 1821 and 1883, and shows in a deeply interesting manner how the obstacles of the desert and the Rockies have been overcome. There are many capital illustrations and useful maps.

Much of the charm of the garden of the Mediterranean has been caught by Josephine Tozier in "Susan in Sicily" (L. C. Page & Co.; \$2), which is a record in letter form of some delightful days of travel. As various characters are introduced in the different epistles, and a love story is woven into the narrative, the book has all the readable qualities of a work of fiction. Nevertheless, it is rich in information, the value of which is not lessened by being imparted in a lively manner.

Although written in the early years of the fifteenth century, "The Master of the Game" (Duffield & Co., \$2), a book which owns Edward, second Duke of York, as author, still continues to appeal to sportsmen. The English reprint is a duplicate of that American edition to which Mr. Roosevelt contributed an introduction, save that it has a new preface by W. A. and F. Baillie-Grohman. The volume, in addition to its own inherent merits and archaic style, is of great interest as the oldest work on the chase in the English language.

Students of literature will be grateful for the third volume of J. E. Spingarn's "Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century" (Clarendon Press; \$1.75), which includes some of the most discriminating writing of Robert Wolsley, Sir Richard Temple, Gerard Langhaine, William Congreve, and Jeremy Collier. The essays have been carefully annotated, and there is a copious index to the entire work.

Much information of interest and value will be found in Arthur E. Bostwick's "The American Public Library" (D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net), which describes the modern library idea, narrates the growth and development of that idea in America, and then deals with such related topics as reading and reference rooms, the selection of books, classification, cataloguing, etc. Mr. Bostwick has spared no pains in gathering and coordinating his material, and the result is a book of great practical value.

Lucid interpretation is the outstanding merit of "Stoic and Epicurean" (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50 net), which R. D. Hicks contributes to the valuable Epochs of Philosophy series. The value of the study is greatly enhanced by a select bibliography.

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**THE LATEST BOOKS.**

**Memories of Sixty Years.**

As a master at Eton College for some fifteen years Oscar Browning has had the training of many lads who have since become men of note. That relationship and the many friendships he has been able to make through his own literary activities have enriched his memory with many interesting recollections, of which he has wisely written a record in this entertaining volume. It takes the form of an autobiography, but it is long since one of such varied and permanent value has been given to the public.

Seeing how closely associated the author has been with the educational system of England, first at Eton and then at Cambridge, it is not surprising that he should have much to say about teaching, and this part of the volume contains much matter which no student of pedagogy can afford to overlook. That Mr. Browning's methods have been successful is demonstrated beyond question by the many brilliant men who delight to recall their tutelage at his hands.

George Eliot, Tennyson, Browning, Walter Pater, and Herbert Spencer were among the notables whose intimate friendship was enjoyed by Mr. Browning, and he has much to tell of interest about them all. This is especially the case with George Eliot and Tennyson and Browning. With Tennyson he took many walks in the vicinity of his Isle of Wight home, one of which led to a precipice, looking down which the poet declared, "If I did not believe in the immortality of the soul I should throw myself down there." Of George Eliot Mr. Browning says: "She told me that before she began to write she always read a portion of Homer, in the original Greek, to take her away from the spirit of the modern world."

Many famous statesmen also figure in these pages. Gladstone is one, who is quoted as declaring that the most remarkable and vivid change he had witnessed was the gradual "brutalization of the House of Commons." Another is Arthur Balfour, who at the early age of twenty-two had "that mingled endowment of charm and genius which has remained with him ever since, and has made him unique amongst English statesmen." Apart from such reminiscences as these, Mr. Browning's volume may be warmly commended for its delightful records of Continental travel.

**MEMORIES OF SIXTY YEARS.** By Oscar Browning. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

**Gossip of Books and Authors.**

Birthday festivities have evidently been too much for the staid *Dial* of Chicago. In the issue which marks its thirtieth anniversary that journal makes two bad "breaks." On one page the reader is assured that the "Recollections" of George C. Eggleston is devoid of "even a frontispiece of the author," whereas the volume has such an adornment; and on the following page "John Horne" is named in two places as the author of "Douglass," which seems more than a careless misprint for John Home.

Bunyan is coming into his own. Besides the window to his memory which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey, his native village of Elstow is to have a Bunyan Memorial Hall. It will stand on the village green, where the immortal dreamer played as a child.

George Edward Woodberry, who stands in the front rank of American literary critics, well deserves the distinction which has befallen him by his election as an Honorary Foreign Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

An anthology of verse which will appeal to all lovers of flowers is in preparation by William A. Bradley under the title of "The Garden Muse."

Whether the Commission plan provides the ideal form of city government is the theme John J. Hamilton will discuss in "The De-thronement of the City Boss," a volume which will be based upon the author's experience as a pioneer in the Des Moines test.

While American readers are paying the regulation price for H. G. Wells's new novel, "The History of Mr. Polly," the fellow-countrymen of the novelist are securing the volume for two shillings, or about one-third the price charged in the United States. The story is one of three by popular authors which are in London being made the occasion of an experiment as to whether it is possible to issue new fiction profitably at two shillings a volume.

Although bearing an Italian name, Anna Constantini, the author of "Ragna," that new novel not written *virginibus puerisque*, is really an American, a native of Philadelphia. She married Count Constantini, and is now an Italian subject and domiciled in her husband's native land. "Ragna" is a love story, of "fearless frankness."

"Kilmeny of the Orchard" is the poetic title of Miss L. M. Montgomery's new book, a love story with the author's favorite Prince Edward Island for background and a beautiful dumb girl for heroine. Those who have

read the story in manuscript and proof predict that Kilmeny Gordon will rival the lovable Anne of Miss Montgomery's "Anne of Green Gables."

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**RUSSIAN LYRICS.** By Martha G. D. Bianchi. New York: Duffield & Co.

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**AN APPROACH TO WALT WHITMAN.** By Carleton Noyes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

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**THE TWISTED FOOT.** By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

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**WILDERNESS OF PETS AT CAMP BUCKSHAW.** By Edward Breck. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

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**GOLF FOR BEGINNERS AND OTHERS.** By Marshall Whitlatch. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$2 net.

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By CHAUNCEY L. CANFIELD

Author of "THE DIARY OF A 'FORTY-NINER"

THE "City" was a placer camp staked out in the earliest Californian gold rush by an intrepid "six," who in their common endeavors, perils, and loyalty, remind the reader of Dumas' immortal three. The tale is veracious and touched with a humor akin to Bret Harte.

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Illustrations by JOHN W. NORTON  
A. C. McCLURG & CO., Publishers, Chicago





## BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSEN.

A Parisian Estimate of the Great Norwegian Writer.

Good Americans are not the only people who come to Paris to die. The list of expatriates who have laid down life's burden in the city of the Seine is already lengthy, and now there is to be added the name of Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. He was so provincial—in the best sense—that doubtless he would have ordered it otherwise had he possessed the power: "I will sing," he wrote a generation ago, "I will sing and die in Norway—be sure of that."

Nearly six months have passed since he came to Paris—came in hope. He was a sick man, for arteric sclerosis had set in, but for all that he retained that fine physical appearance which made him a man to be observed in any company. He was still unusually erect, his broad shoulders seemed to hear lightly their load of seventy-eight years, his eyes had lost little of their natural fire, and his clustering white locks were as abundant as ever. So he came in hope, trusting that the medical skill of Paris would keep death at bay for a time. For companions he had his daughter and his wife, the faithful Caroline, who for years had been his secretary, copying his writings in that beautiful copperplate hand which is familiar to all editors who have numbered Bjørnson among their contributors.

At more than one table at Ledoyen's tongues were busy on Wednesday night with the approaching demise of the sturdy Norwegian. And, after the manner of the Gallic viewpoint, the opinion seemed general that Bjørnson will live by the work of his earlier period rather than by the novels and plays produced after his Baphometic baptism in Mill, Darwin, and Spencer.

Obviously there are two Bjørnsons. The one had his roots among the lonely, snow-clad mountains of Kvikne where he was born, and amid the smiling fields of that pastoral valley in Romsdal to which his parson father was called in the boy's sixth year. Those twelve years of mountains and meadows stored his imagination with a wealth of simplicity which served his art for more than a decade. Neither his schooldays at Molde nor his studies at Copenhagen had power to overlay the impressions of bappy peasant life gathered in those early years. Indeed, his reading at school and university in the ancient sagas of the north—reading which he pursued to the neglect of his appointed studies—served but to clarify and render more simple his outlook on life. And when at length, having disappointed his father's wish that he should enter the church, he, by diligent exercise as a journalist, won the power of self-expression, it was exceedingly natural that both "Synnøve Solbakken" and "Between the Battles," to say nothing of "Arne," and "A Happy Boy," and "The Fisher Maiden," should exhale the very atmosphere of the mountains and meadows of his childhood.

Theocritus with his idyls did not startle the pedants of Alexandria more thoroughly than did Bjørnson stir modern Norway with his spring song in "Synnøve Solbakken." It is hardly surprising that the friend to whom the novelist read his story exclaimed: "The devil damn me black! It's the best thing I have ever heard!" Yet it was so simple. Merely the love story of a peasant maid and a man, told with unflinching directness, with background of sombre rocks and sunny fjords, banks of heather, and verdant meadows. From the sagas the novelist had learnt the secret of abrupt epithet and phrase of color; from Kvikne and Romsdal he had fetched living peasants for his simple tale. Nor was it greatly otherwise with his drama of the following year, "Between the Battles." His contact with the life of the soil had taught him that the historians who devoted all their purple patches to descriptions of battles, leaving unrecorded the lives of the people in times of peace, were utterly wrong. Hence the drama which he devoted to filling in the blanks of the historians; a drama which concentrates the attention on the "daily round, the common task," and is a new sermon on the old line that "peace hath her victories no less renowned than war." This story and play, with those other idyls of peasant life named above, were proofs of that psychology which bases our love of the earth on the experiences of childhood.

But there is another Bjørnson. He began to assert himself with the realistic comedy, "The Newly Married," and became tremendously pronounced in such writings as "A Bankruptcy," "Flags Are Flying in Town and Harbor," "The Heritage of the Kurts," and "In God's Way." Somehow, the fountain of pastoral inspiration had run dry; the peaceful pictures of Kvikne and Romsdal had given place to the turmoil of men in the crowded city. Some have attributed this change to the influence of Ibsen. The two certainly were great friends; for a time they advanced *pari passu*; and then came the estrangement which kept them apart for some years. But it is difficult to account for the second Bjørnson in the terms of Ibsenism. The cause was deeper

and different. In an unfortunate hour he allowed the *zeit geist* of the nineteenth century to possess his soul, and then made matters worse by trying to lay the spirit by the ministry of Mill, and Darwin, and Spencer. That was the hour of Bjørnson's undoing. Romance died and Realism was born; sentiment gave place to satire; the poet's mantle was bartered for the robe of the prophet.

No wonder the new Bjørnson threw himself into politics with all the passion of his ardent nature. The peasants were forgotten as completely as by the historians he had rebuked in "Between the Battles"; in their place sprung up a horde of "problems"—the ethics of business, the yellowism of journalism, heredity, education, faith-healing, sexual morality, and all the other monsters of that baleful brood. The platform claimed the new Bjørnson: he became the "spellbinder" of his land, with the cry of "Norway for the Norwegians." And so he limited himself in a fatal way. He had been provincial, it is true, in his first period, but in a manner which had made his appeal cosmopolitan. Genius can transform a village so that it becomes native to all the sons of men; or, better, it can penetrate anywhere to those elemental traits of human nature which know no country or tongue. This Bjørnson did in his Kvikne and Romsdal period, but when he fell captive to the modern spirit his outlook became Norwegian in a geographical sense. Hence the inevitable feeling that his passing will be a national rather than a world loss.

So, indeed, it has already proved. While Paris has not been visibly moved by the death of the famous writer, news from Norway hears eloquent testimony to the grief of his fellow-countrymen. Of course Bjørnson will not be buried in French soil; already a warship of his native land is on its way to transport his body to Christiania. Which is as it should be. A descendant of the vikings, and steeped in the lore and legend of the Norse sagas, it is fitting that he be borne home across those seas which in far-off years were the highways of the heroes of his race.

PARIS, April 28, 1910. ST. MARTIN.

## The Comet.

The comet! He is on his way  
And singing as he flies;  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
The spectre of the skies;  
Ah! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
And satellites turn pale,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail!

On, on by whistling spheres of light  
He flashes and he flames;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names;  
One spurn from his domestic heel—  
Away, away, they fly  
Where darkness might be bottled up  
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea,  
If in the bearded devil's path  
Our earth should chance to be?  
Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
Full red the forests gleam;  
Methought I saw and heard it all  
In a dyspeptic dream!

I saw a tutor take his tube  
The comet's course to spy;  
I heard a scream—the gathered rays  
Had stewed the tutor's eye;  
I saw a fort—the soldiers all  
Were armed with goggles green;  
Pop cracked the guns! whiz flew the balls!  
Bang went the magazine.

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
Each moment in a tub,  
I read upon the warping back,  
"The Dream of Beelzebub";  
He could not see his verses burn,  
Although his brain was fried  
And ever and anon he bent  
To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
The crackling, sweating pines,  
And streams of smoke, like waterspouts,  
Burst through the rumbling mines;  
I asked the firemen why they made  
Such noise about the town:  
They answered not—but all the while  
The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
Upon a baking egg;  
I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
Extinguishing his leg;  
I saw nine geese upon the wing  
Towards the frozen pole,  
And every mother's gosling fell  
Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
Write in the blistering rays,  
The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
Was all a fiery blaze;  
I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,  
Bob up through bubbling brine;  
And thoughts of supper crossed my soul;  
I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights! strange sounds! O fearful dream!  
Its memory haunts me still,  
The steaming sea, the crimson glare,  
That wreathed each wooded bill;  
Stranger! if through thy reeling brain  
Such midnight visions sweep,  
Spare, spare, O spare this evening meal,  
And sweet shall be thy sleep.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

## Maud Allan's Farewell Engagement.

After a remarkably successful reengagement in Los Angeles, San Diego, and other southern points, Maud Allan returns for a positive farewell engagement, but primarily to keep her promise to give a performance for the benefit of the Tuberculosis Relief Society.

This event will take place Tuesday afternoon, May 17, at three o'clock at the Garrick Theatre, and seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's. The entire receipts on this occasion will be given to the fund as the theatre and the managerial services have all been donated. As before, Miss Allan will have the support of a fine symphony orchestra under the baton of Paul Steindorff.

In order to accommodate the hundreds unable to secure seats for the performances in which Miss Allan gave her dramatic version of "The Vision of Salomé," which requires an elaborate stage setting, two special performances will be given at the Valencia Theatre on Friday and Saturday nights, May 20 and 21, when a splendid programme will be given with a larger orchestra than ever before.

Seats for these performances will be ready Monday morning at Sherman, Clay & Co's, and mail orders addressed to Will L. Greenbaum will receive careful attention if accompanied by check or money order. Special attention will be paid to out-of-town orders. At these performances, as well as at the benefit there will be a liberal number of lower priced seats.

The final appearance of Miss Allan on the Coast will be in Oakland on Monday night, May 23, at the Macdonough Theatre, when she will repeat the programme to be given at the Valencia, the stage at this house being ample in size. Mail orders should be addressed direct to the theatre.

On Tuesday, May 24, Miss Allan and her party leave for London, and Mr. Paul Steindorff for Germany, where he intends remaining until the fall season opens.

## The Antonia Dolores Concerts.

As a closing attraction to the musical season Manager Will Greenbaum announces two concerts by Mlle. Antonia Dolores (Trelli), who since her appearance here six years ago has won laurels in the critical music centres

of Germany, Russia, and Austria, and who is one of the greatest concert sopranos and an exponent of the true art of "bel canto" with out a peer.

Mlle. Dolores is not only an authoritative singer of the *lieder* of all countries, but she is also thoroughly at home in operatic work and on her programmes will offer arias from such works as "Linda di Chamounix," "I Puritani," and others that Sembrich, Patti, and artists of that rank sang when they were in their prime.

The first concert will be given Monday night at the Garrick Theatre, when songs by Schubert, Schumann, Tschakowsky, Debussy, Beethoven, and a group of rare old English works will be given, besides the beautiful recitatives and arias from Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" and Donizetti's "Linda di Chamounix."

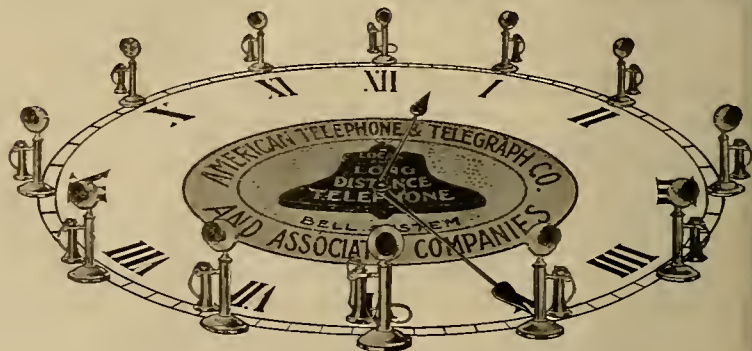
Mr. Boyd Wells will be the assisting pianist, and in addition to accompanying the singer will play "Fantasie, Variations on Sixteenth Century Theme," by Saint-Saëns and a Liszt "Rhapsodie."

The second and positively last concert will be given Thursday night, when a group of rarely heard songs by Johan Sebastian Bach works by Pergolesi, Haydn, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Gounod, MacDowell, Grieg, and McCo; will be given, and the operatic numbers will be from Bellini's "I Puritani" and the modern French work, "Louise," by Charpentier.

Seats are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's, where complete programmes may be obtained.

Next Friday afternoon, May 20, at 3:15 Mlle. Dolores will appear in Oakland at the Liberty Playhouse, repeating the programme of Thursday night. Seats for this event will be ready at the theatre box-office on Monday morning.

For twelve appearances per week in vaudeville, at the Hippodrome in London, Mlle. Rejane, the noted French actress, is receiving the comfortable sum of \$3500, out of which she pays three persons of moderate earning capacity. Mlle. Rejane opened at the Hippodrome a few nights ago in a twenty-minute playlet entitled "Lolotte," and at once established herself as the chief vaudeville attraction of the town.



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THE DAMROSCH ORCHESTRA.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

The best way to absorb the intricate harmonies of a symphony orchestra is to close one's eyes, so that the sense of hearing does not become entangled with that of vision. We should summarily end our bored scrutiny of the musicians. We should cease to fasten ourselves with the flow of ideas suggested by types and resemblances. Better to shut out all sight of that sleek-haired, possible anarchist, that *poscur* hungrily seeking out appreciative glances, or that other one who looks like the sentiment-saturated hero of a French play. Forget all speculation as to how a musician of parts can so closely resemble corner grocers or prosaic business men. Cease to allow your thoughts to become distracted through contemplation of the agile looks of the man with the jumpy hair. Stop thinking, even if your thoughts only record idle, useless impressions. So, with the world at last shut out, we may luxuriously surrender ourselves to the spell of the music. It is the "Tannhauser" overture, gloriously rendered, seldom before, even when the great singers of Europe came to interpret it, was the spell of Venus more magically exerted upon the ear. The clamor of evil spirits grows to a crescendo like the shrieking of lost souls, until out of it is born the pure, majestic strain which seems emblematic of a soul purged of all earthly desire. It is over, and we awake again to realities. There are plenty of dull passages in "Tannhauser" in its entirety, but one in the glorious overture.

Then comes the Lohengrin prelude, and again the German wizard has us in his grip. We hear the stealing silver of the swan move and the characteristic Wagnerian tremor of the violins which tells of the presence of the magic hosts. The familiar wedding march is out of the dream. We open our eyes, and see Damrosch standing tall and calm. How can a man who has spent his life reading music manage without eyeglasses? There! There! He is at it again. Shut the eyes quick, and stop that silly oozing of foolish thoughts.

And now, here comes the soprano, and we object her to the usual scrutiny. She is a German. Everybody and everything seems to emanate from the Garrick Theatre today, including the audience. One can hear "ichs" and "ichs" from all quarters during the pauses in the music.

Mme. Anderson has the usual mighty chest of the Wagnerian singer, and the fine, big prano that ought to come from such a sounding-board. Her voice is of pure quality, although verging on the metallic, her musicianship excellent, her temperament that one who is careful and calm. She pleases much, but affords no thrills.

Mr. Kellerman is also big and also German, seems to be. Everybody on the stage, by the way, seems to be tall. Damrosch must have said, "Let me have men about me that are tall." Mr. Kellerman has a big, soft baritone, which, in spite of its agreeable quality, is clogged and throaty. But we forgive this, because he sings with the emotional suggestion lacking in the tenor.

Mr. Miller, the tenor, is a tenor born, and it made. But he is too much physical, and a little mental, in his style. He suggests a cheerful schoolboy in whom emotion is not born, singing not from the irresistible impulse to sing, but because he has a voice. Mr. Van der Veer, the contralto, completes the group of singers who are all well endowed vocally, thoroughly well trained, with voices ample enough to carry the taxing Wagnerian music, and with the authority—perhaps an exception might be made with the tenor—at comes from valuable experience.

They are potent factors in the pleasure afforded us by Greenbaum's music festival, and well to the fore in the programme. We listen with pleasure to the tenor's rendition of the prize song from "Die Meistersinger," although the frolicsome laugh and lift of the strains in the "Dance of the Apprentices" steals the vocal number into the shade.

To round out the programme of Wagnerian music there was the duet by the soprano and tenor of the spring song from "Die Walküre," and the love music from "Tristan and Isolde." In spite of its reputation, this famous love music does not seem to rise to one's expectations, either in opera or concert. Its comparative novelty did not allow it to eclipse the music of the "Ride of the Valkyries," which was played with thrilling effect and set

one's pulses hammering in the old, familiar way. It is wonderful music, this complicated clamor of harmonies which pictures to the ear the assembling of the wild horsewomen from Valhalla in the windy airspaces above the clouds, and it makes one hungry for the second Wagnerian programme, which falls on this Saturday night, and is, to my thinking, the choicest of the eight.

It is a pity, in this dull week of dark theatres, that some bright newcomer or extra vaudeville attraction of some kind had not been put on at the Orpheum to gather in the appreciation that is going to waste for lack of available material. Grace George, of course, is no doubt profiting by the absence of competing stars, but we really need a few minor twinklets to expend adjectives on. For this is not an adjuctural week for vaudeville.

Helen Grantley is not positive enough to be featured as a head-liner at the Orpheum. She was not above the average in "The Never-Never Land," and she is less so in "The Agitator." This later effort of Mrs. Beringer's is a flat failure, as conspicuously lacking in interest as Zangwill's striking curtain-raiser was full of it. "The Never-Never Land," during Miss Grantley's first visit, was only fairly well played, but, nevertheless, it held the audience in thrall on account of the rush of powerful drama into which they were instantly plunged at the rise of the curtain. "The Agitator" is a pitiful contrast. It demands rewriting, an elimination of acres of dialogue, and a brightening up of what would be left.

The situations are flat, the talk long and prosy, the construction unskillful, and the sentiment rank sentimentality. In America, as well as in England, every man's house is his castle, yet not a man of the trio that invades Pickles's *ménage* goes through the ceremony of knocking at her door. There were few laughs in the play, and not one-tenth of the pathos there was in the crude, dismal little "Cherry" story that made up the series of moving pictures at the close of the programme.

Miss Grantley, as an actress, is refined, but rather feeble and ineffective. Her voice is weak and untrained. The girls in the factory would never have chosen a leader with that voice of indecision. She uses her eyes, and poses too patently, and her by-play is uninspired. I am quite sure that that trick of picking up and feigning to read a book during a moment of emotional tension, which in any environment looks unnatural, would never be practiced by the denizens of factoryland. In fact, Miss Grantley's backers are pushing her into prominence before she is able gracefully and effectively to maintain her stand there, and, besides, providing her with an exceedingly poor vehicle. The actors in the piece are also poor. Why, for instance, does the reporter, when he enters (again without knocking) to get his gloves (by the way, do reporters always forget their gloves?), gaze at the obscure Pickles as if she were a royal personage about to throw a fit?

The Ollivotti Troubadours are a dreadful come-down after one has been listening to Damrosch's orchestra. Their playing is decidedly amateurish and the tone thin, but they gave rather a neat imitation of the bugle, drum, and fife, and some fancy touches and playful exaggerations by the violinist tickled the child-heart that is always the moving spirit of a vaudeville audience, and they were received with great favor.

Eddie Leonard took the curse off by making a hit as a sort of darkey serenader. His songs, which are of his own composition, and his voice, are alike mellow with sentiment. So is Eddie himself, by the way, unless he was hasely deceiving us, for he insisted on introducing Miss Russell, the very successful smiler who supported him, as his future bride, and the lady seemed to exhibit some signs of maidenly confusion.

At a suburban theatre in London there is now being given a one-act play written by A. Wilson Barrett, son of the famous actor, Wilson Barrett, and it is acted by Derwent Hall Caine, son of the famous author, Hall Caine. This reversal of their parents' occupations is only a coincidence, but a striking one. The play is called "The Last Moment." It has to do with a poor wretch who shields a murderer for money to keep his young daughter from starvation.

Colonel Mapleson, whose name has been associated with opera and concert management for the past forty years, is shortly to retire from the chairmanship of Mapleson & Co., Ltd. He will live in Paris. The scheme of a national opera house for London, which has been Colonel Mapleson's dream for years, has been abandoned by him for the present.

Grace George will give her final performance of "A Woman's Way" at the Columbia Theatre this Saturday night. It is one of the most delightful entertainments of the season.

There will be no Sunday performances at the Columbia Theatre during the Maude Adams engagement.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Maude Adams, who is always welcome, comes to the Columbia Theatre next Monday, when she will make known James Matthew Barrie's new comedy, "What Every Woman Knows." The comedy has had great success and is credited with being the best of all the Barrie plays. To Miss Adams's countless following the comedy is the most satisfying one that she has had in recent years, and it gives her a character to portray in which she is enabled to exercise her charm to the fullest extent. The part she plays is that of a little Scotch woman whose three brothers marry her off to a young student who is ambitious to become a great man in the world. The plot hinges on the efforts of the wife to aid him. Barrie is particularly happy in this play. His lines have sparkle, and there is all of that quaintness and whimsy that one has come to expect from him. The work ran in New York for five months last season and was again seen there at holiday time. It has had two record-breaking engagements in Chicago. Miss Adams's stay here is to be for three weeks. The company to be seen surrounding her includes Richard Bennett as leading man, and is the same as was seen in New York. Matinees will be given Wednesdays and Saturdays.

The Orpheum bill for next week is headed by Frank Fogarty, the Irish wit, who has been given the sobriquet, "the Dublin Minstrel." His style and Irish stories are refreshingly new. He never caricatures the Celtic race, but amusingly and cleverly illustrates its great wit and keen sense of humor. Fogarty, it will be remembered, was one of the greatest hits in the programme that opened the New Orpheum. The Thomas J. Ryan-Richfield Company will be a feature of the bill. Mr. Ryan excels in depicting the true-to-life type of Irishman who begins by carrying the hod and ends as a plutocrat, retaining all the courage of his honest convictions and his amusing traits. The sketch he will appear in is entitled "Mag Haggerty's Reception," and was written by Will M. Cressy. Miss Richfield, who personates Haggerty's daughter, is an actress of talent. Smith and Campbell, who personates Haggerty's daughter, is an actress of talent. Smith and Campbell, who will present their incident from life called "Camping Out," earned the appellation several seasons ago of "sidewalk talkists," when with catchy songs and amusing dialogue they established themselves as favorites. The Three Brothers Mascagnos, who will introduce a novel act called "Fun in a Drawing-Room," are European comedy eccentrics and gymnasts who have specially been brought to this country for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit. Helen Grantley and her company will present for the first time here a one-act drama by Bronson Howard entitled "Romya." It affords Miss Grantley a good opportunity for the demonstration of her ability. Next week will close the engagements not only of Miss Grantley, but also of Eddie Leonard and Company, James Harrigan, and the Ollivotti Troubadours. As usual, the concluding number of the programme will be a moving-picture selection, new and choice in subject.

The Damrosch Concerts.

At the Garrick Theatre the New York Symphony Orchestra under Walter Damrosch is giving a series of concerts such as this city has never known before. For the matinee this (Saturday) afternoon, Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; Richard Strauss's tone poem, "Don Juan"; "Pantomime," from Mozart's "Les Petits Riens"; "March to the Scaffold," from "Symphonie Fantastique," by Berlioz; and Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song" will be the orchestral numbers, and the soloist will be M. Georg Barrere, flutist, who will play two Debussy works accompanied by Mr. Damrosch, and Mr. Alex. Saslavsky, violinist, who will play the adagio from Mozart's violin concerto.

Saturday night will again be devoted to a Wagner Festival, and excerpts from no less than nine of the great music dramas and operas of the master will be given. The overtures to "Rienzi" and "Die Meistersinger," the "Farewell of Wotan and Magic Fire Music" and also the "Ride of the Valkyrie," from "Die Walküre," "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," from "Götterdämmerung"; "Siegfried, the Forest Bird and the Dragon," from "Siegfried," and numbers from "Flying Dutchman," "Tannhauser," "Tristan and Isolde," and "Parsifal," are on the list.

The farewell concert will be given Sunday afternoon, when Tchaikowsky's opera, "Eugen Onegin," will be given in concert form with a splendid cast of soloists and a chorus of over one hundred voices furnished by the San Francisco Choral Society. This work, like Saint-Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," is so full of beautiful gems, both vocal and orchestral, that its production in this manner with the aid of a good libretto, which Manager Greenbaum will provide, is of the greatest interest and most enjoyable. It will serve to show the "Russian Beethoven" in a new light.

Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and on Sunday the box-office will open at the Garrick Theatre.

BISMARCK CAFE

Commencing Monday, February 28, Grand Opera features and other interesting novelties in addition to Herr Ferdinand Stark's Orchestra. Daily at 3, 8, and 10:30 p. m.

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With full cast and chorus of 125. Seats \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. General admission \$1.00.

Mile. ANTONIA DOLORES

(Trebelle)  
LYRIC SOPRANO  
Monday eve, May 16, at 8:15, and Thursday eve, May 19, at 8:15  
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Seats \$1.00 and \$1.50, at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, where complete programmes may be obtained.

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ALLAN'S OAKLAND FAREWELL

Monday eve, May 23, at Macdonough

RACING NEW CALIFORNIA JOCKEY CLUB

OAKLAND RACE TRACK  
RACING EVERY WEEK DAY  
Six races daily, rain or shine  
First race at 1:40 p. m.  
Admission, men \$2, ladies \$1.  
For special trains stopping at the track, take Southern Pacific Ferry, foot of Market Street; leave at 12 m.; thereafter every twenty minutes until 1:40 p. m.  
No smoking in the last two cars, which are reserved for ladies and their escorts.  
THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, President.  
PERCY W. TREAT, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

"Wedding rings for men" sounds suspiciously like "Votes for women." It would certainly bring the wheel full circle were it not for the fact that most of the women who want votes haven't got wedding rings. But why stir up that question again, especially now that American women are said to be discarding the mark of their bondage in favor of heavy antiques or massive diamonds? 'Tis a fact that the wedding ring of the American woman is hard to find nowadays, symbolical, perhaps, of prospective or recent visits to Reno; but if she is so careless of incriminating circumstances what hope is there that the accessory after the fact would allow such a trifle to stand in his flirtatious way?

All this seems an echo from across the Atlantic, where some quidnuncs are clamoring for a law compelling men to wear rings as signs of their servitude. If the mere man feels he has any right to an interest in the matter, he might meekly submit that as there is no such law applicable to women, it seems rather unfair to signal him out as the victim. Because the gold band has played so prominent a part in matrimony, and is postulated by the phrase, "With this ring I thee wed," there is a tradition that the law compels the woman to wear that badge of appropriation. But the American woman knows better; that is why she slips it off at Atlantic Beach and other places where opportunities for flirtation are abnormal. As for the other inconsiderable partner—the mere provider of the means wherewithal Atlantic Beach may be visited and enjoyed—why, should his Sovereign Lady so ordain, let his eyebrows be shaved and his teeth blackened after the manner of the Japanese. True it was the woman who bore those unhidden signs of wedded bliss, but what was sauce for her once is in order for the gander now.

And now a school for hotel-keepers. Needless to say, its headquarters are to be in Paris, where the menus come from. The pupils are to have reached the mature age of sixteen, the course will extend over two years, and the subjects will include hygienics, engineering, architecture, and languages. Other matters to receive attention are "civil and commercial law," "climate," and "history studied from the tourist point of view." Evidently, then, the hotel manager of the future is to be a formidable authority on the question whether he may or may not retain his guest's baggage, in addition to having unusual fluency in comparative temperatures and places of "historic interest." An admirable scheme; but surely some place should have been found on the curriculum for a department of manners. Otherwise the old-fashioned hotel manager who is a "good mixer" and a master of urbanity will easily hold his own against his colleague with a diploma.

Although the Sea Serpent has long ceased to do duty in British newspapers as a topic of discussion in the "silly season," an adequate substitute has been found in Queen Alexandra's love of dogs. That is a never-failing standby of the paragraphist. And perhaps less highly placed mortals are really interested in reading such things; it is comforting to learn that royalty is not so far removed from ordinary human nature after all.

Hence the interest which will always be taken in the dolls of Queen Victoria, and in those mute memorials of domestic happiness which are to be seen in the grounds of Osborne House. The tiny wheelbarrows, and snug little workshops, and the well-kept graves of pets which greet the privileged wanderer in those demesnes—survivals of the happy home life of Victoria and Albert and their numerous offspring—all prove that if you scratch a prince or princess you will find just boy and girl. Perhaps Queen Alexandra's deafness has something to do with her love of dumb creatures; to be insensible to the sounds of the outer world no doubt creates a feeling of lonesomeness akin to that which was the burden of a famous Duchess of York for so many years in her solitary life at Oatlands. That historic Surrey mansion was long since turned into a fashionable country hotel, but in its spacious grounds may still be seen the neat little cemetery where the dog pets of the duchess were interred, each with its diminutive headstone. Motley stayed at Oatlands once without taking any notice of that unique cemetery; and Zola was another visitor in more recent years. The French novelist ought to have found pleasure in that secluded graveyard, for the chief sorrow of his English exile was that it separated him from his canine pets.

Midnight raids upon masculine pockets have long been winked at as among the rightful perquisites of woman; henceforth those purfts in quest of wealth need not be followed under cover of night to the accompaniment of reassuring snores. A Chicago judge has decided that a wife is within her rights if she enlists the aid of the hoarder to imprison her husband's hands while she explores his pockets. "A plain case of robbery," so the

court decided, "but perfectly justifiable under the circumstances." Certainly the circumstances were aggravating; the husband had not given his wife a cent for over a year, and yet he had as much wealth as eleven dollars on his person at the time of the hold-up. Henceforth the hoarder will be a household necessity, and perhaps he will in time be able to stipulate that he be paid for his presence instead of paying.

But the new woes of the married man are not exhausted. He is liable to have his trousers not only searched, but actually taken away from him. So the attorney-general of Kansas has ruled at any rate. The ukase was given because a widow at Oswego requested permission of the governor to wear trousers while at work in her home, she having found that costume to hamper her activities less than a skirt. Hence the decision of the attorney-general, who affirms there is no law to prevent a woman from wearing men's trousers, especially if she is the head of the house. There is a loophole here large enough for all purposes. Whether a widow or not, what woman is other than the head of the house? Here again the hoarder seems likely to score; for soon, in addition to his privilege as an accessory in robbery with assault, he will be the only man left who can wear trousers with impunity. If the tailors don't hestir themselves their occupation will be gone.

## Pope's famous couplet—

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
Go just alike, yet each believes his own—

will not be held an excuse in Washington, D. C., if Congress makes law of the measure which stipulates that no clock shall be more than two minutes too fast or two minutes too slow. This is a surprising measure to have its birth in Washington, where time does not usually appear to be of more account than to the Spaniard with his *mañana*. Who ever knew a Washingtonian adopting the Shakespearean motto, "The clock upbraids me with the waste of time"? Anyway, the margin of error seems almost despotism. Even the B. & O. or a government clerk ought not to be made an offender for a couple of minutes, and what other business is there in the capital which would suffer for an hour more or less? If there are any lying dials that need regulating, commend us to the barometer. There's a culprit that needs standardizing if you like. Yet the store windows are allowed to display unflinchingly a series which will range anywhere from "Stormy" to "Set Fair" at one and the same moment.

Does Marion Harland think it is polite for a lady to use such language as "Blasted Britishers"? And a lady who has written religious stories and is the widow of a divine to hoot! But there are extenuating circumstances. Like the parson who loves to say "damn" when he can quote it, so Marion Harland can plead that she is only repeating the language of her son.

Appendicitis may excuse that plain-spoken son. He fell a victim to the fashion at Lucerne, and laid down to recuperate in a hotel where some sons and daughters of Albion were holidaying. But the exclusive Britons had not joined in the give-and-take of general conversation, and the invalid, after an absence of some days from the dining-room, asked his mother: "Have the blasted Britishers spoken yet?" They had not. Their conversation was still confined to their own party. And upon that fact Marion Harland and her son based an uncharitable judgment of their fellow-guests, a judgment which had to be severely revised a few days later, when it transpired that the "B. B.'s" had made daily inquiries as to the progress of the invalid. One of their number went further. When the two Americans wished to move on in their journey, he spent the best part of a day acquiring the necessary railroad information, etc. Why point the moral? But how true it is that on steamship, in railroad car, in hotel, we humans jump to hasty conclusions about each other, and make sarcastic estimates which we have to abandon in confusion in the light of clearer knowledge.

Pierre Loti has given us so much pleasure by many of his books that it is a matter of genuine regret that he must henceforth be classed with the snobs. In fact, he has placed himself in that category by his petulant sarcasms at the expense of Cook's tourists. The occasion was a visit to Egypt. And the scene the temple of Osiris at Abydos. On going to the building in search of "color" and "copy," the French writer found a party at luncheon, wearing "cork helmets and the classic green spectacles," and actually engaged in the superfluous occupations of eating and drinking! 'Twas monstrous, of course, especially in view of the proximity of a man who never does such things. And so the one-time Captain Viaud uncorks the vials of his wrath and dismisses all Cook's tourists to an indescribable inferno for a lot of masculine gluttons and feminine hideousities.

How familiar it all sounds! But hitherto it has been the stock-in-trade only of the

pinchbeck writer. When it is remembered that Messrs. Cook have seventy years of efficient service to their credit; that they have long been the official agents of great railway companies; that their coupons are gladly honored at the best hotels all over the world; that they have perfected the art of travel minus trouble, and that the tourist is always assured of unfailing courtesy at all their offices, it is passing strange that no protest has been raised against such cheap witticisms as those of Pierre Loti. Had he been a Cook's tourist himself his explosion might have been forgiven. He was not, and yet he it is who gives the example of bad manners. The moral is obvious. Meanwhile Messrs. Cook, who have numbered among their patrons no less a distinguished traveler than the lamented King Edward, need trouble little about the snobs for whom they do not cater, secure as they are in the appreciation of countless thousands of refined patrons who have found their well-arranged tours the greatest educational factor of their lives.

Specious arguments are being used in favor of the adoption of artificial flowers for the decoration of soldiers' graves on Memorial Day, the chief of these being the greater endurance of those substitutes for nature and

their smaller comparative cost. But are not those the very qualities which constitute the chief reasons why they should not be used? Certainly the artificial wreath under its regulation glass cover will last a long time; in fact, it is likely to be as fresh a year or two after it is placed in position as on the day it was bought. And, that being the case, why buy a new one? The very permanence of the artificial wreath will undoubtedly tend to the gradual destruction of the sentiment which prompted its original use. Similar in tendency is the fact of the lesser cost. Is it not contrary to the spirit of Memorial Day to allow the question of expense to enter into the question of our affectionate tribute to the heroic dead? They did not count the cost, even to the laying down of their lives. Besides, the elimination of those weeks of nurturing care which have led the children of the land to tend their growing flowers and plants in view of Memorial Day would mean the waste of so many days in which the thought of self sacrifice is impressed on the young mind. Every way, then, there is nothing to be said in favor of those artificial substitutes for those gracious offerings which by their freshness and even their cost are the most seemly tributes to the memory of a devotion which was faithful unto death.

## A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give bers up for five times its cost."

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly beating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

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It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food bot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

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**STORYETTES.**

**Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.**

A distinguished foreigner visiting Epsom towns in Thackeray's company noticed many men dressed as sailors who were not, to native unexperienced eyes, the real article. "Ah," said the visitor, "these are, I suppose, what you call your British tars?" "Oh, no," replied Thackeray. "Only Epsom salts."

Norah had been guilty of what was considered an indiscretion, so the mistress of the house called her to "step the carpet." "If such a thing occurs again, Norah," said the mistress, "I shall have to get another servant!" And Norah said: "I wish yer would there's easily enough work for two of us!"

They were looking at a famous collection of paintings, and had stopped in front of a Portrait of a Lady. "Why, that's a Rembrandt!" delightedly exclaimed Mrs. Upsome. "I'm not so sure about that," said Mrs. Gaskell, bringing her lorgnette to bear upon it. It looks to me more like a Merry Widow."

An Irishman visited a tuberculosis exhibit, here lungs in both healthy and diseased conditions were displayed preserved in glass jars. After carefully studying one marked "Cured tuberculosis lung," he turned to the physician and said: "Perhaps it's because Oi'm Irish, ut if ye cured th' patient how th' devil could e have his lung in a bottle?"

Senator La Follette was talking of a notorious financier the other day: "He got ather a setback in a talk he had last session with one of his auditors. 'Money?' he said. Bah! There are thousands of ways of making money." "Yes, but only one honest way," ur man remarked. "What way's that?" "I thought you wouldn't know it," was the reply."

The elevator conductor of a tall office building, noticing that the colored janitor had ridden up with him several times that morning, remarked: "Sam, this is the fifth time I have taken you up, but you have not come down with me." "Well, you see," Sam replied, "Ah been washin' windows on de leventh floor, and every now and agin Ah misses mah hold and falls out."

An Irish politician had just returned from a trip abroad. A friend met him and inquired: "Did you have a fine time, Mike?" "Of course I did." "Did you visit the theatres in Paris?" "Sure, I saw all the plays." And did you go to the cafes?" "Sure, I was in all of 'em." "Well, tell me, Mike, and did ye see any pommes de terre?" "No. I had the wife with me all the time."

Thomas A. Edison was discussing with a reporter a criticism of his wonderful storage battery. "The criticism is very laudatory," he said, "but it is the opposite of scientific. It really makes me think of a dialogue I once heard in a museum. Two young men stood gazing at a mummy. 'What makes him look so brown and dried-up-like, all the way through, Bill?' the first young man asked. Bill replied with this scientific information: In them days, George, they took the hlokes hey killed in battle and kippered 'em for export to the cannibal trade.'"

A cigar shop man for many years employed in New York not so far from Mark Twain's home in Fifth Avenue was talking of the humorist. "He used to be a remarkable smoker," he said, "but I don't think he had any taste to enjoy the best tobacco. Again and again I have seen him buy some of the most villainous cigars that were ever built. We did stop him once, though, with some goods with which we had been stuck. These cigars had attractive labels and a Spanish name, but they were unspeakable when they began to burn. One day Mr. Clemens bought a pocketful and went off. The next time he came in I asked him what he thought of the cigar—naming the brand. 'Young man,' he said, 'they smoked like a clergyman's disordered habits.'"

A story about Robert Louis Stevenson not generally known is told by Mrs. Stevenson's grandson, Austin Strong. When Mr. Strong was a little chap Mr. Stevenson liked to sit dropped up in bed to watch him at play in the next room. And often it happened that he bigger boy of the two would make suggestions for the make-believe games and insist that they be carried on too. One day Austin had arranged some chairs in a row, playing that they were ships, and he, standing on the front, was the captain. For a long time he proudly walked the deck of his vessel, unencumbered by pirates and weathered all kinds of storms until he felt the floor positively reave under his feet. Mr. Stevenson looked on in perfect silence, but complete absorption, no doubt playing the whole thing much the harder of the two. Finally Austin got tired of his vessel, climbed off his chair and began walking across the room to some object which had attracted his interest. This was

too much for his uncle. Still deep in the game, Mr. Stevenson rose in his sick bed and shouted excitedly at the recalcitrant sea captain, "Swim, d— you; swim!"

Mr. Jefferson had not been altogether an exemplary husband and father, but he possessed certain engaging qualities which secured him many friends and made his death the cause of sincere mourning to his widow. "Mis' Jeff'son, she's done broke up over Eb'nezer's being took off fr'm de pneumony," said one of the neighbors. "She sutt'nly is," said another. "Mournin' round de house all de time, she goes. Why, day hefo' yist'day I was thar helpin' her, an' she only stop cryin' once, an' dat was to spank little Ehen for takin' m'lasses out'n de jug right into his mouf, when her hack was turned. When she'd spanked him good an' set him down, she say to me, 'He makes me t'ink oh his pa so much I cyant hear it,' and hus' right out cryin' agin."

**THE MERRY MUSE.**


**The Deserted City.**  
Breakfast in Manhattan,  
Lunch in Cleveland, O.,  
A cup of tea in Chicopee,  
Dine at Kokomo;  
Make a speech at Newark,  
Another one at Lynn,  
Stop to smoke at Roanoke,  
At Buffalo "turn in";  
Early morn in Portland,  
Meeting at the "Hum,"  
Talk some more at Baltimore,  
Lunch at a Richmond club;  
Take a nap at the Water Gap,  
Off to Pittsburg then.  
Make at Detroit a speech adroit,  
Chicago reached by ten;  
Dashing to New Haven  
To spend an hour at Yale.  
Speak on law at Saginaw  
And dedicate a jail;  
Then a jump to Yonkers,  
Linger at Coboes,  
A quick, short call at Gay St. Paul,  
And then—well, goodness knows!  
All around the circle,  
North, south, east and west,  
Texas, Maine and back again,  
With not a sign of rest;  
Every single village,  
The big ones and the small,  
Near or far, wherever they are,  
Each demands a call;  
Not a one neglected—  
Ah, yes, alas! there's one  
That seldom sees the President,  
Deserted Washington!  
—Paul West, in New York World.

**To Carolyn.**  
When Omar's last stanza is ruined and its lines  
are twisted and pied,  
When the oldest poets are raided, and the youngest  
commits suicide,  
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it, lie  
down for an anon or two,  
Till Carolyn Wells finds something to parody for  
us anew.  
And Life I fear will be empty; Mitchell will sit  
in his chair,  
And ponder to fill up its pages, and pull at his  
thin, scanty hair  
Till he finds some one else he can draw from—  
another to answer his call,  
Who can reel off rhymes at each sitting, and  
never be tired at all.  
And only The Bookman will mourn her, and only  
The Bookman will blame,  
And none will be worked for his money, and none  
be worked for his fame;  
But perhaps there would then be no let-up, no  
freedom from all these pangs,  
We'd only be losing fair Carrie for more of friend  
John Kendrick Bange.  
—W. N. Porter, in Harper's Weekly.

**With Prudence in the Park.**  
I pipes a redbreast in de park while strolling with  
me steady,  
And, wondering what hoid it was, says, "Duchess,  
what's de red-dy?"  
Well, say, she dopes it right, all right—she's  
farmer-born, is Prudence—  
And puts me next on boids and trees, not wishing  
wiser students.  
I runs an elevator in de building where she's  
working,  
And ev'ry day we chats a while between ber  
hours of cloaking;  
But Sunday's we've a date to stroll and always  
she's for going  
Out to the park where she can pipe de grass  
and posies growing.  
And listen! she knows where to chase to find de  
foist wild flowers,  
And when she cops one, den ber eyes are sun-  
shine after showers.  
De op'ra singers aint got nothin on her when  
she's laughing,  
And dough she's from de farm dat skoit is to de  
good at chaffing.  
She kids me for me ignorance about de trees  
and posies;  
She says 'till take her years to teach me crocuses  
aint roses.  
All right, p'chee, I hope it does! But dis I know  
already—  
No rose or robin in de park's as pretty as me  
steady.  
—Edward W. Townsend, in New York World.

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

A week of social quiet in town has followed the stir caused by the Newhall-Scott wedding, and with the exception of the interest aroused by the benefit performance of the operetta "When Fairies Rule," activity of a social nature has centered outside the city, where summer homes are already sheltering their quota of week-end guests. It is early in the season for garden parties, but the spruce affairs are being utilized for picnics planned along the shores of twenty-five years ago, and guests from the city are being entertained in this way at every available opportunity.

Preparations for June weddings are occupying the attention of those still lingering in town and social interest is concentrated on the brides-elect, and the informal affairs planned for their pleasure during the week have been responsible for what gaiety there is.

Speeding the parting friend has been the portion of society to a greater degree than ever this week, and many of those going abroad for the summer have taken their departure within the last few days.

The wedding of Miss Constance Cummings and Ensign George Geoffrey Joerns took place Wednesday evening, May 4, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Melvin E. Cummings. The bridal party included Mrs. Harry Childs of Spokane and Mrs. George Alexander Knox as matrons of honor, Miss Madeline Cummings and Miss Louise Mosser as bridesmaids, with Mr. Shelby Cummings acting as best man. The marriage service was performed by Rev. William Rader, and an elaborate wedding supper followed the ceremony and reception.

A wedding of interest to local society which took place in New York on April 28 was that of Miss Madge McCandless and Mr. Harry M. Hepburn of the Revenue Service. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John A. McCandless of Honolulu, and the bridegroom is a grandson of ex-Congressman Hepburn of Iowa. The wedding took place at the home of relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Chamberlain of New York City, and the wedding attendants were Miss Mary O'Brien and Mr. Hepburn Chamberlain. The future home of Mr. Hepburn and his bride will be on the Pacific Coast, after their return from a trip to Honolulu.

The wedding of Miss Margaret Thompson and Ensign Charles Conway Hartigan took place unexpectedly at the Catholic Church at Benicia Thursday morning. The wedding was to have occurred June 1 at St. Mary's Cathedral in this city, but when Mr. Hartigan was ordered to the *Yorktown*, which sails shortly for Panama, a change of plan was necessary. The bride's only attendant was Miss Laura Benet of Mare Island, at whose home she has been visiting for several weeks. Mr. Hartigan and his bride are at Del Monte spending their honeymoon, and after the sailing of the *Yorktown* Mrs. Hartigan will make her home at Mare Island until the return of the ship from its southern cruise.

The wedding of Miss Genevieve Harvey and Mr. Ward Barron will take place Wednesday, June 1, at St. Mary's Cathedral, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin. The honeymoon will be spent abroad.

Thursday, June 2, is the date which Miss Marie Churchill has set for her marriage with Mr. Martin Haenke. The ceremony will take place at the Churchill country home at San Mateo, and will be a brilliant out-of-town wedding.

The wedding of Miss Emma Turner and Lieutenant George Rublen, Jr., will occur the first week in September. It will take place at the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, Captain Frederick Stopford, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stopford, at the Presidio.

Another June wedding will be that of Miss Sophie Merrill and Mr. R. S. Logan of Riverside. Miss Merrill, accompanied by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Merrill, will reach here from Tabiti next week and will be the guest of Mrs. Edward de Witt Taylor until her wedding. The wedding will take place in the Swedenborgian Church and will be an elaborate affair.

The wedding of Miss Laura Pike Fuller and Mr. George Barr Baker took place quietly in New York City on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Baker is one of the editors of *Everybody's Magazine* and his bride is a well-known San Francisco society woman. Their future home will be on Long Island. Among the San Franciscans present at the wedding were Miss Edith Simpson and her fiancé, Mr. Roy Pike, who is a brother of the bride.

The engagement is announced of Miss Louise Schussler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Schussler, to Mr. Martin Preuss.

Miss Agnes Tillman entertained her friends with private theatricals at her home on Washington Street on Wednesday evening. A clever vaudeville skit preceded the presentation of an original playlet written by the hostess, and dancing and supper closed the evening's entertainment. Among those who took part in the performance were Miss Dorothy Baker, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Elva de Pue, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Frances Newball, Miss Harriett Pomeroy, Miss Amy Bowles, Mr. Ivan Langstroth, Mr. George Willcutt, Mr. Walter Husb, Mr. Fred Tillman, and Mr. George Lich. Among others present were Miss Claire Nichols, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Dorothy Churchill, Miss Lurline Matson, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Johanna Volkman, Mr. Bull Chalmers, Mr. George de Long, Mr. Ernest Hueter, Mr. Oscar Hueter, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Seyd Havens, Mr. Charles Adams, Mr. Richard Pennoyer, Mr. Daniel Volkman, Mr. Andrew Cassell, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. Gerald Halsey, and Mr. George Laird.

Mrs. William Carey Van Fleet entertained the

Kaffee Klatsch on Friday afternoon at her home on Pacific Avenue, at which Professor Hildebrand delivered a lecture in German on Schiller's "Maid of Orleans." Among those present were Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. H. L. E. Meyer, Mrs. Frederick Tillman, Mrs. Fannie McCreary, Mrs. Garret McEnerney, Mrs. Herman Schussler, Mrs. George French, Mrs. Oscar Weber, Mrs. Elizabeth Turneval, Mrs. Charles Bauer, Mrs. J. R. Laine, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Agnes Tillman, and Miss Johanna Volkman.

Mrs. Thomas Havens entertained at a bridge party at her home on Wednesday at which fifty members of the Sorosis Club enjoyed her hospitality.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sesson provided an enjoyable entertainment for their friends on Monday evening at their home on Jackson Street. It was a fancy dress affair with dancing and a late supper and marked by great informality.

Several of the army officers stationed at the rifle range near Point Bonita were hosts at a picnic on Saturday. Their guests included Captain John Burke Murphy, U. S. A., and Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Paul Beck, Miss Helen Chesbrough, Miss Canuck, and Miss Christine Pomeroy.

Mr. and Mrs. George Howard of San Mateo took their house guests out into the redwoods for a picnic on Sunday afternoon, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin also entertained at an al fresco affair on the same day at Pillaritos.

Miss Janet Coleman was hostess at a dinner party at her home on California Street on Monday evening. Among her guests were Mr. and Mrs. John C. Coleman, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Agnes Tillman, Mr. Allan Wright, Mr. George Spencer, and Mr. Arthur Hooper. She and her guests afterward attended the Damrosch symphony concert.

Miss Jennie Crocker was hostess at a dinner at "Uplands" on Monday evening prior to her departure for New York on Tuesday morning. Among those enjoying her hospitality on this occasion were Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. William G. Irwin, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Miss Helene Irwin, and Mr. Templeton Crocker.

Mr. William H. Crocker was host at a dinner Monday evening complimentary to United States Senator Newlands, who is making a brief visit to San Francisco.

Rear-Admiral John Milton and Mrs. Milton gave a dinner Monday evening in honor of Commander E. W. Brown and Mrs. Brown. Among those who assembled to meet the guests of honor were Surgeon C. B. McCullough and Mrs. McCullough, Chaplain and Mrs. Scott, Dr. E. E. Curtis, Paymaster Walter Greer and Mrs. Greer, Captain Frederick Bradman and Mrs. Bradman, Lieutenant C. P. Huff and Mrs. Huff, Lieutenant Charles Austin and Mrs. Austin, Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, and Miss Nina Blow.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at a luncheon at the Francesca Club prior to her departure for Paso Robles, where she will spend several weeks.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. P. Huff celebrated the tenth anniversary of their marriage by giving a dinner Tuesday evening at their quarters at Yerba Buena. Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Frederick Bradman, Mr. and Mrs. E. Etienne, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Phillips, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Basch.

Miss Agnes Tobin was the complimented guest at a luncheon which Mrs. James Farrell gave in her honor on Monday. Among the guests were Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson, Mrs. Burke Holliday, Mrs. Samuel Holliday, Mrs. J. R. Hanity, Mrs. John Galway, Mrs. Joseph Oliver Tobin, Mrs. George Cameron, Mrs. M. Kervin, Mrs. James Shea, Miss Elizabeth Zane, and Miss Kathleen Farrell.

Mrs. James Shea entertained a group of the young friends of her debutante niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell, at tea at the Palace on Monday.

Mrs. James M. Wheeler entertained at a bridge party at the Presidio on Saturday. Included among the army matrons who were her guests were Mrs. John Lundeen, Mrs. Joseph Gaston, Mrs. Charles Chubb, Mrs. J. P. O'Neill, Mrs. T. B. Steele, Mrs. Tobin, Mrs. A. V. Faulkner, Mrs. W. A. Carleton, and Mrs. John W. Moore.

The dinner given by Mrs. Benjamin Wade at her home at the Presidio was planned for the entertainment of the wives of the officers absent at target practice. Among her guests were Mrs. Worthington Mosely, Mrs. Ode Nichols, Mrs. J. P. O'Neill, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. Charles Chubb, Mrs. W. A. Carleton, Mrs. Dougherty, and Miss Fanny Troope.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, who are spending the week at Del Monte, entertained at luncheon on Saturday at Pebble Beach Lodge in honor of their guests, Mrs. C. W. Godey of San Mateo and Miss Robinson of San Francisco.

Miss Genevieve Pattiani, the fiancée of Lieutenant Allan Olson, U. S. N., was the guest of honor at a reception on Friday given by her sister, Mrs. Duncan Gatewood, at the Mare Island Navy Yard.

Mrs. J. Parker Whitney, who came up from Rocklin recently and is staying at the Fairmont, entertained a dozen friends at luncheon on Friday.

Miss Marion Zeile entertained at a tea at the Fairmont Monday afternoon.

The operetta, "When Fairies Rule," was presented at the Garrick Theatre on Friday night and at the matinee on Saturday with marked success. It is the work of Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Dr. Humphrey Stewart. It was given for the benefit of the Salvation Army Home at Lytton Springs and a substantial sum was realized for the charity. The staging of the operetta was made possible through the generosity of Dr. Shiels's friends, who contributed \$2000 for that purpose. Among those who subscribed to this fund were Mrs. Francis Carolan, Mr. Charles Clark, Mr. T. L. Ford, Mr. Wellington Gregg, Hale Brothers, Mr. Livingston Jenks, Mr. George Meison, Dr. H. A. McEnerney, Mr. W. H. Reiss, Mr. Leon Sloss, Mr. John C. Wilson, Jr., Mr. George Lombard, and Mr. Thornwell Nullally.

The Damrosch symphony concert which was given on Monday night for the benefit of the

Murison School Association interested a large society audience. Among those entertaining at box parties were Mrs. William G. Irwin who had as her guests Miss Marion Newball, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, and Mr. Templeton Crocker. Dr. and Mrs. Lawrence Draper entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Keuchler, Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley, Mr. and Mrs. Antoine Borel occupied a box with friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Francis Davis had as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Frank Powers, Miss Elizabeth Murison, and Dr. and Mrs. Morton Gibbons. Judge and Mrs. Max Sloss were hosts to a party of six, and Miss Helen Chesbrough had a group of young friends with her. The graduates of 1909 from Miss Murison's school also occupied a box.

Among some of those present in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. George Pope, Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames, Mr. and Mrs. William B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Ehrman, Mrs. Henry Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lilley, Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwallader, Mrs. Edwin Newball, Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson, and Miss Augusta Foute.

## A Benefit Performance.

The San Francisco Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis has been and is doing a highly successful work in and about San Francisco. It is a work to which practically there is no present limit, and it consumes naturally and inevitably very considerable sums of money, which the association must find in one way or another. Exceedingly generous contributions have been made by individuals, but the need is still for more. Maud Allan, the dancer, has become interested in this work through local friends and has tendered her services in aid of the relief fund at a benefit performance to be given at the Garrick Theatre on Tuesday afternoon next, May 17, at three o'clock. A special programme of dances has been arranged for the occasion which will exhibit Miss Allan's artistic powers in their variety. The musical element will be supplied by the symphony orchestra directed by Paul Steindorff. The performance is under the direct supervision of the association and the funds derived from it will be nobly employed in the relief work of the association.

The relief committee, which is particularly interested in this benefit, is as follows: Mrs. M. C. Sloss, Mrs. P. K. Brown, Mrs. John Johns, Joseph Sloss, H. D. Loveland, John S. Drum, Jesse W. Lillenthal, Andrew Carrigan, Frank M. Brown, H. Weinstock, David Hulse, John F. Merrill, Walter Macarthur, Mrs. John F. Merrill, chairman.

The executive committee of the association is made up of the following: Thomas E. Hayden, William C. Voorsanger, M. D., Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. John F. Merrill, R. G. Brodrick, M. D., Walter Macarthur, George H. Evans, M. D.

"Pardon me, madam." "For what?" "I inadvertently jehaded my eye into your jeweled hatpin."—*Washington Herald*.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innes Keeney left Sunday morning for New York, where they will be joined by Mrs. Charles Tomlinson, and the party will sail May 18 for London. They will remain abroad till October.

Mr. Ivan Langstroth was among those leaving his week for Europe. He will spend the next two weeks in Berlin studying music.

Mrs. Cesar Bertheau and her daughter, Helen, will reach San Francisco in a few weeks, after having spent nearly a year in Europe.

Mrs. Truxtun Beale and her sister, Miss Alice Beale, are in New York preparing to sail for London.

Mrs. Francis Carolan is spending a few weeks with her mother, Mrs. George Pullman, and her sister, Mrs. Frank Lowden, in Chicago, prior to her departure for Europe for the summer. She will be joined next week by her husband, who is still at their home at Burlingame.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Pierce have taken the Samuel Knight home at Burlingame for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight are spending a few days in town as the guests of Mr. Charles Holbrook, before leaving for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun and a party of eastern friends are spending a week in Yosemite valley.

Miss Harriett Alexander will spend several weeks with Mrs. C. August Spreckels in Paris. She is at present traveling in Switzerland.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins and his daughter, Miss Florence, have reached New York en route home from Paris. They have been abroad four months and have spent much of the time motoring on the continent.

Mrs. Russell Wilson will spend a few weeks in New York before returning to San Francisco. She was among this week's arrivals from London.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Everson and Miss Elsie Everson sailed this week from New York to spend a year or more in Berlin, where Miss Everson will continue her musical studies.

Captain Alfred Bjornstad, U. S. A., and Mrs. Bjornstad (formerly Irene Sahin), will spend the summer in California. Captain Bjornstad will arrange the details of the camp at Atascadero during his stay.

Miss Hildegard Losell has returned to her home in Boston, after a visit with friends here and in southern California.

Mr. Raphael Weill will leave June 1 for Paris, where he will remain several months.

Mrs. Oscar Fitzallan Long and Mrs. Isaac L. Lequa will spend the summer at Etna Springs.

Mrs. Samuel Blair and Miss Jennie Blair left Sunday morning for New York. They will sail May 18 for London and will go later to Paris for the summer months.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway has set May 23 as the date for his departure for the East. He will spend three months in Paris before his return to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wheeler have returned from a visit with their daughter, who is at Vassar.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry St. Goar and their daughter, Miss Erna, will spend the summer at Ross. They will occupy the Emory Winslip house.

Miss Louise McCormick will return to her home in Chicago next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell are at the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, but will return for the summer to their home at Fair Oaks.

Mrs. Henry Crocker is planning to go East for the graduation of her daughter, Marian, who is at school at Stamford, Connecticut.

Miss Marguerite Popert will leave soon for Europe, where she will visit her grandparents at Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Conway Hartigan will return this week from Monterey.

Miss Marguerite Ames and her sister, Miss Auganette Ames, are spending the week in the city before joining their father, who is medical director at the Bremerton Navy Yard.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tohin and her sister, Miss Vera de Sahla, are spending the week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and their family will spend part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. William G. Irwin sailed on Saturday for Honolulu, where he will remain several months. Mrs. Irwin and Miss Helene Irwin will go to Santa Barbara during his absence.

Miss Jennie Crocker left Tuesday morning for New York to attend the wedding of her cousin. She will go abroad for a month's visit with the Whitelaw Reids before returning to California.

Miss Mahel Gregory has returned from the Mare Island Navy Yard, where she was the guest of Mrs. Hale Douglas.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry and Miss Jennie Lee are spending the week in Amador County.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey and Miss Genevieve Harvey have returned to Del Monte.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin is at Paso Robles, where she will remain for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Almer Newhall (formerly Anna Scott) have arrived in London, where part of their honeymoon will be spent.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll have returned from Coronado and are at their San Mateo home.

Mrs. Frederick Van Sickle has returned from New York and Boston, where she has been visiting relatives for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Walton Tully (Eleanor Gates) are spending two months in Honolulu.

Miss Harriett Jolliffe will spend the summer at Sohra Vista, the country home of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bates have moved over to their hungalow at Mill Valley, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. Francis McComas has been spending a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. Cyril Tobin is in Denver, where he expects to remain for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White (Ruth Boericke)

and Miss Dorothy Boericke will return this week from Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson will spend the summer at Mill Valley.

Judge William H. Beatty and his daughter, Mrs. Wright, sailed on the *Sierra* Saturday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee have been spending the week at the Joseph Sadoc ranch at Calistoga.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding has returned from New York. Mrs. Redding and their daughter, Josephine, have returned to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hohart will spend the summer at San Mateo, where they have built a new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Osgood Hooker are in Paris, where their son, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Jr., has been seriously ill.

Mrs. William Mintzer contemplates going abroad this summer with her daughter, Marcia.

Mrs. J. H. Coleman, the Misses Meyer, and Miss Persis Coleman have arrived in London.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels and her sister, Mr. Gertrude Jolliffe, are now in Paris.

Mrs. Ramon Wilson will sail from New York next week to spend the summer in Italy.

Miss Mildred Lansing, who has been visiting Mrs. Charles Huse (Juanita Wells) in Chicago, will return to San Francisco for the summer.

Mrs. Joseph Chanslor is planning to visit friends in England and will leave in a few days for New York.

Mr. Douglas Grant sailed this week to join his family in England, and with them will motor on the continent for several months.

Mrs. W. W. Williams and her daughter, Maud, have gone East for the summer. They will return in the fall to their home in San Jose.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and their daughter, Lydia, are already occupying their Menlo Park home for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Heller have closed their Pacific Avenue house and are occupying their country home at Menlo Park.

Mrs. William R. Smedberg sailed on the transport this week for Manila where she will join Captain Smedberg, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lyman and their son, Edmond, will spend the summer abroad.

Mrs. James Farrell, Mrs. James Shea, and Miss Kathleen Farrell will go to Tahoe for the month of July.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, accompanied by Mrs. Eugene Murphy, arrived in Paris on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Stanford will sail for London June 4 and will remain abroad several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear are at the Hopkins home at Menlo, pending the arrival from Europe of Mr. E. N. Hopkins and his daughter. They will then open their own home at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters will leave next week for their country home at Mayfield.

Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle will join her husband in New York about June 1 and with their sons will spend the summer abroad.

Miss Edith Simpson will return from New York next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham Wright will go to Europe next month and spend several months in France and Germany.

Recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco include Mr. Charles W. Sutor, Dr. and Mrs. Kaspar Pischel, Mr. Dohrmann Pischel, Mrs. J. C. Pelton, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Jr., Mrs. Haig Patigian, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. McNear, Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Moffitt, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Marriott.

Sir A. Conan Doyle's one-act play, "A Pot of Caviare," produced in London a few days ago, is declared by British critics to be a thriller. It all happens during the Boxer uprising in China. The European quarter is besieged. Shots crackle as the curtain rises. Then when all hope is lost an old professor, the central figure of the play, invites everybody to eat lunch, being particularly insistent that everybody partake of the caviare, which he has poisoned. Everybody does partake, and they all go off to sleep. Last of all the professor himself begins to succumb. Shots! Drums! The door hurst open. Of course it is not the Boxers at all, but an English relieving force of "handy-men." "Don't touch the caviare!" shouts the professor, and dies.

The will of Fabian Toplitz, a pioneer merchant of San Francisco, who died in New York recently, has been filed for probate. The estate is said to be worth in the neighborhood of \$500,000. Toplitz left \$1000 to each of his grandchildren, \$500 each to the Pacific Hebrew Orphan Asylum, the Mount Zion Hospital and the First Hebrew Benevolent Society and divided the remainder share and share alike among his five children: Belle Banner, wife of Marcus Banner of San Francisco; Jennie Oppenheim, wife of Myron H. Oppenheim of New York; Monroe F. Toplitz, George Toplitz, and Melville S. Toplitz.

Glasgow University has come into line with Edinburgh by deciding to admit women to its law degrees, but there can hardly be any great demand for enrollment in the law classes until women are admitted at least to practice as solicitors.

Reggie—Do you wink? Miss de Smyth—What do you mean? Reggie—I should say do you woller skate?—M. A. P.

**The Foundation.**

Thousands of pleased customers are the foundation upon which Geo. Haas & Sons' four large stores were built.

**The Return of Miss Susan Watkins.**

SAN FRANCISCO, May 10, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: San Francisco's older families will be interested to learn of the return of Miss Susan Watkins to her native city in June. Her grandfather, Commodore Watkins, was a well-known figure here in "early days," and her father, James T. Watkins, was not only one of the most brilliant men the coast has produced, but a prominent social figure in the famous set of the 'sixties, of which the Atherton girls (afterward Mrs. Rathbone and Mrs. Percy Selby), the "Three Maes"—Ella Maxwell, Molly McMullen (Mrs. Latham), and Jennie McNulty (Mrs. Thurlow McMullen)—the ill-starred Nelly Gordon, and Mrs. Hall McAllister were the helms. "Jim" Watkins chose his bride from his native State; Maryland, although he brought her to California to live. They had three children, James, Jr. (recently health officer of San Francisco and a brilliant surgeon), Elinor, married into the navy, and the youngest, Susan, who has fulfilled her father's ardent wish that there should be at least one genius in the family. They moved East in the early 'nineties, and in 1896 Mrs. Watkins took Susan to Paris to study art. Her master was Raphael Collin. Her capacity for work proved as remarkable as her talents. In 1899 she exhibited in the Paris Salon "La Petite Hollandaise," and the picture was awarded a "mention honorable." In 1901 she exhibited in the Salon "The 1830 Girl," and was awarded a gold medal. Later it received the silver medal at the Dominican Purchase Exposition at St. Louis. She remained in Paris twelve years, during which time she painted many portraits, the Californians being Mrs. Easton, Sr., Mrs. Selby, Sr., Mrs. Robert Coleman, Walter Hohart, Jr., Mrs. Oscar T. Sewell of San Rafael. Her portraits are almost startling in their counterfeits of life, but in still-life she is equally if not more delightful. In 1908 she returned to New York and painted many portraits, as well as still-lives, the most remarkable of which was exhibited at the Academy last winter, was bought within ten days by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney and won the Shaw Memorial Prize. It also won what is quite as flattering, high praise from the first art critic in America, James Huneker. "The Silent Room," he wrote in the *Sunday Sun*, "is a charming composition, the difficult problems of space and atmosphere being solved, and the sheer painting of inanimate objects of rare beauty. The various groupings of furniture and bibelots, and their spacings, are set before us with tact and sincerity, especially grateful in the effect of decoration. Miss Watkins has no niggling touch; her manner is both large and fluent, her color rich. To paint an empty room is no small feat. It must suggest mystery as well as intimacy. You may recall what Baudelaire wrote of the uncanny feeling evoked by an open window in which burns a candle. A room empty, no matter what the luxury of its

furnishings, has a disquieting effect. Miss Watkins has not attempted to portray any ghost dramas; her interior is a modern and wholly delightful drawing-room."

Although Miss Watkins's short career has been the reverse of sensational, all her work has met with similar praise and success, and her growth has been steadily upward, for she is an artist in every sense of the word, in no way exhibiting her sincerity and the genuineness of her talents more pointedly than in her utter absence of affectation and eccentricities. She is a very handsome, dignified girl, who, when in society, enjoys herself and suggests nothing whatever of the artist or worker. Altogether, Susan Watkins is one of our most creditable productions, and her old friends, as well as her friends of the family, are looking forward to her brief visit. She and her mother will be the guests, for a time at least, of James T. Watkins. Unfortunately, all of Miss Watkins's pictures being sold and scattered, she is unable to give an exhibition, an event that would certainly be of great interest to Californians.

GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

A remarkable instance of the use of modern inventions by ancient institutions was noted on the recent occasion of the formal inauguration of the new lift from the floor of St. Peter's to the dome, a height of about 160 feet.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Can he play poker?" "I guess so; nobody seems to want to play with him."—*Houston Post*.

"I wish I was twins," said Willie. "Why?" "Because then I'd send the other half of me to school and this half would go fishing."—*Pathfinder*.

"You call them a well-matched couple!" "I certainly do." "Why, she is so short and he is so tall!" "He is very short with her."—*Houston Post*.

"What did your wife say when you stayed out so late last night?" "I don't know. She hasn't finished telling it all to me yet."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Did yez know that Casey tuk out a thousand dollars life insurance only the day-ay before he wuz kilt?" "Sure! Casey wuz alway-lucky."—*Life*.

Mrs. Caller—Do you know the woman next door well enough to speak to? Mrs. Subbubs—Well enough? I know her too well to speak to.—*Saturday Sunset*.

"What's become of Jakes?" "He's gone all to pieces." "You don't say so! Nervous prostration?" "No; he looked for a gas leak with a lighted candle."—*Baltimore American*.

Chester—See the lady bug on the dresser! Archie—That's not a lady bug. Lady bugs never go into young gentlemen's rooms. Chester—But this is a landlady bug.—*The Gorgoyle*.

"Please contribute to our fund to send a missionary to the cannibals." "I won't—I'm a vegetarian and don't believe in it. But I'll send them some cereals, if you wish."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Judge—Why did you burn your barn down, just after getting it insured? Farmer—Your honor, a poor man like me can't afford to have a barn and insurance, too.—*Megendorfer Blätter*.

The Landlady (summoned by groans)—Oh, sir, you look so bad! Shall I send for a doctor? The Lodger (who has had a wild night at the club)—No! Get a snake-charmer!—*Sketch*.

Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door? Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a wag. It says, "Please pardon me for not rising."—*Boston Transcript*.

"After all, a man who marries takes a big chance." "You're right. I have a friend who contracted a severe case of hay fever immediately after he had married a grass widow."—*Memphis Appeal*.

Fred—There seems to be a lot more fuss made of Miss A's singing than Miss K's, and I am sure Miss K has by far the richer voice. Jack—Ah, yes; but Miss A has by far the richer father.—*Boston Courier*.

Mr. Newwed—I suppose when you come home late at night you tell her everything she wants to know. Mr. Oldwed—No, sir. I always tell her the things she doesn't want to know.—*Milwaukee Daily News*.

Political Agitator—I say again, gentlemen, the Socialists are putting in the thin end of the wedge. Voice from the Crowd—Say, guv'nor, you wouldn't 'ave 'em put in the thick end first, would yer?—*M. A. P.*

"Pulsatilla," faltered the hashful youth, "it's a wonder you don't tell me to go about my business!" "Why, Valerian," she said, with a heavenly smile, "if you feel like talking business, go ahead."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Miss Plumpleigh—According to reports dress goods will be much higher this season than they were last. Miss De Thynne—Well, I'm glad of it. I never did approve of those décolleté costumes.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

Game Beater (to his new associate)—The fat man always aims too high and the thin man too low. Now, when the fat one shoots you'll have to duck and when the thin one pulls the trigger, jump!—*Megendorfer Blätter*.

Mrs. Bridgewhist—What is the subject of Mrs. Suffragette's lecture this afternoon? Mrs. Clubwoman—The disasters of married life. Mrs. Bridgewhist—I suppose she will have her husband on the platform as an exhibit?—*Stray Stories*.

"See here," asked the cautious stranger, "if I decide to stay here for a week, how much is it going to cost me?" "You can answer that best yourself," replied the clerk of the Florida hotel. "How much have you got?"—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

"But," we say to our friend, after the transaction has been completed and we are leaving the automobile store, "why in the world did you buy two autos?" "To get ahead of the repair men," he answers. "I can get parts from one of them to repair the other."—*Chicago Post*.

"I think I shall learn to like that friend of yours." "You were favorably impressed

by him, eh?" "Yes, indeed. He watched me playing hilliards for an hour yesterday noon without once suggesting how a shot ought to be made."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"It seems cruel to slaughter all those pigs for market," said the Chicago girl. "I don't know that it's cruel," replied Miss Cayenne. "But when you think of what the packers charge for the meat, it does seem a little unfraternal."—*Washington Star*.

"But, Cousin Bertha, how did you make the acquaintance of your second husband?" "It was quite romantic. I was out walking with my first when my second came along in an automobile and ran him down. That was the beginning of our friendship."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"She was very complimentary to me last night." "In what way?" "She called me a human comet." "And you consider that a compliment?" "Sure; means I'm a hustler." "Not exactly; she told me yesterday that she had just learned that a comet is composed of millions of feet of gas."—*Houston Post*.

"You ought to do something in the world," declared the wealthy father. "All right, dad," said the indolent son. "I'd like to be an editor. Suppose you buy me a newspaper."

"I'll buy you a newspaper. Here's a newspaper. Now look over the want column and see if anybody is advertising for an editor."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

## The Flight of Love.

Time was when I, aspiring  
To win a maiden's smiles,  
And rapidly acquiring  
A suitor's subtle wiles,  
Soon found that flow'rs and candy  
Accomplished much, but far  
More potent proved a dandy  
Imported motor-car.

No dashing young Apollo  
Was I, I must admit,  
And yet ('t was bound to follow)  
The auto made a hit.  
Then smoothly, for a season,  
The course of courtship ran  
For which there was a reason:  
The motor, not the man.

But flying days bring sorrow,  
It grieves me sore to learn,  
And on no glad tomorrow  
Shall love to me return;  
The lass I felt so sure of—  
I realize with pain—  
Has yielded to the lure of  
My rival's aeroplane!

—J. Adair Strawson, in Puck.

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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### As to "Trained Men."

President Hadley's remark in his address at the University Golden Jubilee on Tuesday that the problems of the time call for trained men is one in which all men of affairs will concur. But there are differences of judgment as to what constitutes a trained man. Surely our colleges, whatever else they may yield, are not giving us trained men, and in the opinion of the *Argonaut* they never will do it until they reorganize and reinspire the teachings and influences of collegiate life. The *Argonaut* has always been pre-disposed in favor of the college man. Its work in all departments calls imperatively for discipline, judgment, and some culture. In recruiting its service trial has again and again been made of the college-bred youth, but never with any approach to success. We have never yet been able to find a college-bred youth, without a long subsequent practical drill, who could write clean English, or who could even write a hand which the printer could read. We have never yet found one whose knowledge

even within the lines of his special study was dependable or ready. We have never found one who did not wish to begin at the top of the ladder, nor one who did not find it imperatively necessary on the very busiest day of the year to cut his duties for the sake of attending some kind of an athletic or fraternity meet. Not one of those from Frank Pixley down whose work in the *Argonaut* has been an element in its character and influence has been a man of college breeding. This remark applies not only to the *Argonaut*, but to many other publications of the country representative of journalism in its higher rank. It is only a few months ago that there was assembled at a dinner table in the Century Club at New York a little group representing the very highest forces in American journalism—including the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, the then editor of the *Century*, and others of equal note—when through a chance inquiry it was developed that only one present was a college-bred man. In other spheres, too, the college-bred man is not found to be a trained man—trained in the sense of being equipped above others for the larger duties of social and other kinds of progress. Luther Burbank has reluctantly borne testimony to the fact that he has never yet been able in his work to make use of a college-bred youth. Those that he has tried, he declares, are so wedded to theories, so instructive in their mental attitude, as to be an obstruction rather than a help in his operations. All of which may be taken to indicate that the young collegian is not always, if ever, a trained man in the sense of being prepared beyond other men for the higher opportunities and duties of life. The trouble with the ordinary college career is that it tends through its diverting side issues—athletic, social, and other—to vagrant habits both physical and mental. Our colleges, it is true, ought to give us trained men, and this is only another way of saying that they should reform their practice and discipline.

### Goat Island as an Exposition Site.

All the signs point to the adoption of the Panama-Pacific Exposition as the official celebration of the new era to be inaugurated by the Isthmian Canal. President Taft supports our appeal with his usual candor of judgment and with his customary wealth of argument. The attention given to our envoys by committees of Congress and by influential persons and organizations at Washington, New York, and elsewhere tends to the conviction that the universal choice is to fall upon San Francisco. In the meantime local subscriptions to the exposition fund come pouring in. We are to have a fair, and a great fair—a national and a world fair—in 1915.

It is not too early to consider incidental matters, the very first and most important of which is the site of the projected exposition. The suggestions are various. They include the Presidio military reservation bordering the Golden Gate, Golden Gate Park, the Merced Lake tract of the Spring Valley Water Company, Visitation Valley under the shelter of the San Bruno hills, the spacious district of which Tanforan Park is the centre, and Yerba Buena Island—Goat Island in local phrase—in mid-harbor. With so many inviting offerings the problem becomes one of elimination and selection. In any event there will be no difficulty in locating the fair conveniently with surroundings and accessories suited to its magnitude and importance.

The suggestion of Goat Island is especially interesting. First, as an exposition site it would be absolutely unique, and from a scenic standpoint beyond comparison or rivalry. It would, too, give to Oakland and the other communities across the bay a sense of participation in the facilities and advantages of the exposition hardly possible if a site on the peninsula should be chosen. Goat Island is easily accessible by water from either shore of San Francisco Bay, and it is not impossible between now and 1915 that it should be connected

by under-bay tunnels similar to the subways which have recently connected Manhattan Island with Brooklyn on the one hand and the New Jersey shore on the other.

We are assured by competent authority that Goat Island, properly graded and filled in on its northern side, would have somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred acres in superficial area. Assuming it to be only five hundred acres, there would be room enough for all the buildings and spaces required without crowding. There is this further advantage that the selection of Goat Island would leave no possible ground for jealousy or dissatisfaction on the part of transportation interests, since there is room enough to afford facilities to all comers.

The suggestion of Goat Island as a site for the exposition revives another suggestion with which readers of the *Argonaut* have long been familiar, namely, the adaptability of this island as a common terminal for railways approaching San Francisco from the east side of the bay. In earlier days this use for the island was proposed in the interest of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, but there was natural and proper objection to permitting the advantages which it affords to be monopolized by any one railway system. There is space enough on the island for a station to serve in common all railways now terminating at San Francisco or likely to come in future years, and any adjustment looking to the use of the island by one road should be arranged to apply upon equal terms to all roads.

The advantages are many and obvious. Use of the island as a common terminal, even without the construction of under-bay tunnels, would cut full ten minutes from the time schedules between San Francisco and all points east, including interior California points. Furthermore, it would minimize the expense and the dangers involved in the present scheme of ferry transportation. We have now four distinct ferry system between the San Francisco and Oakland shores—the Southern Pacific Oakland system, the Southern Pacific Alameda system, the Key Route Berkeley-Oakland system, the Santa Fé system. A fifth system will be inaugurated when the Western Pacific shall get its boats into operation. In all this rush and confusion of rival ferries there is not only a considerable economic waste, but an obvious menace to human life, especially emphasized in the period of summer fogs. Both the items of cost and danger might greatly be reduced if the ferry trip were shortened by half through the use of Goat Island as a common terminal and if the ferry service between the island and the San Francisco water-front could be consolidated.

Suggestions for the use of Goat Island as an exposition site ought to be combined with the further suggestion that it be used permanently as a common railway terminal, open to all transportation systems now and in the future upon equal terms. With this arrangement a fixed one it would be easily possible for the several railway companies to build permanent tracks from the east side direct to the island, thus facilitating the transportation from that side during the period of the exposition. Consent of the government to this proposal is the first essential, and this ought not to be difficult in view of the reasonableness of the project. The island now serves no purpose which might not easily be accommodated elsewhere. And this being the plainest of facts, the government should easily be brought to make concession in the general public interest.

### Barbarism as a Remedy.

Dr. Roosevelt's plea for the barbarian as an antidote for the ills of peace was even stronger than might have been expected of the winner of the Nobel prize and the promoter of an arbitral court. "Civilization," said the learned doctor to his audience of sleepy German savants, "has caused the loss of the virile milita-



virtues," dulled the "fighting edge," and brought about conditions which are sure, unless the warlords do their full duty, to breed mollycoddles who would not leave their paltry manufacturing and trading, their spiritless inventing and commerce, to even take part in a charge up another San Juan hill. True, there were some symptoms, Dr. Roosevelt explained, worthy of a certain optimism. The magnificent German army was one; and in spite of the Nobel propaganda there might be a wholesome throat-cutting yet. But the debilitating tendencies of civilization were hard to resist. They were represented by the feeble soul and irresolute fist; but the American peacemaker by means of war was not ready to give up. Some tonic aroma of slaughter might yet come down the wind from the lair of the hardy and noble barbarian, nerve the civilized races for a healthful, therapeutic shindy, and fertilize the thin soil of courage with the blood of an aroused and invigorated manhood, thus saving the survivors from the cankers of a long peace.

We congratulate Dr. Roosevelt and wish he had covered more ground. In view of the superior characteristics of the man who fights it has always seemed to us that, in getting away from the stone hammer and the flint ax age, the human race left its millennium behind it. The virtues which the eminent winner of the Nobel prize would seek to revive were common enough then. A mollycoddle, a rich malefactor, or an Ananias had no more chance than a negro at a Mississippi mass meeting; the men who had been anointed to conserve the popular virtues simply fell on such fellows with granite bludgeons, and that ended their attempts to sap the body politic. In time uneasy and capitious reformers instituted courts and policemen, and decay began. Hygienic fighting ceased, or, if one's uncorrupted manhood asserted itself by heaving a chunk of trap-rock into the skull of an undesirable citizen, a pusillanimous appeal by the friends of the unlucky contestant was made to a court. It is plain that the failure of our race then began. Civilization kept spreading, but it was a disease which softened the muscles, made the grip flaccid, and reduced man to a mere inert victim of non-combatable ideas. He was no longer six feet, four inches tall. He no more scorned the soft immunities of life. He ceased to eat his meat raw. He was unable to bite into an enemy's neck and break it with one shake. Man had become a mollycoddle himself. Naturally, in course of time the collective man, the nation, deteriorated, until it is almost as hard now to get nations to gouge out each other's eyes and cleave each other's skulls for the improvement of the breed as it is to induce ordinary men to engage in these exhilarating and medicinal pastimes.

There are those, of course, who take a different view, invertebrate men who meet self-evident facts with airy and futile speculations. One of these, Dr. Jordan, a student of jellyfish, has remarked that the only reason a nation deteriorates is that its men deteriorate, and as long as those men who are the strongest and most courageous are sacrificed to the god of war the breed of men can not improve in strength and courage. And he adds that the stature of the people of Europe is smaller today than formerly because of the terrible tribute the great continental wars have taken. It is a fine example of the method by which the cloistered ichthyologist judges men; and it prepares one to endure the metaphysical fallacy that the main reason why Japan made such a creditable showing in her late war with Russia was that she had soldiers bred under a condition brought about by 250 years of peace.

But one may pass the sciolists and doctrinaires to observe the facts which stare them in the face, and leave such folk to their own meagre speculations. In spite of the decrepit philosophers, war is the necessary tonic of man and nations, to the end that peace may not emasculate. Look at the men in our State prisons, who have preserved in private life those militant virtues which we recommend to nations. Look at their brawny frames, their strong jaws and chins, their fighting edge, their virile physical virtues. Compare them, if you please, with the spineless fauna of a mere business college or medical school. Look at the stalwart Abyssinians and compare them with the listless Italians, whom they scattered to the winds. Who wouldn't be an Abyssinian rather than an Italian? Compare one of those splendid South Sea Islanders with a missionary, drooling out an old woman's religion, where he might be swinging a red club in defiance of the civilization which has made him what he is. The argument is

with the Roosevelts and the Jeffries; and civilization without its gunpowder tonics, without its blood-letting, without its development of the heroic virtues and talents, might be a mere Gladstonian infirmary, peopled by the Jordans and the Eliots and other disciples of a timid and weak-necked generation.

#### Reflections Upon the British Throne.

"Piccadilly's" letter from London, printed on page 341, this week's *Argonaut*, is interesting in its exposition of the profound sentimentalism of the ultra-loyal Englishman with respect to any and everything associated with the British Throne. "Piccadilly," whom we are accustomed to follow week by week in his normal mood, half philosophic, half sardonic, more inclined in his observations of men and things to a tempered cynicism than to sympathy, writes manifestly from a full heart of the death of King Edward. There are tears in his voice. The most casual circumstances connected with the last hours and the death of Edward in his imagination take on a reverent importance. Even the oncoming signs of spring lose their buoyant suggestion to become elements in the slow music appropriate to the gloom of the hour. A small incident in the sporting life of the king—an incident not without its thrifty suggestion—seems in the mind of the grieved writer to illustrate not merely the human spirit, but the amazing individual grace of the late king's personal character. In its way it is admirable because it is so deeply felt, albeit a bit difficult to comprehend from the American point of view.

In this reflection of the English mind as affected by the death of the king we have an interesting testimony to the value of the British Throne as a political and social institution—something not easily understood by many Americans who can see in the Throne only an outworn survival, an obsolete, useless, over-costly, and withal cumbersome piece of political furniture. The value of the Throne, as the incident finely suggests, lies in its amazing power to inspire and consolidate English sentiment, to personify, to personalize so to speak, the tradition, the achievement, the pride of the British race, to stand as a fixed mark of the Majesty of England. The authority of the Throne with the British people is measurably that of a high ideal brought down to comprehension and sympathy as a living and breathing reality. The Throne stands so near as to be seen of all men, so removed by its inherited and conventional dignities as to command the loyalty and reverence of men of all opinions and of all moods. In the letter above referred to may be found a proof of its utility—that it is worth all that it costs and more—by its power to inspire in the British mind sentiments so profoundly and even piously patriotic.

A people which holds fixed in its political and social scheme an institution so reverently inspiring, so potent to enlist the higher emotions and the deeper affections, has a resource of tremendous practical value. The Throne, with the sentiments which cluster about and centre in it, is the one high political potentiality which British democracy—for Britain is now a democracy—possesses over and above the other democracies of the world, including our own. Intangible ideals and standards have indeed their powers, as our own national career has proved, but their appeal is rather to the thoughtful few than to the potential many. For the masses of men and women there is a tremendous value in association of political ideals with concrete personality, as illustrated in the universal tendency in democracies to seek out and magnify heroic personages.

The value of the British Throne as a purely social institution was splendidly illustrated in the moral influences emanating from the reign of the late Queen Victoria. It can not be claimed for Victoria that she was a woman of supreme individual qualities. The record of her political activities is respectable but not notable. Her letters, given to the public three years ago in three huge volumes, rise in no instance to exceptional heights. Her diary, of which extracts have been given to the public, reveals a certain triviality as distinct from largeness of mind. Yet the reign of Victoria must be reckoned among the supreme moralizing influences of the modern world. If Victoria was not a great woman, she was at least a good woman. The standards which controlled her individual conduct and which her position enabled her to impose upon the British court were the purest. They were, in brief, the standards of a highly moralized domesticity. Under them domestic life, as illustrated in the British court, was instinct with personal and domestic virtue. For

more than sixty years this good woman, this devoted wife and devoted mother held the post of highest social influence in the civilized world. In her own realm she made the domestic virtues fashionable. And through suggestions exerted directly, by example, and through the marriage of her children and grandchildren, her influence was extended throughout the world. Even in our own country the name of Queen Victoria long served as an illustration in the enforcement of moral lessons. We may, in imagination, gain some idea of the value of Victoria's career in relation to the life of the world by contrasting that career with the social history of England under the Georges. What would it have meant for the world if instead of sixty years and more of this morally resolute woman on the British Throne there had been a succession of princes dissolute or morally lax in character?

Already there may be noted as the result of Edward's death and of the feelings inspired by it a reaction from the radicalism which in recent months has appeared to possess the country. There is a universal sense that George V has the right to an opportunity, undisturbed by political contentions, to establish himself on the throne of his ancestors. A political atmosphere which only yesterday, so to speak, tended violently to the support of a radical reform movement is now hushed in reverent tolerance of the things of tradition and usage. King Edward, in his death far more than in his life, thus becomes a bulwark of defense for British traditionalism against the erstwhile rising forces of British radicalism. The hand on the political dial may not be turned back, but it will surely be stayed a while. In the months immediately to come we shall hear less of movements of reform; we shall hear more of the glories, the dignities, the powers of British tradition.

King George V, it is apparent from his beginnings is not to be a mere cipher in the affairs of England. Whether for good or for ill, he is plainly a man of conviction and of conscience. Even before his father has been borne to his tomb, George has become a factor in the life of his country. His announcement in the matter of public amusements during the period of mourning, his protest against the coronation oath—these incidents suggest a man profoundly impressed by his personal obligations. They suggest likewise an independent and innovating mind. There are still further important suggestions in the new monarch's avowed sympathy with the naval service and in his manifest repugnance to the ceremonies which in these later days tend to absorb the time and energies of kings. But a yet there is nothing tending positively to fix the political character of the new king, nothing to indicate positively the part he is to play, although plainly he will not be an imitator of his father.

Which will serve England best, a king content to reign supreme in the social sphere, satisfied with the tinsel and embroidery of the imperial office, abandoning the serious functions of government to others, or a king of positive opinions, definite plans, and resolute purposes? This is an interesting study, and it is not without reason or significance that, as related to the immediate future of England, it more or less engages the world of speculation today. Time alone will answer the queries which crowd upon the student of world affairs as affected by British policy.

#### A Needed But Hopeless Reform.

The World's Health Organization is an implacable club of women, local to Cincinnati, which was formed to snuff out the kiss. While immune from the peril itself, as organized woman usually is, the W. H. O. is perturbed about the health of the race, which the bacteria osculatorii threaten to destroy. The Cincinnati society, let us say in passing, is not the one which proposes to use an antiseptic veil with which to intercept the unsanitary kiss on its way to the unfortified system. The Cincinnati method presumes no debilitating compromise. In its bright lexicon there is not such word as "kiss"; if there is a kiss left anywhere it must go. The race must be saved. Indeed, if kissing were not a purely modern pastime—the holy kiss with which primitive Christians were warned to greet each other being a mere chaste peck upon a sterile brow—there might be no race left to succor. Between the inroads of the kissing bug, the fever bug, the head parasite, and the chapped-lip microbe there could have been no chance for the stoutest of us; and in future unless the kiss malady is put down the outlook for humankind will be gloomy indeed.

At present the difficulty is one of method. The



kissing is a time-honored custom and that "one person can not stop it" is an admission by the lady president of the W. H. O. which seems perilous and yet how to be avoided? If one person may not stop the kiss, then we conclude that it takes two to stop it just as it does to start it. The act of ceasing must be the sequel to the act of beginning, and right there the mischief is done. Despite the best intentions, the death-dealing microbe has had its hellish way; the dread infliction has taken hold with its wickedest fang; there is no hope left, and so one, being as willing to kiss for an old sheep as a lamb, is likely to throw all caution to the winds and spread the evil. Misery loves company and owns no conscience. An affinity must be found. The lady president of the W. H. O. may think it wise to say that "it is only in unity that sufficient strength may be had to convince the world that kissing is pernicious and unhealthful." But can't she see that the antidote recreates the bane? It is that one thing, "unity," in the scheme to stop kissing which defeats the enterprise; and instead of leaving the germ to die of inanition, the active reformer merely brings it to a joyous feast and, while clamoring that it "cease," actually invigorates it with the subtler elixir of contact. Instead of "unity" gaining strength to resist it develops weakness to surrender. The outlook is gloomy indeed.

Nor is it made less so by the display of misdirected energy with which the W. H. O. proceeds in its well-meaning work. Every member of that admirable body has agreed to wear a button with the motto "Kiss Not" emblazoned in red letters on a white ground. But see the futility of it all? The woman who would wear such a badge is in no danger. It is the other one who would die first that collects and distributes the microbes and does it with an abandon which shows her to be proof against all sanitary advice. And she can not be reached by either moral or medical suasion until she sours into that maturity where she is indifferent whether she wears a "Kiss Not" badge or a lemon; and where her influence for reform is confined to a decreasing personal area.

#### Is There a Law of Heredity?

Professor Harry Thurston Peck is walking in the old circle looking for the law of heredity. He starts where most other investigators have begun and stops where they have ended, in a fog. Heredity, in his hands, is the same study of contradictions; its law is the same ancient mystery, at least it is to one who keeps to the beaten route of search. The traditional minister's son and deacon's daughter laugh at the philosophers, and it is not always a pleasant laugh to hear. The babe in the cradle, prayed over by his dull, Godfearing preacher-father and given breast by a pious mother, became the most brilliant agnostic of his age, the implacable foe of Christian theology. How did he get those instincts of irreverence and doubt? There is a tale of a stout, unfearing Quaker and his sanctified wife, whose son was drummed out of the army as a poltroon and whose daughter went to the devil on the stage. Who shall follow this thread of ancestry to find a law? Then comes the saloon-keeper whose progeny are magistrates and great merchants. Why? Is a law of heredity visible here? If so, it must be a law which goes, like dreams, "by contraries."

It is a truism that genius rarely begets genius; oftener it begets the dullard or the fool. Of the four illegitimate children of Napoleon, not one rose above mediocrity; and L'Aiglon would not have been heard of save for his paternity. There never was a Plato junior or a younger Socrates or Confucius in history. At long intervals a Lyman Beecher gives the world a Henry Ward Beecher and a Harriet Beecher Stowe, or a John Adams leaves a John Quincy Adams to occupy his place in life; but these are exceptions which prove the rule. Professor Peck believes that royal families show few signs of deterioration and preserve an average kingly ability; but in such cases, accurate data is hard to get. One can not tell whether the king or his ministers should have the credit; and, besides, the duties of monarchs are defined by precedent, and are thus easier to perform.

If a law of heredity is ever discovered, the find will be made, perhaps, far outside the beaten path of speculation. What the world has so long been trying to believe is that parents ought, if the law exists, to transmit their most noteworthy qualities; and relief from the self-evident truth that the children generally are of a different intellectual mold is found in the postulate that

a generation or two is skipped, when the qualities reappear. If they do not in reappearing achieve the same human results, the fault may be laid to environment or lack of opportunity. But it is obvious, from want of correlated data, except in the case of a royal family, that the whole subject is very much in the air.

Can not the questions involved be brought to solid ground? Might we not get somewhere by seeking a law of heredity in the transmittal from parents to children of the qualities which the former have made least use of rather than those which have been worn out by exercise? Given a pious man and his equally pious wife, it does not follow, as experience attests, that their offspring will become pious. Why? The answer may be that the elders have themselves absorbed the strength of their ethical natures, leaving only or chiefly the base residuum, the animal instincts, to their children—strong passions with some feeble seeds of good. The qualities they have held in check are strong and virile and they pass on. Proceeding along the same line of inquiry, we find the children, inferior as they are to their parents, may have reared a highly respectable third generation. In turn they have absorbed their mean natures, leaving whatever of good they had in them to take its turn of usefulness.

There are, of course, defects in this theory, as in all, but it seems to fit into the conditions of human life and bring one nearer to a law than the elder hypothesis.

#### Editorial Notes.

Those who have imagined that Mr. Roosevelt, upon his return to America, might employ his personal influence in critical and unfriendly ways against President Taft should find something for their instruction in Roosevelt's acceptance of Taft's commission in the matter of King Edward's funeral. If Roosevelt had had it in mind to "knife" Taft he would not now be the representative of the President in an international concern. To be sure, Mr. Roosevelt's acceptance, as set forth in the cabled correspondence, exhibited no exuberance in the detailed form. His one word "accept," in reply to Mr. Taft's graciously phrased invitation, was civil, but devil a' more. However, some concession at the point of manners must be allowed to a Rough Rider and to one whose mind long ago became so full of himself as to afford scant consideration for anybody or anything else.

It is intimated by those who have special knowledge respecting such matters that King George's attitude towards rich Americans who love to bask in the sunshine of royal recognition and who are willing to spend money freely in this diverting game is to be very different from that of his father. Edward was distinctly friendly to rich and socially ambitious Americans, yielding to them habitually a measure of attention tending to jealousy on the part of his own people. He liked spirited and attractive women, of whom there have commonly been a goodly number in the Anglo-American colony, and he was by no means averse to a flyer now and again, upon a friendly tip, in the American stock market. He was friendly to those so-called international marriages by which millions of American money were imported wholesale for the rehabilitation of depleted English fortunes. It is said that George sees in these marriages a discredit to England, precisely as we have seen in them a shame to America. We trust that the gossips have it right—that King George will turn the cold shoulder to those Americans in whom wealth suddenly acquired has wrought a degenerate spirit and who seek in the sordid purchase of foreign titles a social distinction which their money can not buy them in their own country.

One Stephen A. D. Puter, a notorious land shark whose operations in Oregon were long a public scandal, gained immunity for his crimes and became a personal friend and confidant of the late lamented "great prosecutor" by supplying evidence tending to the conviction of certain persons whom the prosecutor particularly wished to "get." After he had duly testified as desired, Puter accepted a short sentence in the Portland county jail, and passed the time by writing a book, much exploited by the prosecutor and his satellites for the penitence and honesty involved in its disclosures. But now in another relation the statements of Puter have been put to the test and he fails to come to the scratch. Under the necessity of again saving his hide he repudiates the statements of his book. Things which in sober print he declared to be so, he now says are not so. Yet this is the creature whose "testimony"

sent at least one man of creditable history and standing to prison and has filled pages with indictments of men who have always borne honest names. Shame on the whole dirty business! Little wonder that the great prosecutor has slunk out of the public view.

Students of world affairs will wait with interest the exposition which time must surely yield of the part personally played by the late King Edward in the diplomacies which broke down the Russian-French combination some eight or nine years ago, and brought England into friendly relations with both Russia and France. When Edward came to the throne there existed a long-standing distrust between Russia and England, and world opinion had identified southeastern Europe—the gateway to India—with an inevitable future conflict. British opinion and British policy alike resented the ambition of Russia for an outlet upon the Mediterranean. At the same time there existed between England and France a fixed ill-will founded partly in ancient memories, aggravated by England's then recent occupation of Egypt. What followed is recent history. By means which have never been given to the public France was placated. By means equally adroit Russia was changed from a traditional enemy to a closely affiliated friend. That Edward was profoundly interested in these concerns is well known, and the world has been informed by a well-known French diplomat that his part in the settlement would ultimately cause him to be known in history as "Edward the Peacemaker." The modern world takes nothing for granted. It has not fully adopted the French characterization of Edward—it waits for information upon which to found its own judgment. But the feeling among well-informed men everywhere is that the inside history of the early years of the century, when it shall be fully revealed, will give to Edward a political rank higher than that which the opinion of his own day assigned to him.

Portland, Oregon, always the home of a thrifty conservatism, temperamentally hostile to the spurts and stunts of the boom spirit, has been forging ahead with giant strides during the past two or three years. Industry is active in a multitude of fields; progress is at full tide. The rule of the open shop has been the rule of the town, and under this rule both labor and capital have amazingly thrived. Now there has come a movement on the part of certain building trades organized into a union of the aggressive type to enforce the rule of the closed shop. Let Portland beware. If she wants to hold her prestige, to sustain her industries, to support the prosperity of her people, let her have a care that the open shop rule be maintained. If there be any question as to what will happen to Portland under the closed shop rule let inquiry be made as to how the closed shop has worked in San Francisco.

In the organization of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle subscriptions were invited from every element of the community. And with their usual spirit and liberality the Seattleites responded, no class or faction or group seeking or desiring exemption from its share in the common burden. The fund desired was promptly raised. Then came the work of creating the exposition plant, consisting of half a score of buildings, the laying out and planting of grounds, the making of roads, etc. When the plans had gotten well forward up jumped the labor unions with a demand for the "closed shop"—in other words, for monopoly of labor—in connection with exposition affairs. It was at this point that Mr. Charles J. Smith, the financial head of the exposition, asserted himself. The exposition, Mr. Smith declared, was a public enterprise, its foundation was the support of all the people, its financial resource had come from all classes. This being the situation, Mr. Smith declared that it would be out of all reason, out of all decency, to give to a particular class or element monopoly of the labors connected with it. Since the invitation for subscriptions had been the widest possible, since the response to it had been both generous and universal, there should be no discrimination in the bestowal of favors. It was a case where the open shop was not only economically expedient, but morally necessary. The unions, of course, were not satisfied; they rarely are satisfied with a square deal. They demanded preference under the rule of the closed shop, and when it was flatly denied they threatened to strike and did, as we recall it, go so far as to recall their men from work on the fair buildings for a brief time. But the determination of Mr. Smith, supported by the common sense of the community in its sense of justice



decency, won the day. The rule of the open shop prevailed. Union men who withdrew in surly anger returned ashamed of themselves. The buildings were completed on time. Common sense and good faith with all elements, community self-respect—all were justified and sustained by the outcome.

It is a curious circumstance that those who in connection with the coming State election are going up and down the State denouncing the evils of management in political affairs are really representative of the only political "machine" which thus far has exhibited any signs of activity. It was the machine element in the so-called Lincoln-Roosevelt faction which, after a long hunt and after tendering the nomination to half a dozen others, finally brought about the candidacy of Mr. Johnson; again it is the machine element which has organized and which is prompting his campaign. The *Argonaut* makes no protest against these activities because it knows that in political affairs as in other things organization is necessary, inevitable. What it does object to is the pretense of contempt for organized effort in connection with intense activity in organization practice.

The Republic of Mexico is to have its centennial next September; and the loyal peones are getting into the "pants" habit as fast as they are able, so as to qualify for their part in the show. It is the custom of the peon when dressing for the day to stop when he is half through. Then he rolls his cotton bifurcation to his knees, lights a cigarette, and asks no odds of fate. But the governor of the Federal District, where the centennial is going to rage and where foreigners are wanted in sufficient numbers to put the affair on a gate-money scale, has decreed "pants." The peon must wear them while the show lasts. If he has failed, during his picturesque career, to amass a pair of "pants" the government will give him work until his financial rating is high enough to enable him to get one. Already the wealthier peon class is trying the new garment out as well as on, so as not to feel too conscious of the offense when the ides of September fall; but the less fortunate ones are still waiting in the hope that they may get the federal order modified in the interests of thrift, so the expense of buying "pants" by the pair may fall on two men instead of one, each having one trouser leg for his exclusive use and benefit.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Save for the shower of stones aimed at the premier, the burning of a town hall, the murder of a mayor, and the slaying of a police commissioner, the general election in France has been completed without great excitement. The results leave M. Briand in command of the situation, with a far more solid backing than when the Clemenceau ministry was overthrown. But the premier is committed to several measures which have in them the elements of catastrophe. One of these is the question of fiscal reform, which he declared to be the "most pressing problem." The old system of taxation he regards as inadequate because of its irregularities and inelasticity, and he has definitely committed himself to an income tax so framed as to exact contributions in equal relation to real resources. Evidently M. Briand is not discouraged by the difficulties which attended the efforts to evolve such a tax in the last assembly. A bill, it will be remembered, did pass the chamber by a substantial majority, but was thrown out by the senate. So all the work will have to be done over again, in face not only of the political opposition which will voice the usual objections that such a tax is vexatious, inquisitorial, and destructive of trade, but in direct conflict with the four great newspapers—the *Echo de Paris*, the *Eclair*, the *Petit République*, and the *Liberté*—which have founded a fund for the purpose of fighting the "national peril created by the progress of collective socialism."

Equally ominous for the stability of M. Briand's government is the necessity it is under to deal with the legal status of civil servants—that persistent aftermath of the postal officials' strikes. The question at issue, it will be recalled, is the right of civil servants to form trade unions and go on strike, to acquire, in short, the power to negotiate with the state. The last government stoutly opposed this principle, declaring that a civil servants' strike is inadmissible, and this position was homologated by the chamber again and again. Apparently M. Briand has not retreated from that standpoint; he has declared that the status of civil servants must be regularized to prevent any future danger to the interests of the country; but seeing there are over half a million of civil servants with votes, the promised measure is not likely to be coercive in its effects.

Opportunity for skillful diplomacy will be afforded when the matter of electoral reform is brought forward. The premier appears to have decided against the present system of representation, the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, that is, the single member districts, and thus commits his ministry to the *scrutin de liste* and the principle of proportional representation. M. Briand shows his hand still further; he more than hints his predilection for increasing the life of parliament to nine years,

one-third of the house retiring every three years. This declaration in favor of greater continuity in legislation is perhaps the most remarkable pronouncement of the premier and will undoubtedly strengthen the position of those newspapers which are in revolt against "the egotistical politicians who are slowly leading us to integral étatism." Altogether, then, and notwithstanding the peaceful manner in which it has been returned to power, the ministry of M. Briand evidently has plenty of excitement ahead. The premier, however, seems as astute as the mayor of Milwaukee. "Socialists we are," he exclaims, "and we must be Republicans." The order of his nouns probably indicates the policy he will pursue.

Exceedingly dignified, and thus characteristic of the man, was the reference made at Binghamton by Governor Hughes to his appointment to the Supreme Court. It is interesting also for its veiled reference to the tax upon his personal means which his service of New York State has involved, a reference which gives point to the pleas now being made to increase the judges' salaries:

Nothing has affected me more deeply than the many expressions of regret which I have received that I should be separated from the public life and political activity of this State. If I speak of this it is only because it is due to this friendship which has been manifested so cordially. I could not have continued in my present office even had the people desired it. And such opportunities of public service as might have been incidental to active professional work can not for a moment be regarded as comparable with the duties to which I have been called. Of the vast importance of those duties I am deeply sensible, and my sole ambition is to devote the rest of my life to their discharge, according to my ability and with the utmost fidelity to the cause of impartial justice, which is, after all, our highest concern.

Seeing how much trenchant and often well deserved criticism has been directed against the police of America, wide publicity should be given to the encouraging fact that the recent meeting of the International Association of Chiefs of Police had under discussion the vital question whether the treatment of criminals should be vindictive or remedial. Although the ostensible aim of criminal law is to benefit society it fails inasmuch as it does not benefit the criminal. Imprisonment in almost every case results in the criminal being released a more dangerous menace than before his incarceration.

After giving years of close study to this question, Frederick Kohler, honorably known as the "golden rule" police chief of Cleveland, has come to the conclusion that no human being, no matter what his crime, should be sentenced to a definite term in prison. Not that he would abolish imprisonment; to isolate a proved offender from society is absolutely essential; but the sentence should not be for a definite period, but should have in view not the vindication of the law so much as the reinstatement of the individual. Prison life should be one of preparation, preparation for restoration to society. What Mr. Kohler pleads for is the constitution of a court which shall be the counterpart of that which passes sentence, only its function shall be to decide whether the criminal is fit to return to society. The burden of proof will rest upon the criminal. He must demonstrate that reform has been accomplished. All this postulates a vast change in prison administration; opportunity must be provided by classes, lectures, work, the personnel of jailors, for the rehabilitation of character. Such a radical departure in the treatment of the criminal would certainly protect society from the habitual offender.

Life's little excursions into the realm of political theory are often as distinguished for their wisdom as their wit. The latest is a case in point:

A republic is an agreement among a body of people that on and after a certain date nothing shall be done differently. This agreement is solemnly made, put into writing, and is called a constitution for convenience.

A republic is usually a very good thing at the time it is formed, and the only point on which men differ is as to just how long a self-respecting republic should last. It stands to reason, of course, that if republics come tripping upon the heels of one another in too frequent succession all the waking hours of the people would be uselessly taken up with the mere disagreements of agreements.

On the other hand, history seems to show that the best kind of republic is a new republic.

Although forty new names are to be added this year to the Hall of Fame, it is safe to assert that nobody is particularly excited about the result save in the case of Edgar Allan Poe. To the non-American world the fact that a writer so admittedly in the front rank was not included in the first election is an inscrutable puzzle, and even in America no one seems to quite understand why his name was not graven on the tablets long ago. This year, however, Poe's admirers are to make a set canvass of the electors, and it may be hoped that some time next October this debated issue will be finally settled. Perhaps, too, the claims of Oliver Wendell Holmes will receive the recognition his name deserves, and the electors might make a less happy choice among famous Americans women than Louisa May Alcott. That would be some compensation for the reprehensible neglect of New England in allowing her Concord home to crumble into ruins.

So George Washington might have been a duke. At least, there was a time when the British government had thoughts of trying to bribe him with a ducal coronet. The evidence for this has but just been brought to light by the researches of the Historical Manuscript Commission in England, which has already made such bewilderingly rich additions to historical first-hand materials. It seems that in 1778 Sir John Dalrymple drew up a lengthy paper of "Thoughts on Instructions to the American Commissioners," in the course of which this pretty little plot was outlined:

From all accounts of General Washington's character, there is a resemblance between his character and General Monk's, for he is silent, keeps his mind to himself, has plain under-

standing, and is a man of principle. Charles II owed his kingdom to his personal application to Monk, delivered by one of Monk's own friends. Might not the ministers of the king himself write a private letter to Washington to remind him of the similarity between his situation and Monk's, desiring him to ask terms for America fair and just, and they should be granted, and that the terms for himself should be the dukedom given to Monk and a revenue to support it, in order to give dignity to the man who generously gave up his own power to save his country.

This glimpse of the diplomacy of the past is valuable for the contemporary tribute it pays to Washington's character, a tribute which Mr. Owen Wister may be glad to add to the next edition of his study of the first President. It recalls the fact, not generally known, that at one time William Penn, Quaker though he was, had a hankering after a title.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### My Lost Youth.

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the hurden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with heaved lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the hulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar  
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the hughle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
How it thundered o'er the tide!  
And the dead captains, as they lay  
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,  
Where they in battle died.  
And the sound of that mournful song  
Goes through me with a thrill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the breezy dome of groves,  
The shadows of Deering's Woods;  
And the friendships old and early loves  
Come back with sabbath sound, as of doves  
In quiet neighborhoods.  
And the verse of that sweet old song,  
It utters and murmurs still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart  
Across the schoolboy's brain;  
The song and the silence in the heart,  
That in part are prophecies, and in part  
Are longings wild and vain.  
And the voice of that faithful song  
Sings on, and is never still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak;  
There are dreams that I can not die;  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,  
And bring pallor into the cheek,  
And a mist before the eye.  
And the words of that fatal song  
Come over me like a chill:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
When I visit the dear old town;  
But the native air is pure and sweet,  
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street  
As they balance up and down,  
Are singing the beautiful song,  
Are sighing and whispering still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
And with joy that is almost pain  
My heart goes back to wander there,  
And among the dreams of the days that were,  
I find my lost youth again.  
And the strange and beautiful song,  
The groves are repeating it still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."  
—H. W. Longfellow.

In an effort to find King Solomon's treasure in the crown of David, a syndicate of Englishmen, led by the Earl of Morley's heir presumptive and a near relative of the Duke of Fife, are excavating at the foot of Siloam, on the eastern slope of Zion. Two members of the Turkish Parliament are continually present, this being one of the conditions laid down by the authorities before permission to begin the excavation was given. Large sums of money were spent in obtaining the permit, in purchasing land and in carrying on the work. More than sixty men are engaged at a weekly expense of more than \$4000.



## THE PASSING OF THE KING.

## London's Sorrow for the Death of Edward the Seventh.

Not since Black Monday of the Boer War, when the cables from South Africa thrice in twenty-four hours told of disaster to British arms, or that gloomy January night of 1901 when a leaden pall descended on London in the news of Queen Victoria's passing, has the capital of Great Britain been oppressed with so heavy a sense of personal loss as that which has come to all its citizens through the sudden death of King Edward.

It was only a week ago last Wednesday that he returned from Biarritz at the conclusion of his six weeks' holiday. On the morning before his departure he had been well enough to take a long walk, and in the afternoon he called on Princess Frederika of Hanover, and then, with his usual thoughtfulness, attended to the distribution of medals and other souvenirs among those who had rendered him service. Ere the day closed an impressive torchlight procession passed before the Hotel du Palais, the king standing bareheaded while bugles and drums played the national anthems of France and England. And so the day ended, the last of all the days at Biarritz for Edward the Seventh.

Welcomed to his capital on Wednesday with that loyalty and affection which have never been wanting on his return home, the king immediately plunged once more into the ceaseless duties of his exalted position. The prime minister was an early caller at Buckingham Palace, an audience which was a sinister reminder of the strained condition of domestic politics, and the same day the king received Lord Kitchener and visited the Royal Academy. Diplomats and high officials and other callers passed to and fro during the next few days, and, despite whispered rumors that all was not well with the sovereign, the life of the palace seemed to be running its normal course. But on Thursday came a sudden change. The truth could no longer be hidden. The forebodings which had found veiled expression in editorials breathing the hope that the royal burden might not prove beyond the monarch's strength, and which had prompted Mr. Balfour's appeal to the people to rally round the throne, and which led to the hasty action of the editor of a leading review recalling an issue which contained an attack on the crown, took tangible form in a doctor's bulletin. The king was ill.

Friday morning brought some relief to the nation's anxiety. In the gray, early dawn countless workmen on their way to their day's toil made a detour by the palace and were visibly cheered by the bulletin at its gates. The sovereign had passed a peaceful night. As the day wore on, nature seemed in accord with the revival of hope. The May sun shone brightly from a cloudless sky, and the fresh summer verdure of trees and grass around the palace were symbols of resurrection. But at noon the doctors issued another bulletin; the king's condition gave rise to "grave anxiety." Six hours later the news from the palace was still more distressing; hope was not wholly abandoned, but a "critical" stage had been reached. All London was deeply moved. Though the sunshine lingered, a gloom settled down over the city. Men and women, boys and girls, the wealthy in their carriages, the poor afoot, all alike looked grave and sad. Vast crowds gathered in the vicinity of the palace, loitering with the aimlessness of men in a trance. And there they lingered, hour after hour, even though informed that no more bulletins would be issued for a long while. So the night fell, and as the darkness deepened dense clouds veiled the sky and a strong gale awoke. But the patient watchers remained, keeping under the unfriendly heavens faithful vigil with that stricken queen and sorrowing son by the bedside of the dying king. The leaden hours were slowly on through the night, and ere the last of those hours had been numbered with the irreparable past news came from within the palace that all was over. The king had died with the day; but a few minutes before the booming tones of Big Ben floated over London the toll of the midnight hour, Edward the Seventh breathed his last.

London today is like a city of the dead. Its millions are going about their daily tasks as though stunned and stupefied. The outward trappings of woe are oppressive in their solemnity: black scarves and bands of crepe, wisps of mourning on the whips of busmen and cab-drivers, flags at half-mast, blinds drawn and draperies of sombre hue. For the fact is that the death of the king has come to Londoners with a sense of personal loss—a loss which loses nothing of its poignancy because so few of those who grieve ever met the monarch personally. They had seen him often, it is true; but hardly one in ten thousand could claim closer acquaintance than that. Yet that makes no difference; the king was the symbol of the empire, the embodiment of England's achievements through a thousand years, the inheritor and quickener of that family affection which bound the nation to his mother.

Perhaps, however, those are most deeply moved who can recall memories of the king associated with his home life at Sandringham. There, as far as possible, he laid aside all royal state and deported himself simply as a country gentleman. Several times each year there were functions in that lovely Norfolk retreat when open house was the rule. This was notably the case when sales of the king's horses took place—occasions when all were welcome to roam over the estate, when

the gardens and stables were open to every visitor, when a "free lunch" worth eating was given to everybody and the king himself was the smiling, courteous host of the day. During the intervals he would stroll about among his guests, ever acknowledging with winning grace every salute, and diffusing around an atmosphere of genuine democracy. It was because he was so wedded to the life of a country gentleman that the king took so deep an interest in horse-racing, a characteristic which gave him an additional hold upon so many thousands of his subjects.

Inevitably discussion is already rife in London as to how far worry over the political situation is responsible for the king's sudden death. It is notable in this connection that two days before the end a member of the cabinet in a public speech used language which can be interpreted only as an attempt to allay the king's anxiety. But the fact that such remarks were deemed necessary is likely to be laid up against the government for use in days to come. Although the doctors in attendance have not issued any statement, it is betraying no secret to record that such a statement will be forthcoming, and that it will refer in unmistakable terms to the adverse influence on the king's health of those threats against the throne which the prime minister allowed to pass unrebuked. In deference to the grief of the nation, a temporary truce will no doubt be called in the realm of politics, for there will be a strong feeling against saddling the new king with abnormal difficulties at the beginning of his reign; but when the lists are again set for battle there can be no doubt that the government will suffer severely from the conviction that Edward's end was hastened by their tactics.

One message, and but one, came to the nation from the king's death-chamber. "Well, it's all over," he is reported to have said, "but I think I have done my duty." And the heart of England is saying today: "Yes, sire, it is all over; all the trials and triumphs of nine and sixty years, all the escapades of youth and the repentances of mature manhood; all the victories of the race-track, the achievements of diplomacy, the pageant-ries of stately ceremonial, the love of husband and father—all, all over. But now, in this moment when death has asserted the supremacy of his grim sceptre, your subjects are at one in owning you did your duty, as faithfully as that other idol of their love who taught that that is what England expects of all her sons."

LONDON, May 7, 1910.

PICCADILLY.

A stopping place on the Argentine Trans-Andine Railway, Puente del Inca (Bridge of the Incas), is in a high, desolate valley, except the houses of some people connected with the railway. The natural bridge of stones and rock, cemented into a solid mass through the action of carbonate of lime and oxide of iron from the mineral springs, which gives the name to this place, was considered by Darwin to be "quite unworthy of the great monarchs whose name it bears." Nevertheless, it impresses most travelers as a marvelous natural sight; and it is undoubtedly very old, and was the resort of Inca Indians many years ago. They used to take the baths under the bridge—natural hot baths, considered especially good for rheumatism, and now the chief attraction for Inca—for thermal waters in the Argentine are comparatively rare, and are found, it is said, in the Andes alone. The baths are very invigorating, in fact, according to some travelers, rather too invigorating. What is called "the champagne bath" is exactly like real champagne, and just pleasantly hot. At least one of the Inca baths is too strong for any ordinary person. These Andean thermal waters have none of the extraordinary, velvety softness which distinguishes those of New Zealand.

Nord Alexis, ex-President of Haiti, who died recently at Kingston, Jamaica, was a picturesque character. Descended from one of the oldest Haitian families, he entered the army when very young and soon achieved distinction for his bravery. He became president in 1892 and maintained his authority in the face of fierce opposition until early in 1908, when the movement against him gained such headway that a reign of terror ensued in Port au Prince. The warships of four nations foregathered there promptly, and Nord Alexis once more reestablished himself, but was unable to maintain his supremacy, and in November was overthrown by General Antone Simon, who afterwards became president. Alexis was ninety years of age.

The government of Siam is that of a hereditary, absolute monarchy, but the king can nominate a successor other than his eldest son. The ministers of foreign affairs, state, interior, justice, war, finance, public instruction, and public works form an advisory cabinet. There is also a legislative council, whose duty it is to revise, amend, and complete the legislation of the country.

Seventeen acres of garden, three hundred feet below the surface of the earth, is the unusual sight presented by an abandoned gallery of a gypsum mine in Michigan. This has been transformed by the owner into a profitable mushroom garden.

The British Antarctic expedition which is being organized by Captain R. F. Scott will leave England early in June, which is several weeks earlier than had been previously arranged.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Commander J. H. Shipley has been ordered to duty as naval attaché of the American embassy at Tokio and the American legation at Peking. He has been attached to the naval intelligence office in Washington.

Professor David Todd of Amherst College observatory is the first man to go ballooning after celestial visions. With a telescope of thirty diameters Professor Todd ascended from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, recently, and from a height of 7000 feet secured a good view of Halley's comet.

Samuel H. Hancock, a London, England, postman, has just had a picture hung "on the line" at Burlington House for the forthcoming Royal Academy exhibition. Hancock works from five a. m. to two p. m. delivering letters in London, and sometimes puts in nearly all the rest of the day with his brush and colors. He is wholly self taught.

Claude Grahame-White, the greatest of English aviators, is thirty years old. For many years he has been an enthusiastic motorist and drifted naturally into the field of aviation. Although he lost to Paulhan the recent cross-country race for the London *Mail's* \$50,000 prize, he is still the idol of that portion of the British public interested in flying.

Dr. William Hand Browne, who recently resigned the chair of English literature at the Johns Hopkins University, is eighty-two years of age. He qualified for the profession of medicine at the University of Maryland, but never engaged in practice. In 1879 he became associated with Johns Hopkins, and while a busy man has had time to write half a dozen books.

George Murray Levick of the British navy has just been appointed medical officer for the Scott Antarctic expedition, which is to sail from London shortly. Mr. Levick served as surgeon aboard the British ship *Essex* and is widely known in the Rugby football world as secretary of the Royal Navy Rugby Association, a position he has held since the formation of the union.

William Sulzer of New York, whose persistent fight to raise the *Maine* is about to be crowned with success, has served eight successive terms in Congress. No session has passed since the destruction of the *Maine* without a volley of bills relating to the vessel being fired by Congressman Sulzer, and to him, perhaps more than to any one else, the recent favorable congressional legislation is due.

Charles Cary Rumsey, the New York sculptor who is to marry Miss Mary Harriman, is a Harvard man, an unassuming gentleman who cares far more for art than he does for making money. Financial worry, however, was not part of his struggle toward success, for his father is a very wealthy man. Rumsey is extremely democratic, very fond of outdoor life, an expert horseman, and a crack polo player.

The Empress of Abyssinia, widow of the late King Menelik, is reported to be a prisoner in the hands of those who favor the immediate succession of the heir apparent to the throne. She was once a famous beauty and, to say the least, her marital experience has been varied. Her first husband was one of King Theobald's generals, her second husband she divorced, her third husband was killed by King John; her fourth, as the Abyssinians euphemistically say, was "removed," and after his demise she ascended the throne as consort to Menelik.

The Grand Duchess Elizabeth, sister of the Empress of Russia, recently took the veil of a nun and will devote herself to the hospital of the Woman's Refuge. The ceremony of taking the veil was impressively simple, no distinction being made between the grand duchess and the eighteen other women, peasants and nobles, who took the vows as Sisters of Mercy at the same time. Since the assassination of her husband, Grand Duke Sergius, who was killed by a bomb in February, 1905, the grand duchess has been devoting her life to charitable affairs.

Anders Zoon, the Swedish artist whose best-known picture, "A Woman Bathing," is hung in the National Gallery in Berlin, is fifty years of age. His father was a Bavarian brew-master and his mother a peasant woman. His parents mapped out a career for him as a sculptor, but at fifteen Zoon took matters into his own hands and decided to be a painter. When he was twenty he was giving lessons in water colors and his advance was constant until in 1889 a portrait he had painted of himself was hung in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence. In this same year he also received the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The venerable Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz recently entertained her niece, the present Queen of England, at her German home. This is the most regular royal visit in Europe, for the queen when she was Princess of Wales never allowed a year to pass without paying her respects to her aged relative. Born in 1822, the grand duchess has had a remarkable range of experience. She is the last living link between the old Georgian days in England and the present. She was present at the coronation of William IV, of Queen Victoria, and also of the late king. Seven years ago she celebrated her diamond wedding, but in the following year lost her husband, who had long been afflicted with blindness.



## THE NEW LEAF.

How a Wanderer Turned It in Thought and in Fact.

John Henry Billington walked slowly along the dusty road, his prospecting tools slung over his back. The hot sun beat down pitilessly and intensified the headache which he had fairly earned the night before. The debauch had not been his first, and he was too experienced a hand to consider it his last. And yet he abused himself roundly as he walked the unfamiliar road. He had shaken the dust of Jintown from his feet, and bidden goodbye forever to that paradise of the iniquitous.

He stepped to one side of the road, at the sound of wheels, without looking up.

"Whoa!" sounded a cheery voice, as the brake grated on the wheel. "Hev a lift, stranger?"

John Henry smiled up out of a pair of very honest blue eyes. "Wal, I guess—rather," he answered, flinging his pack into the wagon and climbing over the wheel.

"All set?" queried the driver.

"No—hold on a minute," said John Henry, reaching his long arm for his battered property. "Thank you," he said, cordially, as he clambered down.

The man drove on, mystified, while John Henry explained his reasons to himself. "It war kind of him to offer it, an' you didn't like to hurt his feelin's by gittin' down. Oh, no!—nor your own neither. That war the principal thing—your own. Now, you lazy, drunken, worthless old reprobate, hit the trail. You lost your chance of a lift last night. Foot it."

The John Henry who ordered John Henry to "foot it" smiled whimsically at the feet of the one who obeyed him. The shoes, which had danced the night before in Billy McGuire's saloon as badly as they had been fitted for it, were yet less fitted for travel. "Hard lines, old man," laughed John Henry. "But pay up, pay up square. Will ye be a coward as well as everythin' else?"

As he strode along, he thought it all over. What a muddle he had made of things. Five years of prospecting and nothing to show for it—not even a decent pair of shoes. Well, he had had some fun—rather!—even if it had left a bad taste in his mouth, and made a fool of himself times without number. What had started him on his jaunt he hardly knew—the impression had been too vague. And his wits had not been collected enough to know that a girl's gray eyes, looking up at him through the smoke in McGuire's saloon, were just the shade of another girl's eyes, though the girls were as different as light and darkness, thank God!

He laughed a little as he recalled the events of the preceding night. A big fool he had been—as usual. Of what use had it been, emptying out his hard-earned gold-dust, into the little soiled hand that closed greedily over it? Implying her with drunken, maudlin tears and paternal embraces to "take it and return to her father."

Well, she would return—to Billy McGuire's saloon, or some other—and so would he. At least, as soon as he had seen Martha—his little Martha—his little, brown Martha, with the clear gray eyes, whose lips knew no guile; who had believed in him when the others had cast him off as the too plentiful crop of wild oats flourished and grew tall. Yes, he understood quite well now the longing that had been on him. It was just to see Martha that he had started out—not that he had right or wish to seek her—but just to look at her once more, himself unseen, and remember forever after that God had made some women good. Twenty miles and forty miles, twenty again, a scant eighteen, and there you were. Not many miles to have separated two so widely.

He stepped out briskly, and as the night closed in saw just ahead of him the twinkling lights of a little town. He stood for a moment, watching, then turned aside and lay down on a little bank, his hands clasped under his head. Failure marked every milestone he had passed, but a sense of victory possessed him, as he knew a town—a mining town—lay just ahead of him. "You'd like to, you skunk!" he upbraided himself, "an' still I won't let ye. If ye stand by Martha's gate, it'll be as a man five days sober."

On the second day the old shoes refused to accompany him further, and he "traded" his prospecting tools for an ill-fitting pair. He felt strangely better afterward. He had burned his bridges; it was the end of the gambler's life, the gambler's unrest. He would till the soil as his father and his father's father had before him. And perhaps, in time, he could live things down—and after a while—perhaps—Martha. So the man's thoughts and feet strayed in pleasant ways.

Of the chances gone, he thought not at all—or at least with only a regretful sigh that he had so little to offer. He would turn—he had turned—over a new leaf. The very words brought back the day of his leaving, five years before. He had used them in earnest to Martha's Aunt Jane—Aunt Jane, who would not allow new leaves to be turned; who would not even let them write to each other.

It was night as he drew near the farm house. It was early, though, barely six—the country supper hour. As he opened the gate there was a rush, a bark of joyful recognition. John Henry knelt down and hugged the dog. "Why, you, you darned old Don!" the man roared, "ef you aint remembered me."

I was easy, with the friendly dog, to creep up to the

kitchen window, where, as he remembered, the shades were never drawn. From his great height it was possible to peer in the window. It was all as he remembered it, though a mist shut it for a moment from his eyes. The very dishes were the same; the snow-white cloth; the vase of flowers; the shining stove. How well he remembered it.

As he gazed, fascinated, an inner door opened, and he saw Martha. His knees trembled under him, and yet he went forward and tapped with his shaking hand upon the kitchen door.

A flood of light fell over him as Martha opened the door.

"Why, Jack! Why, dear Jack!" she said, putting out both hands; "you've come home."

She drew him inside and shut the door, talking, laughing, but asking no questions—Martha knew when a man could not speak. "Poor Aunt Jane is dead, you know, Jack," she said, after a moment.

"No—no. I never heard."

"Yes. The winter after you went away," Martha continued, after the faintest possible hesitation. "She left a message for you. I often wanted to write it to you, but I didn't know where you was. She marked it in her Bible. I can't remember it."

"Yes, you can," said John Henry.

"You can always tell, Jack," laughed Martha. "I do remember it, at least some of it, but it aint polite."

"Tell away."

"When the wicked man turns—there, that's all I know, and it's awful to tell you that much."

"No, it aint. It fits me all right. I'm a wicked man and I've turned, Martha—"

"And Don remembered you," she interrupted.

"Yes—an' you."

"We don't forget old friends. You'll think I knew you was coming, when I tell you I've a strawberry shortcake for supper. Do you remember how you always liked it?"

"I don't forget nothing," said John Henry. "An' Martha—an' Martha—when the wicked man turns—is there—can he—Martha?"

She understood. A flush came to the soft brown of her cheek, and she started to answer, but a quick step sounded outside and she threw open the door.

"Well, little woman—" the man began, brightly, but stopped awkwardly at sight of the stranger.

"Will, this is Jack—" But "Will" interrupted her, taking John's irresponsible hand in his own.

"Introduce us. I guess not. This is the fellow I told you about, that jest set in the wagon and wouldn't take a ride. Ef I'd only known who ye wuz, an' where you wuz comin' you wouldn't hev got away so easy. We often talked about you. The wife told me all about you. The boy's named after you. Lord Marthy, go an' wake up little John Henry."

His face was shining with good-will. John Henry's dry lips moved. "It—you're too good—both o' ye. A welcome like this—a man aint no right to expect it—especially when he's jest dropped in casual—jest casual. But I appreciate it—don't think I don't—though I've got to get along—got to immediate. There's a little place I'm due at, so I'll have to bid ye both goodbye."

He stood up gravely and with no trace of awkwardness. Nature had dealt kindly with him. The face she had planned looked on them; not the face of the man he had become. He shook hands with them both. In Martha's he left something. "For the little fellow," he said, softly.

After he had gone, Martha, with dim eyes, looked into her own, that smiled back from the little gold locket. As for John Henry, no emotion shone on his face. But when he reached the gate, he knelt down and let Don lick his hands. Then he resolutely set his face toward the road, which led, eventually, to impious Jintown.

IDA ALEXANDER.

SAN MATEO, CAL., May, 1910.

Two centuries ago (declares the *London Chronicle*) persons engaged in trade, even though of gentle blood, held they had no right to be addressed as Esquire. In the report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission on the Welbeck Abbey papers appears a letter from Nathaniel Harley, merchant at Aleppo, to a correspondent in London, which concludes with the remark: "Pray, sir, inform your clerk who superscribes your letters that no merchants are wrote Esqs., but fools, coxcombs, and cuckolds." And yet Nathaniel Harley was the brother of the Earl of Oxford, leader of the Tories, whom Swift proclaimed "the most virtuous minister and the most able that ever I remember to have read of."

Sir Ernest Shackleton has chosen Canada as a place for his future home. He yearns to tramp all over the snowy wilderness and discover its mineral resources. "I am eager to be at it," he says. "Once in a while I should come back to the civilized world for rest, but my future will be ever in the work of searching out new places that scientists know nothing of at present." Pole hunting, however, the explorer has entirely abandoned.

The Academy of Mantua has decided to establish a garden in memory of Virgil, and steps are to be taken to lay out a plot of land, on which will be grown the flowers and shrubs mentioned by the poet of Mantua. In all Virgil mentions about 130 different species, and these will be selected and labeled, so that the visitor will be able to identify them.

## UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA JUBILEE.

Fifty Years of Progress Celebrated by Faculty, Graduates, and Students at Berkeley.

During the present week the University of California has marked the completion of fifty years of service. The institution had a modest beginning, but it has grown with the development of the State and it has justified the hopes of its founders. California history has been written in the activities of its graduates in almost every line of endeavor. For this jubilee week the halls and groves on the Berkeley hillsides have called back hundreds who were proud to answer the summons. Many distinguished visitors have been entertained by the faculty and regents, and the event celebrated has lacked nothing in interest and appreciation.

President Benjamin Ide Wheeler briefly sketched the career of the university in his address Tuesday morning:

This occasion is the jubilee of the College of California, not the jubilee of the University of California. The College of California survives today in our college of letters. It has been the leavening and inspiring influence for the spiritual life of the university, even though its legal existence was discontinued in 1869.

We are thankful that the College of California was here to precede the university, to prepare the way and to choose the soil on which to build. This site on which we are now assembled—the fairest and finest university site in America—was chosen by three men in 1856. It was in '49 when Mr. Willey arrived in Monterey, direct from the Union Theological Seminary, and opened a school for the glory of God and salvation of men. He soon set to work to find out the men who had as much faith as he had, but none had, but some showed considerable faith and he conversed with them from time to time about the matter. As early as 1850 he talked of establishing a college at San Jose.

The San Jose college did not come into being, but in 1855 the College of California was chartered, and immediately Mr. Willey set out for the East to collect funds for the establishment of the college, and on his return in '56 three men assembled here and selected this site. They wandered by the hillsides and considered many places, but this place was practically chosen in 1856, and two years later it was made a matter of record, and April, 1860, it was dedicated.

The three men who chose the site may be called Yale men. Dr. Willey was, to be sure, a Dartmouth graduate, but Dartmouth is an offshoot of Yale. The two other men—Dr. Henry Durant and Horace Bushnell—were Yale men. So the spirit of the deep blue settled upon us, and more or less in our spiritual being we have been after the manner and sort of Yale.

Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University, delivered the golden jubilee address. From the report of his remarks on "An Educated Democracy" these paragraphs are quoted:

Every government has two distinct problems to deal with: problems of social order and problems of business administration. The slavery question was a problem of social order. So are race questions of almost every kind. These are matters on which the people as a body can inform themselves and ought to inform themselves.

But there is by contrast another equally large and important group of questions, which I have called administrative ones, on which only a small part of the voters can possibly inform themselves intelligently. Such, for instance, are questions of taxation, of banking and currency, of railroad management, of corporate organization. These are matters which must in the very nature of things be treated by specialists if they are to be dealt with in a wise and far-sighted manner.

It is this vast mass of varied business to be done which constitutes the chief danger to modern democratic government. Democracy, which is an easy thing to administer in small communities, is an extraordinarily difficult thing to administer in large ones.

As long as the functions of government consisted largely of defining and protecting property rights, the provisions of the Constitution were reasonably successful in providing for expert handling of technical questions. The thing that makes the political situation serious at the present day is that a number of public questions have come into the foreground, of a kind not exactly foreseen by the framers of the Constitution—questions where we need the advice of specialists, and where the particular specialists who occupy our judicial offices, however great their learning and high their character, have not always the specific training which will qualify them to decide these questions wisely.

What does it mean when the Supreme Court of the United States asks for a rehearing on the Standard Oil and tobacco cases? It means that the members of that court, in spite of the able arguments of counsel on either side, have not been able to make up their minds as to the rights and wrongs of those cases. A divided court usually means a divided public opinion. A divided public opinion means that men as a body have not been able to grasp the underlying technical principles of the case.

Technical principles, I say, and this is an important thing to know. On general ethical principles men are pretty well agreed. The country would go to pieces if they were not pretty well agreed. When men differ as to what is right or wrong in a particular case it is not because of difference in moral ideas. It is because the case is so complicated that they have not been able to look at it with intelligence enough to see the whole of it. Each has seen the part toward which his prejudices and interests incline him.

Does this mean that we are to give up the idea of educating our people on public matters?

No. It means that we must educate the people up to the point where it will be content to leave some things to specialists.

A public opinion watchful and active on all general questions of ethics, but ready to give a free hand to the trained expert in all matters requiring technical training as a basis for intelligent judgment, this is an educated democracy, and this is the kind of democracy which will endure in the face of great problems.

On the stage of the Greek Theatre, from which the speakers addressed the great audience during the exercises were Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University, and President K. C. Babcock of the University of Arizona. Meetings of the alumni and miscellaneous exercises have been features of the celebration.

There are enough deserted farms in the great State of New York to make an important economic problem.



FIFTY YEARS OF NEW JAPAN.

A Remarkable Apologia by Leading Japanese Writers.

What a nation thinks of itself is always worth knowing. Such information may be as valuable for what it suggests as for what it asserts. Those, then, who are ambitious to widen their knowledge of the Mikado's empire will turn with much interest to the two closely printed volumes in which, at the behest of Count Okuma, about half a hundred specialists tell the story of "Fifty Years of New Japan." The period embraced in these volumes is that between 1854 and 1904, and the subjects include history, politics, the army and navy, law, finance, industries, religion, education, medicine, social life, the fine arts and all the other phases of national life. The work has a twofold object: to give an authoritative account of the development of the empire in the period named and to inform the world as to the condition of the country at the present time.

Count Okuma contributes three chapters, in the first of which he attempts an explanation of Japan's achievements. One thing which has helped, he believes, is the fact that the country has never experienced a revolution, but the most important factor in his opinion is geographical. The position of the country has stood in the way of invasion, but has not prevented her from absorbing other races. This, it will be remembered, is the theory on which Professor Mahaffy accounts for the greatness of ancient Greece. Count Okuma also finds a parallel in the case of Great Britain, whose isolation from the mainland has enabled her to weld together different races. The various races absorbed by Japan have included Malayan tribes notorious for their activity and courage, and others who were distinguished for their familiarity with the arts of settled life. This view is supported by an appeal to Japan's power of assimilation as evidenced at the present day; "even Europeans and Americans who have come to reside here during the last fifty years are obviously in process of assimilation by the nation."

Isolation from the mainland enabled Japan to follow a policy of exclusion for so many centuries, a policy which, however, gave way before the mission of Commander M. C. Perry in 1853. That envoy from America arrived at a critical juncture. Japan had no choice but to terminate her existence as a feudal state. Hence the justice of dating new Japan from that event.

In due time there came the constitution, and with it the rise of political parties as they exist today. A lengthy chapter is devoted to the development of the political situation, the main features of which are explained thus:

The peculiarity of our political parties in general is that they are all moderate in principles and very gradual in their progress. There is a conservative party, but no reactionary one. There is a progressive, but no extreme radical or revolutionist party. It is true that the *Hyuto* at first gave some indication of becoming a revolutionary party, but that phase has disappeared with the establishment of constitutional government. The *Shimpoto* is radical in some respects, but its radicalism is limited to questions concerning foreign affairs or ministerial responsibility; on all other matters it maintains a dilatory and conservative attitude. The *Séiyukai* has been, above all, mild and moderate both in domestic and foreign politics. As for the *Téikokuto*, formerly known as the *Kokumin Kyokai* and now as the *Doido Club*, which holds the balance of power between the two great parties, it may be said that it is somewhat more conservative in domestic politics than the *Séiyukai*, but that it stands on the same level with the *Shimpoto* in regard to foreign politics, and has always advocated the expansion of armaments. It now holds a very feeble position among the parties. Naturally, a party with the almost meaningless name of *Kokumin Kyokai* (National Association) or *Téikokuto* (Imperialists) grows weaker and feebler, as is actually the case. Such a party has no particular principle to uphold and can not succeed in a country like ours, where there is perfect unity among the people and where there is not a single element of racial or sectional discord. After all, unless there come a change in social conditions, with the consequent rise of a labor or socialist party, it is reasonable to suppose that the present political situation will remain unchanged.

What has to be remembered in any attempt to appraise the political situation in Japan is that in that country democratic views are to be found amongst those of highest rank, while high ideals are not without appeal to those of the lowest. It is difficult to efface from a nation all traces of feudalism. But in the opinion of the authority who writes the chapter on socialism, the spirit of that cult is afloat everywhere. "How socialism will develop in this country in the future is still problematical," he writes, "but we can not doubt that it will become a very powerful factor in politics" when the suffrage is enlarged.

Perhaps that is an inevitable result of the contact of Japan with the West. Here again the assimilating power of the country has been most marked, and, contrary to what might have been expected, the island kingdom has given the most generous response to the idea of liberty:

It is no dogma swallowed whole without due mastication. It is no doctrinaire assertion that is repeated by rote. Not only have we put it into practice in our political life, but we stand alone for it on Asiatic soil. John Stuart Mill teaches us that civil liberty meant originally, and even now means mainly, protection against the tyranny of political rulers. Japanese history has not been free from tyrants any more than French or Spanish; but the inborn good taste of the race, if I may say so, its natural sense of moderation and of right proportion, kept the rulers from indulging in excessive despotism. If sometimes the passion of a prince was unrestrained, it was tempered by the teaching that the sovereign is father of the people. The nation was a united family on a large scale, and if patriarchy is not consistent with liberty—they being, indeed, opposed each to the other, beyond a certain limit—the former gave no occasion to cry for the

latter, since, as long as *patria potestas* was not oppressive, no need was felt for protection against it. Ignorant of its philosophy, the people had for generations a comparatively free government. It is customary to speak of Patriarchism and Feudalism as terms opposed to Democracy and Freedom, and a patriarchal feudal state is looked upon as an embodiment of all that makes for a bad government. But, strange to say, in the isolated feudal state, and in graded feudal society, there was no small amount of liberty. Certainly Cæpefigue uttered more than half truth when he wrote: "La liberté réelle n'est que dans l'esprit local et provincial, dans l'inégalité des classes, des contrôles, et des pouvoirs eux-mêmes. L'unité, c'est le despotisme plus ou moins brillant habillé." What, then, did the introduction of the Anglo-Saxon idea of liberty accomplish? It rendered articulate this hitherto unvoiced enjoyment of privileges on the part of the people. It formulated their own sense of right, which had been theirs for generations.

Seeing how many Japanese ideas have been changed in the crucible of Western thought, there is a fascination in turning these pages in search of information as to how far the conception of religion has been modified. There are four chapters devoted to this subject, discussing Shinto, Confucianism, Buddhism, and Christianity. The latter, written by a Methodist bishop, is naturally a piece of special pleading. With regard to Shinto, Professor Kumé sums up in this tolerant manner:

"Superstitions!" a scientist may say; "Heathen!" a Christian might call us. But no one except the *kami* can tell that this or that religion is "heathen." As for science, what does it know? Did not Newton say that he was like a little child playing on the seashore, while a boundless ocean of Truth lay undiscovered before him?

One word more. Is mankind the happier with religions, or without them? In what religion, then, do I believe? I can not answer that question directly. I turn to the *Shinto* priest in case of public festivals, while the Buddhist priest is my ministrant for funeral services. I regulate my conduct according to Confucian maxims and Christian morals. I care little for external forms, and doubt whether there are any essential differences, in the *kami's* eyes, between any of the religions of the civilized world.

More definite, however, is the position of Professor Inoué, who writes on behalf of Confucianism. He passes in review the history of that faith from its introduction into Japan, and admits that it has undergone a great decline consequent upon the influence of Western civilization. Yet he is convinced the end is not in sight:

But it must not be supposed for a moment that Confucianism has perished in every sense of the word. On the contrary, its spirit not only remains deeply impressed on the minds of the mass of the people, but it also constitutes the backbone of the national education of the new era. All its essential teachings are present in the existing educational system, though its name is no more observable. As the educational ethics of the present day is founded on scientific basis, its system and contents are far more perfect and complicated than those of Confucianism; but, in the last resort, one agrees with the other in making the highest good the ultimate goal of human activities, in regarding the perfection of personality as the aim of action, in attaching special importance to motives rather than to results when judging of the right and wrong of an action. Further, the central term *jin* (benevolence) in Confucianism expresses the same idea as the word "humanity," which is today the goal of mankind. Herein Confucianism transcends all religions. And the moral education of our era, though it is not to be identified with Confucianism, has this in common with the latter, namely, that it stands aloof from and is above religion in the popular sense of the term, and enjoys freedom from any form of superstition. It therefore moves in perfect harmony with the principles of modern science. The doctrine that moral education must be backed by some historical religion has been shattered entirely by recent experiments. In Europe, France separated education from religion in 1881, and the example was soon followed by Italy. We have reason to believe that some day all other civilized countries will take the same step. But in our country this has been done ever since the Restoration in 1868. Not only that, even in the Tokugawa epoch the same system was in force to some extent. It was, indeed, the experiments made in that period that paved the way for the general acceptance, in the present era, of this form of education. The example of giving moral education without the aid of any historical religion was set by Confucianism.

Finally, Professor Takahusu, after admitting that the old form of Buddhism can not satisfy the thirsty souls of today, is not without hope for his creed:

The question whether Buddhism, in a new form, will arise and be welcomed by an ever-advancing people whose souls still call for the truth, is yet unsolved. But one thing is certain: whilst the Buddhism of the continent is dead, the Buddhism of Japan still lives, though somewhat weakened, and if this ancient religion is to come forth into the arena of the twentieth century with fresh vigor and activity, and preach new glad tidings to the world, it will not be the Buddhism of India, but that of Japan, that will bring this about.

Even yet, however, we have not exhausted all the ideas which influence the Japanese in the domain of ethics. There is the doctrine of Bushido, which the Occidental mind finds so difficult to understand. It is explained by Professor Fujioka in these sentences:

It is universally thought that the term *Bushido* is one that best expresses the Japanese characteristics, but it should be remembered that its significance has not been the same through all ages. Of course such virtues as loyalty, patriotism, and bravery have always constituted essential elements of the Japanese spirit, but other elements were gradually imported into it during feudal ages. *Bushido* was influenced and modified by a long succession of terrible wars, by the teaching of Confucius, who encouraged practice and disdained theory, and, lastly, by the doctrine of the Zen sect of Buddhism, which teaches that "the Three Worlds exist only in the mind," and that "life and death are but one and the same thing." To this were added many more qualities, such as self-control, self-renunciation, and contentment with a simple life. Hence it was the duty of a *samurai* to equip himself with all chivalrous accomplishments and to study the art of governing a country and a house, and it was considered unbecoming for him to indulge in the drama, fiction, or singing. He also thought it beneath his dignity to weep or laugh, and he tried to prevent his sorrow or joy from showing in his face. Nay more, he must not grieve or rejoice. Life is like a die; which side turns up one knows not. If one attains to wisdom one may live in tranquillity, leaving all the rest to destiny. But he must guard against extravagance, as it is

the source of all evils. Since much treasure is the cause of much anxiety, the best way to live is to put up with want and restrain one's desires.

While all this was fatal to the flowery life of the Nara age, that age of beauty and pleasure wherein are the roots of Japanese art, the war with Russia proved that Bushido had been blended with the latest science. Each of these writers, however, recognizes that his country has much still to do before she can weld the civilizations of two hemispheres into one harmonious whole. Count Okuma is not unaware of the suspicion entertained of his countrymen on the plane of business morality. He makes the best excuse possible when he writes: "It is a common tendency, when a nation passes through a sudden social upheaval, which destroys the established order of things, that the upper class is brought down to the level of the lower, and that the rise of the commoner to power and influence tends to lower, instead of elevate, the standard of national character." He admits that his countrymen have many imperfections and failings, but, in addition to the plea just quoted, asks for generous judgment on these grounds:

What one witnesses today is often what would be seen if the people of remote antiquity were called back to life and put to compete with representatives of modern civilization. In foreign trade the experience of our people as yet hardly extends over a third of a century, and it is not unnatural that everything connected with the business should be in an infantile stage. Hence, instances are not infrequent of practices which tend to injure the credit of the nation at large, and which involve the assumption that the commercial morality of our people is rated lower than it really deserves to be. I am in no way pessimistic in my views about business morality in Japan of today. Especially do I perceive that a great many long-established commercial and industrial concerns, as well as numerous business men now in their rising careers, are building up a code of wholesome morality which may yet rise above the political morality of the country. None the less, it must be admitted that people in general are still neither over-particular nor profound in their ideas of business morality. As a rule they have not yet acquired the habit of punctuality, nor do they understand how closely and inseparably that habit is interwoven in the growth of credit. That time is money still remains merely an imported saying. Our people should realize that they have yet a long distance to travel before they can rise to the same plane of development in business activity as their *confrères* of the West.

Notwithstanding the natural pride, never offensively expressed, which the writers of this *Apologia* manifest in the achievements of their race, there is in many places a subdued undercurrent of resentment that the West should lay so much emphasis upon the "Yellow Peril." One writer reminds his readers that it is hardly possible to make a *tabula rasa* of the Asiatic continent by exterminating from four to five millions of human souls. Besides, he claims for his countrymen that they are the Occidentals of the East, and that they wish to take an active part in helping Westerners civilize the East. Again, Count Okuma argues that in so far as Japanese are disliked because they are Asiatics, there is nothing reasonable or logical in that hostile feeling. But he adds, no doubt with an eye on the school trouble in California, "I do not in any way sympathize with the idea that, by sending abroad emigrants who become a cause of domestic trouble in the country of their destination, the rights or honor of a great and civilized power, such as ours claims to be, will be served." At the same time he offers this argument:

May I offer a suggestion for consideration by the "Yellow Peril" theorists, namely, that the Japanese nation is composed of the same elements as are European nations. If Japan reached the summit of Occidental civilization, she would maintain the position as a world power, for she believes that such would be the best and most profitable policy for her to pursue. It is well known that the Orient has long been menaced by a "White Peril," the armed power of a civilized nation having been the only way of saving it from that peril. Japan, as a representative of the Western civilized countries, has the responsibility of safe-guarding the integrity of the Far East. Take as an instance the Chinese Boxer trouble of 1900. Japan, feeling that she possessed the same interests and had the same destiny as the powers which opposed the partition of China and desired to restore order, joined her army with the allied forces. The last war also was an outcome of the same principle and sentiments. Japan fought, as she believed, not only for self-preservation, but also on behalf of equal opportunities for the economic enterprise of all civilized nations. Oriental as Japan is in her geographical situation, she, none the less, identifies herself with the progress of the world, and cheerfully adjusts her interests to those of humanity and peace. The conduct of her soldiers during the war must also have shown their moral constitution to be akin to that of their European brothers, for they added the chivalrous refinement of the Athenian to the invincible fortitude of the Spartan. The rigorous discipline of *Bushido* had taught the Japanese soldier not only to be brave in battle, but also to be considerate to his enemy. Japanese annals abound with examples of kindness shown by enemy to enemy, for courage and sympathy were always inseparable in the training of her warriors.

Impossible as it has been to do more than select here and there a salient topic to illustrate the spirit in which these volumes have been written, enough has doubtless been cited to show that Count Okuma and his colleagues have produced a remarkable work. It has great value for the student of the present, and will be prized still more highly by the historian of the future.

FIFTY YEARS OF NEW JAPAN. Compiled by Count Shigenobu Okuma. English version edited by Marcus B. Huish. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 2 vols., \$7.50 net.

John Quincy Adams Ward, oldest of American sculptors, died recently at his city home, 296 Manhattan Avenue, New York City. Mr. Ward first achieved fame by his statue of the "Indian Hunter," which unveiled in Central Park, New York, nearly fifty ago. He was eighty years of age.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Snow-Fire.

Everything about "Snow-Fire" is in keeping. The top edges of the book are heavily gilt, the cover bears a flamboyant design of silver icicles and red flames, and the author's supply of adjectives never fails to harmonize with all this exterior gorgeousness.

In fact, at every stage the reader, unless accustomed to such luxuries, feels oppressed with his resplendent environment, much as a kitchen chair must seem conscious of its inferiority in a drawing-room. There are two heroes, one a "six-foot-two of splendid manhood," the other overpowering in his "trim dark-green uniform, flashing with crimson and silver." And there are two heroines, a grand duchess clad in a "ruby-sewn golden sheath," and a princess whose wardrobe seemed inadequate for a ball-room, consisting as it did of "gauze so faintly rosy that it seemed scarcely tinted at all, and positively melted into the shell-like tones of the delicate skin." Nature is as magnificent: the night is "hyperborean moon-veiled," the fog is distinguished by "shimmering volutes." In fact there is no end to luxury. At one moment one of the heroines is discovered in a yacht state-room "all paneled with sea-green silk thickly embroidered with silver hippocampi," at another a timepiece can not strike under less terms than "the deep boom of the tall Louis XIV clock," and it is impossible for one of the heroes to have a smoke without rolling himself "another cigarette from a silver jar of Turkish tobacco with fingers steady as steel." However, the novel reader who can exist in such an atmosphere of wealth will come upon a story which has some exciting moments.

**SNOW-FIRE.** By the author of "The Martyrdom of an Empress." New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

## Railroading and Romance.

"Two streaks of rust and a right-of-way in the Red Desert"—such, in the vivid phrase of Francis Lynde, was the commercial value of a great Western railroad when Howard Lidgerwood, against his own protests, was given the task of bringing order out of chaos. It was known as the Red Butte Western, and it is its "taming" which forms the central theme of an exceedingly brisk story. Lidgerwood thought he was a coward, had, indeed, lost the one woman he loved because he had failed in bravery at a hold-up at which she was present, and hence had good reasons for declining so hazardous an undertaking as that involved in restoring order and discipline on the Red Butte Western.

When his scruples are overcome and he starts on his mission he speedily finds that its dangers are quite as formidable as his fancy painted them. Several men of reckless natures felt aggrieved at his appointment, and the development of the story is concerned with their plots to oust Lidgerwood from his position. It is obvious, remembering always that the scene is in the Red Desert, that such a situation gives countless opportunities for thrilling episodes, and Mr. Lynde is equal to them all. He has, indeed, written a story of sustained excitement, the climax of which leads to the hero's complete reinstatement in the affections of the woman he had thought lost forever. Also as a picture of railroading in the West the novel is a document of historical interest.

**THE TAMING OF RED BUTTE WESTERN.** By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

## The Emigrant Trail.

Another, and welcome, tale of '49. But inasmuch as it opens in the previous year, and concerns persons who had set out on the long trail without the fever of the lust of gold, it is broader in its interest than is usual with fiction of that period. The story, indeed, moves forward with the leisure of the pioneers, and its five divisions—the prairie, the river, the mountains, the desert, and the promised land—are so many stages not alone in the actual journey, but in the development of the characters. By this plan of treatment Geraldine Bonner has depicted the past in a manner which allows the reader of the present to become a participator in those experiences which played so large a part in the shaping of Western character.

For love interest there is a striking analysis of elemental nature as embodied in Courant, a man of the mountains, whose passion for Susan, made regular at last by concession to the conventions, lends a fine prophetic touch to the close of the story. The hardships of those pioneer days are adroitly used to lend veracity to the picture, while the faithful and often poetic descriptions of landscape visualize the setting of the story with unusual vividness.

**THE EMIGRANT TRAIL.** By Geraldine Bonner. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Care of Trees.

In view of the widespread interest now being taken in trees and tree-planting for shade and ornament, Mr. Fernow has attempted to supply the lack of a comprehensive manual on the subject. The volume has two sections, one being devoted to the discussion of general principles, and the other

to a list of some four hundred trees and shrubs suitable for decorative use.

Such matters as the characteristics, structure, and life of trees, how to diagnose their diseases, how to control those diseases, and how to destroy parasites, are discussed at considerable length, but in a non-technical manner. Mr. Fernow points out that the care of shade and ornamental trees is distinct from the care of forests, inasmuch as the forester grows trees not to be preserved, but harvested. Tree diseases arise in many cases from unfavorable soil, the most common symptom of which is found in the paling or etiolation of the leaves. Various other signs of disease are clearly indicated, and careful instructions are given as to how they may be overcome. The first essential of health is that the soil be "continuously shaded, practically free from grass and weeds, covered with a heavy mulch of decaying foliage and of humus, which prevents evaporation and keeps the soil granular, easily penetrable to water and air, and well supplied with food materials." In short, Mr. Fernow does not appear to have overlooked any question likely to arise in connection with the care of trees, and wherever possible he aids the interpretation of his text by admirable diagrams and photographs.

**THE CARE OF TREES.** By B. E. Fernow. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2 net.

## Little American Romances.

There are twenty-three stories in O. Henry's latest volume, "Strictly Business," and eleven of the titles given to these tales by their author begin with the definite article. But that is the only conventional marking to be found in the book. Mr. Sidney Porter—or O. Henry, as he signs his entertaining essays—is as original in his plans as he is facile in construction. Curiously enough, however, his readers find no trace of invention, no big-figured draft on imagination in the stories. They are what the author intends they shall appear to be, odd incidents and twisted conclusions, but always hits of human experience, seen with keen but kindly eyes, and described with racy American exaggeration and humor. It would be a misuse of definitive effort to call him a literary artist, yet it is certain that no writer of short stories today can equal him in grip of interest, in terse description, in studied understanding and reflection of character and motives. He never misses the first and main object of short-story writing—entertainment. And beyond this, even the slightest of his sketches carries a force of suggestion that is deftly suited to its importance. All the stories in this latest collection are good, two or three are better. "A Municipal Report" and "The Thing's the Play" are romances in little. Perhaps that is the correct phrase for all of them. It is too late to introduce Mr. Porter, he has already found his readers. They know his peculiar flavor and continuing charm. To them it is only sufficient to say that another O. Henry volume is out, though, as a further matter for congratulation, it may be added that there is still no indication of impending exhaustion or even weariness in the storyteller's work.

**STRICTLY BUSINESS.** By O. Henry. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.20 net.

## The Right Stuff.

Has not Ian Hay made a slight mistake in depicting Adrian Inglethwaite as a man of small parts and then saddling him with the authorship of a particularly good story? That M. P. would hardly have needed the services of Robert Fordyce in the preparation of his House of Commons repartee had he really possessed the gifts he is credited with as a story-teller.

However, Mr. Inglethwaite had need of Mr. Fordyce, and the reader has good reason to be grateful for that fact. It enables Mr. Hay to sketch the Scottish character at its best, in its sturdy independence, its worth, and its humor. Robert Fordyce is indeed a notable addition to the fiction portrait gallery of his race, and no one will grudge him his success at Edinburgh University, his prowess as a private secretary, his achievements as a politician, or his triumph in winning one of the adorable twins for his bride. In other words, Mr. Hay has written a story which is pure story and is a delight from beginning to end. It is his first appeal to an American audience, but it will not be his last.

**THE RIGHT STUFF.** By Ian Hay. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

## Mary Lyon.

Thomas Arnold's name is no more indissolubly linked with Rugby than that of Mary Lyon is built into the history of Mount Holyoke. And as a pioneer in the cause of the higher education of women in America her fame is firmly established. Yet the present is the first full biography to attempt the telling of her life with perspective. Unfortunately, Miss Gilchrist is not an ideal biographer for Mary Lyon. Simplicity should have been the keynote of such a record; whereas these pages are too much cumbered with "preciousness" of writing, with constant straining after an unusual phrase.

By far the most satisfactory chapter in the book is that which gives extracts from the

tributes of Mary Lyon's pupils. These all bear witness to her lovable character, her motherly instincts, her exalted spirituality, and reveal not a little of her educational methods. One of the secrets of her success was to be found in the persistence with which she kept in view the domestic avocations to which the majority of her pupils were likely to fall heir. Anticipating the complaint that a study of Butler's "Analogy" and the higher mathematics was an unnecessary preparation for washing dishes and darning stockings, she said: "Did you ever stand by a little lake and drop in a pebble, and watch the circles as they widened and widened and were lost in the distance? So lift your mother's burdens, help with the little brother or sister. You may not know the result, but be sure that your influence will widen and widen into eternity."

**THE LIFE OF MARY LYON.** By Beth Bradford Gilchrist. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

Once proclaimed by Hartley Coleridge as the first of ten British poetesses (Miss Barrett was second on the list), Caroline Norton is less than a memory to the present generation of readers. Yet her reputation in the first half of the last century warrants Jane Gray Perkins in telling the story of her career in "The Life of the Hon. Mrs. Norton" (Henry Holt & Co.; \$3), especially as her novels should have given her a more enduring fame. The biography is interesting for the light it throws upon the position of women writers in the first part of the nineteenth century.

Robert Jaffray's "The Two Knights of the Swan" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net) is an instructive study of the legends of Lohengrin and Helyas, which reaches the conclusion that the latter was the earlier of the two great Knights of the Swan.

Judicious selections from the early poetic work of George Meredith are given in "Poems Written in Early Youth" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net). They include verses dating from 1851, others from "Modern Love," and a few more of recent date. The volume may be commended to all who wish to make the acquaintance of Meredith as a poet.

Three objects are kept in view by William R. Inge in his "Faith and Its Psychology" (Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net), these being to vindicate religious faith's true dignity, to insist that it can not be content with a God who is only an ideal, and to show how "most of the errors and defects in religious belief have been due to a tendency to arrest the development of faith prematurely."

George A. Hubbell's study of "Horace Mann" (William F. Fell & Co.; \$1.50) is addressed primarily to the young men of America in the hope that it will furnish them with useful lessons and give them inspiration for worthy leadership. Mr. Hubbell has gathered a considerable amount of new material, and writes of Mann's early haunts from personal experience.

First hand information of an interesting kind is supplied abundantly by Mary H. Fee in "A Woman's Impressions of the Philippines" (A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.75 net). The experiences of the author as a teacher of the Filipino youth enabled her to get closer to the native mind than usual, greatly to the gain of this informing and entertaining volume. There are numerous illustrations from photographs.

Professor James Orr's reactionary tendencies are well illustrated in "Revelation and Inspiration" (Charles Scribner's Sons; 75 cents net), a new volume in the Studies in Theology series. He argues mainly in the usual circle, contending that the proof of the inspiration of the Bible is to be found in "the life-giving effects" of its message. He also declares that the "sweeping assertions of error and discrepancy in the Bible often made can not be substantiated."

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Bygone Days in Chicago.

Whoever persuaded Frederick Francis Cook to place on record his recollections of Chicago from 1862 to 1871 deserves well of the windy city. The result is a volume not only of living interest for present-day readers, but one for which the historian in days to come will be profoundly grateful. And let it be added that the reader of the present does not require to be a Chicagoan to derive some hours' enjoyment from Mr. Cook's pages. Even when they have no bearing on national issues, their savor of wit or liveliness always makes them attractive reading.

Perhaps those who are acquainted with the Chicago of today, with its grit-laden dust, its grime-covered buildings, and its fearful sidewalks and roads, will join issue with Mr. Cook when he claims that the city is "a very Mother of Idealism." His excuse in advance is that "she can not yet hold all she nurtures, nor always realize the vision she inspires." We may be charitable, and let it go at that. But when we turn to the city's record in literature and art, as given by Mr. Cook, his position becomes difficult. Of one promising writer we are told that "a fool friend got him a position as State Historian, and that finished him," while as to art Mr. Cook asks, "was there any?" He can, however, tell of a picture immortalizing the massacre of 1812 which introduced John Kinzie looking on as if in a brown study, and another canvas by a Scotsman whose genius ran to allegory. The subject took the form of an infant carried aloft on the back of a bird, and when a critic pointed out that the bird ought to be at least four times larger, the Scot replied, "Ah, Jimmy, lad, ye do not at all understand the picture; the hale thing is a miracle."

BYGONE DAYS IN CHICAGO. By Frederick Francis Cook. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.75 net.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Shakespeare's birthday was celebrated at Stratford-on-Avon in the presence of one ambassador and five ministers who attended to stand over the flags of their nations to the custodians of the birthplace. More than two thousand men, women, and children took part in the procession to the church where the poet is buried, each carrying an offering of spring flowers. It will be remembered that in American writer, Josephine Preston Peabody, won the prize of £300 offered for the best play in connection with the festival.

Apparently the two volumes of new letters by John Stuart Mill do not throw any light on that curious incident of the destruction of Carlyle's manuscript of the "French Revolution." There are many, however, who firmly believe that not a servant short of paper with which to light fires, but the inscrutable Mrs. Taylor, jealous for Mill, was responsible for the burning of Carlyle's first volume of his history. The letters give renewed proof of the unhappiness of Mill's childhood, occasioned by the austere tasks in learning set him by his callous father. "My father demanded of me," he wrote, "not only the utmost that could be, but much that I could by no possibility have done."

No centenary of recent years will evoke so much genuine retrospective affection as the celebration next year of the hundredth anniversary of Thackeray's birth. Happily his daughter, Lady Ritchie, survives to be made happier by the whole-hearted tributes which will be paid to the novelist's genius and character.

An admirable appreciation of Björnson's life and work by William M. Payne is issued in booklet form by A. C. McClurg & Co. It includes spirited translations of several notable lyrics. A ten-volume edition of the works of Björnson, edited by Edmund Gosse, is on the Macmillan list.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is able to set off against the trappings she has received recently a eulogistic tribute by M. Firmin Roz in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which places her novelist with the Brontë sisters and George Eliot.

Surely an unnecessary book is the much-extended biography of Robert Murray McHeyne, for Dr. Bonar's volume of "Remains," which has been a classic of Scottish religious literature for more than half a century, gives portrait of that saintly preacher which can not be excelled.

In appealing for letters from Mark Twain to be used by his biographer in the official life, the Harpers remind all possessors of such letters that while they enjoy the ownership of the actual missive they have no right to publish the contents. That may be so, yet in the case of T. B. Aldrich the biographer appointed by the family found it impossible to secure the use of an important set of letters, which was afterwards daringly published by the person to whom they are addressed.

Ineptitude can not descend to lower depths than are reached by the deliverance of the Lawsons, father and son, in this sentence: The true standard demands that the short

story shall be complete in itself; that it shall be short because it can not be long, and that it shall consist of but one incident." All that remains is that we be gravely informed that a sonnet by Longfellow on Dante must contain fourteen lines, can not be other than a sonnet because it is a sonnet, and must be about Dante.

Activity continues on Mount Tom, for Mrs. Jennette Lee has a new "Uncle William" hook in process of proof-reading. It is due next month and will be entitled "Happy Island."

Miss Ethel Stevens, who has seen the inside of many Turkish harems, contemplates a story about Turkish women in which "the cold truth" is to be respected. This is promising until we learn that the "cold truth" does not imply any "pretty-pretty fiction."

New Books Received.

FICTION:

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of quick movement having as its theme the court intrigues of Japan in connection with the world tour of the American fleet.

THE GIRL FROM THE MARSH CROFT. By Selma Lagerlöf. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Eight short stories and an autobiographical account of how the author came to write her greatest novel, "The Story of Gösta Berling."

AN AMERICAN BABY ABROAD. By Mrs. Charles N. Crewdson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

An amusing story of the complications which ensue through a Kentucky beauty taking charge of a friend's baby.

THE MAN HIGHER UP. By Henry Russell Miller. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

Depicts the struggles and love issues of a man who worked his way from a tenement to the governorship of a State.

THE HOUSE OF ARDEN. By E. Nesbit. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Another of Mrs. Nesbit's charming stories of child life, full of quaint humor and incident.

THE PRUSSIAN CADET. By Paul von Szczepanski and Ernst von Wildenbruch. Translated by W. D. Lowe. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1 net.

Two short stories reflecting various phases of army life in Germany.

GOING SOME. By Rex Beach. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.25.

Founded on the play of the same name. The story of a college man who was not the athlete his friends thought he was.

MAKING GOOD. By F. H. Spearman, Van Tassel Supphen, and others. New York: Harper & Brothers; 60 cents.

Lively stories of golf and other outdoor sports.

JUST HORSES. By Sewell Ford. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1 net.

Seven short stories in the vein of "Horses Nine." Will appeal specially to lovers of horses.

MONTEZ THE MATAOOR. By Frank Harris. New York: Mitchell Kennerly; \$1.

Five short stories of clever construction and vivid characterization.

THE DAUGHTERS OF SUFFOLK. By William Jasper Nicolls. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

A romance of English history in the middle sixteenth century. The illustrations are from old prints.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS. By Eugene Coleman Savage. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

Another edition, the third, of the biographical novel which has won much favor for its vivid pictures of the Franco-Prussian war.

WAYWARD ANNE. By Curtis Yorke. Boston: Dana Estes & Co.; \$1.50.

Tells of the unconventional friendship of a man under a cloud with a girl who has faith in his better nature.

BIOGRAPHY:

ROBERT DOOLEY. By Ralph Straus. New York: John Lane Company; \$6.50 net.

An exhaustive study of the life of the founder of the famous "Annual Register," with an examination of his work as publisher, poet, and playwright.

FAMOUS BLUE STOCKINGS. By Ethel Rolt Wheeler. New York: John Lane Company; \$4 net.

An account of the learned women of the eighteenth century, including Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Delany, Mrs. Thrale, and Mrs. Chapone.

LEADING AMERICAN NOVELISTS. By John Erskine. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Another volume in the Biographies of Leading American series, dealing with Charles B. Brown, Cooper, Simms, Hawthorne, Mrs. Stowe and Bret Harte.

A WRITER OF BOOKS. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company.

An autobiography of an industrious writer and lecturer.

THE LIFE OF DANIEL COIT GILMAN. By Fabian Franklin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$3.50 net.

An authorized biography of President Gilman not only as a great educator and man of affairs, but as friend, husband, and father.

MISCELLANEOUS:

ROUTLEDGE'S EVERY MAN'S CYCLOPEDIA. Edited by Arnold Villiers. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Includes a dictionary of universal biography, a department of historical allusions, a gazetteer of the world, a compendium of general information, and several other extremely useful sections. The book is an admirable example of skillful condensation.

THE SINGING VOICE AND ITS TRAINING. By M.

Sterling MacKinlay. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Pleads for the careful training of the best voices and gives much valuable practical instruction.

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION. Edited by Horatio S. Krans. New York: Sturgis & Walton Company; \$1.50 net.

An admirable selection of the best English essays on conversation which should do much to revive that gracious art.

IN PRAISE OF GARDENS. Compiled by Temple Scott. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company.

An anthology of verse ranging over English literature from Chaucer to Christina Rossetti.

THE PICTURESCAPE ST. LAWRENCE. By Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Gathers into a handy and well illustrated volume the notable physical features and interesting associations of a famous river.

THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A study of American democracy which devotes special attention to its modification and glances at the possibilities of the future.

THE GOSPEL AND THE MOOREN MAN. By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Discusses whether the gospel of the New Testament is to be "the power of God unto salvation" for the modern man, or whether it is to be replaced by "a philosophy of religious values."

PLAY. By Emmett D. Angell. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Describes games for the kindergarten, playground, and schoolroom, and gives hints how to coach girls in basket-ball, etc.

GOVERNMENT BY INFLUENCE. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.35 net.

Addresses by the commissioner of education dealing with questions related specially to his department.

LABOR IN EUROPE AND AMERICA. By Samuel Gompers. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

Observations based upon a tour through Europe at the expense of the American Federation of Labor.

EASTERN STORIES AND LEGENDS. Selected and adapted by Marie L. Shedlock. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; 50 cents net.

Stories of the Buddha specially adapted for reading to children in the home or school. There is an interesting foreword by Professor T. W. Rhys Davids.

HOW TO STUDY BIOS. By Herbert K. Joh. New York: Owing Publishing Company; \$1.50 net.

Intended to give, "simply, clearly, and thoroughly, every possible suggestion" and practical information useful to those beginning the study of birds in their native haunts.

OUR SEARCH FOR A WILDERNESS. By Mary B. Beebe and C. William Beebe. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.75 net.

A delightful record of trips to Venezuela and British Guiana to "learn something about the birds and other wild creatures" of those regions. There are numerous excellent photographs.

STORIES OF THE KING. By James Baldwin. New York: American Book Company; 50 cents.

A simplified version of the tales of King Arthur and his knights of the Round Table.

THE AMERICAN RURAL SCHOOL. By Harold W. Fought. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

An informed examination of the characteristics, future, and problems of the rural school in America.

UP THE ORINOCO AND DOWN THE MAGDALENA. By H. J. Mozans. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

An entertaining account of travel in the islands and lands bordering the Caribbean and to the less frequented parts of Venezuela and Colombia. Copiously illustrated.

THE NEW INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK. Edited by Frank Moore Colby. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Gives an invaluable compendium of the world's progress for 1909. Its fullness of treatment and accuracy make it the most useful book of reference published today.

MAKERS OF SORROW AND MAKERS OF JOY. By Dora Melegari. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.25 net.

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## A NEW YORK PLAY CENSORED.

Mayor Gaynor Takes Effective Measures to Extinguish a Risque Spectacle.

For the first time since the police forbade the performances of "Mrs. Warren's Profession" a disreputable play has been forced off the boards of a New York theatre. Several weeks before its appearance in this city the idiomatically named play, "The Girl with the Whooping Cough," was talked about and paragoned in a manner to excite the interest of the tenderloin district. "The Girl from Rector's," "The Belle of the Moulin Rouge," it was given out, were as milk for babes compared to "The Girl with the Whooping Cough." While I am not willing to admit the innocuous character of the first two, I am more than willing to concede that Mr. Stanislaus Stange's adaptation from the French exceeds the speed limit. I have not seen this play, but I read the notices of it the morning after its first production in this city and they quite confirmed my preconceived opinion.

"The Girl with the Whooping Cough" came to us with the enthusiastic indorsement of the Quaker City, where it had been playing at a Chestnut-Street theatre, to the delectation of the town, which leads me to think that Philadelphia is a very innocent city or—for the sake of William Penn I will not say what I might. If, however, it is innocent it's with the innocence of Anna Held in her latest play.

Ever since "The Girl with the Whooping Cough" began to whoop at the New York Theatre Mayor Gaynor has been in receipt of letters of protest from shocked citizens who begged him to interfere and drive the play off the boards. These letters formed so large and urgent a part of the mayor's mail that he put Police Commissioner Baker on the job, and the latter was satisfied that the play deserved all that was said against it and sent out orders to take it off the stage without waste of time. This was done immediately, and Mr. Abraham Erlanger, who controls the New York Theatre, said that it should go. But Mr. Al. Woods, who controls the play, was not so docile. He declared that he saw nothing wrong in the play, and this I can readily believe, and that he was going to fight for his rights. He has put up a fight, but he is not likely to win, for the reason that the license of the theatre expired at this opportune time and the mayor refused to renew it. The theatre is "dark" at the present writing and I imagine that New York has seen the last of a nasty play.

The star of this play, the girl with the infantile disease, is Miss Valeska Suratt. Miss Suratt made her first appearance as a Gibson girl, though no one could possibly look less like one of Mr. Gibson's high-bred creations. I am not going to attack Miss Suratt, for I pity her. I pity any woman who lends herself to the kind of advertising that has fallen to her lot.

Mayor Gaynor need not have gone inside the theatre to discover the character of the play that he has prohibited. The posters told the story. Anything more outrageous than the pictures of Miss Suratt that have covered every available fence or side of house in this city and suburbs can not be imagined. Indecency can go no further, and to my mind they are much more mischievous than the play itself. They do harm by the wholesale. Innocent women and children have these pictures forced upon them, for you can turn neither to the right nor the left without facing them. It is not enough that one or two stare you in the face at a time. They are plastered over the hoardings by the dozens, rows of them. There is no escape. The men and women who went to the theatre to see this play knew just what they were going to see and just what they went for. They went to laugh, not to be shocked! I doubt if they were done much harm, but the innocent walker on the streets, along the public highway, was the sufferer. No decent man, surely no decent woman, could see these posters without indignation. The managers may control the playhouses, but the streets belong to the public, and they should not be defiled.

In his communication to Police Commissioner Baker, Mayor Gaynor says "the people of this city have had enough of false and nasty theatres, as well as of the few false and nasty newspapers, and want to drop them." The mayor does not propose to set himself up as a censor of plays, but when he gets complaints about the character of a play from scores of reputable citizens he is going to inquire into it, and if it turns out to be a "Girl with the Whooping Cough," or any other contagious disease, he will forbid it.

Since the "Whooping Cough Girl" has been debarred, attention has been turned to a German musical play now running at the Grand Opera House. The title of this piece put into English is, "Alma, Where Do You Live?" For eight months and more it has been running at a small German theatre up town and no complaint was made, but now that the ball has started rolling the eye of the mayor has been directed towards it. I do not imagine that it is very harmful, for the ever alert Inspector Schmittberger, who understands German, as his name would indicate, went to

see it and found it very enjoyable and not a hit dangerous. Perhaps it is innocent enough in German, it is the adaptation that makes the trouble as a rule. Alma is being done into English, but as Joe Weher is the one who will produce it I hope for the best, for when he was Weher and Fields his theatre was a family resort.

In the meantime the perfectly clean and decent "Climax" is running again at Weher's Theatre. There are a number of clean plays running in this much abused town. The tenderloin does not represent the whole of our citizens, any more than the Moulin Rouge represents the whole of Paris. The plays that are making money for all interested are as clean as a whistle—there is "Caste," "Jim, the Penman," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "The Bachelor's Baby," "Her Husband's Wife," "The Spitfire," "The Chorus Lady," "Seven Days." No pandering to perverted minds in any of these! JEANNETTE L. GILDER.

New York, May 12, 1910.

## CURRENT VERSE.

Now the Spring Is Waking.

Now the Spring is waking:

Very shy as yet;

Busy mending, making,

Grass and violet.

Frowsy winter's over.

See, the huddling lane.

Go and meet your lover:

Spring is here again.

Every day is longer

Than the day before;

Lambs are whiter, stronger;

Birds sing more and more.

Woods are less than shady;

Griefs are more than vain.

Go and kiss your lady;

Spring is here again.

—E. Nesbit, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Magellan in the Straits.

The steady wind blew west

Along the tortuous strait;

And still the lean and scrawling crew,

Consumed with helpless hate,

Beheld Magellan smile

As if he joked with fate.

All day they cursed the ship;

All night they dreamed of Spain.

They called the strait a river of hell—

He swore it was the main;

For oft at eve he dipped

And found it salt again.

The sailors sickened fast:

Their eyes began to stare.

Now, wolflike ravening, from the mast

The leathern thongs they tear;

For none of their small lives

Did that great captain care.

At even and at morn

He made their labors halt,

To swing some luckier comrade down

Into the foaming vault;

And still he smiled and said:

"The water still is salt!"

The water still was salt;

The west wind still blew free—

Sudden the sailors crowding ran

From starboard and from lee,

And lifted up their eyes

Upon the western sea.

—Sarah N. Cleghorn, in *Munsey's Magazine*.

At Euston Station.

Yon is the train I used to take

In the good days of yore,

When I went home for love's dear sake,

I who go home no more.

The station lights flare in the wind,

The night is blurred with rain,

And there was some one, old and kind,

Who would not come again.

Oh, that's an Irish voice I hear,

And that's an Irish face,

And these will come when dawn is near

To the beloved place.

And these will see when day is gray

And lightest winds are still

The long coast-line by Dublin Bay

With exquisite hill on hill.

I would not follow if I might

Who came so oft of old;

No window-pane holds me a light,

The warm hearth-fire is cold.

There is the train I used to take.

Be hiest from shore to shore,

O land of love and of heartbreak!

But I go home no more.

—Katharine Tynan, in *McClure's Magazine*.

Mark Twain.

His hands fall from the wheel; he looks no more

To see what reef or shoal may be ahead,

What narrow channel there may be to thread,

What jagged rocks may jut out from the shore!

What message is it that the leadsmen send?

"MARK TWAIN!" The troubled engines cease to

throb,

The song the breezes sang ends in a sob;

The trip is done—the world has lost a friend.

On lips he taught to smile the laughter dies,

The sun shines with a lesser, fainter glow;

Along the shores where mirth was spread a low,

Sad murmur passes, and, with tear-dimmed eyes,

Men look out on the stream, yet, while they gaze,

In silence share the comforting belief

That, safe in port, beyond the last dread reef,

His soul is gladdened by a Captain's praise.

—S. E. Kiser, in *Chicago Record-Herald*.

## An American Indian Opera in Germany.

The premiere of Arthur Nevin's Indian opera of "Poia," which took place in Berlin, April 23, is the first time that an operatic work from the pen of an American composer has been presented on the stage of a royal opera house. That the institution which consented to stand sponsor to this opera is the conservative one subsidized by Emperor William II with millions of marks each season increases the significance of the recognition made of American musical endeavor (says a correspondent of the *Chicago Musical Leader*).

To plunge at once in *res medias*!—America has had her opportunity and has unfortunately not made good. Hammerton, in one of his delightful essays, says that "The duty of a writer is, above all things, to tell the truth, and not to deceive his countrymen even when they wish to be deceived." It is in a spirit of impartial criticism that I wish to be considered as approaching a discussion of the Nevin work.

The Indian legend which forms the basic idea of the work contains strong poetical and pictorial possibilities, but these possibilities have been allowed to lie fallow. It is not difficult to see how the material could have been amplified, remodeled—if needs be, transmuted—in order to meet the requirements of a modern music-drama. One thinks involuntarily of Wagner's treatment of the old Germanic and Norse myths around which he built up his works. The liberties he has taken with them have aroused the indignation of scholars, but even his bitterest enemies will not deny to him the genius of a creative inspiration, which, out of these scattered myths, has constructed powerful organic music dramas.

"Poia" contains two elements which should have made a strong appeal to the popular German feeling. The first is its legendary character, for since Wagner introduced them to the hautes of their own great epic of the Niebelungen Ring, and created out of the vague legendary lore the striking figures of "Lohengrin," "Tannhauser," and "The Flying Dutchman," the Teutonic mind is keenly responsive to any material which bears the stamp of the legendary, the fanciful, and the romantic. Moreover, the Germans have a great fondness for Indians in the abstract, and the picturesque Leather Stocking Tales of Fenimore Cooper have ever found an appreciative reading public in Germany.

The hook makes interesting reading, but it is not strong enough to stand the strong glare of the footlights, so that the course of the action, and more particularly the psychological impulse which controls the various characters—becomes incoherent, at times impotent, and things happen for which the unprepared spectator can find no logical clue.

At the close of the second act a demonstration took place which is without precedent in the annals of the Royal Opera. The counter demonstration resolved itself into a persistent duel between American patriotism and German opposition. Cat-calls and whistles added to the general din, and undoubtedly some Americans, in a spirit of misguided enthusiasm, did much to provoke the Germans to more emphatic signs of disapproval.

The unprecedented severity of Berlin critics is considered by some of the composer's countrymen to be an attack against American music in general. But this opinion is unjust.

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NEWTON COPPER COMPANY—Location of principal place of business, San Francisco, California. Location of works, Ranlett, near Lone Amador County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors held on the 26th day of April 1910, an assessment, No. 1, of two and a half cents per share was levied upon the capital stock of the corporation, payable immediately in United States gold coin to the secretary at the office of the company, 1402 Humboldt Savings Bank Building, San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 20th day of June, 1910, will be delinquent and advertised for sale at public auction; and unless payment is made before, will be sold on Monday, the 11th day of July, 1910, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and expenses of sale.

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

One must never go to see a Barrie play and expect sober realities. No matter how deeply rooted in human nature the ruling motive of the piece may be or how sober seeming the working out of the plot, Barrie invariably breaks out into some kind of fantasia before he is through with it. "What Every Woman Knows," as every woman knows, shows us a wife who leads her dull-witted husband by the nose through the mazes of politics, and fools him into thinking that he writes his own speeches, makes his own jokes, and plans his own masterstrokes. What every woman also knows is that, under such circumstances, a wife must not give herself away. The dull masculine must be allowed to think that he does it all or he will scorn his wife with the old-fashioned scorn that sed to be and perhaps still is meted out to the woman of brains.

The play appeals to both sexes, but in spite of many Barrie-esque touches of humor and sentiment, it is to my mind less gay and charming than his other successful ones. I put this down to the fact that the husband is such a leather-witted, hide-bound, solemn lackass that it is difficult to enter with any understanding at all into the emotions of the woman who are in love with a dull man so impenetrably rooted in self-esteem. For there is a woman of London smart society who is depicted as young, fashionable, and beautiful, who fools herself into thinking she is in love with him, while his wife adores him.

Another thing that every woman knows is that after a short season of married life Maggie would stop deifying her clay-footed idol, but Barrie, the wizard, meets this issue by having her say apologetically to an indignant elder brother, "He's just my little boy." The play having been written for Maude Adams, it naturally follows that she fits into the rôle. She looks it and acts it, apparently with fullest sympathy. Maggie, the wife, has a sly, fugitive sense of humor, almost timid and ashamed of itself in that Scotch atmosphere. The husband, on the contrary, has about as much of that commodity as an under-ker. These two Barrie the joker has put contrast, and the result ought to be funnier than it is.

I think that a defect of the play is that, with this intrinsically humorous situation, there is too much suppressed emotion in the rôle. Maggie is charged with it as a valve in the steam. She is letting it off all through the play in gasps, and sudden little bursts of hysterical laughter, in tentative, cut-in-two marks, in surreptitious glances charged with glumes of suppressed signification. All this Maude Adams does as scarcely any one else could, or, at least, would do it; all her mannerisms are to the fore, her "N—n—no's," her voice-squeezings, her flutterings, her sudden bursts of inspiration which keel you over as you are feeling most critical. Her arm is *sui-generis*, and can neither be analyzed nor described. That it exists, the theatre-goers en masse of a whole nation will testify. It is on this charm that her fame is built. If we look back over her imperfections we will observe that she has not imitated a distinct creation of each rôle, but has pressed upon each one the imprint of her liberated personality. It has always seemed to me that the Maude Adams vogue is a good deal of a credit to its followers, because there is so much that is vulgar and mercenary in the theatrical tastes of the day.

Maude Adams belongs to the virginal type. There is something sweet, shy, and maidenly about her charm, a suggestion of purity and reserve, that is rather rare in the prominent stage favorites. She is like the fragrant gnomette, instead of the showier blossoms. It would be utterly impossible for a manager to cast her in an erotic rôle, or as a heroine with shady antecedents.

The true meaning of the play revolves around this charm of Maude Adams, which has been borrowed to envelop the homely domestic figure of Mrs. John Shand. Maggie, as a maid, is supposed to frighten away the men, and she dresses like a woman on whom no man wastes a look. By slow degrees Maggie sheds her dull wren's image, and progresses from old-fashioned brown satin to gray silk, and from gray to white, as the hidden charm unfolds, until, in the last act, in which she is like a gentle ve in close-reefed plumage of purest white,

we are apprised that the shy little woman begins to put forth timid, tentative hands to grasp at happiness. For she wins her muttonhead at the end, and even wrests from him a recognition of a joke—the first time in his life, I believe, that he was guilty of such frivolity.

Barrie does not generally attempt the creation of interesting characters so much as the construction of absorbing situations, with several kinds of Barrie fantasies thrown in, such, for instance, as John Shand blurting his education. But to try and pin down and still further analyze the vague sense of dissatisfaction I feel with the play, I think that all of the characters except Maggie are intrinsically uninteresting, and therefore it is not very surprising that people who would be bored out of a play have some capabilities that way in it.

Twenty years ago Lady Sybil would have been cast as a limp, yearning aesthete, but as she is neither a practical joker nor a heartless coquette, it follows that she must be a fool. The brothers are dull, plodding, canny Scots. The Comtesse de la Briere is a lady of inner hollowness and outer manner of such elaboration and pretension that she makes you tired. And John is just a plain, blunt, dull, honest muttonhead. "There's the devil in you, John Shand," says his brother-in-law, during the pendant incident, and "No, no, no!" says Maggie and so say I. Nothing so interesting.

An excellent company supports Miss Adams. Messrs. Carter, Torrence, and Tyler render the splendid business laid out by Barrie for the game of chess in a manner that wins for them delighted applause. Richard Bennett is altogether perfect as John Shand, being particularly happy in showing the expressions and inflections of a man absolutely devoid of humor. Both this actor and the three mentioned hit off the Scotch burr in first-class style. Miss Ffolliott Paget bestowed too much manner upon the kind-hearted Comtesse de la Briere, and Miss Waldegrave, more particularly in evening dress, gave a suitably smart exterior to Lady Sybil.

At the close of the last act Barrie allowed John Shand to say something that was entirely out of character. When it finally penetrates his thick, honest hide that Maggie has been the true builder of his political career, he says, "I see the tragedy of a man who has found himself out," which reflection and recognition would never in the world have come from a man so solidly wedded to self-esteem.

A large matinee audience, principally of women, turned out a week ago in gala array to hear and pass judgment upon John Corbin's play with the somewhat awkward title of "Husband." Mr. Corbin means several things by his title. He means, for instance, the jog-trot state of being wife to a husband, the usefulness of being a calm husband to a dazzling wife, and the general pervasiveness of husbandly authority when wife finds it most inconvenient and disturbing. He also, perhaps, wishes to hint that the yoke that husband places upon wife's neck—or is supposed to—carries also with it a bond that is born of the affections, and that, all proof to the contrary notwithstanding, is not to be lightly broken. In fact, Mr. Corbin meant so many things that he tried to condense them all into the one word, "Husband."

Unfortunately, he has not the gift of making his meanings clear. He has placed before us a husband and wife at odds; or, rather, who are drifting apart. The husband is absorbed in his business, and the wife is of the type of women that Robert Herrick held up to criticism in "Together." She is pleasure-loving, childless, self-absorbed, fond of dress and luxury, and oblivious of the fact that her husband's business preoccupations should draw from a loving wife sympathy instead of impatience and resentment.

The third in the triangle, in the person of an English lord, steps in at this juncture and makes love to the wife. All this is shown in the first and the best act, a pleasant feature of which, and one which appealed to the sympathies of the audience, was a reconciliation following on the partial estrangement between the married pair.

Ten or fifteen minutes later the curtain goes down upon a tableau of the wife being eloped in the arms of the English lord. This happening seems to be in the highest degree improbable, following so closely upon the scene of marital tenderness which so short a time before preceded it. Few women of Clara Payne's type, in spite of what cynics would say, would bestow apparently sincere love and caresses upon two different men within the space of twenty minutes. And the start that the audience gave at seeing it happen was not induced by drama, but by surprise, incredulity, doubt, bewilderment. They did not know what Clara "was at," and they continued not knowing for some time. Furthermore, if the author had been an unknown quantity, instead of a scholar, a notable New York critic, and an authority on the drama, they would have begun to suspect that he did not know either. This mental attitude is never desirable in an audience, which should have a knowing feeling that it is in the secret

of things unknown to some of the characters in the play.

The puzzled state continues in the second act, which began with the serving of afternoon tea. The game at bridge had gone very well in the first act, but the social rite of tea-drinking fell flat, because of the lack of point to the discourse of the guests and of sparkle to their repartee. Following their departure came a dramatic scene between husband and wife, in which the latter breaks to him the news of her new-born love and projected divorce. The husband acted just as a man might be expected to under the trying circumstances. He became primitively violent, flew at his wife's throat, and just stopped short of choking her, but a wave of civilization overcame him, and he apologized. Then came an anti-climax. Turning to the bookcase, he took up book after book, and made sarcastic comments on his wife's intellectual tastes and affiliations, which he contemptuously stigmatized as being progressive fads planted in her mind by successive friends and intimates.

This was an awkward arrangement, and we can only suppose that Mr. Corbin felt the necessity, at this point in the play, of shedding some illumination on Mrs. Wayne's character. We needed it, for we did not really know whether she was good, bad, or indifferent. But this act on the husband's part was improbable and inconsistent, especially after his recent violence.

The interest waxed stronger when Lord Ilfrey was announced, and there was a decided feeling of tension in the air. Again the husband came up to the scratch, dramatically, by ordering the pair out of his house. And again the author caused an anti-climax by arranging that the wife should remain upon the stage for further discussion.

The third act was the faultiest of all, although some excellent scenic and mechanical effects gave the play a false air of having caught its second wind. But the action was a peculiar mingling of the precipitate and the overdeliberate, and the thread of the story was twisted, knotted, snapped and tied together again, for at a certain point, when the play had come to a logical conclusion and the feminine part of the audience was just casting a thought to its hatpins, it was suddenly discovered that the author had relented, switched the departing husband back upon the scene, and decided on a happy conclusion.

As may be seen from this semi-summary, there are radical faults in the construction of the play. Added to this weakness there are characters and long conversations that are not necessary to the unfolding of the plot. The appearance of some of the bridge-players was unnecessary after the first act, and the lack of sparkle in the rather labored repartee during the serving of afternoon tea did not tend to make their reappearance a cause for enjoyment. The character of Miss Levine, as a speaking part, is a superfluity, as her presence has no real bearing upon the plot or upon any one's destiny. It is one of the loose ends which could have been ruthlessly snipped off.

In fact, although Mr. Corbin has a good thesis, introduces modern and burning questions, and here and there has good lines, the piece lacks compactness, clearness, continuity, dramatic tension, and interest. It seems probable that a rewriting instead of eliminations will be necessary to fit it for the stage.

The company played it rather gropingly. Grace George was more assured than the others, but even she gave an effect of feeling her way, and as a result her sparkle and vivacity were missed, although many times her voice was charged with an amount of feeling that showed her capabilities in the emotional line.

A revival of "Jim the Penman" in New York at the Lyric Theatre gives old-time critics an opportunity for reminiscent comparisons. Florence Roberts has the part of the wife who discovers that her husband is a criminal, and while her work is praised she is held to be less effective than was Agnes Booth in the rôle twenty years and more ago. John Mason, Marguerite Clark, Thurlow Burgen, and Frederick Paulding are other well-known people in the cast.

William Collier, who has just finished a four months' run at the Hudson Theatre, New York, in his latest laugh provoker entitled "A Lucky Star," has started on a tour which will bring him to this city on Monday, June 6. The new play is said to show Mr. Collier at his best. It is in three acts and four scenes and is the work of Anne Crawford Flexner. It has been dramatized from the novel called "The Motor Chaperon."

New York has now more theatres than any city in the world, but the end is nowhere near in sight. Already more are under way or planned for, among them the new Cohan house at Broadway and Forty-Third Street, the Playhouse at Broadway and Forty-Seventh Street, the Shubert on Forty-Third, the Booth Theatre and one yet unnamed on Times Square, and Daniel V. Arthur's new house.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Maude Adams's second week at the Columbia Theatre will begin with the performance on Monday night of "What Every Woman Knows." The popular star has been playing to the capacity of the theatre at every performance since her opening night and interest in the engagement presages a record-breaking three weeks. The rôle of Maggie Wylie, as played by Miss Adams, typifies the strongest traits of womanhood, and is a complete gospel on the meaning of wifehood. The story is brimful of human nature. Richard Bennett and the other members of Miss Adams's supporting company are all able players and cast to fine advantage in the many rôles of the play. Matinees are given Wednesdays and Saturdays. There will be no Sunday performances during the Maude Adams engagement.

That the Orpheum is particularly successful in its quest for novelties will be proved in its next week's programme, when the famous Herring-Curtiss aeroplane, in which Glenn H. Curtiss made his championship flights at Rheims and Brescia, will be exhibited. While it is impossible to make an actual flight, it is promised that the airship will be seen in operation. To add interest various special motion views and a brief description will be given. Miss Mabel Bardine and her company of five will present a dramatic novelty, "Suey San," which is described as a Chinese tragedy. Miss Bardine plays the name-part, the daughter of a wealthy Chinaman. All the characters meet in the San Francisco Chinatown, where the plot is developed. The scenery and electrical effects are elaborate. James H. Cullen, the humorist and raconteur, will be a feature of the new bill. He has the faculty of bringing new material to his act each season. The Morrissey Sisters and Brothers, four agile and gifted singers and dancers, will contribute a pleasing diversion. The Thomas J. Ryan-Richfield Company will appear in another of Will Cressy's clever and amusing sketches, entitled "Mag Haggerty's Father." It will be the last week of their engagement. Smith and Campbell, the Three Brothers Mascagno, and Frank Fogarty, the "Dublin Minstrel," will also say farewell with this programme.

Ferris Hartman and company open at the Princess Theatre next Sunday afternoon.

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VANITY FAIR.

Art in Washington is to be safeguarded in future. Such, at any rate, is obviously the function which the new commission of fine arts is intended to discharge. One of its duties will be the hall-marking of statues, monuments, etc., before they are allowed to grace the streets and parks of the capital. A laudable object, but everything will depend upon the composition of the commission.

Not a few visitors to Washington seem of the opinion that in one important matter the commission will begin its labors more than a decade too late. It is almost pathetic to observe the bated manner in which those who are fresh from a stroll through the Library of Congress canvass the opinions of previous visitors as to the merits or otherwise of the mural decorations in that magnificent building, and to note the gleam of relief in face and voice when those opinions are frankly condemnatory of so much glitter and gilt. A commission of fine arts was badly needed when the ceiling coxes of those noble halls and stairways were allowed to be disfigured by schemes of decoration which in loudness and garishness are more reminiscent of a gorgeous variety theatre than suited to a home of literature. The whole thing is over-done and in bad taste. Perhaps that fact is beginning to dawn upon the senatorial mind, and accounts for this belated attempt to preserve the national capital from future Philistinism.

Yet who can hope for much from this new commission so long as Washington has no appreciation for the most artistic building to be found on its spacious avenues? Which is that building? Not the White House certainly, for with all its remodeling that structure can not be defended from being a "hotch," as one senator remarked; nor the Pension Office, which is vividly described as a "car barn." In fact, the Washingtonian who can place the most beautiful building of his city is a rare bird. Indeed, when it is pointed out to him on McPherson Square—the refined mansion of Mr. John R. McLean—it is difficult to convince him that its admirable proportions, its faultless lines, and the perfect harmony of its materials, are really so much better than anything else in the capital. Yes, there's a "darned long row" for the commission to hoe in Washington, D. C.

How fashions change in amusements is pertinently illustrated by the dire fate which seems impending over the Crystal Palace, that pleasure resort of suburban London without visiting which no "doing" of the English capital is complete. For more than sixty years it has catered to the amusement of the thousands, but for the past ten or fifteen years reports of its closing have been frequent. Seemingly, its palms, its fountains, its nondescript statues, its working models, its monkey-house, its stalls, its object lessons in industries, pall upon the modern taste.

Americans should have more than a tourist interest in the Crystal Palace. Its famous glass walls and roof are the same as those which sheltered the first great international exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851, an exhibition from which for the only time America held aloof. Not that Uncle Sam was not invited to help the prince consort in his attempt to give the world a living picture of the point of industrial development at which mankind had arrived; on the contrary, every effort was made to secure full representation of American manufactures. One of George Ticknor's letters to Sir Charles Lyell, the famous geologist, tells the result and reveals an attitude which is almost incredible today. "There is no use trying to stir up our people to make a decent show of themselves at the Crystal Palace"—so Ticknor wrote from Boston in June, 1851; "they won't do it. As soon as I received your letter of May 20, I wrote an article for the *Courier*, which was copied into other papers, and our friend Hillard went to the secretary of our commission about it. But the answer was prompt all round: 'The French, the Russians, and the Germans send their goods to England as a means of advertising them all over the world; we look for no sale out of our own country. Why should we take the trouble and expense to advertise abroad?'"

But that is not all. Under the glass roof of the Crystal Palace was enacted on its opening day a scene which deserves to be immortalized in a painting. The event coincided with the presence in London of a young American couple on their honeymoon. The husband had saved for many a day to give his wife the pleasure of a trip to Europe, but funds were running short, and the price for admission to the exhibition on the opening day was so high that one ticket only could be bought. With that ticket the young wife made her way to the ceremony, only to find that, owing to her small stature, she could not see one of the royalties and notables in the great procession. At the thought of this disappointment and the waste of money represented by her ticket, the tears began to flow down her cheeks. At that moment she felt two strong hands under her arms, and found herself lifted high above the crowd. So held she saw everything, but when she was

placed down on the ground once more it was to find herself indebted to a stranger, a stalwart Englishman who had divined the cause of her tears. Some years passed away. Then, in their home town, the American and his wife went one night to hear a lecture by a famous English author. No sooner had the lecturer ascended the platform than the wife, turning excitedly to her husband, exclaimed, "That's he; that's my great, kind Englishman!" It was Thackeray; the big-hearted Thackeray.

One of the things they are going to do better in France henceforth is to guard the railway platforms with the legend, "Défense de s'embrasser." Whether the Frenchman will submit tamely to be robbed of those delicious moments sacred to a final embrace, and yet another, and then a kiss, the future will prove; but the idea of guarding the departing traveler has much to commend it. And now that a reform of that kind is in the air, can not something be done to lift steamer farewells to a more useful plane? Are hunches and bunches of flowers quite the right thing for parting gifts? They are pretty, unquestionably, but they are so fleeting. No doubt the obliging steward will keep relays of them "on ice" that the fortunate's table may awaken the envy of other passengers all the way across, but such a kindly service must create many moments of anxiety as to its exact value in tips. One of the New York publishers has had a happy idea in this connection; it is to offer steamer-boxes of books for a given and moderate sum. To find such a present in one's stateroom is likely to awaken a more enduring feeling of gratitude than an armful of bouquets.

Old-age pensions are spreading. But who would have thought of St. Francis of Assisi as contributing to so modern a movement? Nevertheless the kindly saint who preached to fishes and birds is still a factor to be reckoned with. As witness the case of the maiden lady who died in London recently and made provision in her will for pensions for her cats and horses. Her orders to her trustees were to the effect that they are to pay \$200 a year for the care of each of her cats. They are also to see that each animal is properly looked after and treated with kindness. Her horses are also to be provided for, not allowed to do harder work than they have been accustomed to, or are to be mercifully destroyed. All these unusual bequests are explained by the further orders of the will to the effect that the kindly provider is to be buried in the full habit of the order of St. Francis of Assisi, to which she belonged. Some austere souls will no doubt be shocked that a mere cat should have a pension twice the value of that which is given to human beings by the English government, but all lovers of dumb creatures will rejoice that so striking an example of affection for defenseless pets has been given to the world.

Oberammergau has an astute press agent. The natives of that German village may be as unsophisticated as villagers should be in the abstract, but the gentleman in charge of publicity affairs has learnt a lesson from fawelling actors and singers. Hence the seductive announcement that the villagers "have almost" decided that the performance of the Passion Play this year may be the last. The Chautauqua result of that adroit notice is plain for all to read. Oberammergau is printed in large type in all the lists which are offering such a wealth of European travel in exchange for a few hundred dollars, and the "throng of tourists" setting in the direction of the village is being printed with a broad brush. This is where the astute publisher jumps in with his announcement that Mr. So and So's famous book on the Passion Play is still at the book stores.

Granting that two steins are equal to four "Hochs!" the Kaiser has taken a bold step in his temperance letter to a young university student. But one of the great charms of the German emperor is that he never stops to count the cost, whether it be in sending a telegram, granting an interview, or writing a letter. His latest deliverance, however, postulates more courage than his message to Kruger or his interview for a London newspaper, for the beer-drinking of his subjects is an ingrained habit, and has a psychological connection with loyalty. Of course it is in line with the imperial permission of a few years ago, making it "good form" to drink the royal health in water, and it is at least noteworthy that during recent years temperance and total abstinence have made considerable progress at many of the German universities. But whither is all this tending? Is "beer-drinking Germany" to be erased from the catalogue of national characteristics, and must Schiller's drinking-glass be removed from view on the little table in his death-chamber at Weimar?

If the Kaiser is about to inaugurate a campaign against the social indulgences of his subjects, he ought to keep his eye on Berlin.

One of the leading cafés in that city has set apart a billiard-room for the use of ladies only. Now, on the law of supply and demand, that indicates that the *hausfrau* is seeking emancipation, is, in fact, no longer content with pickling sauerkraut for the herr professor, or with the mild dissipation of darning the substantial hose of creatures who debate the thinness of the thatness over unlimited books. The *gnädige frau* was not ever thus. Think of her as she shines in the idyls of German life, ignorant of politics and sport, too cumbersome for dancing, finding her heaven in an evening at the Volksgarten listening to the music of the estimable Schubert, and never making larger demands on male generosity than *bringen Sie noch eine Tasse Kaffee, bitte*. But all that sweet and inexpensive simplicity is gone. The New Spirit is abroad. Gretchen has abandoned her heap of darning for the seduction of billiards, and perhaps she will soon consume sufficient steins to counteract the Kaiser's lesson in temperance.

When Rostand's barnyard drama comes to America there will be an epidemic of Chantecler hats. 'Twas so in the Merry Widow

days, but the situation will not be so easy for the Chantecler wearers. All that the Merry Widow hat postulated was the rebuilding of doorways and trolley cars; the Chantecler hat will entail the reconstruction of juvenile human nature. For your street gamin has no lofty ideas about art or symbolism; to tell him that a barnyard fowl is the Awakener of the World will be a shameful waste of language; to him, Chantecler will be a common or garden cock and nothing more. What will be the result? We do not need to wait to see. Over in Geneva the other day a young woman ventured into the daylight with a Chantecler hat, which was crowned by stuffed cock. Self-consciousness did not need to come into play to assure her that she made an unusual figure in the city of watches; in a flash all the gamins were in pursuit, each outdoing the other in yells of "co-co-ri-co." Seeking safety in flight, the distracted woman turned into a blind alley, from whence she was rescued only by a strong squad of gendarmes. American boys may be relied upon to equal the Geneva brand. So rare an opportunity to prove their command over the shrill clarion of the farmyard will be to great a temptation to be resisted.

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By mistake a farmer had got aboard a car reserved for a party of college graduates who were returning to their alma mater for some special event. There was a large quantity of refreshments on the car, and the farmer was allowed to join the others. Finally some one asked him: "Are you an alumnus?" "No," said the farmer earnestly; "but I believe in it."

The burlesque comedian had described the artist's studio act he was trying to put into audeville. "Just let me put it on for one night," he pleaded, "and you'll be turning the people away for the rest of my engagement." "That's exactly what I'd be doing," dryly replied the decent vaudeville manager; "but it would take weeks and weeks of coaxing to get all those people back again."

Glasgow invitations are nothing if not hearty. Two friends met after a fairly long separation. "Man, Tam," says one, "whaur n' a' the airth hae ye been hidin' yersel'?" I havena seen ye for an age." "Weel, Jeems, I've been doon Gourock way a guid while. Come doon an' see me sune. I've got a set of good boxing gloves, an' if ye come doon any day I'll knock the face aff ye."

A lady called at a real estate office to engage a store for a rummage sale. The agent in charge told her he could not give her a positive answer, as there was sickness in the rooms over the store. After leaving, it occurred to her that the illness might be scarlet fever or something contagious. Going back, she put the question, "Is it a contagious disease?" The reply came quickly, "No, it's a boy!"

Robert Smith, brother of Sydney Smith and an ex-advocate-general, on one occasion was engaged in an argument with a physician over the merits of their respective professions. "I don't say that all lawyers are crooks," said he doctor in his final summing up, "but my opponent will have to admit that his profession doesn't make angels of men." "No," quietly retorted Smith, "you doctors certainly have the best of us there."

A staunch teetotaler and an enthusiastic fisherman had a good stretch of the Dee to fish in, and engaged the services of an experienced boatman. But night after night he came back with empty creel, and at length leaped in disgust. When he was gone the boatman was approached and asked how it was that a fairly expert fisherman had such a run of ill-luck. "A weel," said the man, "he had nae whuskie, and I took him where here was nae fush."

An Irish policeman who was also something of a sportsman had been posted on a road near Dublin to catch the scorching motorist. Presently one came along at twenty miles an hour, and the policeman saw it pass without a sign. Next came a large motor raveling at forty miles an hour, and the eyes of the guardian of the public brightened. And then one passed at the rate of a mile a minute. "Begorra," said Pat, slapping his high, "that's the best of the lot."

Dr. Wood, the popular head master of Harrow school, once told a story of a boy who missed a battalion drill, which is considered a somewhat serious offense at the famous school. The doctor summoned the lad, an American, to his study and thus addressed him: "Do you know, as the honorary colonel of the cadet corps, I can have you shot and is the head master I can have you hirced? Now, which sentence do you prefer?" The humor of the situation overcame the culprit's nervousness, and with a smile he replied: "I prefer to be shot, sir, because then you'll be hung."

They were penurious "penny-a-liners," and he lived together, partly because they didn't mind each other much, but principally because they were about the same size, and one best suit of clothes did for both. In the silent watches of the night one of them awoke to hear a suspicious creaking in the room. It was a hungry burglar, who had mistaken his room for an adjoining suite, occupied by a wealthy fishmonger. "George," he shrieked, "there's a burglar in the room." "You blundering idiot!" roared his bedmate. "Why the dickens couldn't you keep quiet? He might have dropped something!"

It was a newly appointed officer on General Sherman's staff whose wit saved him from a breach of etiquette. The general liked young men; but not when they were fresh. He was full of praise for the bright officer in his first epaulettes; but despised a second lieutenant's attempted familiarity. One night he happened to overhear a boyish officer say to a group of friends: "Sherman? Deuced good fellow. He and I had a bottle of wine together. I am rather fond of old Sherman,

you know." The general joined the gathering amid profound silence. Turning to the lieutenant, he said sternly, "I think, sir, you might have said General Sherman." "No," answered the youngster with happy presence of mind. "Did you ever hear of General Achilles or General Julius Caesar?"

Ahhé de Voisenon had been unfortunate enough to offend the great Condé and lose his favor. When the abbé went to court to make his peace with the offended prince, the latter rudely turned his back on him. "Thank heaven, sir," the abbé exclaimed, "I have been misinformed! Your highness does not treat me as if I were an enemy." "Why do you say that?" the prince demanded. "Because, sir," answered the abbé, "your highness never turns his back on an enemy."

It is customary for parents in the rural districts of the South to help out the teacher's salary. This is done by giving meat, meal, potatoes—in fact, anything they may have. In a certain community there lived a large family. All the children were in school, but the parents never gave anything toward the salary. One day the oldest daughter, Mary, came up to the teacher's desk and said: "Fessor, pa's gwine sen' yous a pig." "Tell him I'll be more than obliged," said the surprised teacher. A week or two passed and the pig did not get around to his house. "Where's that pig your father was going to send me?" he asked Mary. "Oh," Mary replied, "that pig got well."

THE MERRY MUSE.

Forgetful.

I went into a barber shop,  
A little corner place;  
The barber must have had a drop,  
He hadly cut my face,  
And when he saw my face was cut,  
With all his might and main  
He soused me with witch-hazel, but  
It didn't stop the pain.

Next day, in a forgiving mood,  
I took another chance,  
The naughty barber by me stood  
With supercilious glance,  
"You shave yourself sometimes, I guess,"  
The barber did observe,  
And I was mute, I must confess,  
Before such lofty nerve.  
—Washington Herald.

The Laundry of Life.

Life is a laundry in which we  
Are ironed out, or soon, or late.  
Who has not known the irony  
Of fate?

We enter it when we are born,  
Our colors bright. Full soon they fade.  
We exit "done up," old and worn,  
And frayed;

Frayed round the edges, worn and thin—  
Life is a rough old linen slinger.  
Who has not lost a button in  
Life's wringer?

With other linen we are tubbed,  
With other linen often tangled;  
In open court we then are scrubbed,  
And mangled.

Some take a gloss of happiness  
The hardest wear can not diminish;  
Others, alas! get a "domes-  
tic finish."

—Bert Leston Taylor, in the House Beautiful.

The Rubaiyat Up to Date.

A can of succotash beneath a bough,  
Some turnips, beans, and peas for me and thou!  
The while the Meat Trust howls in futile woe  
We're learning to eat vegetables now.  
—Boston Traveler.

No Occupation.

She rose before daylight made crimson the East  
For duties that never diminished,  
And never the sun when he sank in the West  
Looked down upon work that was finished.

She cooked an unending procession of meals,  
Preserving and canning and baking.  
She swept, she dusted, she washed and she scrubbed

With never a rest from it taking.

A family of children she brought in the world  
And raised them and trained them and taught them.  
She made all the clothes, and patched, mended,  
and darned  
Till miracles seemed to have wrought them.

She watched by the bedside of sickness and pain,  
Her hand cooled the raging of fever;  
She carpentered, painted, upholstered, and scraped,  
And worked just as hard as a beaver.

And yet as a lady of leisure, it seems,  
The government looks on her station;  
For now by the rules of the census report  
It enters her: "No occupation."

—New York Sun.

Two young ladies were talking the other day about a third who had just become engaged to a widower who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," exclaimed one, "than four children and a cornet?" "Nothing," said the other, "excepting, perhaps, six children and a trombone."

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.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	a 9:50p	2:32p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:50p	.....	3:45p
.....	1:45p	.....	5:20p	.....	6:10p
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Society's flitting for the summer has been the keynote of the social progress of the week, and the exodus has been so marked during the past few days as to well nigh deplete the ranks of the smart set in town.

In service circles has been found the greatest social activity, several large dinners at Mare Island and the Presidio being followed by the brilliant reception at the Army and Navy Club, which was the most noteworthy event of the season in the service set.

Luncheons for the June brides have dotted the social calendar with some degree of frequency, the most elaborate being that given by Miss Mary Keeney for Miss Helene Irwin.

Bridge parties have been almost entirely displaced this week by informal teas, which have scarcely reached the size or dignity of a reception.

The home-coming of a number of bridal couples from the south has furnished an excuse for some informal entertaining, but the gradual cessation of gaiety for the season is growing more evident with each passing day.

The engagement was announced on Saturday of Miss Gladys Courtian and Mr. John A. Britton, Jr. Miss Courtian is the daughter of Mrs. Helen Courtian and the late Mr. Eugene Courtian, and is a prominent member of the class of the University of California. The groom-elect is the second son of Mr. John A. Britton of this city. No definite date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place in the fall.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Alma Jessie Lubben and Dr. R. Fulton Patterson, U. S. A. The wedding will take place next month. Mrs. William Westerfield, the sister of the bride-elect, entertained at a card party in her honor on Monday, at which fifty guests shared the hospitality of the hostess.

Mrs. J. C. McCall announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Esther McCall, to Mr. Percival Walker Barnard at a tea which she gave at her home on Saturday. Mr. Barnard is the son of Colonel F. H. Barnard, U. S. A., and Mrs. Barnard of Minneapolis.

An engagement of interest to many San Franciscans was announced this week in St. Louis. It is that of Miss Mary Frances Boyce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Boyce, and Lieutenant Henry Sales Kilbourne of the Fourth Artillery.

An interesting engagement is that of Miss Leila Lane Shelby of Portland and Mr. Frank Gilchrist Owen, which has just been announced. The bride-elect is the granddaughter of the late Governor Lane of Oregon and Mr. Owen is the son of Mr. John S. Owen, the millionaire lumberman of Wisconsin. He is a graduate of Cornell and for the past year has made his home in Portland, where the wedding will take place in June.

Chaplain and Mrs. H. G. Jones stationed at the Presidio have announced the engagement of their daughter, Della Evangel, to Lieutenant Halstead P. Councilman, U. S. A., of the Coast Artillery Corps at Fort Baker. No date has been mentioned for the wedding.

Plans for the wedding of Miss Claire Nichols and Mr. Charles Mills, which will take place June 2, have been practically completed. The ceremony will take place at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church at San Mateo and the bridal party will include Miss Peggy Nichols as maid of honor and Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Mary Cunningham, and Miss Nora Brewer.

Mrs. Grace Hardeman has announced the marriage of her daughter, Louise, to Lieutenant George Richard Koehler, U. S. A. The ceremony took place Saturday, May 7, in St. Paul, Minnesota. Their honeymoon trip included a visit to New York, Boston, and Washington, and they will be at home after June 4 at Fort Lincoln, North Dakota, where Lieutenant Koehler's regiment is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Leonora Musto and Ensign John William Lewis, U. S. N., which took place in Stockton Wednesday, May 11, is of much local interest. Owing to the recent death of the bride's father the wedding was a small affair. Miss Florence Musto attended the bride as maid of honor and Lieutenant Culp was best man. The groom is attached to the U. S. S. *Lawrence*.

Local society is interested in the marriage of Miss Arline Meade and Count Paolo Labia, which took place Saturday, May 14, in London. The bride is the daughter of Mr. George Meade, and made her home here for a number of years before going to New York to live.

The wedding of Miss Florence Plummer and Mr. Joseph McIlroy took place Tuesday evening, May 17, at the home of the bride in Alameda. Rev. Bradford Leavitt performed the ceremony. Miss Ethel Plummer, the bride's sister, was maid of honor and the bridesmaids were Miss Theo. Spaulding, Miss Hazel Holt, and Miss Ruth Holt.

The plans for the wedding of Miss Genevieve Harvey and Mr. Ward Barron, which will take place June 1, have been perfected only as far as the choosing of the bridesmaids. Miss Edith von Schroeder and Miss Margaret Barron will act in this capacity.

The reception at the Army and Navy Club on Saturday night, May 14, was in the nature of a housewarming at the club's new quarters on Post Street. The guests were received by Colonel C. G. Woodward and Mrs. Woodward, Colonel Nat Phister and Mrs. Phister, Colonel A. S. B. Davis and Mrs. Davis, and Colonel John C. W. Brooks, assisted by the officers of the club, who include Captain Frederick Stafford, Captain H. Scagner, Captain John G. Berry, Lieutenant Frederick Krause, Captain J. A. McGee, Commander A. A. Pratt, Colonel W. W. King, Surgeon F. E. McLaughlin, General James F. Smith, Captain George Bauer, Colonel Horace Wilson, Captain Thomas D. Ashburn, and Colonel D. A. Smith. The guest list included Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Henry T. Ferguson, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Captain and Mrs. Carroll Buck, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Fraser Douglas, General Thomas

H. Barry and Mrs. Barry, Miss Ellen Barry, Captain and Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Emma Turner, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. A. A. Pratt, Miss Jennie Lee, Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Paymaster and Mrs. Walter Greer, Captain George Grimes and Mrs. Grimes, Colonel John A. Lundeen and Mrs. Lundeen, Miss Marie Lundeen, Dr. W. W. King and Mrs. King, Lieutenant Edward Pritchett, Major and Mrs. McLaughlin, Captain and Mrs. Roach, Captain and Mrs. Brady, Lieutenant Charles B. Stone and Mrs. Stone, Admiral John Milton and Mrs. Milton, Commander E. W. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Major and Mrs. Frick, Lieutenant and Mrs. Fairfax, Captain and Mrs. Helms, Colonel Charles Chubb, Dr. and Mrs. Gibner, Captain Thomas Jefferson Powers, Captain Louis Chappalaer and Mrs. Chappalaer, Captain Isaac Erwin and Mrs. Erwin, Captain Frank Ferguson, Lieutenant Paul Beck and Mrs. Beck, Miss Phister, Miss Della Jones, and Miss Lillian Van Vorst.

Miss Mary Keeney entertained at a luncheon Monday, May 9, complimentary to Miss Helene Irwin, the fiancée of Mr. Templeton Crocker. Among her guests were Mrs. Walter S. Martin, Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Mrs. Orville Pratt, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Julia Langhorne, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Isabel Sprague, Miss Marian Newhall, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Miss Lillian Van Vorst was hostess at a luncheon on Saturday and with her guests attended the matinee. Among those present were Miss Agnes Tillman, Miss Josephine Johnson, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Anne Olney, and Miss Dorothy Van Sicken.

The officers stationed at the Presidio were hosts at a dance on Wednesday evening which was given in honor of the officers and ladies of the First Field Artillery, which is leaving for a new station at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Among some of those present were Colonel John A. Lundeen and Mrs. Lundeen, Colonel Charles Chubb and Mrs. Chubb, Captain and Mrs. Niel, Captain John Burke and Mrs. Burke, Captain and Mrs. Chappalaer, Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn and Mrs. Ashburn, Captain Frederick Stafford and Mrs. Stafford, Captain George Grimes and Mrs. Grimes, Captain Jesse Langdon and Mrs. Langdon, Captain Theodore Steele and Mrs. Steele, Lieutenant Harold Naylor and Mrs. Naylor, Lieutenant Paul Beck and Mrs. Beck, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Neal, Miss Marjorie Buckingham, Miss Marie Lundeen, Miss Marian Huntington, Lieutenant Edward Pritchett, Lieutenant Piel, Lieutenant Emmons, Lieutenant J. M. Burns, Lieutenant Anderson, Lieutenant Ord, and Lieutenant George Rublin.

Mrs. George Howard of San Mateo entertained informally at luncheon at the St. Francis on Tuesday. Dr. and Mrs. Laurence Draper gave a delightful dinner on Monday night, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kuechler and Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley.

Mrs. Uriel Sebree was hostess at an informal dinner at the Fairmont on Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Mortimer Smith, who is in San Francisco en route from Honolulu to her home in Massachusetts.

Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer was hostess at a tea Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Denning Smith of New York.

Mrs. Frederick Beaver entertained informally at a tea at her home on Webster Street on Wednesday afternoon. A score of friends enjoyed her hospitality.

Mrs. Thomas Murray, who makes her home at Monterey, gave a tea Sunday at which she entertained the following: Mrs. John A. Darling, Mrs. George McIvor, Major W. K. Wright and Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Vesta Shortridge Bruguiere, Mr. and Mrs. Tonda, Lieutenant W. S. Barringer and Mrs. Barringer, and Mrs. R. S. Merriman.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Mansfield entertained at dinner at the Fairmont on Thursday evening in honor of Captain Carroll Buck and Mrs. Buck.

Mrs. Milton Pray was hostess at a tea on Tuesday afternoon at the St. Francis complimentary to Mrs. Denning Smith, who is being much entertained during her visit here from New York.

Miss Grace Buckley and Miss Violet Buckley entertained a dozen friends at luncheon at the Fairmont on Tuesday.

The Misses Morrison entertained at a house party during the rose carnival at their country home at San Jose, their guests being a number of friends from San Francisco.

Miss Nina Blow presided at a card party at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Charles M. Ray, on Wednesday evening, at which she entertained in honor of Mrs. Giles B. Harber. Among those present were Captain and Mrs. Arthur W. Dodd, Lieutenant and Mrs. Samuel L. Graham, Captain Edward B. Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, Colonel Dickens and Mrs. Dickens, Captain and Mrs. Edwin A. Anderson, Mrs. Mary Turner, Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, and Commander Stone of the U. S. S. *Buffalo*.

The matinee hops are to be continued during the summer by the officers at the Mare Island Navy Yard and will take place on the second and fourth Thursdays of each month between the hours of four and six.

Mrs. Worthington Mosely entertained at an informal luncheon at her quarters at the Presidio on Monday at which the guests were Mrs. C. W. Neal, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. Benjamin Wade, Mrs. W. A. Carleton, Mrs. Iden Olin, Mrs. J. Kruger, and Mrs. Frederick Day.

Miss Angela Coyle gave a luncheon Friday in honor of Miss Marie Churchill, at whose wedding she will act as maid of honor. The luncheon took place at the Coyle home on Jackson Street.

Miss Dorothy Chapman was a luncheon hostess on Wednesday and with her guests attended the matinee at its conclusion.

Mrs. George Grimes was hostess at a bridge party and tea at the Presidio Monday, May 16, at which she entertained about sixty guests. Miss Grimes was assisted in receiving by her mother, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Louis Chappalaer, Mrs. Benjamin Wade, Mrs. Joseph O'Neil, and Mrs. Frank Ely.

Mrs. James Tyson has sent out cards for a reception in honor of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Weihe (formerly Miss Jean Tyson), on Wednesday, May 25. It will take place at the Tyson home in Alameda. Those who will receive with Mrs. Tyson and her daughter are Miss Miriam

McNear, Miss Metha McMahon, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Roberta Hazlett, and Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Mrs. Frank Proctor was a luncheon hostess on Wednesday, when she entertained for Miss Mollie Mathes, who goes East in a few weeks.

Captain Frederick Bradman, U. S. M. C., and Mrs. Bradman entertained at a dinner on Saturday evening at their home on Yerba Buena. The affair was given in honor of Captain E. W. Brown of the *Pensacola* and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. H. D. Green of Portland was the guest of honor at a dinner given for her by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chubb prior to her departure for her northern home on Tuesday.

Miss Elsa Hinz entertained at a house party over the week end at her country home at Mill Valley.

Mrs. T. B. Steele made a number of army matrons her guests on Tuesday at a bridge party which she gave at her quarters at the Presidio. Among the players were Mrs. Nat Phister, Mrs. G. E. Prince, Mrs. Truchy, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. Joseph Gaston, Mrs. J. C. O'Neil, Mrs. A. W. Faulkner, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. W. Carleton.

Captain and Mrs. Carroll Buck were the guests of honor at a dinner Monday evening given by Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan.

Miss Christine McNah gave an informal dance at her home on Broadway Tuesday evening at which the guests were from the younger set who have not yet formally entered society.

Mrs. Norman McLaren entertained at a reception on Tuesday afternoon in honor of Rev. J. Wittmer Gresham and Mrs. Gresham. The Rev. Mr. Gresham is the newly appointed dean of Grace Cathedral.

Mr. Martin Haenke was host at a luncheon Sunday at the San Mateo Country Club. He entertained for his fiancée, Miss Marie Churchill, and his guests included twelve friends.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicken entertained a house party over the week end at her home in Alameda which included Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Josephine Johnson, Miss Agnes Tillman, Mr. Arthur Fennimore, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. William Chalmers, Mr. Daniel Volkman, and Mr. George Willcutt.

## Mount Tamalpais Comet Excursions.

The Mount Tamalpais Railroad will run special trains to the summit of Mount Tamalpais on Monday evening, May 23, 1910, leaving San Francisco at 4:45 p. m., arriving at the summit in time for dinner at the Tavern of Tamalpais and to view the sunset.

Another train will leave San Francisco at 6:45 p. m., arriving at the summit shortly after eight o'clock.

These excursions will enable those who take the trip to have an unobstructed view of the comet during the total eclipse of the moon, which takes place between nine and ten p. m., at which time the comet should be quite brilliant on account of the sky being darkened during the eclipse. This is a chance which never happened before.

Returning, a special train will leave the summit of Mount Tamalpais at 9:50 p. m., in time to connect with the last boat from Mill Valley, landing the passengers back in San Francisco at about 11:40.

No one should fail to take this trip, as the Halley comet is a rare visitor, making a call once in seventy-five years, and it may never happen again that we have a total eclipse of the moon on the same evening.

Mount Tamalpais, being situated half a mile high, is above the fogs and the haze which bangs over the city and vicinity, and the view and sight should be something incomparable.



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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Denman, who has been abroad with her daughter, Mrs. Frank Cheatham, is at present in Holland. Mrs. Cheatham has sailed for home and will join Major Cheatham in Washington.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel, San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren Dearborn Clark have moved their town house and gone to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Miller have gone East, where they will remain till October.

Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. E. B. Clement, Miss Helen Ashton, and Miss Bessie Ashton have returned from Carmel-by-the-Sea, where they have been spending the past month.

Mr. Evan Evans and his son, Arthur, will all June 3 for England, where they will spend several months.

Miss Laura Pearkes has returned to her home in Southern California, after a visit at the De Sable home at El Cerrito Park.

Mr. Cyril Tobin returned Wednesday from a two weeks' trip to Denver.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge are spending several months in the East, but have decided not to go abroad.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Kirkpatrick have gone to Pleasanton, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Edwin A. Anderson will leave within a few weeks for Annapolis, where she will attend the commencement exercises at the Naval Academy. Her son, Mr. Lorain Anderson, is in the graduating class.

Mrs. Wallace Berthoff will visit her mother, Mrs. Marriner, in San Francisco this summer. Lieutenant Berthoff has been attached to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, where they have made their home for the past year.

Mrs. Charles Keeney and Miss Innis Keeney have reached New York, where they are visiting Mrs. Edward Tomlinson (formerly Miss Ethel Keeney) at the Ansonia.

Dr. and Mrs. William Boericke have closed their town house on Washington Street and will spend the summer at Mill Valley.

Mrs. James Coglian, widow of Rear-Admiral Coglian, has been the guest of Mrs. James Keeney.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan leave this week for the East, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller have been visiting at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Wilson and Miss Maud Wilson will spend the summer at Belvedere.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander expects to join her daughter, Miss Harriett Alexander, on the continent within a few months.

Mrs. Ryland Wallace and her mother, Mrs. George Bradley, are in New York, but will sail shortly for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean are at the Volcott in New York.

Miss Jean Centre of Honolulu is visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister have reached New York en route to San Francisco after a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyril E. Maud will spend this week at Paso Robles, going later to Del Monte or the summer.

Miss Edith von Schroeder is the guest of Miss Genevieve Harvey at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin on Broadway.

Mrs. James Otis, the Misses Cora and Frederika Otis, and Miss Jane Selby are now traveling in Italy.

Mrs. Van Vorst and her daughter, Miss Lillian, will leave next month for the East and Europe.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her children will spend the summer in Europe, having left the first of the week for New York.

Mrs. L. M. Leahy has joined Captain Leahy of the California at Mare Island, after a visit with her mother, Mrs. John Harrington.

Mr. and Mrs. Squire Varrick Mooney will go to Klamath Falls in June, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. John Dunn left Monday for Paris, where he plans to join Mr. Frank Goad and Mr. Joseph Eastland, who have been abroad six months.

Rev. John Nichols has joined Mrs. Nichols in San Mateo, where she has been visiting Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols.

Miss Ethel Shorh is spending the month of May in London, where she is being much entertained.

Mrs. M. B. Kellogg and Miss Louise Kellogg are traveling in Italy.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., has returned to her home in Los Angeles, after a visit of several weeks with her relatives in San Francisco.

Mr. Cutler Paige is contemplating a trip to Europe with possibly a tour of the world before his return.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Bromfield (formerly Miss Dorothy Innis) have arrived from New York and will make their home at San Mateo.

Dr. and Mrs. Perry and their daughter, Miss Gertrude, will leave next week for Yosemite. They will be accompanied by Miss Julia Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) have arrived from their home in Colorado Springs for a visit with Mrs. Brown's parents. With Mrs. W. F. McNutt and Miss Linda Cadwalader they will leave next week for Yosemite.

Miss Edith Simpson is expected home from New York next month.

Mrs. C. L. Peters sailed for Europe this week and will not return to San Francisco for several months.

Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Agnes Tillman, and Miss Elva de Pue are planning to spend several weeks in the McCloud River country.

Ensign Charles Conway Hartigan and Mrs. Hartigan (formerly Miss Margaret Thompson) have returned from their honeymoon trip and are at Mare Island.

Major Haldinand Young and Mrs. Young will spend a few weeks in the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, who have been

visiting in Melbourne, Australia, will spend the month of June in Honolulu, returning in July to their apartments at the Fairmont.

Miss Genevieve Harvey has come up from Del Monte and is at the home of her grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst will spend the summer months in Europe, having left for New York on Monday.

Mrs. Francis J. Sullivan, with her son and daughter, will leave in June for Europe and will join Mr. Sullivan, who is now on the continent.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dernham are expected to return shortly from Europe and will spend the summer at their home at San Mateo.

Mrs. William Matson, Miss Lurline Matson, Mrs. Eugene Bresse, and Miss Metha McMahon have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mintzer will go East in a few days and with their son and daughter, who are at school there, will make a brief visit in Philadelphia before returning to San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams will spend the summer at their country home on the McCloud River.

Mrs. William Henshaw and her daughter, Miss Florence, will leave June 1 for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Sprague and their daughter, Miss Isabel, who reached here from New Orleans last week, have taken a house at Menlo for the summer.

Miss Cora Smedberg is at home again, after a visit to Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Bush Finnell have returned from a visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. Isaac Irwin, wife of Captain Irwin, U. S. A., left Wednesday evening for Detroit, where she will spend the summer with friends.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway will leave on May 23 and will spend several months in London, Paris, and Rome.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore will leave June 1 for their ranch near St. Helena.

Mrs. Rodgers, wife of Rear-Admiral Rodgers, who arrived last week with Miss Rodgers from Puget Sound, has gone to Yosemite for several weeks.

Mrs. Denning Smith will return to her home in New York June 1.

Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas and Miss Gertrude Thomas are in Genoa and will tour Italy before going to Oberammergau.

Mrs. William Kohl is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl at San Mateo and later will spend the summer with them at their Lake Tahoe villa.

Captain Murray Baldwin is at the Presidio, where he will be stationed for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McDonald of Kentucky, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McDonald (formerly Miss Anita Davis), and Mr. and Mrs. Allan McDonald (formerly Miss Suzanne Kirkpatrick) will spend the next two weeks in the Yosemite.

Mrs. Jessie Dorr has returned from Paris and is the guest of Lieutenant Claude Brigham and Mrs. Brigham (formerly Miss Elsie Dorr) at Fortress Monroe, Virginia.

Mr. Isaac Upham is now in China, after a visit with friends in Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. James Hall Bishop and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Porter Bishop left Thursday for Yosemite, where they will spend several weeks.

Mrs. William Bertsch, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. E. A. Tripler, will sail in November for Manila.

Miss Jane Crellin is the guest of her cousin, Miss Eleanor Gill, in Portland.

Mrs. L. L. Baker and her son, Mr. Leavitt Baker, have gone to the Baker ranch in Shasta County. Mrs. Baker will visit Mr. and Mrs. Drummond MacGavin (formerly Miss Helen Baker) at Kennett before her return.

Mr. William B. Gollier and his daughters, Miss Lara and Miss Lutie, will go to their country place at Clear Lake on June 1, where they will spend the summer. Miss Morrison Fuller of St. Louis will accompany them.

Mrs. Frederick Fenwick, Mrs. Alexander Frazer Douglas, and Mrs. Frederick Spencer Palmer left Monday for Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vincent Rose (formerly Miss Maud Bourn) have arrived in London and are settled in their new home.

Mrs. J. M. Driscoll and Miss Vernon have returned from Hillsboro, where they have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Driscoll.

Bishop and Mrs. William Ford Nichols will spend the summer at San Mateo, where they have already opened their country home.

Mr. Henry M. Hart arrived on Thursday from Porto Rico, where for the past two years he has been the American consul-general.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes left Saturday for New York to meet Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heilman (formerly Miss Azalea Keyes) on their arrival from Europe. They will all come to San Francisco in July.

Colonel John A. Darling and Mrs. Darling will go abroad in August for an indefinite stay. They have leased a house in England, where they will make their home for a year or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Umben have closed their residence on Broadway and gone to San Jose for the summer.

Mr. Carl Schilling will occupy the Rodman Pell cottage at Sausalito for the summer.

Captain Orrin R. Wolfe, U. S. A., who has been stationed at Fort Seward, Alaska, is visiting at the home of his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins, at Sausalito. He is en route to Washington.

Captain and Mrs. Joseph C. Castner have arrived from Honolulu and are at their new post at Fort McDowell.

Miss Mildred Lansing returned Saturday from New York.

Mrs. James Cunningham and Miss Sara Cunningham, of New York, will join Miss Mary Cunningham in San Francisco within the week.

Mr. Frederick Poett arrived last week from Santa Barbara and is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Harry Poett at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Muele and their daughter, Miss Sophie, arrived from Tahiti on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armshy will return from New York the last of this month.

Miss Nellie Stow, who has been touring the

Orient, returned on the *Mongolia* and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Vanderyn Stow.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. Thomas Mirk, Mr. Neil L. Neilsen, Mr. W. Ewing, Mr. O. N. Hall, Dr. and Mrs. Gates, Mr. M. W. Davis, Mrs. W. Grant Wilson Mr. J. J. McGinness, Mr. Harry J. Lask, Mr. C. A. Snyder, Miss Lorena K. Shinn, Miss Hildegard Zimdars, Mr. Hugh G. Guyer, Mrs. S. T. Bernhard.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. J. A. Marsh, Mrs. Julius Gabriel and daughter, the Misses Joseph, Miss Frisbee, Mr. E. C. Bergin, Mr. and Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mr. and Mrs. Wilson Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. de Lappe, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Keithley, Miss E. G. Unger.

**The Decay of the Pseudonym.**

The fact that the name of Mark Twain was familiar to many thousand persons who never heard of Samuel M. Clemens recalls the decay of the pseudonym (remarks the *Chicago Tribune*). In the days when the humorist adopted as a pen name the call of the Mississippi River boatmen it was most common for writers to use the nom de plume, as it has come to be called. "Artemus Ward," "Q. K. Philander Doesticks, P. B.," "Mrs. Partington," "Sam Slick," "Petroleum V. Nasby," "Sut Lovingood," "Orpheus C. Kerr," "Fanny Fern," "John Phoenix," were only a few of the names assumed by writers in this country forty or more years ago. Now few contemporaries use the pseudonym. "Octave Thane," as Miss French calls herself, is nearly the only example of its survival.

In England "Lucas Malet" and "Frank Danby" are the chief pen names which recall themselves among present writers. "Anthony Hope," being the first part of Mr. Hawkins's name, hardly comes under that head. "F. Anstey" and "Hugh Conway" were popular a few years ago.

In France the practice has been common for centuries not only among writers but people of all classes. "Pierre Loti" and "Anatole France" are more prominent than any other pseudonyms of the present day. But even there the fashion is in decay.

This (Saturday) afternoon, the Bach choir of the University of California will give the "St. Matthew Passion" at the Greek Theatre. Dr. Wolle will play the piano accompaniment to the Passion music as written by Bach. The soloists will be: Miss Alice J. Andrews, soprano; Mrs. Orrin Kip McMurray, soprano; Mrs. Frances Thoroughman, soprano; Mrs. A. E. Weed, soprano; Mr. Carl Anderson, tenor; Mr. Henry Mustard, bass; Mr. Hotter Wismer, concert-meister.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Mistress*—So you want to leave, Mary? With what motive are you leaving? *Cook*—It aint a motive, mum; it's a policeman.—*Boston Courier*.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before." "You have, my lord. I used to give your daughter singing lessons." "Twenty years!"—*Cassell's Magazine*.

"She began as a chorus girl." "Well?" "But recently she outstripped some of the leading prima donnas." "Are you referring to her progress or her costumes?"—*Pittsburg Post*.

"Can you tell me how to live 100 years?" The philosopher stroked his beard thoughtfully. "I will try," he said, "if you can give any good reason for wanting to live 100 years."—*Siray Stories*.

"I'm sorry I quit burlesque for society drama. I aint getting the laughs these days." "Get back to first principles, my boy. Biff somebody every time you utter an epigram."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Some scientific sharp claims that outdoor sports produce optimism." "Baseball does, I know. Just now all the fans are saying that it is better to do your losing early in the season."—*Pittsburg Post*.

*Father*—I must study that young man of yours, daughter. I want to see how he takes hold of things that interest him. *Daughter*—All right, dad. Just pop out suddenly on the piazza some night.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*Judge*—You are privileged to challenge any member of the jury now being impeached. *Prisoner*—Well, then, yer honor, O'll fight the shmall mon wid wan eye, in the corner, there ferminst yez.—*Metropolitan Magazine*.

*Higgins*—How were the aeroplane races yesterday? *Wiggins*—Good, only for the fact that the track was too heavy for making records. *Higgins*—What do you mean? *Wiggins*—They were pulled off over Pittsburg, you know.—*Puck*.

"I defy any one to name a field of endeavor in which men do not receive more consideration than women!" exclaimed the orator at a suffragette meeting. "The chorus," murmured some irresponsible person.—*Lippincott's Magazine*.

*Mr. Skimpurse* (after a decided refusal)—I know what the matter is. It's because I am poor. You would marry me if I were rich. *Miss Gollie* (thoughtfully)—Perhaps so, but you would have to be very, very rich.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

*Suburbanite*—I went out to look at that piece of property you advertised as being a stone's throw from the depot. *Real Estate Agent*—Well? *Suburbanite*—All I've got to say is that I'd like to meet the man who threw the stone.—*St. Louis Star*.

*Rural Theatre Manager*—That fellow Shakespeare must be makin' all kinds of money. *Traveling Manager*—Why so? *Rural Theatre Manager*—Because every repertory troupe that plays this town puts on one or two pieces by him.—*Milwaukee News*.

"By the way," continued the near-sport, "who is the lightweight champion of America?" "It is still a matter of doubt," answered the wise guy. "Some claim the title for the coal dealer, while others say the ice-man is entitled to it."—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Pardon me, madam, but the way that man across the aisle is staring at you must be very offensive. Do you wish me to interfere?" "Oh, no, thank you. That's my husband." "Your husband!" "Yes. He's very near-sighted and thinks I'm somebody else."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"Do you enjoy hunting?" "No." "Perhaps you have never had favorable opportunities for enjoying the sport. What have you hunted mostly?" "Before I was married I generally hunted for a hoarding place. Since then most of my hunting has been for flats."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I hear, doctor, that my friend Brown, whom you have been treating so long for liver trouble, has died of stomach trouble," said one of the physician's patients. "Don't you believe all you hear," replied the doctor. "When I treat a man for liver trouble he dies of liver trouble."—*Everyday's Magazine*.

"Life aint nothin' but disappointment," groaned the Chronic Grouch. "Cheer up!" urged the Cheerful Mutt. "Didn't you git \$50 fer puttin' yer picture in the paper as havin' hen cured o' all yer ills by Bunk's Pills?" "Yes, I did. An' now all my relatifs are askin' me why I don't go to work, now th't I'm cured!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Good Man*—Ah, my poor fellow, I feel sorry for you. Why don't you work? When I was young, for ten years I was never in bed after five. An hour's work before breakfast, then five hours' work, then dinner, then four hours' more work, then supper, then bed, then up again at five next morning—

*Loafer*—I say, hoss, where did ye serve your time—Sing Sing or Joliet?—*Columbian Magazine*.

*Little Boy*—I want a dose of castor-oil. *Druggist*—Do you want the kind you can't taste? *Little Boy* (onxious to get even)—No, sir; it's for mother.—*San Jose Citizen*.

*Marie* (embroidering)—I need a new stiletto. *Elsie*—What is a stiletto? *May Bugham*—Oh, don't you know? It's a hook that tells you all about the grand operas!—*Sharps and Flats*.

*Usher*—Ladies, the audience wishes you to keep still during this performance. *Ladies*—Heavens! Is it possible that the audience hasn't heard this old opera before?—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Well, how's things?" "Fine," replied the author. "The critics pronounced my last novel so worthless that I have six publishers bidding for my next hook."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*Stronger* (mysteriously)—I'd like to get into a gambling game of some sort. Where can I go? *Tired Looking Man* (whispering)—Over to the office of that justice of the peace. He'll marry you.—*St. Louis Star*.

"Ah, Mr. Jimsoll!" exclaimed the kittenish lady with the plenitude of powder on her face, "you must remember I am a daughter of Eve." "Well, honestly," replied the blundering man, "you don't look half that old."—*Chicago Post*.

In a Dairy Restaurant.

"Excuse me," he said to the girl in the army-blue dress with the lavender bows: "I would not for the world interrupt you or disturb your gracious equanimity; but I feel it incumbent on me to remark that although your hair is undoubtedly of that rich, warm, golden hue, with tender auburn shades in it that poets have loved to sing and painters have made a specialty of limning, yet that is not bringing me that cold oatmeal and milk, and a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls that I asked you for about half an hour ago." "No," he said, "you are entirely mistaken. I do not mean to insult you. Homage to beauty is never an insult. It is one of the purest outpourings of the natural heart; and if I call your attention to the fact that you have a shell-like ear, which even the purest diamond pendant from the mines of Golconda would but mar, it is only that I may the better incline that heauteous organ to listen to my plaintive moan for one cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream, and two Graham rolls."


"I was just thinking," he said, "that those eyes of yours, in their blue and crystalline depths, hold something of the mysterious secret of the sea, and that if I had time I would hire a seat for the day, and a telescope, and hark in their pure translucency until my soul melted away in a cerulean bliss. But at present I have leisure only to call your attention to the fact that the hot wheaten-grits and strawberry shortcake with which you have furnished me can not readily be regarded in the light of one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls."

"Do you know," he said, "that you have a mole on your chin which most effectively sets off the pure alabaster of your complexion, and may be called an ornament to the basement of your face? The famous Madame de Pompadour had a mole like that, only not so well situated. Its beauty was frequently remarked on in the court of Louis the Fourteenth. And yet I will wager all I have of the red, red gold that if Madame de Pompadour had taken the contract to furnish me with my modest midday meal, she wouldn't have kept me waiting threequarters of an hour, and then brought me a piece of pie and a cup of tea for one cold oatmeal and milk, a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls."

"Your voice is most wondrous sweet," he said; "it is not like most women's voices which I hear—the limp, languid, lily voices which the telephone company boasts; but those ancient damosels are kinder to me than you, cruel beauty. And when I shout: 'Why on earth can't you connect 786 Law with 41,144 Twenty-First Street?' they answer, blandly: 'We aint got no such number.' Now, why can't you say—even be ungrammatical, to ease my suspense—say: 'We aint got no cold oatmeal and milk, one glass of cream, and two Graham rolls.'"

"No," he said to the cashier, as he paid his check on his way out of the dairy, "I admire beauty—no one admires beauty more than I do; but if you think that beautiful young ladies who are too proud to serve the casual customer are either an attraction to a dairy restaurant or a substitute for a square meal, you are mistaken. Beauty is a wonderful thing. It has led some of the world's greatest heroes in flowery fetters; but it isn't one cold oatmeal, a glass of cream, and two Graham rolls. Good p. m.!"


And he lit out.—*Puck*.



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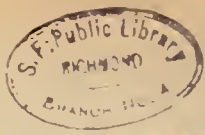
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# The Argonaut.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### A Sample Instance.

A letter printed on another page from an old *Argonaut* reader, Mr. W. J. Stockton of Los Banos, merits attention. We will not undertake to emphasize the story as Mr. Stockton tells it; and we will even leave it to him to vouch for the facts as he recites them. It appears that the West Side district of Merced County was long parched for the want of water. Miller & Lux, large land owners and otherwise men of means, put in their money—a lot of it—and created a facility which has made the whole region fruitful. Where one blade of grass grew before, ten million now grow. Under the law of the land, and properly, too, it rests with the county supervisors to "regulate" the operations of this irrigation system. And right here he political demagogue, who flourishes in Merced County as elsewhere, gets in his work. Despite the fact that the Miller & Lux ditch has never yielded a dividend, despite the further fact that it has been an immense and continuing advantage to the West Side

district, despite the still further fact that by increasing production it has augmented the county revenues—despite all these considerations, the ditch and its administration have been subject to persistent political assault. When every other resource fails him, the cheap county politician may still commend himself to a cheap constituency by bullyragging Miller & Lux and by loud shouting for reduction of water rates. This is precisely the kind of politics so long played by a dishonest element in relation to the Spring Valley Water Company and other public service companies operating in and about San Francisco. It is a kind of politics which inevitably degrades and corrupts political life wherever it is tolerated. And, let it be added, it is a kind of game possible to be played only when there are ignorant and dishonest elements in the community willing under cajolements to coöperate with low and self-seeking politicians to dishonest ends. We sometimes wonder what has become of the old-fashioned, honest, self-respecting spirit of fair play which in other days invited the coöperation of capital in the development of the country and which amazingly promoted progress by its enforcement of the principles of common integrity and common justice!

### A Triumph of Peace.

Sunrise of next Tuesday will mark the end of the four South African colonies—Cape of Good Hope, Natal, the Transvaal, and Orange River Colony—and the birth of the Union of South Africa. Thus an ideal which has long been cherished by statesmen, Afrikaners and English alike, will be realized. Countless obstacles have had to be overcome during the past two years, several of which threatened fatal results. How to reconcile the interests of the inland and coastal colonies, to insure justice between the Cape and Natal as opposed to the Transvaal and Orange River Colony in the matters of commerce and labor, was a perplexing problem; the color question gave rise to much anxiety, inasmuch as in Cape Colony the political status of the native has long been recognized, whereas in the other three he is without the franchise; and, finally, division of opinion as to the geographical position of the capital promised at one time to wreck the scheme for union. By wise compromise all these difficulties were overcome, and the birth of the Union of South Africa is but a few days distant.

More, perhaps, than to any other man, this triumph of constructive statesmanship is the achievement of Louis Botha. He would be the first to admit that this victory of peace is more renowned than those he won in war. Yet the latter were not inconsiderable! From the moment when the death of Joubert deprived the Boers of their capable commander-in-chief, he assumed the direction of hostilities against the British forces and justified his position by effective strategy and consummate tactics. He handled his men with soldierly skill, always making the most of their rapidly depleting numbers, discovering the weakest position of the enemy again and again with almost uncanny shrewdness, and striking at the critical moment. Never did he spare himself. A perfect horseman and possessed of unusual physical reserve, he performed prodigies in the saddle, and by his undaunted bravery was a constant inspiration to his men. Moreover, he always fought fair. Not even in the British ranks was there ever breathed the least reflection against his loyalty to the code of war. In fact, with the British "Tommy" the name of Botha became a synonym for a manly fighter, a foe worthy of any man's steel.

And now Botha has his reward. He is to be the first premier of the Union of South Africa. He well deserves the honor. That the union has become a fact is due, as has been said, more to his conciliatory influence than to any other cause, for, despite the fact that he depends upon Boer votes for his position and may be supposed to have keener sympathy for the

ideals of his race than for those of Europe, he has all along declared that he accepts the results of the war and is animated by a sincere desire to promote the fusion of the races into a single nation.

Botha is no novice in politics. In the Volksraad of the Transvaal republic he gave many proofs of statesmanlike qualities, and since his election to the premiership of the Transvaal Colony three years ago he has shown a genius for conciliation. His position has been exceedingly difficult, and his temptations abnormal. By reason of the preponderance of the Boer vote he could have flouted British sentiment at every turn, imperiled the interests of Johannesburg, ridden rough-shod over the Uitlanders, and virtually nullified the results of the war. To have done this would have made him a hero anew with some of his race; but, instead, he has striven to hold the balance even, to legislate for the future rather than the present, and to find that often elusive point of view where differences become agreements. Botha, in fact, is a man of transparent honesty, as loyal to the new order as he was to the old, and keenly alive to the opportunities which are opened to his race by its new position in the British empire.

All this augurs well for the union. That there are large and perplexing problems to be faced can not be ignored. Although Natal has accepted the new situation, it will require adroit diplomacy to win the wholehearted coöperation of the Garden Colony. And in the Cape there are factors of grave import to be reckoned with, notably those relating to the color franchise, which have been shelved rather than solved. It may be, too, that ere long Botha will be charged with the administration of the native territories which are at present outside the union, and in that event his task will be materially complicated. But the man who solved the language problem by arguing for the reasonableness of English as the official tongue of the union, who in the matter of the native found a workable *via media* between the Exeter Hall and the Boer point of view, and who placated all parties to the capital quarrel by suggesting Bloemfontein as the seat of the judiciary, Pretoria as the locale of the government offices, and Cape Town as the meeting place of the Federal Parliament, may be depended upon to hit the happy medium again. One who can heal constructively is South Africa's greatest need at the opening of her new career, and none of her sons has shown greater genius in that enviable art than Louis Botha.

### A Serious Word.

Now a serious word with respect to the Flannery incident: The public which has not heard the evidence has no right to assume that a jury of citizens which did hear it was influenced by other than correct motives. Criticism of a jury because its findings do not fall in with preconceived impressions and desires is gratuitous and unworthy. The jury was presumably right in acquitting Flannery of the specific charge brought against him, for be it remembered he was tried on a specific charge, not upon general impressions of his character. Most certainly the testimony as it was reported in the daily papers did not connect Flannery with legal responsibility for the crimes of Abbott, Hazel, and other bunko operators at Sausalito, however closely he may have been associated with these men and in sympathy with their scheme of operations.

What the incident does prove is this, namely, that Flannery is a man of low character and affiliations. He is prosperous in a quasi-criminal business and in a quasi-criminal district of the city. He is associate, friend, boon companion of disreputable and criminal elements. His saloon is a centre of interests affiliated with the tenderloin. The Jakes, Billys, Dicks, Pierres, Jeans, Mauds, Pearls, and Gracies of the underworld know Flannery, always finding in him one who "promise is good."

Does it need to be added that this trafficker in



lowest life of the city, this associate and friend of the criminal elements, is no fit and proper man to be the head of the police department of San Francisco? Does it need to be told that in the police commission he is bound by his character and affiliations to serve, not the cause of social order, but the swindlers, the gamblers, the prostitutes, and the pimps who infest San Francisco as they do every other large city? When this creature of the underworld is placed at the head of the police department, does the inference need to be drawn that it is for unworthy purposes and to disreputable ends?

P. H. McCarthy, mayor of San Francisco by the favor of its combined disreputable elements and probably as the result of a disreputable political bargain, has many things to his discredit, but nothing more grievous than his appointment of Flannery to the chairmanship of the police commission. McCarthy knew Flannery previous to selecting him for the police board as well as the public knows him now—knew him as one unfit at every moral point for the responsibilities involved in police administration. Again let us ask, is it necessary that inferences be drawn? Are they not plain as they are gross?

It is now intimated that Flannery, having been "vindicated" by the results of the procedure in Marin County, will be reappointed by McCarthy, the place having been conveniently left vacant pending developments. The argument is that Flannery is so deeply in the secrets of McCarthy's political affairs that this course will be forced upon the mayor. We decline to believe the thing to be possible. McCarthy, whatever else he may be, is not a fool, and he must know that in reappointing Flannery, the "vindicated" but publicly exposed companion and champion of the criminal classes, he will write himself down a sympathizer with the infamies of criminal life, stamp himself as a man utterly wanting in a sense of his obligations and responsibilities.

#### Is There an Oriental Democracy?

It is not especially remarkable that Japanese residents here select leading American publications for study, but it is surprising to learn that more copies of the *North American Review* are sold by some of the important newsdealers of San Francisco to Japanese than to Americans. The *Review* is foremost among national monthly magazines for its political articles, commonly written with knowledge and the tone of authority usual with statesmen. It is a question whether the Oriental studies these pronouncements on government activities and party tendencies with the utilitarian regard which he gives to his inquiries into the details of our manufacturing, commercial, and educational systems. He finds much worthy of imitation there. Among the rubbish on an old book-store counter a copy of the first volume of Macaulay's English history caught the eye of a reader a few days ago, and as he idly ruffled the pages with stirring memories of student days he saw that some Japanese investigator had possessed this book and had read it carefully. Page after page was marked. Sentences and paragraphs were underscored, and many times a line of Japanese characters was penciled down a margin—evident comment on the matter that had impressed the Oriental student. Strange to say, the lines marked, and there are scores of them, invariably refer to a clash between the legislature and the sovereign. The power of the king, the restraint of the House of Commons, and the philosophical reflections of the historian on this subject—these were the attractive bits which the Japanese had sought out with especial regard. It matters little what his written comments are. He would not betray himself there. The Japanese mind is not given overmuch to frank expression, even on commonplace matters. The declarations which caught his attention and were marked for easy reference are more reliable indications. He is interested in the historical development of democratic ideas. There is no line of human progress which is above or beyond his study. He is not merely studying, he is assimilating.

Is there an Oriental democracy? Does an organic law for China mean as much for the people as for the court, or, indeed, does it mean anything at all for the people in the way of political initiative? And further, does the fact that Japan has a constitution and much party feeling portend the eventual downfall of the empire? In brief, are radical democratic tendencies showing themselves in the public opinion of either country or both? If so, to what extent?

Speaking first of China, the project for a constitution and parliament seems to be the recourse of the ruling

class to cement the empire for defense, offense, and taxation and make the throne secure. There is no sign of liberal pressure from below. The men who govern China are well aware that her weakness and peril lie in the want of political solidarity. They know that China, though called an empire, is only a loose confederacy, a group of cousins more or less estranged from each other; and that there is no such thing as a common patriotism. It is also borne upon them that, for lack of a perfect union, a much weaker power numerically could conquer China by whipping it in detail, one province at a time. Japan had an easy victory in 1894-95 because China had no national spirit and no nucleus around which all her fighting units would naturally group. The Boxer troubles were further displays of Chinese weakness or of unemployed strength, and when these were over the statesmen of the so-called empire determined to find a way to unify it and thus enable it to make a solid front to its foes.

Much has been done. Modern education was decreed and its facilities have been provided. Fiscal methods are being improved. A national army and navy is taking form. Courts have become less corrupt. Opium is under an official ban. But the most radical step is the pledge of the prince regent to grant a constitution and parliament. It is well to bear in mind where this boon comes from if we are to know its meaning. No struggle of the people or the barons with a king has or had anything to do with it. We hear nothing of the democratic spirit in connection with the imperial gift; there has been no uprising of the commoners to demand it. What does the coolie Chinese care for constitutions or even for politics? As to the reform societies here and in Hawaii, of whom much more was heard a few years ago than now, they have not professed any designs upon the throne. All they talked about when they were most threatening was the rescue of the emperor from the detaining hands of the late empress dowager and of the selfish mandarins who were her agents of reaction. There was talk of a revolt, an uprising, but not a word about the suffrage as an objective. One seldom if ever heard of a possible Chinese democracy; one never hears anything tangible about one now. If there is a tendency it is towards a sounder imperialism; and such progress as there is has reached the people from above in the same interest. Neither the coolie, the merchant, the village headman, the soldier, the sailor, or the priest has attempted anything political.

If China gives no sign of a democratic revolution, still less does Japan, a liberal, well-governed empire with a religion of state worship which falls little short of deifying the emperor and an organic law which begins by guaranteeing him an inviolable status. Early in Japan's modern novitiate that country framed a written constitution—a reform which, as we should remember, was handed down and not carried up. The object was not to put a curb on the imperial will; but to bring the strong opposing clans together about the throne in a spirit of loyalty and helpfulness, and thus consolidate the nation. Since then loyalty to the crowned head has not abated. Whatever happens, the emperor has the last word. He is above all politics and is sacred. For him gallant men are ever ready to lay down their lives though he makes no sign; in him centres the state religion; to him Japanese refer only indirectly, as we do to God when we speak of Him as the Almighty or as the Great First Cause. In such a land as that the prospect of an uprising against the throne is dim indeed.

Still, there are possibilities of it in Japan that do not fall in China—distant and vague ones, it is true—but still worthy of note. One of the strong pleas for a Japanese constitution, aside from the one which had most weight at the beginning of the new era, was that every strong nation save Russia had one, and that the latter was weaker than England, the United States, and Germany because of the lack. Japanese statesmen did not argue that European nations had constitutions because they were strong, but that they were strong because they had constitutions, hence the desire to imitate. The spirit of it all appears in a remark of the late Prince Ito about religion. Without the slightest disloyalty to the native system of state worship, he believed that Japan should take on the Christian religion also, and simply because the strong nations professed it. "It is a political convention," he said, "just as the wearing of a black coat at dinner is a social convention. You may eat as much and relish the food

as well if you wear a red coat or a yellow coat; but society demands the black coat and we wisely accept it. So with religion. Christian nations are strong nations, and if Japan wishes to be numbered with them she must also be a Christian nation." And to this advice is due much of the success which missionaries in Japan have had in "rescuing souls from heathenism."

It is interesting to speculate on what would be the effect on the Japanese political system if, in view of this imitative faculty, Europe should begin to discard its kings? So far Japan has followed the foreign fashions slavishly. She has taken on the passion for party and ministerial politics. She adopted the gold standard because the great powers had it. She has made the German army and the English navy her militant models. Her people dress in modern discomfort rather than in native ease. Constitutionally she is keeping step. What, then, if Europe should one day go headlong into democracy? Would not Japan follow? Happily for the empire the time seems far away for kingship, partly because republics have developed so much civic corruption and partly because king by behaving better, has got a new lease of life. But the possibilities are there; and Japan might be, on occasion, quite as coercive of her emperor as she was when she first caught the modern spirit of her tycoon. But the fashion must be first set abroad. In all her career of progress Japan has made no political fashion at all. She has never worked out a political idea of her own. Even that buttress of loyalty, the deification of the ruler, was old in Nero's time. The Japanese plan is to let others take the risks of experiment and if there are good results, to share them. So far the process has worked for stability in her politics; but, as we have said, it may one day work quite the other way.

#### The Exposition Site Again.

Exposition sites, as they offer themselves, are almost so many as to make confusion. The half land, half water district at the bay shore between Black Point and the Presidio is urged as affording fine views of the bay and of the Golden Gate, as easy of access and as yielding fine opportunities for the water effect universally admired in connection with exposition. Visitacion Valley and the valley of Islais Creek are strongly urged, mainly on the ground that they are more sheltered from the summer winds than any other situation on the peninsula. Both of these places, so it is contended, may easily be reached by a water ride from the eastern shores of the bay. From an entirely different standpoint will be urged the district immediately south of the so-called village of Carville on the ocean beach. These and other sites previously suggested in these columns will be urged by eager partisans.

But the suggested site which creates the greatest interest is that of Goat Island, which finds both active partisans and active opponents. On the Oakland side of the bay particularly this proposal is warmly supported for the reason that it would make the east bay communities equal sharers in the exposition. In truth although Goat Island lies within the municipal limits of San Francisco it would be more accessible from the east than from the west side, since it is practicable to connect it by direct tracks with that side of the bay.

Opposition to Goat Island dwells upon its exposure situation and its separation from the western shore whence the greatest patronage is to be expected, and gains something in emphasis from the fact that it would cut out the United Railroads and other transportation agencies of San Francisco from the prospective profit from across-the-bay traffic. There are, too, merchant and hotel-keepers who wish the exposition to be placed as to give San Francisco the full monopoly of the business which it would incidentally create.

The *Argonaut* is no respecter of the petty considerations of selfish interest which would so place the fair as to subject those who will patronize it to exploitation by transportation and mercantile interests. So large a project merits consideration upon broad grounds. If Goat Island is the best place for the exposition, regarded in relation to its own interests, then it is impertinent and a bit unworthy to make objection upon other and merely selfish grounds. A very much is to be said for Goat Island. The view on all sides are unrivaled. The situation is so unique as to give the exposition in advance a character quite original. To be sure, it is in a sense detached, but the water trip is short and it would involve no hardship to a community thoroughly adjusted by familiarity



to that sort of thing. And in this connection it must not be forgotten that the exposition will draw a large part of its support, especially if it be conveniently placed, from the east side communities.

The space afforded by the island, after it shall have been graded off and its now useless top superimposed upon the adjacent shoals, is approximately seven hundred acres, quite large enough for all requirements. As to exposure to summer winds, that is a condition which must be met any and everywhere. No other proposed site, barring perhaps Visitacion Valley, which is too limited in area, has any advantage over Goat Island in this respect.

The cost of shaving down Goat Island to a proper level would be heavy, but we think this a matter not necessary to be taken into account, since it could no doubt be provided for without making any demand upon the exposition fund. The ultimate use of Goat Island should be that of a common terminal for all the rail-ways entering San Francisco from the Oakland side; and if this arrangement could be made in advance, the work of grading the island would no doubt be assumed by a company representing the combined railroad interests. In this connection it is probable, too, that permanent buildings proper for terminal uses could be made to serve the purposes of the exposition. It would be an easy arrangement to require the construction of such buildings and the grant of their use to the exposition by the combined railroad interests.

We are inclined to the opinion that the balance of considerations, as thus far developed, points to Goat Island. The one serious objection is its detachment from the western shore, but there are compensations in its proximity to the east shore. In point of time, the trip from the centre of San Francisco to Goat Island would not be longer than to Visitacion Valley, to the ocean shore, or to the Merced Lake region.

#### The Home-Coming of Flannery.

Having been duly acquitted by Messrs. Grady, Folcy, Ganazzi, Hellrich, Sokeloff, Costa, Mulvaney, Fillipini, and his other peers in the jury box, the Hon. Henry P. Flannery, president of the police commission, was lately the object of a civic welcome which naturally took place in and about his own saloon. The plan was to show how public opinion stood upon the foul conspiracy against the good name of Mr. Flannery and, more than that, against the growing and brilliant prospects of the Paris of America. The arrangements were in good hands, Mr. Flannery's own. While there might have been a larger crowd present at the mass meeting, none could have been more easily put within the limits of the honored president's hospitality. Mr. Flannery had felt that, as the invitations to the bar were up to him personally, it was better to have the crowd a select than a large one. Even well-ordered spontaneity might go too far. Hence there was no offensive blockade of the streets, and while the ovation to Flannery was large enough to make an impression by wire on the absent mayor, the total cost of the president's popular vindication was not permitted to add very much to the burden left by his legal one. The only thing to mar the event was the refusal of the band to accept less than union rates. It was unwilling to work for a scab wage; but as a concession to the cause it did not mind playing at the heels of the distinguished host when, in response to so wide a public demand, he marched bare-headed down Kearny Street and back, acknowledging the respectful plaudits of the multitude.

While the demonstration outside the Flannery "place" filled the public eye and caused much interest among the police, the civic meaning of the affair was more at proof within. Here was gathered a company of earnest men, upon whose broad shoulders the responsibilities of progress had been laid by the voters at the last municipal election. They had felt keenly the plight of Flannery, and in this was much civic spirit. That Henry P. Flannery could be hindered in anything he felt called upon to do for people who had the well-being of the Paris of America at heart as much as he seemed to them a revolting instance of the sheer perversion of the law to an end peculiarly base.

Among the live-wire citizens of San Francisco who made no bones of these opinions were Mr. Jerome Bassity, Mr. "Jimmy" Le Strange, Mr. "Eddie" Hanlon, Mr. "Spider" Kelley (as he is affectionately called), Mr. "Eddie" Marchand, Mr. "Jerry" Mitchell, Mr. "Patsy" Wolfe, another favorite, these representing as, perhaps, no others could the retail liquor stores, the

French restaurants, the dance halls, and the other thriving industries which have most at stake in the integrity of the police commission, and in the success of which the Parisian development of the town has a large sense of dependence. It is almost needless to say that the assurances of respect and support which Mr. Flannery received from his fellow-citizens were flattering; and they were even inductive of a scale of hospitality of which, in the early hours of the evening, the conservative host could not have possibly approved. After Supervisor Minnehan had engaged Mr. Flannery himself in the Champagne Dance, in the immediate presence of Supervisors Deasy, Walsh, O'Dowd, and the other notables, strong men were moved to tears. Mr. Jerome Bassity, speaking for the ladies, many of whom look to him for counsel in public affairs, was too choked for utterance, and all Mr. "Spider" Kelley could say about the situation had reference to the foes of President Flannery and the need of the summary removal of their "blocks." Messrs. "Eddie" Hanlon and "Patsy" Wolfe seemed also inclined to criticize those who stand in the way of the ethical development of San Francisco; but on this point Mr. Flannery was magnanimous and firm. The only severe thing he permitted himself to say against the reformers was: "Thim tarriers has no morals"—a conclusion and a way of stating it which, we are sure, a working plurality of the progressive voters of this city will applaud.

#### Telescoping the Astronomers.

What the world has learned about comets, since the return of Halley's, is as nothing to what it has learned about astronomers. Hitherto, while we could agree that doctors were sure to disagree on everything but the size of the bill, faith in astronomers was as fixed as their science. If Flammarion got erratic about Venus, we excused him on the ground that he was French; and if Garrett Serviss roused our incredulity over his airy speculations in the Sunday morning supplement, we felt that the poor fellow must live. But those bald, half-spectral, non-advertising highbrows of astronomy, we pinned our faith to them as, in childhood's happy hour, we did to Santa Claus. They and such as they had blazed the road and named the dips and spurs and angles all the way to the little bonfires that mark the outposts of the universe. They knew to the fraction of a scruple how much the sun weighed, with or without spots; they, or some of them, could tell you whether the canals on Mars were at sea-level or had lock systems; the relations of Taurus to the Milky Way were to them as an open herd book. And all this was but the beginning of their knowledge. Show them a red blur among the stars and they knew what made it red and why it was not also white and blue; and as for comets—say! The dullest of them could tell the size, direction, and idiosyncrasies of any comet going; they knew the length of its tail and whether the head wagged it or vice versa; and could accurately chart its course for a thousand years ahead or any distance back. The astronomers were so sure, that everybody took their wisdom for granted and looked with pity on those mere astrologers who had to guess things. Then, suddenly, came a change in the spirit of our dreams, all due to the eccentric conduct of Halley's venerable sky-scraper, which persisted in making mock of the savants by doing the totally unscientific things it ought not to have done and leaving undone the things the philosophers knew that it should have done. The confusion and grief of the astronomers was no more in evidence than were the perplexity and doubt of their disciples.

What the world learned about Halley's comet from the testimony of scientific men before it was due may only be measured by the amplitude of what the world does not know about it now. Very early in the game M. Flammarion was in print with the statement that all human life was going to be snuffed out with the cyanogen gas in the comet's tail; but the assurance came quickly from other high sources that the cyanogen gas was all in the comet's head and that the gases of the tail were quite as harmless as those used in popular soda fountains. Within a day or two both statements were approximately refuted. The head was probably solid, with some indications of radium, and the tail a mere wake of iridescent meteoric particles drawn by suction after the rushing mass at the fore. This theory came from a savant who drew the alphabet after his name by the same method, but doubt was thrown upon it by the findings of an astronomer who showed, to his own satisfaction at least, that the tail was made of

condensed sunlight. Then somebody referred the whole thing to the spectrum and the scientific circle pointed the finger of learned scorn at the sunlight hypothesis; and a light-minded person ventured to remark that the concentration of solar rays through a distance of 20,000,000 miles required a larger burning glass than even Halley's comet carried.

But these things were non-essential. There was perfect agreement upon two basic facts—one that the comet was coming this way; the other that its tail would sweep the earth. The doubter was no man of science. The calculations of the scholars agreed as well as if there were block-signals all along the route. One eminent thinker showed that the tail would make a cinder track all the way from Honolulu to Bombay, in spite of the moist going. Beyond this were many individual certainties, but no general agreement. A kindly disposition was shown, however, to minimize all threats of disaster and to dismiss M. Flammarion with a shrug. The worst result, as one academician assured us, was an electric storm, against which there were handy means of insulation, such as wearing rubbers or standing the legs of the bed in glass bowls. An astronomer whose name could not gather any more degrees without filching degrees of latitude predicted a great downpour of meteors, but he qualified the danger by showing that meteors of average size would burn up when they came in contact with the air. All were agreed upon an aurora. The comet could not help producing an aurora if it tried. Professor See, of Mare Island, a man who lived up to his name, told us all about it. The aurora was to be there and would have a pink or greenish glow, according to circumstances, and would be most attractive about daybreak on Thursday. The professor added that the tail-on collision with the comet would take place in the region of Sagittarius, to which both earth and comet were hastening. Dr. Babcock disagreed with Professor See as to the beginning of the period of contact, the two being apart five hours and some minutes, but this did not matter. Dr. Hale of Mount Wilson had nothing to say against Professor See's auroral color scheme, but his specialty was a rain of fine dust and a disturbance of the telegraph lines. And then, with more perturbation and more horseshoes and rabbit's feet than we cared to show, all hands awaited results. The hour had come; would the tail drag, wag, or tuck itself under? And would the world come out of the experience whole?

It was an unhappy night for the astronomers; and the day after was even more so. Halley's comet had vanished, with or without its tail. There had been no dust, meteoric or otherwise. Telegraphic hundred-word night letters had hummed on as usual except when marked "collect." Even the wireless worked. That greenish effect, instead of being seen in an aurora, hovered about the person of the distinguished professor from Mare Island and then turned blue. People who had gone out of doors to save some of the comet had their bottles filled elsewhere. Thunder storms ceased all over the country, save among the astronomers themselves. As for cyanogen gas, all that could be smelled was in last week's interviews with the scientific sharps and in their explanations next morning. Other gases, particularly laughing gas, were noticed by uneducated persons.

In the flurry of explanations the world at first learned that all the faculty had failed, in its figuring, to carry nine; and that the totals had been so much out of the way that no one could find his route back to the starting point even with the aid of algebra. Then some savant got his second breath and declared that the comet's head had passed as per schedule, but that the tail had lagged behind, a place for it which seemed reasonable even to the laity. This thought held good. The next morning the tail showed up in the east, the same old place. What had occurred to hold it back nobody knew; but all scientific minds agreed that we should get our cometary bath yet. That we did not do so is simply one of those tragedies of science where a theory comes into collision with a fact. Hardly had the delay of the tail been accounted for, scarcely had the world been taught that it had been tied in a knot and had paused to untie, than it reported in the West, where it belonged, duly attached to the head and standing almost straight up as if in the act of beginning a somersault and starting the whole contrivance on its back track towards Venus, where Shipbuilder Cronin tells Professor George Davidson he saw it going, and it played its last stellar engagement in 1835.



And there we leave it as a tail that is told; and it may be superfluous to add that the friends of the learned astronomers would request that the public send no flowers.

### Editorial Notes.

The most recently projected naval demonstration is that proposed for 1911 by Great Britain. The plan is for a fleet of 200 vessels to tour the British colonial possessions with incidental visits to foreign countries, the purpose being "to fire the spirit of imperialism." Probably such an exhibition of material force would have the desired effect. Most certainly the cruise of the American fleet two years ago did something in promotion of American patriotism. Yet it is a pity if it still be necessary in the interest of national spirit to make such prodigious expenditure upon merely spectacular account. It could be wished that the world had reached a point where it might maintain the right kind of spirit without aids from the chromo game, leaving its resources of energy and money to be applied to higher utilities of service. While men, women, and children walk the streets of English cities hungry, it is ten thousand pities that millions must be expended upon a frolic even in the name of patriotism.

For the second year in succession Dr. J. Frederick Wolle has made a worthy effort to inspire the citizens of the Pacific Coast with a love for the best in music. His Bach festival in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley on Saturday was a continuation of the elevating work begun a year ago, he wisely choosing for his programme the St. Matthew Passion, which is incomparably the greatest of Bach's five attempts to transmute into music the supreme event of the Christian year. It was no small achievement on the part of Dr. Wolle that, by dint of arduous rehearsal and wise selection of principals and musicians, he was able to present the great Passion in its entirety, and that its various phases of chorales, recitatives, and arias were rendered not only with a fine appreciation of Bach's music, but in reverent sympathy with the sacred story. Such capable efforts as these to uncover the beauties of classical music, to familiarize our ears with the divine strains of the greatest masters of harmony, are worthy the highest eulogy, and Dr. Wolle deserves the whole-hearted support of all devoted to the elevation of musical taste.

### CURRENT TOPICS.

Berlin has been much excited by an attempt on the part of Herr Rudolf Martin, who was at one time an officer of the imperial ministry of the interior, to show that the Kaiser was greatly misjudged in the crisis of November, 1908, which arose out of the publication of the famous interview in a London newspaper. The apologist declares that Prince Bülow was the real instigator and inspirer of that article; that even the notorious telegram to Kruger was not written by the Kaiser, and that on many occasions he has been made the scapegoat for the indiscretions of his chancellor.

To arrive at a clear view of the situation is by no means easy. But so far as Herr Martin's story can be made out it seems that the Kaiser really has a special liking for England, and that he has been kept in ignorance of several negotiations which would have enabled him to indulge that preference to the full. On three occasions English statesmen have approached Bülow as to the possibility of making an agreement between the two countries, and one definite offer to join the Triple Alliance is said to be on record. Because these overtures were rejected by Bülow, so Herr Martin affirms, England was driven into the arms of France and Russia. But how can one account for the policy of Bülow? If he were the author of the notorious interview, had he a shrewd suspicion that it would anger rather than placate England? Perhaps he had, and in that case his motive is obvious; the publication of the interview would effectually prevent the Kaiser from showing any friendliness to the kingdom of his uncle. But strangely enough Herr Martin does not charge Bülow with any desire to set up a democracy on his own account; he finds the explanation of his action in a fear that he would be dismissed from office. Perhaps the present chancellor, the "Philosopher Statesman," will give more heed to the Kaiser's sentiments.

Discanting on the text that "lawlessness" is the national vice of America, the *Century Magazine* enters a dignified protest against the sensational methods of too many newspapers, seriously questioning whether the influence of wholesome newspapers is able to counteract those which "teach lawlessness and crime by suggestion." The plea that the turbulence of life in America is directly due to the enormous influx of foreigners unprepared for freedom is brushed aside in favor of another cause:

In the last analysis, the responsibility for the lax public sentiment with regard to violations of business, social, and political laws, must be placed on American training and character. Since the Civil War, at least, the youth of the nation has been allowed a latitude of conduct and self-indulgence invited by political security and expanding prosperity. . . . S. . . . Making exceptions only emphasize the common neglect, and if any one doubts the truth of this sweeping generalization, let him inquire of the masters of the private schools of the

country. They will tell him, without qualification, that the lack of training in obedience and self-restraint in American homes is the bane of the preparatory school, and the direct cause of the prevalent mediocre levels of discipline and scholarship.

When practical business men and sentimental idealists hit upon an identical argument in opposition to expensive armaments it behooves the ordinary man to take a little thought. This concurrence of view has been reached by the National Association of Manufacturers and Mrs. Mead, the former reminding the powers that be that they should proceed on the assumption that each nation is more profitable to the other as a customer than as an enemy, and the latter remarking that "the richer a country, the better customer it is, and the less likely to be attacked by nations who want customers." The manufacturers are on less debatable ground when they plead for fewer *Dreadnoughts* and more and better waterways. Perhaps the day will come when the canal will take its proper place as a highway of commerce, but it must be admitted that not alone in America, but also in Europe its value is sadly neglected. As hearing on the question of armament, it is regrettable that all nations can not follow the example of Denmark in declining to compete in that ruinous extravagance. There are some advantages in being but "a little one" among the nations.

Exactly where matters stand with regard to the Ballinger case must be puzzling many people. The original charge has become obscure owing to the side issues which have been raised, and the complications which have ensued from the dismissal of the secretary's stenographer are, the *New York Evening Post* declares, leading many to ask what is there behind all this "that the administration should behave so suspiciously?" And the *Springfield Republican* writes:

In the end, the sentiment of the average Republican will probably be manifested in a desire that Secretary Ballinger should retire from the Cabinet, whether he be a wronged man or not, and thus give a harassed administration the chance to make a fresh start.

Mr. Taft, however, is hardly likely to favor such a solution; it would do too much violence to that spirit of loyalty which is one of his most marked traits. Unfortunately it does not seem as though the work of the congressional committee will clear up the situation. The testimony extends to four thousand pages, and, as the *Springfield Republican* confesses, almost any one would rather be shot than wade through them.

Undeterred by the fact that the difficulties in the way of a direct attack on the disfranchisement of the negro have hitherto proved insuperable, the members of the National Negro Committee continue to discuss the problem at great length and with much heat. All the speakers at the annual conference were at one in denouncing Southern sentiment; if an open discussion was an offense, said one orator, "I think it our duty to offend any people who do not appreciate the gross error of their ways." The usual indignation was expended upon the "understanding" and "grandfather" clauses, and one reverend gentleman waxed eloquent on the theme of the "second great struggle for the emancipation of an enslaved people."

Constructively the discussions proved abortive save in one respect. Any one who wades conscientiously through the flood of oratory will reach dry land again with just one bit of salvage. He will feel, that is, that much remains to be attempted in applying the solution of education. It seems beyond question that the public school system of the South, so far as it affects the negro, needs overhauling. South Carolina spends upon the education of the colored child about one-tenth what it spends upon the white, and if several States are massed together it is found that while the negroes are 40 per cent of the population they benefit from the school fund only to the extent of 14 per cent. The report of the United States Commissioner of Education also shows that while in the South last year there were 142,837 white children attending school there were but 6443 colored, notwithstanding a practical equality in the numbers of the two races. These are discouraging facts, but it must be remembered that those who have devoted giant's service to the cause of negro education have had their zeal cooled by discovering that colored children seem speedily to reach a stage of arrested development. No doubt the fact that the colored child loses its receptivity after a few years is a reason why it should have the best educational advantages possible, but to expect federal aid for colored schools is to ignore the opposition which would be offered by the Southern States. And it is a suggestive fact that several of the educational trusts founded years ago for the benefit of negroes have ceased to exist. Perhaps, then, the best policy of the friend of the negro is to accept the laws and the situation as they are and endeavor to build upward from that point. Liberia is no solution of the problem; every effort to gather a shipload has proved a failure.

Elizabeth Robins asks, in a longish article in an English review to which the warning footnote "Copyright in U. S. A." is appended, "Shall women work?" It is a somewhat puzzling deliverance, for after stoutly asserting that woman is "the drudge of the world"; that she is a "pit lassie" in one place and an agricultural laborer elsewhere, there are pages and pages devoted to the usual hysterical plea that she be as "free to work as men are." Perhaps this is an admirable specimen of suffragist logic. It is notable, however, that no desire is expressed that downtrodden woman be allowed to climb a ladder with a hod on her back, or ascend a masthead to furl a sail.

And Miss Robins is rather shaky in her facts. The American actress, she affirms, is "never expected to be ill—never to fail her manager. She did not fail him. I never knew a theatre closed on her account." Evidently Miss Robins has not struck the track of Lulu Glaser and others.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### Marie Hamilton.

There lived a lord into the west,  
And he had daughters three,  
And the youngest has gone to Holyrood,  
To be the Queen's Marie.  
She hadna been in the King's Court  
A twelvemonth and a day,  
Till she could neither sit nor gang  
Wi' the gaining o' some play.  
The King has gane to the Abbey garden,  
And pu'd the savin tree.  
To scale the babe frae Marie's heart,  
But the thing it wadna be.  
Then in and cam' the Queen hersel,  
Wi' the gowd strings in her hair:  
Says, "Marie Hamilton, where is the babe,  
That I heard greet sae sair?"  
"I rowed it in my handkerchief,  
And threw it in the sea;  
I had it sink, I had it swim.  
It wad get nae mair o' me."  
"O wae be to thee, Marie Hamilton!  
An ill deid may ye dee!  
For if ye had saved the hahie's life,  
It might have honored thee.  
But rise, rise up, Marie Hamilton,  
Rise up, and follow me,  
For I am going to Edinburgh town,  
A gay wedding to see."  
O slowly, slowly rose she up,  
And slowly put she on,  
And slowly rode she out the way,  
Wi' mony a weary groan.  
"Ride hooley, ride hooley now, gentlemen;  
Ride hooley now wi' me,  
For never, I'm sure, a wearier burd  
Rade in your companie!"  
And she gae'd up the Parliament Close,  
A riding on her horse,  
There she saw mony a hurgess's lady  
Sit weeping at the Cross.  
"O what means a' this greeting?  
I'm sure it's no for me;  
For I am come to Edinburgh town,  
A gay wedding to see."  
As she gae'd up the Tolbooth stairs,  
She laughed loud laughers three;  
But or ever she cam' down again,  
She was condemned to dee.  
"O dinna weep for me, ladies!  
Ye needna weep for me;  
Had I not killed my ain dear bairn,  
This death I wadna dee.  
Cast off, cast off my gown," she said,  
"But let my petticoat be;  
And tie a napkin o'er my face,  
That the gallows I may na see.  
Yestreen the Queen had four Maries,  
The day she'll hae but three;  
There was Marie Beaton, and Mary Seaton,  
And Mary Carmichael, and me.  
O aft, aft hae I dressed the Queen,  
And put gowd in her hair;  
But now I've gotten for my doom  
The gallows-tree to share!  
O happy, happy is the maid  
That's horn o' heauty free!  
It was my dimpling roosie cheeks  
That's been the dule o' me.  
I charge ye all, ye mariners,  
When ye sail o'er the faem,  
That ye let my father or mither ken  
But that I'm coming hame!  
Ye mariners, ye mariners,  
When ye sail ower the sea,  
O let na my father or mither ken,  
I hung on the gallows-tree.  
O little did my mither think,  
That day she cradled me,  
What lands I was to travel ower,  
What death I was to dee!  
O little did my father think,  
That day he held up me,  
That I, his last and dearest hope,  
Should hang upon a tree!"—Anon.

#### Song of Mary Beaton.

Between the sunset and the sea  
My love laid hands and lips on me;  
Of sweet came sour, of day came night,  
Of long desire came brief delight.  
Ah! love, and what thing came of thee  
Between the sea-downs and the sea?

Between the sea-mark and the sea,  
Joy grew to grief, grief grew to me;  
Love turned to tears, and tears to fire,  
And dead delight to new desire;  
Love's talk, love's touch there seemed to be  
Between the sea-sand and the sea.

Between the sundown and the sea,  
Love watched one hour of love with me;  
Then down the all-golden water ways  
His fleet flew after yesterdays;  
I saw them come and saw them flee,  
Between the sea-foam and the sea.

Between the sea-strand and the sea,  
Love fell on sleep, sleep fell on me;  
The first star saw twain turn to one,  
Between the moonrise and the sun;  
The next, that saw not love, saw me  
Between the sea-hanks and the sea.

—Algernon Swinburne.

Not less than \$300,000,000 is to be raised by the Municipal Council of Paris to be spent on the improvement of the city. The Haussmannization of Paris is to be completed. The housebreaker is already at work where the Boulevard Haussmann is to cut its way through to the Boulevard Montmartre, and thus make a broad thoroughfare the whole way from the Bois de Boulogne to Père la Chaise. The region of the Halles is to be improved out of recognition, while a new bridge is to be thrown across the Seine. And these are only examples.

Ostrich feathers valued at eight and a half million dollars have been exported from the Cape of Good Hope in one year.



## MAY DAY IN PARIS.

## The Appeal of Populace versus Pictures.

For the third year in succession the First of May has passed without any serious disturbance of the public peace. Its approach is generally apprehended with as much dread and alarm as the advent of the Fourth of July in America, for the fatalities which have marked that orgy of labor on several occasions have been sufficiently disastrous to win the admiration of the most reckless celebrant of patriotism in the United States. However, it would seem as though a sane First may be as realizable as a sane Fourth.

Several causes have conspired to preserve the record of May Day for nineteen hundred and ten. In the first place the weather was inauspicious. Students of human psychology have discovered that turbulent passions thrive more in sunshine than in gloom. Man seems akin to the lower creatures in this respect; as venomous snakes and ferocious beasts are found in greater number under tropical skies, so the basest elements of human nature appear to thrive most vigorously in sunshine. But May Day in Paris was both gray and chilly; the heavens were gloomy and the temperature was low. The day, indeed, was of a type calculated to sober the thoughts of the most sanguinary revolutionist. It had a marked effect on the attendance at Longchamp, for the sum taken at the gates of that famous race-track and invested at the *pari-mutuel* fell more than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars short of last year's total.

Another important fact making for peace is the division which still prevails in the ranks of the Socialists. They can not attain to even the semblance of unity. Five years have passed since the formation of the so-called united Socialist party, but the various factions are still flying at each other's throats. Every effort to effect a coalition between the party led by M. Hervé and that which follows the standard of M. Jaurès has resulted in abject failure. M. Hervé, as the head of the revolutionary group, has no patience with compromise, or constitutionalism, or institutionalism. He will not allow candidates to withdraw in favor of "near" Socialists; he attaches scant importance to securing his ends through the assembly; his ideal is a direct attack on property, state, and law. Nay, he goes further; in his opinion riots and deeds of violence, even when isolated and on a small scale, are to be encouraged. And all this is in direct opposition to the policy of M. Jaurès. He is the advocate of "republican discipline," and he has no use for the guerilla methods of Hervéism. This division in the ranks has helped enormously to preserve the peace of May Day. The Hervéists were left in possession of the field and were consequently as timid as an army without supports.

Besides, the authorities had made thorough preparations to repress and deal mercilessly with any attempts at violence. The premier, M. Briand, gave the would-be disturbers fair warning. He told them in blunt terms that the police and soldiers had been given permission to defend themselves if they were attacked. This was not mere bluff; in addition to a strengthening of the police force, five thousand extra soldiers were drafted into Paris, and the prefect of police, M. Lépine, saw to it that all the strategic points of the city, especially in the neighborhood of the Bois de Boulogne, the Champs Elysées, and other points of advantage, were adequately protected. Patrols of cuirassiers were constantly on the move from an early hour, and companies of infantry were posted wherever danger was likely to threaten.

Notwithstanding the warning of the premier, M. Hervé published an inflammatory article on Saturday. He declared that he and "Citizen Browning"—"Citizen Browning" being the revolutionary synonym for an automatic revolver much favored by the Russian anarchists—would join his friends on the Bois the following day. But the Hervéists could not screw their courage to the sticking point. M. Briand's warning more than counteracted the promised aid of "Citizen Browning." So they called a meeting late on Saturday night and discussed the situation. And they arrived at the tame conclusion that it would be more seemly to spend a pleasant afternoon on the boulevards than try conclusions with police and soldiers who had orders to shoot at sight. But to cover their retreat in a decent manner they hastily drafted a leaflet for distribution on Sunday morning, a leaflet which was headed "Let Us Avoid the Massacre," and was handed out in the Bois by a hundred volunteers. It was an adroit document, making much of the "murderous trap" set by the government, and declaring that the troops had received this order: "You will only have in front of you revolutionaries armed with revolvers and prepared to fire on you. If you do not wish to be shot, fire first." This acted as a cold douche on the Hervéists; they melted away as fast as they assembled, and May Day was numbered bloodlessly with the history of the past.

Because revolution is more spectacular than art it is often forgotten that the day which has been desecrated by its association with lawlessness has for many years marked the opening of the Salon. And, happily, there are thousands of Parisians to whom pictures appeal more than populace. Their May Day was a wholly pleasant recreation, for it gave the opportunity for a first hasty inspection of the more than five thousand pictures which have been accepted and hung.

As has been so often the case, the Salon of this year is notable for its wealth of sculpture. The vast courtyard, with its glass roof and artistic background of green foliage, provides an ideal exhibition room, and it has never been occupied to better effect. While classical subjects are not lacking, many of the marbles and casts owe their inspiration to recent history. Villeneuve, for example, has a pathetic plaster relief entitled, "The Inundation," a blindfolded figure floating on the Seine; and Blériot pays a tribute to American aviation in his striking busts of Wilbur and Orville Wright. Among the paintings by American artists the canvas by Max Bohm has already attracted marked attention. Its subject is a brunette standing on the seashore, and the treatment of her wind-swayed veil and dress imparts a vivid sense of movement and freshness. One of the most notable features of the Salon as a whole is the preponderance of pictures which attempt the interpretation of religious life. These are not concerned with any one phase of belief, but rather seek to penetrate to the devotional spirit which underlies all creeds. With art turning in such a direction and consecrating its powers to the forces which make for order in the State, the ebullitions of revolutionary spirits will probably become less dangerous as the years go by.

PARIS, May 3, 1910.

ST. MARTIN.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## Public Benefits at Private Cost.

LOS ANGELES, May 19, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have read the *Argonaut* since I was a boy; am an old man now. I think I was the first to send in a six months' bound volume after the memorable 18th of April, 1906. I send you money for the *Commodore* also; have to have it as tonic when you tell me what a great man Grover Cleveland was and Mr. Taft is. Still I agree mostly with you.

A great many years ago the people in our part of the country heged Mr. Miller of the firm of Miller & Lux to build them a canal. He did so; made their land rise in value from \$10 to \$200 an acre. They are today the most prosperous people in California, if not in the world. The canal never paid a dividend, yet they have laved him from then till now over the price of water. Every supervisor is pledged beforehand to reduce the water rate without regard to cost, expenses, or anything else—only he has more money than we and ought to divide. When I see such things I lose much respect for the dear people that I had once.

The immense boost to conservation given by Roosevelt is the highest fool thing on earth. Well, this is not what I intended to say when I started to write a congratulatory letter. However, may the *Argonaut* live long and prosper. Tell us what you think and we won't fall out. One man like Mr. Miller is worth all the blowhards from Adam till now.

Yours truly, W. J. STOCKTON.

## College Training.

NORDHOFF, CAL., May 22, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: I have taken pleasure in your incisive remarks on "Trained Men," as turned out by colleges.

A fresh graduate is a much younger person, when put in contact with affairs, than a man of the same age who has not been withheld for four years from the experience of common life. And this youthfulness is often made irritating by an assumption on the young man's part that his advantages entitle him to hold and offer opinions.

Galdos, in "Doña Perfecta," describes certain precocious university prize-winners as being "led to think themselves men because they are doctors."

It is clear that the college course does not complete the training of any one. It rather postpones than completes. But it is just that postponement that gives hope of a result of satisfactory quality and dimensions. For the biologists tell us how important, in evolution, has been the lengthening of the "Period of Infancy," affording room for growth and change. This great function the college performs. It delays the narrowing and sharpening into a hardened maturity and detains its pupils in wanderings of somewhat indefinite purpose among elements and principles. Inviting them to prospect far and wide, it develops a habit of extended, if indefinite, outlook.

It is a great advantage to be late in becoming wise, and the collegian commonly has that advantage. When life gathers him together for effective action there may be more in the package than if he had been finished earlier.

When he took his degree he was by no means "prepared" for service, but perhaps he was very well prepared for going on with his preparation.

EDWARD S. THACHER.

The Vienna Sports Exhibition (to be held during the summer) is said to be the first really international exhibition of its kind. It will be under the direct patronage of the Emperor of Austria. Among the various attractions are an exhibition of sporting trophies, an exhibition of horses of all classes and dogs of every breed, riding, driving, and jumping competitions, ordinary shooting competitions, clay-pigeon shooting, horn-blowing competitions, an exhibition of living game, a representation of hunting, and a competition of police dogs. In addition, various entertainments, musical and otherwise, and "side-shows" will be provided for visitors.

Iceland is perhaps the only country in the world with a strongly developed literary history which remains in the same unchanged state of nature today as it did one thousand years ago, when the characters of the great sagas roamed the rocky slopes of the picturesque island, or when Leif Ericson and his hardy oarsmen sailed the seas, even to America, several centuries before Columbus was born. Professor W. H. Schofield of Harvard University will head an expedition to Iceland this year, and hopes to find much of interest connected with the ancient myths and legends.

A memorial to the late Speaker of Congress, Thomas B. Reed, is to be unveiled in Portland, Maine, in August. It is to cost \$40,000, and will stand on the western promenade.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Charles Harris, who will conduct the forthcoming pageant to be held at the Crystal Palace in London, is a Canadian.

Charles H. Cramp, the veteran shipbuilder of Philadelphia, declares that he remembers the visit of Halley's comet in 1835.

The Duke of Connaught, brother of the late King Edward, is to succeed Earl Grey as governor-general of Canada. This appointment is said to be resultant from a request made by the late king, who long desired that his brother should preside over Canadian affairs.

Lord Gladstone, who took up his official duties in South Africa recently, is studying Dutch. During Parliament he will have his place of residence in Pretoria, but has also acquired a residence in Johannesburg, where he will spend most of his time.

Rustem Bey, who has been chargé d'affaires of the Turkish embassy at Washington for a year, has been transferred to the Ottoman embassy in Paris. Although his transfer is distinctly a promotion, Rustem Bey likes Washington society so much that he dislikes to leave.

William R. George, the founder of the George Junior Republic, was born at West Dryden, New York, in 1866, and moved to New York City when he was fourteen. His "republic," which with its various branches is a community for bad and near-bad boys, has proved a success, self-government and nothing without labor being the bases upon which it is built.

Herbert Booth, youngest son of the head of the Salvation Army, has retired from that organization, after twenty years' service, and will engage in "free lance" preaching around the world. In explaining the causes of his withdrawal from the army, young Booth states that they were purely personal, and it is inferred that a difference of religious belief had arisen between him and his father.

Mrs. Todd Helmuth of New York has a hundred medals representing different women's clubs of which she is a member. Many of the medals are set with precious stones and their estimated value is close to \$50,000. At the recent convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs of America, held in Cincinnati, Mrs. Helmuth was very active, and while she did not wear all of her medals she wore enough of them to create quite a commotion among the club members.

Helena, Queen of Italy, before her marriage was a Montenegrin princess who lived an outdoor life among the mountains. When she was nineteen she visited Venice, where she met the king, who fell in love with her at first sight, and, despite the fact that his family regarded the match as a mesalliance, married her. In her girlhood she was a great huntress and one of the finest shots in Europe, but she never shoots now, excepting at clay pigeons, for with maturity she has developed an aversion to killing anything.

The Maharajah Gaekwar, Sir Sayaji Rao III of Baroda, Western Africa, is coming to the United States early in June. With him is the maharani, his wife, the chota maharani, his daughter, and a very imposing suite of attendants. The maharajah is to land in Vancouver, take a leisurely trip through Canada, and spend most of his time in the Eastern part of the United States. He has been here before, speaks English fluently, and thinks the American woman is the most attractive representative of her sex in the world.

Adolph S. Ochs, proprietor of the New York Times, the Philadelphia Public Ledger, and some other papers, came near being a druggist. When he was sixteen he was a drug clerk, but the work did not suit him, so he became a printer in the Louisville Courier-Journal office, when he was in his seventeenth year, and by the time he was twenty he bought the Chattanooga Times. Six years later he bought the New York Times, and since then he has bought another paper occasionally, largely as a matter of habit. He is fifty-two years old, but does not look it.

Herr William Voigt, the cobbler captain of Koepenick, who dressed up as a captain of the German army, overawed a company of German "rookies," arrested a mayor and took charge of the mayor's treasury, all by way of a pleasant little joke, received much of an ovation in England. He was fêted by students and lionized in Soho. But when he came over to the United States he got into trouble. The immigration officials seized upon him, accused him of being an undesirable person, and intimated that there was no place like home. Captain Koepenick accepted this advice.

The Countess of Warwick, who was Frances Evelyn Maynard before her marriage, is a Socialist. She takes a deep interest in agricultural education also, and has founded a college at Studley Castle, Warwickshire, for training women in horticulture and other outdoor occupations. As Lady Brooke she was one of the most popular of British hostesses, but when her husband came into the Warwick titles and estates she became more interested in philanthropy than social affairs. The Countess of Warwick visited the United States some years ago in the interests of Socialism, but that her gowns and jewels got columns in the press where her socialistic theories received the bare mention.



## THE POACHER'S DEATH.

What Happened Him That Killed the Deer under the Greenwood Tree.

My brother and I were passing the little village of D—, on our way to the town of R—, when the desire seized us to pay a visit to Maritane, our good old nurse, and shake hands with Jacques, her husband, who was the first person to place a gun within our hands, and who taught us to handle it skillfully. I say this without any vanity. The road we were pursuing passed within about six miles of our old friends' home; but, animated by a wish to see these good people again, the memory of whom recalled our happy youth, we soon cleared the distance.

Jacques's cabin was not one of the group of houses which composed the village, but stood alone in the middle of a large plain, having a forest for the horizon, and nearly surrounded by an arm of the river, thus forming a peninsula. We very soon recognized the thatched roof where a few red tiles were conspicuously displayed, under a great pear-tree. Everything seemed to be in its ordinary condition. The smoke was escaping from the chimney in thin circles, and the fishing-tackle was hanging up to dry on the branches of the pear-tree, for Jacques was a good fisherman, and what is more, if I must say it, the most skillful and dreaded poacher in the country.

He was a man fifty years old, and of proud carriage. His closely cropped black hair showed a rugged brow, where daring seemed to be written in the deep wrinkles. His eyes were so wonderfully bright that the peasants believed he possessed the power of charming the deer. A mass of black beard framed his bronze face, and, finally, he was supple and muscular, as are all primitive races who are dependent on their sole efforts to procure the necessities of life.

Joyfully we raised the latch, thinking of the pleasant surprise we were going to give old Maritane, whose dry cough we heard coming from a still vigorous chest. On seeing us the poor woman stood still, as if nailed to the spot, and instead of the cry of joy which we expected, we were surprised to see two large tears roll down her emaciated cheeks.

"Well, mother nurse!" I exclaimed, "are you not glad to see your two bad children again?"

The good woman's heartbroken glance startled us. "Ah, Monsieur Jules," she finally sobbed out, "trouble is in this house. My poor Jacques—"

She could not finish. A torrent of tears gushed from her eyes, and sitting down as if her limbs refused her support, she leaned her head on her knees, and uttered loud wailings. I noticed then that she held a strip of white linen in her hand, and glancing round the room, I saw a tub in which some bloody clothes were soaking. A horrible suspicion crossed my mind. Was Jacques the victim of one of those numerous accidents to which they are exposed who are in constant rebellion against the law?

"See here, mother," I said, taking the old woman's hand, "if you are in trouble, perhaps heaven has sent us to you at this moment. But, for pity's sake, speak! You know you can depend on us as if we were your own children."

"Oh, my good boys," she said, at last, "Jacques is there, dying, with two bullets in his body."

I sprang toward the door to which she pointed, but she stopped me with an imploring gesture.

"He is sleeping a little," she said, softly, "but when he wakes up I'll tell him you are here. Maybe it will do him some good."

"But," I replied, "if Jacques has been shot, why isn't the doctor here? Perhaps the danger is not so great as you think, and with the help of science he may be saved."

"Monsieur Jules," she answered, and this time in a voice in which indignation overcame sorrow, "a dog with a broken foot is cared for; but the doctor didn't want to trouble himself about Jacques, the poacher, who has been nearly murdered."

We were filled with indignation.

"Henri," I cried, turning to my brother, "run to the village and bring back the doctor, willing or unwilling. It isn't possible that a person could be so cruel as to allow one of God's creatures to die this way."

While my brother was executing his commission with the dispatch of a hunter twenty-five years old, Maritane gave me the following account:

Early in the morning of the preceding day Jacques had gone out as usual to inspect the numerous snares he had set in the woods. Beside a large linen sack, in which he concealed his prizes, he carried his game-bag and his gun, which never left him any more than his shadow. The harvest was only moderate. All the traps were un sprung except one in which a fine cock-pheasant was caught. Jacques penetrated further into the wood, hoping to get a shot at a buck or a boar. The night had been rainy, so the wet branches flapped in his face, and his feet were continually immersed in water, but the bold hunter cared little for these discomforts, and pushed on, keeping his eyes on a little terrier whose wagging tail announced the recent passage of some kind of game. "Bibi scents something," thought Jacques, encouraging him with a silent gesture, as, with excessive prudence, he never, even by a lance, raised his voice in these solitudes whose echoes would have betrayed his presence. The frisky movements of Bibi's tail became more violent, and he seemed

to want to devour the grass, plunging his nostrils into it. Suddenly Jacques stopped, and his dog followed his example. The faint sound of a hunting horn was borne on the breeze through the woods.

"The devil! The marquis and his pack!" muttered Jacques. "I don't know why, but I have a presentiment that bad luck will follow me today." He glanced at his trusty fowling-piece, and his eyes brightened. "Forward!" he said, in a low voice to Bibi. "The game that God has made belongs to everybody."

In the middle of a glade a superb stag stood motionless, his hamstrings stretched and his head raised as if some threatening noise had just struck his ear. In fact the distant barkings and the sound of the horn were again audible, and the stag was just going to dart like an arrow, when the report of a firearm burst from under the vault of the foliage, and the noble animal fell, struck dead by a ball which pierced his neck. The poacher commenced to clean the stag, thinking all the time how he could carry the animal away without being seen, when he suddenly paused, hearing the rapid gallop of a horse in the woods. He picked up his gun, which was lying a few steps from him, reloaded the barrel which he had just emptied, and then plunging into the thicket, awaited the sequel, hidden among the bushes of broom and fern. Bibi was in front of him, sniffing toward the noise, which seemed to disturb him as much as it did his master. The horseman came right on, regardless of all obstacles, and in a few minutes would have been in the glade where Jacques's victim lay dead.

"Rameau is the only person who can gallop that way through the thicket," thought Jacques. "If I stay here there'll be trouble. It's best for me to go away, and leave my game to him."

He was about to carry out this wise resolution, when he heard a noise as if produced by a violent collision, followed by a cry from a man in distress. Jacques smiled maliciously.

"Rameau has fallen into the bog," thought he. "Let him stay there, and God have mercy on his soul."

While muttering these words with an almost ferocious joy, he returned to his first occupation. Meanwhile Rameau, who was chief of the marquis's huntsmen, howled with despair, for he had, in fact, fallen into a deep and miry bog, where both he and his horse would undoubtedly perish if no one came to his assistance.

"Help! Help!" he cried. "Isn't there any one who hears me? Poacher or hunter, whoever you are, who fired just now, for mercy's sake come and give me your hand, for the mud has already reached my shoulders."

Jacques was touched in spite of himself. He advanced towards the hole, where Rameau was vainly struggling, and suddenly appearing before the wild eyes of his mortal enemy, said in a mocking tone:

"Aha! It's the head-keeper who is enjoying a cold bath, although the season isn't warm. Take your time, your lordship, and I'll get some white clothes ready for you, for it's my opinion you'll have great need of them when you get out of your bath-tub."

"Jacques," replied Rameau, raising himself with a violent effort, "whatever your reasons for hatred toward me, you surely will not leave me here to die like a dog. Help me out, then go your way and say nothing; but try never to meet me again. It will be best for both of us."

"That is to say," said Jacques, gloomily, "that once safe and sound, you will begin again tomorrow to hunt me like a wild deer. That won't do. Promise me to turn away when I am in your path, and I will give you my hand. If not, by St. Jacques, my patron, you can lie there and rot, and the wolves can tear your carcass to pieces for food."

"But, wretch, even if I should make you this promise, the other keepers will not have the same reason to spare you, and some day or other you will certainly be caught."

"The other keepers!" exclaimed Jacques, with supreme contempt. "I don't care for them any more than for the skin of a dead rabbit. They are afraid to come within gunshot of me, and I must say you are the only one brave enough to deal with Jacques, the poacher."

"I can't make that promise," replied the unhappy keeper. "Even you would despise me for not doing my duty with regard to you." Then he commenced to shout again, in a pitiable voice, "Help! help!"

"Die then, fool!" said Jacques, pretending to go away. "I'd be very stupid to supply the whips to beat myself with."

Rameau anxiously followed him with his eyes.

"See here, Jacques, you won't abandon a Christian in this way, who personally never did you any harm! Ask something else of me, and as I hope to save my soul, you can have the choice of everything I possess, except my rifle."

"I know I can rely on you, friend Rameau," said Jacques in an undecided tone. "You're the only one I'd look at twice down there, before shouldering my gun. But you must promise what I ask, or as sure as my names is Jacques you can stay there till judgment day, if I'm the only one to help you out."

Rameau uttered a sigh of despair. His horse had completely disappeared in the mire, and he knew that if this support failed him, the slime would soon be over his head, and that would be the end of him. At last he said: "Let it be then as you wish. Your person shall be sacred to me, and if ever you are sent to prison, I swear I will never accuse you. But how are you going to

manage? The pond is large, and you can't reach me without risking your own life."

"Don't let that trouble you," said Jacques, spying a young and pliant oak, which he climbed like a young wildcat. Reaching the top, he let himself down, shaking the tree violently, and forming an arch, one end of which was directly over Rameau. Then he held on by one hand, and extended the other to the head-keeper. Giving an oscillating movement to the supple branch, he succeeded in completely pulling his enemy out of the slime.

Rameau was very pale, as he rose up all covered with mud. He looked sadly at the hole where his faithful courser was forever immured, and then extended his hand to Jacques, who looked at him defiantly.

"Well, Jacques," he said, with a cordial manner, "I owe you my life, and you have my promise; but perhaps it would be better if I were dead or you changed your occupation."

"Never!" answered Jacques, with a savage joy. "You don't know what it is to feel the delights of wandering alone in the midst of this vast forest, especially when the wind whistles through the tops of the old oaks, when the lightning flashes through the depths, and the rumbling thunder seems to make the echoes howl. I see the deer, the wolves, and even the boars run away, frightened, while I, my body drench with the rain, my head exposed to the lightning, which respects it, I stride through the forest saying: 'God disturbs the elements up there; the tempest breaks the tops of aged oaks, but around me His breath does not disturb a blade of grass.' Why should any one fear God, who punishes only the wicked? He has given me a brave heart, to despise other men who live in society only to destroy themselves, or to enslave others in exchange for a few mouthfuls of bread or a little gold. Well, here I am almost as great as God. My subjects tremble at my sight. My food is the fruit of my skill and my liberty. In spite of the law which pursues me; in spite of the marquis, who calls himself proprietor of the inhabitants of this forest, by right of succession, my life flows on calm and tranquil, and I can say with pride, 'I am master here!'"

Jacques looked truly noble while he was speaking, but Rameau shook his head.

"Friend Jacques, I know you are a good fellow, but everybody does not agree with you in your ideas. By Jove! here is some more of your work—a full-grown stag lying there in the grass. Listen, Jacques; my comrades are coming, and if you take my advice you'll be off toward home. If they question me, I'll make up some story. Hark! I hear a horn. My keepers are coming. Save yourself. They have not the reason for sparing you that I have."

Jacques picked up his gun and his game-bag, and went away—not like a man fleeing from danger, but with the slowness and tranquillity of a hunter going to beat the woods. He had scarcely taken twenty steps when a keeper cautiously appeared on the border of the glade. He saw the slaughtered stag, and then his chief, lying on the ground splashed with mud, in which he thought he recognized blood, and convinced that Rameau had just been assassinated by the poacher, whose tall figure was visible through the trees, he fired two well-aimed shots before Rameau had time to prevent him.

At the first shot Jacques seemed to sink down on his left hip; and at the second, he quickly put his hand to his side. But, with iron will, he continued his way, without stopping, and fell, bleeding and almost lifeless, at the door of his hut. His poor wife helped him into bed, and after quenching the blood which flowed profusely from his wounds, in the thigh and below the heart, she ran to the village to implore the aid of the doctor. He was a young man, who was a constant guest at the château, and shared the hostile feelings of the marquis toward the poacher. He was very rude to the old woman, abused her husband for having dared to encroach on my lord's pleasures, said he had only received what he deserved, and then positively refused to attend a robber who ought to consider himself fortunate to die in his bed instead of on the scaffold.

While my old nurse was telling me this sad story, Rameau entered. He was a youth of an open and frank countenance, whose bright color had given place to an excessive pallor. Through the partly open door, I saw Henri accompanied by the doctor, to whom he was talking earnestly.

"Good-day, mother Maritane," said Rameau. "How is Jacques?"

"Badly, Monsieur Rameau, badly. If God doesn't have pity on me, I'll be a widow before the day's over."

"Take courage, my good mother," I said, pressing her hand, while the head-keeper hid his face in his handkerchief to stifle his sobs. "Here is the doctor, and we will soon know if the danger is as great as you fear."

Suddenly we heard the voice of the wounded man.

"Water," he gasped, in a voice of dreadful suffering. We hurried into the room. He was sitting up, and appeared to be searching for something near him. He looked at me, and his eyes seemed to light up with joy. He extended his hand to Rameau as a sign of pardon, and then fell heavily back, murmuring "Water." I put a glass to his lips, but the liquid ran out of both sides, and when the doctor reached his bedside, he found only a corpse.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Marchant.



SAN FRANCISCO ANNALS.

Joseph L. King's Anecdotal History of the Stock and Exchange Board.

As a contribution to local annals Joseph L. King's "History of the San Francisco Stock and Exchange Board" is of singular value. The records of the board shared in the general holocaust of April, 1906, and were it not for this setting down of living memories much of interest relating to an organization of world-wide fame would have perished. The board was founded on September 11, 1862, to meet the necessity of a clearing-house for the wild speculation in mining stock which grew out of the discovery of the Comstock lode, but at first its operations were regarded with suspicion by the conservative business men of San Francisco. So much so, indeed, that if a down-town merchant was known to be buying or selling the new mining securities his commercial credit instantly suffered; his bankers would probably refuse him loans, and his wholesale merchants regarded his orders with suspicion. As the board consisted of exactly forty members, the old story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves was revived in their behalf.

One of the most vivid pages in Mr. King's volume is that contributed by P. C. Hyman, the last survivor of the original forty:

I am reminded of a few reminiscences when we first assembled for business. We met in a small room, third story of the Bank Exchange Building, with a long table in the centre and seats on each side. Mr. Teacle and Franklin Lawton were the only two who had had experience in the Stock Board, both being members of the New York Board. Mr. Teacle was made chairman and Mr. Lawton secretary. The first two days we made no sales. The third day Mr. P. B. Cornwall and I arranged to do some business. I bought from him two purchases, five shares each, Wide West, and one purchase, Real Del Monte, of five feet, being the first records made. From that time something was done every day until business so increased that we secured a larger place, second story, Rios Building, corner Washington and Montgomery Streets. It still increased, and we were compelled to arrange for a larger room, so we got the Metropolitan Theatre Company to build us a large room, second floor, on Montgomery Street.

To each of the original forty members the price of a seat at the board was \$100, but in a year the value had risen to \$500. But that advance was speedily put in the shade. In 1864 a seat changed owners for \$1400, and the value of the privilege then rose rapidly until an astonishing figure was reached. Thus, in 1873 J. H. Mahoney, Jr., paid \$600 for his seat, a year later the price was \$10,000, and in 1875 William E. Hale gave the enormous sum of \$40,000.

Many lively incidents concerned with the famous Ophir boom are given by Mr. King, and the phenomenal business of 1874-75 has a chapter to itself. The street business was amazing; Mr. King handled on one occasion \$100,000 worth of stock before his firm knew about the order. In fact, all these pages deal in such colossal figures, are so steeped in the atmosphere of vast wealth, that many will sigh with the author for a return of those palmy days.

Anecdotes play a large part in the volume. They are concerned with such famous operators as the Bonanza firm of Flood, O'Brien, Mackay, and Fair, James R. Keene, Robert Sherwood, Louis Eppinger, E. J. de Santa Marina, J. H. Mahoney, Jr., William Sharon, and countless others who belonged to that band of notable pioneers who contributed so largely to the making of California. Here are some gleanings from Mr. King's more gossipy chapters:

In Keene's early days in the board, before becoming very wealthy, being worth about \$300,000, he could foresee a great market and high prices in the immediate future. He went to Ralston, president of the Bank of California, spoke enthusiastically about the market and its future, and asked for money. A stout man, high forehead, aquiline nose, and a pair of eyes that could read down into your inmost soul, Ralston was the picture, as he sat at his desk, of a successful and cautious, yet liberal banker. His long experience had made him an excellent judge of the mercantile community, and he could be quick about making a loan or refusing it.

"How much do you want?" said Ralston.  
"Don't know," answered Keene, "can't tell the exact amount, but would like to commence buying now."  
"Well," said Ralston, "you draw your checks and I will tell you when to stop."

It is said Keene drew \$1,300,000 before he was halted. Keene was not always a winner. While ill at home on one occasion the stock market had a severe relapse, stocks breaking badly. Keene rose from bed and hurried to the board with his partner, John W. Coleman. The appearance of things was not of such a nature as to put health into a sick man, and they soon left the board room. It is said his stocks had shrunk one million in value at the time. But that was incidental to the business; in a short time stocks recovered and all were happy again.

To show how quickly Keene could detect an order, let me relate an incident. Mr. Flood, at times, found it to his advantage to employ other than his regular well-known brokers. Mr. B. F. Sherwood was known to be Sharon's confidential broker. Mr. Flood met me on California Street and asked me to tell Sherwood to meet him at a designated place. In the board that afternoon, Sherwood began executing an order on one of Flood's well-known stocks. Keene was on his feet instantly, buying the stock, when Sherwood stopped buying and sat down. Keene commenced writing down his purchases with the remark: "Hello, what's up a nigger in the fence?" After the board Sherwood related the incident to me, speaking in high praise of the power of discernment that Keene always displayed in times of emergency.

Sam Franks tells this story: While stocks were quite low during a spell in 1873, a discovery of ore was made in Ophir, the stock advancing in price. It was the policy of those in control of a Comstock mine to keep secret any improvement until they could secure for themselves a good quantity of the stock.

Budd heard of this Ophir discovery and bought some stock, and, as the price advanced from \$16 to \$85, the profits on his purchases at low figures enabled him to buy more stock. Being quite a plunger, he purchased in all 2500 shares. As the stock still advanced to higher figures he sold about 1500 shares, leaving him a balance of 1000 shares when the stock reached \$82, which would have given him quite a large profit if all were sold at that figure.

During the recess that day he determined to sell the remainder, which would give him quite a profit. The afternoon session was devoted to the calling of outside stocks, occupying half an hour, after which the members could call up, through the chairman, any of the Comstock shares. Budd, thinking he had time sufficient, during that first half hour, to get shaved, sat down in a barber's chair, and, being quite flush, gave the barber \$5, directing him to give him a good shave. It turned out to be too good a shave, as Budd went to sleep, and the barber, being well paid, devoted quite a time in making his customer appear respectable. Budd woke up, looked at his watch, and made a rush for the board. He ascertained that Ophir had been called and had broken so badly that when his stock was sold he only obtained \$40 a share for it.

He always claimed that that shave cost him just \$40,000.

In early days, in the '70s, quite a number of operators would gather together in Cahill's office on Montgomery Street, near California. Among them were Mr. James C. Flood and Mr. Robert Sherwood. Sherwood had 1000 Consolidated Virginia, the stock selling at about \$100. One day Sherwood, on looking at the prices, remarked that he was getting tired of that Consolidated Virginia; it did not move much. Mr. Flood said: "What are you growling about? If you are tired of that stock I will take it off your hands at \$100." "Sold," said Sherwood, and the stock changed hands.

In course of time the Nevada Bank Building was erected on the corner of Pine and Montgomery Streets. On meeting Sherwood one day, Mr. Flood remarked: "We built that Nevada Block on the profits of that 1000 shares of Consolidated Virginia you sold us."

Subsequently, in the Sierra Nevada and Union deal, Mr. Flood approached Sherwood on the street and bought from him 5000 Union at \$200 a share, the transaction footing up \$1,000,000.

Sherwood built the Union Block, on the gore corner of Pine, Davis, and Market Streets. Meeting Flood one day, he remarked, "I built that Union Block with the profits on that 5000 Union I sold you."

Money flowed in San Francisco freely; and we might, possibly, compare our existence as somewhat similar to that of King Solomon's time, when gold and silver, cedar and alnum trees, were accounted as nothing. And though we did not have our Queen of Sheba, with her present of 120 talents of gold, we had at least our great Comstock Lode, with the millions already derived and with the expected future. In fact, at that time you could buy "A. O. T.," which means "any old thing," making money on the transaction. Many of us had a team of horses, and one or two huggies, kept at the club stable on Taylor Street, near Post.

All the brokers were familiar with the park, then simply a figure 8, afterwards with a road cut through to the beach. We could tell all about the Cliff House and old Colonel Foster. If any broker could get through the month with his personal expenses less than \$1000 he was fortunate. It looked as if it would never stop.

When we were kept at the office at night, writing up the business of the day, fifteen or twenty of us would meet at some favorite dining place. One would pay the dinner bill, another the wine bill. Hurry through it and back to the office again. Old Ned, who kept the Mercantile Lunch, would, at any time, send plates, dishes and food to the offices for employers and clerks alike. When Edwin Booth played "Richard III.," "Macbeth," and "Othello" at the old California, we would take tickets for two weeks at a time, and attend every night, except Sunday.

When told that the Bonanza firm—controllers of Consolidated Virginia—would pay each member \$500,000 a month in dividends, it was accounted as nothing.

With our seats worth \$40,000, with a large commission account accumulated at the end of the month, with our offices crowded with customers from early morning until close of board—well, they were the best days we ever experienced in the board.

Mahoney kept his bank account with Donahoe, Kelly & Co. On one occasion he executed a selling order, either directly for Mr. Flood, or through one of Mr. Flood's brokers, and gave his check for the amount of the sales, which was over \$900,000.

A few days subsequent to this he called at the bank and told Mr. Howard Havens, the manager, that he wanted to draw a check for about \$4500, but that it would overdraw his account \$500, and requested this overdraft.

Mr. Havens stepped back and glanced at the balance sheet, looked at Jack, and again at the balance sheet, then, walking forward with rather a dazed expression, resting his elbow on the counter, and with his hand on his chin, remarked:

"Mr. Mahoney, you wish to draw a check on this bank for \$4500?"  
"Yes."

"Well, we will cash it."

When Jack's bank book was made up at the end of the month he ascertained that his checks for \$900,000 had not been presented, and therefore, when he requested an overdraft of \$500 he had nearly a million to his credit.

While writing about banks, bankers, and overdrafts, it is well to state that business was conducted on a somewhat more liberal scale thirty years ago. When a broker was known to be all right, and his standing established at the bank, he did not bother himself about giving notes when money was needed, but just kept on drawing checks and making deposits, sometimes with a large balance to his credit, but more often overdrawn.

Our office was next door to the Bank of California. One day Mr. Brown, the cashier, entered our office with the remark:

"What have you been doing?"

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brown?"

"Nicolson says he has cashed your checks for \$130,000, at least, today; that you have made no deposits and that you were overdrawn last night."

That was about the severest remark a banker could make, and it explained everything.

I took Mr. Brown behind the counter and approached the junior partner, who was very busy; he held up his hand for us not to interrupt him. Mr. Brown looked over his shoulder, saw three of those long deposit tags, in use thirty years ago, all filled out, the last one being footed up, and a stack of checks six inches high, all of which indicated that we were about to make a deposit in the bank.

Mr. Brown turned away and in leaving the office said: "Draw \$130,000 more."

One of the foregoing stories hints that the busy

brokers found time now and then for recreation, but the most convincing proof that the board could "let up" on occasion is provided by the anecdote Mr. King tells of a dinner given by Jack McKenty as a penalty for a lost bet in stocks:

If there was a man in San Francisco who could furnish a dinner right up to the queen's taste, it was old man Martin, and if there was a man in the city who could make old man Martin exert himself, it was Jack McKenty.

The dinner began with oysters and bouillon—with white wine à la McKenty. Old man Martin had a limited quantity of white wine, the like of which had never been imported before, and, if you believed him, would never be seen here again. With full knowledge of this, Mr. McKenty, for weeks previous, at breakfast, lunch, and dinner, had been a liberal imbibor.

With the entrées appeared an \$8 Lafite, a rich wine much in vogue those days. No dinner was considered perfect without it. The guests also had the privilege of tasting the popular Margoux wine. Fish, fowl, and flesh, with a bottle of champagne in front of each guest!

The music was furnished by a full string band—not the usual harp, fiddle, and flute so prevalent in French restaurants thirty-five years ago.

At two o'clock in the morning the steadiest man at the table was appointed a committee of one to ascertain what had become of the musicians. On his return he announced that he had found the musicians seated at a table, each with his bottle of \$8 Lafite in front of him, doing his best to finish it.

The climax came the next morning, after Brown had left his home to catch the 9:30 a. m. crowd on California and Montgomery Streets. His front doorbell rang, and the maid ran hastily through the hall announcing some important fact. The real authority in the house appeared at the front door and was confronted by two draymen, each pointing to a two-horse truck and their contents—the fifty cases of champagne. They were greeted with such remarks as:

"Mr. Brown must be crazy. He never could have ordered so much wine. We can't receive it. You must take it back."

The draymen simply said that they had been ordered to deliver it; that they could not take it back, and if it would not be received, they would pile it up in the front yard. And so when Brown arrived home for his evening meal, he found the fifty cases of wine, neatly placed in the yard, close to the front door.

Speculators are the most superstitious race on this great, green earth. Although bent and determined on some moneyed transaction, either to buy or sell, some slight incident will change their minds in an instant. They may sell where they intended to buy. Many will carry a lucky coin, never to be parted with. A rabbit's foot had its merit with some, always hidden away in a secret pocket.

Budd had 365 suits of clothes, one for each day in the year. He came in the board one day wearing a new pair of light-colored Scotch pants, checkered with a black streak, as wide as the rails on California Street. Everything he did that day went against him. He lost, no matter which way he acted. He went home, threw off the pants, and never would wear them again; they cost him too much. They say he entered the board room by the back entrance one day, and again everything went against him. Nothing in the world could induce him thereafter to enter any other way than by the front door.

One of the finest fellows in the board, and who had amassed quite a fortune, had the peculiar idea that a light pair of pants always brought good fortune to him. One day, when business was dull and Consolidated Virginia looked about right for a chip, I thought it best to take in what there was for sale. I bought at 59½, 59½, and 59½, and was still hiding when a familiar voice at my back said: "Clear the floor at 60, and I will go in with you." Out of the corner of my eye I could see that it was Horace, and better still, he had donned the light pants, and Consolidated Virginia was 60 bid in a minute. We had turkey for dinner for a month.

A prominent member saw a spider on the wall one morning. Nothing could induce him to buy or sell anything that day.

One day when Jacket was called Keene was sitting listlessly in his seat, when all of a sudden he emerged into the aisle, and hiding for Jacket, rushed from the front door all the way up the aisle to the rostrum, and back again, still buying, still bidding and carried the stock from \$38 to about \$63. He became red in the face with exertion—still redder, and finally, a bluish red, like apoplexy, frightening all of us. We expected him to drop on the floor. Finally stopping, his face resumed its natural color, and when business would allow it, we crowded around him expostulating with him on his actions, claiming it would kill him some day, all of us volunteering at any time to buy stock for him. He was calm now, and putting his hand over his heart, said that whenever he felt a peculiar sensation there, should he follow his inclinations, all would be well; if not, he would lose money. He was short on Jacket, had that peculiar feeling, acted on it, filled his shorts and was now long. As it was reported that he had made \$500,000 at that time, and principally in Jacket, perhaps he was right.

A prominent broker had traded all day on the wrong side of the market. Arriving at home in anything but good spirits, he ascertained that some kind friend had presented his family with a dog. "Well, of course," he said, "that accounts for it." One kick sent the dog out of the front door. No more dogs for him.

Naturally Mr. King has not found it necessary to dwell at length upon the later history of the board, but he has some valuable notes on the resumption of specie payments, upon the decline in business following the new constitution in 1879 and the later revival. His last word is an exhortation to an attempt to revive the Comstock, to get rid of the water, and to sink lower shafts.

HISTORY OF THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK AND EXCHANGE BOARD. By the chairman, Joseph L. King. San Francisco: Joseph L. King.

No coal is mined in this country lower than a depth of 2200 feet, while several English mines penetrate 3500 feet down, and there are mines in Belgium 4000 feet deep. Eight-inch seams of coal are mined commercially abroad, while few veins less than four inches thick are worked in this country.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Illustrious Prince.

As a sheer story-teller E. Phillips Oppenheim has few equals. He has the enviable knack of interest, can buttonhole his reader with his first chapter, and cast over him a spell akin to that possessed by the Ancient Mariner.

No falling off in that quality is obvious in his latest novel. The fact that the hero, Hamilton Fyne, is able to get off the *Lusitania* by a tug while the other passengers are condemned to another night aboard, and that he has but to show a scrap of writing to the railway officials to secure a special train to London, is sufficient to arrest interest at the start. But this is a trifle to Mr. Oppenheim. He has Mr. Fyne murdered on his journey in the most mysterious manner, and then follows up that little achievement with another uncanny tragedy a few chapters later. By this time he has got his reader thoroughly excited, and he holds him in that mood till the fall of the curtain. No doubt it is far-fetched to postulate on the part of the Japanese government such an absorbing desire to learn the inwardness of the world-trip of the American fleet that its agents dare and do to such an alarming extent, but the motive is sufficient for the story and will not strike the reader as inadequate until it is too late. The novel, as is usual with its author, may not appeal along the lines of literature, but it certainly is "a thriller."

THE ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

## Hearts Contending.

Keenly visualized characters, with a study of environment which explains why those characters were what they were, and a suggestion of pastoral life in its possible underlying tragedy, are the qualities which lift this story above the common level. Its picture of a family of German descent working out their destinies in a Pennsylvania valley, with the newer life and its ideals clashing with temperament that has its roots in a different order of social life, is a distinct addition to American literature, and at the same time the story is one which commands attentive reading for its own sake.

Susanna Heilig, the mother, is a faithful portrait of the ideal *hausfrau*, living for her husband and children, and finding her kingdom in her kitchen. She and her husband stand for the old order, Susanna along the lines of conventional morality, and Job, the father, along the lines of parental authority. Through those avenues sorrow comes. For the children, three sons and one daughter, are in various ways in revolt against the traditions of their parents. For example, this is both pathetically and humorously illustrated by the Ash Wednesday celebrations of Heiligthal. "On that day every house was cleaned from top to bottom, and the dust burned; every garden was covered with ashes, which remained until the spring rains washed them into the ground; every cow was sprinkled with ashes, like a mourner in the Old Testament, and their long, contemplative faces, thus oddly topped, stared out of barn doors and over barnyard fences." This sprinkling is attended to by the sons, but in a spirit of merriment. It is not the only instance of their disagreement with their parents' point of view, a disagreement which in other matters leads to poignant results. It clashes in the realm of love passion, and so provides opportunity for many incidents which are handled with unusual power.

HEARTS CONTENDING. By Georg Shock. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

## The Royal Americans.

Distinction in style has always been a characteristic of Mrs. Foote's work, and that is a marked quality of her latest story. In addition it is permeated with a spirit perfectly in harmony with the period in which it is laid. There is an old-world air, an atmosphere of courtliness which accords faultlessly with the setting. More than that: there is a pensiveness of writing, manifested not alone in the development of character but in the description of nature, which is true to the struggle the story depicts—a struggle between birth-ties with England and a growing love for the new land. In all this, too, Mrs. Foote does no violence to either side in the great struggle between the old and new countries; her royalism will not offend the American any more than her republicanism will irritate the English reader.

Perhaps the most moving scenes of this charming story are those depicted in the last book. The examples of high courage and acceptance of fate there arrayed have a singular beauty. At the same time Mrs. Foote ought to have known better than to make a native of Cornwall talk in Cockney dialect! Her dialogue of the Grenadier would cause much amusement in Redruth.

THE ROYAL AMERICANS. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.

## The Daughters of Suffolk.

Notwithstanding the introduction of historical persons in a direct manner, and the for-

midable gallery of portraits from old prints and illustrations of ancient seats, this attempt to present high life of the middle sixteenth century in the guise of fiction is hardly a success. Mr. Nicolls has been most industrious in his study of old records, has evidently delved far and wide among biographies and volumes of letters, but all this is in vain without the power, one may say the genius, to transmute knowledge into romance. The period he has chosen has many picturesque features, and its principal actors passed through many moving adventures, yet this presentation has no warmth, no haste as of life, no touch to uncover the romance in the actual. Still, inasmuch as the story is faithful to detail and has a lighter movement than the serious page of the historian, the book may be commended to those who are interested in the tragic career of the Duke of Suffolk's daughters.

THE DAUGHTERS OF SUFFOLK. By William Jasper Nicolls. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.50.

## A Vigilante Girl.

When "A Vigilante Girl" appeared week by week in the *Argonaut* its Californian readers found much delight not only in the story, but in attempting to penetrate the fictitious names of the characters. Now, however, that Mr. Hart has given his novel to the world in book form its appeal will depend wholly on its merits as a picture of the old days in the Golden State.

Those merits are many. From the arrival of the hero, Arthur Alden, and onward through all the phases of life clustering around the Argonaut period, down to the capitulation of the dashing heroine, Diana Wayne, the reader is entertained by a succession of lively episodes. The flogging at the wharfside, the characterization of the Oriental Hotel as the "caravansary of the Upper Ten," the interior scene at the Bank Exchange saloon, reminiscent of days when whisky was "four bits a drink," the savagery of the lynching of Dolores, the simple pathos of her funeral—these and many other episodes are all set down in a spirited manner and with photographic attention to detail. Nor is that all. Seeing that his purpose is to recreate the Vigilante spirit in all its relentlessness, Mr. Hart draws his heroine with becoming sternness, not forgetting, however, to prepare the way for after developments. Consequently the contrast between Arthur and Diana becomes one of the most absorbing elements of the story.

Owing, then, to the unflinching movement of the novel, to its truthful pictures of forgotten conditions, its lively interplay of diverse human emotions, and its satisfactory culmination of love interest, "A Vigilante Girl" will command and deserve a large circle of readers. There is one particular in which Mr. Hart might do well to restrain his pen, and that is in the use of terms of endearment. The last two pages, with their over-abundant supply of "sweetheart," "darling," and "dearest," illustrate this fault at its worst.

A VIGILANTE GIRL. By Jerome Hart. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$1.50.

## Manual of Gardening.

Far more than practical instruction is imparted by L. H. Bailey in this admirable book; there is philosophy of a kind invaluable to all who would woo flowers and fruits from the earth. "One must first seek to love plants and nature, and then to cultivate the happy peace of mind that is satisfied with little." Mr. Bailey strives, indeed, to make his readers happy at the sight of a dandelion. The man, he says, who worries morning and night about the dandelions in the lawn will find great relief in loving the dandelions. If we can only learn to love the things nearest at hand, and get rid of the spirit which covets what we can not have, how much happier we shall be!

Of course Mr. Bailey is aware that it is impossible to write a gardening book which shall apply to all parts of the United States, but he has taken great care to frame much of his advice on general principles which have the widest application. He discusses, then, the general plan and theory of the garden, offers many useful hints as to landscape features, and then deals at length with the treatment of land and plants. Nor does he overlook such an important matter as the protecting of plants from their many enemies. The book is written throughout in a non-technical and interesting style and there are countless illustrations of a helpful character. It bears constantly in mind the home-maker rather than the professional gardener and is an ideal volume from that point of view.

MANUAL OF GARDENING. By L. H. Bailey. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$2 net.

## Yung Wing's Autobiography.

Distinguished as the first Chinaman to pass through one of the leading universities of America, Yung Wing, who, on his return to his native land, had some exciting adventures in connection with the Taiping rebellion, relates the story of his life in a straightforward manner. It is obvious that his great work for the Chinese educational commission has the first place in his own thoughts as his most enduring achievement, but in addition he had intimate associations with the two

famous statesmen, Tsang Kwoh Fan and Li Hung Chang, and of the latter he gives this neat little sketch: "Li Hung Chang was of an excitable and nervous temperament, capricious and impulsive, susceptible to flattery and praise, or, as the Chinese laconically put it, he was fond of wearing tall hats. His outward manners were brusque, but he was inwardly kind-hearted. As a statesman he was far inferior to Tsang; as a patriot and politician his character could not stand a moment before the searchlight of cold and impartial history."

Apart from its record of actual events, this volume is deeply interesting for the picture it gives of an Oriental mind which has been formed to a large extent under Occidental ideas. It shows in how large a measure the Oriental can respond to Western thought and gives good hope for the future of China.

MY LIFE IN CHINA AND AMERICA. By Yung Wing. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$2.50.

## Briefer Reviews.

Simple science is presented in an attractive story form by Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody in "A Holiday with the Birds" (Harper & Brothers; 75 cents). The children of these stories are taken on delightful out-door excursions, each of which is made the occasion of a useful lesson in natural history.

Thirteen essays by Jack London are now gathered in book form under the startling title of "Revolution" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net). They are all in the "yours-for-the-revolution" vein characteristic of the author and flourish the red flag with much gusto. Whether they are likely to have any influence with serious readers is another matter. But Mr. London will probably care little so long as the royalties flow in.

A manly story of college life is "The Head Coach" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50), by Ralph D. Paine. It is evidently intended to show that muscular Christianity is still a factor to be counted with, and draws an attractive picture of a young minister who did not allow his religion to make him a "molly-coddle." The interest of the story is heightened by a clever love episode.

Practical farmers and all students of agriculture will find much valuable information in John McLennan's "A Manual of Practical Farming" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net). There are chapters on the soil, drainage, fertilizers, legumes, clovers, corn, cereals, root crops, and many other topics. Mr. McLennan is a lucid expositor and has illustrated his volume in a thorough manner.

Among the problems discussed by Herbert K. Job in "How to Study Birds" (Outing Publishing Company; \$1.50 net) is that of identifying birds. It is of course largely a matter of training, but Mr. Job points out that size, form, and manner of flight will reveal a good deal, while more may be learnt from the positions assumed in standing. After all, work is the great secret, persistent work with a notebook in hand. Mr. Job writes clearly and gives useful hints as to the haunts of birds and how to photograph them.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Gospel and Now.

Undaunted by the fact that the task of applying the spiritual values of the gospel to modern life "is made more difficult because of the present transitional situation within the church itself," Professor Mathews grapples with the problem in a spirit of undoubted earnestness. His chapters are maintained throughout at a glowing heat; he everywhere manifests the enthusiasm of a man who believes his message is true and is of immense importance.

After pointing out the distinction which he sees between Christianity as a contemporary religion and the gospel, and arguing that the latter is not wholly other-worldly, he attempts a definition of the modern man and finds that he is not merely the man in revolt, but the man who is controlled by the forces making tomorrow. In the course of this discussion he touches upon the all-important question of miracle, and thinks that if we replace that debatable word by "event" many difficulties vanish. This is the weakest part of the book, and coming at so vital a link in the chain is deplorable in view of the liberal reasonableness shown elsewhere. As a consequence Professor Mathews disappoints expectation when he comes to deal with the resurrection, the details of which he admits to contain "difficulties," but is appealed to as giving immortality "a new value." In short, the doctrinal position assumed by Professor Mathews will hardly predispose his unattached readers to follow him when he comes to the practical application of his discussion.

This is unfortunate, for in the chapter devoted to the power of the social gospel there is much that all would be the better for accepting. From the standpoint of the church it is sternly true that "if Christianity is not socialized, social evolution will pass through a materialistic stage in which there will be a Caiaphas and a Pilate establishing a Calvary in every township." It is in line with this to note that only as it is exerted through institutions has Christianity been a social force. Hence the appeal to the church to lift the hatred of social injustice above class hatred.

THE GOSPEL AND THE MODERN MAN. By Shailer Mathews. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Anne Warner really should be a little more diplomatic. "We can all see," she has been writing, "a French joke or a German one, but I read an English comic paper with a sense of bewildered rage that I am supposed capable of being amused by such utter vacuity." And all this after the cordial reception of "Susan Clegg" in England, and in face of the efforts being made by her publishers to find a market across the Atlantic for Miss Warner's latest, "Just Between Themselves"!

New York's resplendent new Public Library on Fifth Avenue is to open its doors in the fall. The original estimate of \$2,500,000 has grown to \$10,000,000, and the building has taken thirteen years to complete. There are nine acres of floor space.

Volume seven of John Bach McMaster's exhaustive "History of the People of the United States" is ready for publication. It covers the period from 1842 to 1852. One more volume will finish the work.

Only one American scholar figures among the contributors to the latest volume of "The Cambridge History of English Literature," but the fact that the chapter on the "Authorized Version of the Bible" was committed to Professor Albert S. Cook of Yale is a unique compliment to American letters. Professor Cook points out that while Shakespeare is estimated to use about 21,000 words, and Milton some 13,000, the whole English Bible employs only about 6000. He believes that "the elevation and nobility of Biblical diction, assisted by its slightly archaic tinge, have a tendency to keep all English style above meanness and triviality."

"Kilmeny of the Orchard," L. M. Montgomery's new novel, is to appear immediately in an English edition. Her previous stories, "Anne of Green Gables" and "Anne of Avonlea," are in their tenth and fourth English editions, while the American editions have reached their twentieth and tenth printings.

Anthony Hope, in appealing for assistance or his less prosperous fellow-writers, asserts: "When a man has once got into authorship here seems no known means of getting him out of it. He is always on the edge of writing his great book. That will-o'-the-wisp leads him deeper and deeper into the mire."

Happy is the novelist who, having once adorned a pulpit, can inspire such a word picture as this: "He is tall, thin, has a face that reminds one of Thomas Jefferson, and is a proletarian of great power. He looked very stalwart, earnest, and impressive as he towered up in the pulpit under La Farge's famous mural painting of the Ascension." If this does not sell Alexander Irving's "From the Bottom Up," what will?

Joseph B. Gilder, formerly editor of *Putnam's Magazine*, is now in control of the Sat-

urday review of books issued with the New York Times each week. Mr. Gilder has compiled and edited several books and can look back on thirty years' experience of literary effort.

President Hadley's address on "College Democracy" at the jubilee of the University of California is to appear in full in the June issue of the *Century Magazine*.

Experience as a librarian has taught Arthur E. Bostwick that "the Irish do not care to read as much as Germans do. It is difficult to induce the Latin races, even those who are readers, to use a public library; while the Teutonic races seek out the library for themselves."

Ouida, says Elizabeth Bisland in a penetrating essay on the books of the bourgeoisie, "had unpruned and inchoate, but glowing visions of life. Upon her conventional lay figures she loved to drape garments of real texture. They moved against a theatrical background, but it was a theatre open to the sky and the winds. One had a sense that beneath the painted masks, the tin armor, she had unrealized imaginings of the pulse of warm blood, the flutter of living breath."

Alfred Noyes declares that from the time he left Oxford, eight years ago, he has devoted himself to poetry as a career as seriously as the sculptor or painter follows his art. Nay, more; he asserts that he has also "deliberately set aside all other financial resources."

William J. Locke, whose delightful novels are winning him a large audience in this country, has been elected a corresponding member of the American Institute of Architects. Mr. Locke was until recently the secretary of the Royal Society of British Architects, for he has an intimate knowledge of that profession in which Thomas Hardy graduated before he took to letters.

Authors in need of encouragement will find much to comfort them in the new particulars relating to Motley's "Dutch Republic" given in the volume of fresh letters. Murray, that austere high-priest of the London publishing cult, declined the book, and it was produced at the author's expense, making an immediate hit. One of the first to praise it was James Anthony Froude, who declared that the author "will take at once a first place among historians" and rated the book as "one of the highest order." On the other hand, Bismarck, though a personal friend, had not got beyond the first half of the introduction two and a half years after publication. Motley was modest about his work; "all I care for, if my book does ever get into print, is that it may do some good as a picture of the most diabolical tyranny which was ever permitted to be exercised, and of a free commonwealth which was absolutely forced into existence and self-defense."

## New Books Received

## FICTION.

HALF IN EARNEST. By Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Elemental passions unconstrained by convention are closely studied in this "story of a man's love." The hero would enjoy love without its fetters.

THE GILDED CHAIR. By Melville Davisson Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

A story which shows that romance is not dead for a woman of "that indefinite age past forty."

THE STREET OF ADVENTURE. By Philip Gibbs. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Journalism in London—Fleet Street is the "street of adventure"—provides the background of this capital love story.

THE PRINCESS OF FORGE. By George C. Shedd. New York: The Macaulay Company; \$1.50.

Plenty of excitement of the kind usually associated with life which centres about a gold mine.

THE O'FLYNN. By Justin Huntly McCarthy. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50.

Thoroughly characteristic of the author is this story of love and adventure.

THE WILD OLIVE. By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper Brothers; \$1.50.

A dramatic story opening among the Adirondacks. It has all the qualities which made the author's previous novel so great a success.

ANNE OF TREBOUL. By Marie Louise Goetchius. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

Brittany in one of its most picturesque villages provides the background for this compelling story of disappointed love.



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A VILLAGE OF VAGABONDS. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50. An entrancing story of simple life in a coast village of Normandy.

THE EARLY BIRD. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

Described as "a business man's love story." The plot develops quickly and there is much lively dialogue.

THE DEPOT MASTER. By Joseph C. Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

Rural life visualized with Mr. Lincoln's wonted skill.

DEAD MAN'S LOVE. By Tom Gallon. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

An escaped convict figures largely in this story of many excitements and clever plot.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

CONCEALING-COLORATION IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM. By Gerald H. Thayer. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$7 net.

An elaborate exposition of Abbott H. Thayer's remarkable discoveries in the field of animal coloration. The volume is superbly illustrated by numerous plates in color and others in half tone.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF REASONING. By W. B. Pillsbury. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1:50 net.

Intended to give "a brief statement of the place of the logical processes, particularly judgment and inference, in the concrete individual consciousness."

THE SOUTHERN SOUTH. By Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Discusses those conditions and problems which are in a measure peculiar to the South. The book aims to describe, "not to cavil."

THE EXCURSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By Frederic Rowland Marvin. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Essays on books, literary fame, authors, and publishers, and other related topics.

SONGS OF CHEER. By John Kendrick Bangs. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1 net.

Serious verse redolent of optimism. May be read with much benefit by all who take a gloomy view of life.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY AND HIS FAMILY. Edited by his daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

A welcome addition to the correspondence of the famous historian, including many letters from and to numerous notables.

THE STORY OF BAYARD. Edited by Amy G. Andrews. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

An admirable retelling of the story of Pierre de Terail, "the good knight without fear and without reproach."

WOMEN'S EYES. By Arthur William Ryder. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1 net.

Translations from Sanskrit verse distinguished for felicity of phrase and musical rhythm.

SPORT AND TRAVEL IN THE FAR EAST. By J. C. Crew. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

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A REVIVAL OF "CASTE."

Another Triumph for Robertson's Famous Comedy.

Charles Frohman has begun to redeem his promise. Whether the repertory theatre to which he has committed himself is intended as the answer of the syndicate to the academic challenge of the New Theatre need not be debated; that highly educational enterprise has troubles of its own sufficient to the day; the important matter is that if the repertory scheme is faithfully carried out New York playgoers will enjoy the enviable privilege of seeing excellent performances of many dramas which are often spoken of but seldom acted. It may prove, indeed, that the repertory theatre will lead to results somewhat akin to those achieved by the historic Boston Theatre, the home for so many years of classic revivals and the training school of so many sterling actors.

For his first revival Mr. Frohman elected to fall back on Thomas W. Robertson's "Caste," a choice which has given some of the "high brows" an opportunity to air their elevated tastes and expose their ignorance of dramatic history. The comedy, asserts one critic, is "more than half a century old." The fact is, of course, that it is three years short of fifty years since its first performance. That took place in London in April, 1867, and four months later it had its initial presentation in New York. That the American first performance should have followed so speedily after the first in England was a significant tribute to the rare quality of the comedy; forty-seven years ago there were no *Lusitanias* bridging the Atlantic at express speed and allowing the success of today in London to become the rage of New York a week or so later; if America gave her hospitality to an English dramatic success within a year it was considered remarkable.

Apart from their inaccurate chronology, the superfine critics make two complaints against "Caste." It is not a classic, they affirm, and it is too sentimental. Which raises the question, What is a classic? It will not do to apply here the terms of literature, for the question of survival is an important element, and on that grounds the persistence of "Caste" must confound the critics. Dramatic technique and human appeal which can overstep the boundaries of nationality and geography are the essential elements in a classic of the stage, and on both grounds Robertson's comedy has demonstrated its right to the adjective.

Whether "Caste" is too sentimental is not for the critics to decide. The playgoer is the ultimate judge there, just as the reader is the final appeal in fiction. By the canons of criticism countless plays and novels have been condemned, but their very sentiment has been their salvation. What happens in real life is not the important matter; in the theatre and in the arm-chair the probabilities are not all essential; there is wide scope for the creations of a non-real world where the happenings are not controlled by rule of thumb, but pay tribute to that sense of the injustice of things as they are. Sentiment may sometimes be sacrificed to something more valuable than sound.

Now, what has been the judgment of the playgoer on "Caste"? It awoke laughter and tears forty-seven years ago in New York and London; it is exacting the same tributes at the Empire Theatre every night. Mr. Frohman has been fully justified of his choice. The comedy makes its appeal with all its old-time power; the honest manhood of George, the gradual revelation of Hawtrey's genuine qualities, the beer-soaked philosophy of Eccles, the charm of the adorable Esther, the daring sauciness of Polly, the snobbishness of the marquise, the rough sincerity of Gerridge—all these differing shades of character are recognized and welcomed with as much fun and pathos as ever, because they are in that realm of human emotion where fancy shakes itself free of convention.

That this revival of "Caste" promises to have a lengthy run is all the more remarkable in view of two considerations. One of these is to be found in the fact that the comedy is an unusually severe test for such an "all star" cast as has been entrusted with its interpretation on the present occasion. Owing to the star system, English and American actors are too prone to play for their own hands. In this they present a marked contrast to the players of France and Italy. If all American actors could have seen and studied every performance given by Ermete Novelli during his two tours in the United States they would have learnt lessons of untold value. They would have seen a company each member of which always fitted the picture, and was merely a part of the greater whole. The "lead" of tonight would be the "second" of tomorrow, but whether he had few lines or many, much "business" or little, he was never obtrusive or lost. With those players the play was emphatically "the thing," and not their own reputes. It was a revelation, for example, to see how those unselfish artists could carry on the action even if they had nothing to do, merely by allowing the play of their features to reflect the story to the audience.

Now, for the first few performances the admirable company provided by Mr. Frohman for this revival of "Caste" spoke and acted rather for themselves than for the comedy. John Royce, and Edwin Arden, and Elsie Ferguson, and Marie Tempest, and even G. P. Huntley were too isolated; the three last-named forgot for the moment that after all they were members of the same family; that Esther and Polly were sisters, and that they were both daughters of Eccles. This detachment, this error of playing in water-tight compartments, would have ruined most plays, but "Caste" survived the ordeal triumphantly, another proof that it is a classic if ever there were one. But that defect, incidental to early performances, is a thing of the past, and the presentation is now practically flawless in harmony and relation.

One other handicap should be mentioned because it has not proved a handicap. Robertson wrote "Caste" and it was played against a near background which threw its moral into vivid relief. George and Hawtrey, it will be remembered, are absent from the second act because as officers in the British army they have been called to active service in India. In short, they are supposed to have served in the Indian mutiny, that flaming rebellion which threatened the power of England in that country, and was caused by the dread of the Hindus that their caste was about to be tampered with. This background gave immense force to the lesson of human equality in love that Robertson enforced by George's devotion to Esther. But the fact that "Caste" can make as direct an appeal now that its background no longer counts, now that, indeed, the millionaire and the peer at the feet of a chorus girl is no longer a unique sight, is another indubitable proof that the comedy is based firmly on unchanging human traits.

NEW YORK, May 20, 1910. FLAHEUR.

Maude Adams as Rosalind.

Maude Adams is to give a performance of "As You Like It" in the Greek Theatre of the University of California on June 6 in response to an invitation of the university. Preparations are now nearly completed for a production that will rival the great outdoor performance of "Joan of Arc" last spring in the stadium of Harvard University. Miss Adams will personally produce the Shakespearean comedy for which a special company has been organized. The costumes have already been made under the direction of John W. Alexander, president of the National Academy of Design. This will be Miss Adams' first performance of Rosalind and her second appearance in the Greek Theatre. In July, 1907, during her last tour to the Pacific Coast, Miss Adams gave a moonlight performance of "L'Aiglon" in the Greek Theatre, and has ever since cherished the wish to appear there in "As You Like It" because of the peculiar beauty and fitness of this play for outdoor representation.

The chief novelty of the performance will lie in the fact that it will be acted at close range, some of its scenes actually being acted among the audience, with the intention of giving the play a greater humanness and finer probability. Not only the actual stage of the Greek Theatre will be used for the action of the play, but the immediate semi-circular ground area in front of the stage within immediate reach of the audience. It is Miss Adams' intention to observe a strict loyalty toward the original text, but at the same time to clothe all its internal beauties with a magnificence of external investiture never previously attempted. An added feature of the performance will be the employment of the choral society and the rendition of especially arranged music by an enlarged orchestra under the direction of William Furst, musical director of the Empire Theatre, New York, who comes to San Francisco especially for this purpose.

In acting Rosalind Miss Adams will achieve an ambition of years. Several years ago Charles Frohman began the production of "As You Like It" for Miss Adams' use, but the plan was abandoned by the birth of J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan." Many of the fixtures and properties at that time constructed, and that have since lain idle, will be given their first use in this special production at Berkeley. "As You Like It" will be performed by Miss Adams this season for but this single performance.

A comparison between the New York and Paris subways shows that the advantage of price is with the latter. In the Paris system the average fare is 2.7 cents, with a minimum fare of 1.19 cents at certain hours of the day. The Paris system offers universal transfers over a complicated network of lines, and when this network is completed the passenger may travel from any quarter of the city proper to any other quarter for a single fare. The New York system charges much higher, though the possible ride is far longer. Allowing for difference in purchasing power of money, the charge per mile for the ride is from one and one-half to two times as great in Paris as in New York. The lines extend into undeveloped areas fourteen miles from the centre of traffic, as against three or four miles in Paris, and greater speed is attainable.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

An increasing interest in the Maude Adams engagement at the Columbia Theatre is shown by the inability of scores to secure seats for the various performances during the past week, and already the advance sale for the third and final week of the engagement is such as to presage the selling out of the seating capacity at every one of the remaining performances. The engagement will be recorded as the most brilliant of this or any other season and the financial returns will eclipse the receipts of even the famous record maker, "The Merry Widow." Maude Adams's "Peter Pan" was a notable attendance-getter, but "What Every Woman Knows" has overshadowed that play by 25 per cent.

As Maggie Wylie in the latest Barrie play, Maude Adams is charming to a high degree, and the members of her supporting company are cast to perfection. There will be matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The final performance is announced for the night of Saturday, June 4.

The Orpheum announces for next week a great show, headed by Edward Abeles, whose histrionic merit has long been recognized in the Broadway theatres. He will present a play by George H. Broadhurst, the author of "The Man of the Hour," which was first given at the monthly gambol of the Lambs' Club, New York, and subsequently at the public gambol of this famous club at the Astor Theatre. Mr. Abeles enacting, on both occasions, the rôle of the Italian boy with splendid effect. "Self Defense" is a pantomimic tragedy which tells in highly dramatic version the story of a mute Italian lad, charged with murder, who partly owing to his infirmity is powerless to explain away the mass of circumstantial evidence that seemingly proves his guilt. A kind-hearted district attorney affords him the opportunity to defend himself in dumb show. It is a bit of realistic and thrilling acting on the part of Mr. Abeles. Frank Stafford, in conjunction with Marie Stone, will appear in a novel act entitled "A Hunter's Game." Mr. Stafford during the sketch imitates nearly every kind of bird and animal. He whistles an accompaniment to Miss Stone's singing. Lillian Ashley, a singing comedienne and mimic, who has been highly lauded by the press, will be at the Orpheum next week only. Her monologue never fails to make a hit. Harry Fiddler and R. Byron Shelton, colored entertainers, also come next week. Shelton is a clever pianist, and Fiddler is a natural mimic. Those who will close their engagements with next week are James H. Cullen, the Morrissey Sisters and Brothers, and Mabel Bardine and Company. Next week will also be the last of the Herring-Curtiss Aeroplane.

William Collier in "A Lucky Star" the comedy in which Charles Frohman will present him at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, commencing Monday, June 6, affords the amusement-loving public much wholesome fun. The opportunities which he has to create laughter and the clever situations with which the play abounds make the entire piece one of, if not the best, in which Mr. Collier has ever been seen.

Margaret Anglin will be here next month.

with her production of "The Awakening of Helena Richie."

Henrietta Crosman will take her company to Honolulu between seasons. She will present "Anti-Matrimony" at the Columbia Theatre and then will take the steamer for the Islands.

By the terms of the will of Samuel H. Clemens (Mark Twain) practically his entire estate is to be held in trust for the use of his daughter, Clara, who is the wife of Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the Russian pianist. Mr. Clemens in the will requested the executors to confer with his daughter Clara and his associate and biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine with respect to his literary productions Stormfield, the farm and villa at Redding, is valued at \$30,000, and it is estimated that bank deposits amount to \$150,000. The approximate value of the literary assets can not be determined until a careful inventory is made.



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FERRIS HARTMAN AND COMPANY.

For the third time since that red and black eek in April when theatres and opera houses ent down and were buried in the fall of reater things, Ferris Hartman is playing an ngagement in San Francisco. He was not mong the first of the mummies to return to e city that had known them long and well, ut he was near at hand. A year or more e headed the light opera company in Oakland at did its part to induce a cheerful disposi- on among San Franciscans who had hurled- ly moved across the bay and were there waiting the restoration of their old home. hen the comedian came finally, to the Prins- ss Theatre, he was welcomed—none more eartily. The occasion recalled a former wel- come at the old Tivoli Opera House. Then e had been away in the East for a season, nd on the first night after his return his ntrance on the familiar stage was preceded y the opening lines of his song, "I have been andering, straying," sung in the wings. ith this he came into view, and the music alted abruptly, for that loyal Tivoli audien- ce had hands and voices in such thunderous reeting that even the impassive actor was vercome.

It was not so vociferous a welcome that he eceived at the Princess Theatre last Sun- ay, but it was warm and genuine, and Hart- an acknowledged it, at the end of the first ct, with a few remarks. He is as frank as e is funny. His recent season of eight onths in Los Angeles was alluded to, and artman, the comedian, confessed that Hart- an, the manager, had attempted to elevate e stage during his stay in the southern alifornia city, but would promise not to do it gain. He said that he had wandered off o grand opera—"Loye Tales of Hoffman," armen," etc.—but no more, not any, what- er. It is easier to sympathize with the omedian-manager than to applaud his reso- ution. Perhaps there is little hope at present f seeing another just such place of entertain- ent here as the old Tivoli Opera House, but ere should he such hope and a firm founda- on for it.

The old Tivoli was the most valuable the- trical asset San Francisco possessed. It was n educational force. Its achievements and rations would brighten the best pages of y truthful history of the drama in this city, nd the whole story of the San Francisco tage, if written, would compare favorably ith the record of many cities twice its age. ven though the productions of the Tivoli eldom reached the highest standards of ex- cellence, they were never unworthy, and they ere often remarkable. They included all the ld-time favorites, from transmutated French pera-bouffe to the real English comic opera f Gilbert and Sullivan. From "Madam avant" to "Ixion," from "The Bells of Corne- ille" to "Patience," from "Cyrano de Ber- erac" to "Ship Ahoy," there was always good, lean, bright entertainment, and music worth e hearing. During many summer seasons rand opera was given, with an enlarged com- any, and first American productions and the iscovery of great artists were not rare events n this branch of its work. Without special tress on these more ambitious efforts, it may e asserted that all other local institutions ombined did little to establish and encourage ove for music compared with the accom- lishment in that regard by the Tivoli. In his digression, serious though it is, it would e idle to attempt even a catalogue of the amous pieces which were admirably done ere—some of them many times—or to recall e foremost of the notable singers and actors ho appeared in them, and kept the Tivoli lag apeak for many years. Ferris Hartman as leading comedian there longer than any ther, and he has won the right to the favor ith which he is received. In classical com- dy, in musical farce, in burlesque and ex- ravaganza, he has never failed to prove his nthusiastic interest, his careful study, and is intelligent effort.

Even as manager it is not difficult to com- end Mr. Hartman. He is liberal with his ublic. His company is always large, and e people with whom he surrounds himself, f not eminent, are usually competent. He ever tries to be the whole show. Best of all, is choice of productions and his style of resentation are evidence that he has faith in e good taste of his patrons. And in this he s wise. There is nothing more certain than hat clean productions persist and pay.

"Woodland," the Pixley and Luders con-

coction in which Hartman opened his season ere, is more attractive musically and as a spectacle than as a medium for funmakers. It has been given in the city more than once y traveling companies, and its merits and demerits warrant only passing notice. Perhaps the fact that it is related to Rostand's "Chan- tecler," in scene and characters, if not in poetry and philosophy, will give it a longer lease of life than it deserves. In the hands of the Hartman company it fills an evening enjoyably.

Since reminiscence has already furnished much matter for this essay, a little more will not influence its character. More than two years ago the Princess Theatre had a stock comic opera company that made a notably good record. When that company put on "The Belle of New York," there were two diminutive but attractive girl drummer-hoys who led on the "Purity Brigade." Very often one of those two members of the chorus, in succeeding productions, was chosen for special service—such, for instance, as making the fourth in the "Bahy" quartet in "Wang" when indisposition kept the wee number one from attending. In time a line or two, and then a song, fell to her part. Now, that ambitious young woman returns, after a year's absence with the Hartman company, as a prima donna. It is admitted that Myrtle Dingwall had won favorable notice before she went away, but her development is a surprise to those who remember her in former Princess days. She is Miss Nightingale in "Woodland," and she sings her songs with distinction and charm. Her voice is true, pure, and fresh, and warm with feeling, and her enunciation is pleas- ingly clear. The future foretold for Miss Dingwall is not far away. Opportunity and experience will speedily ripen her gifts.

Florence Wadsworth, as Prince Eagle, is more attractive physically than vocally. Josie Hart, the Lady Peacock, gives a pleasing pres- ence to a part that has only one or two good chances. Angele Pinkley, as the Turtle Dove, suits the ingenu character in appearance and voice. "Muggins" Davis is a sprightly soubrette, who dances, speaks, and sings with assurance and art. Among the men of the company there are not so many who win espe- cial favor. Walter De Leon has gained in readiness and ease during his absence. He dances well, but would sing better if he could diminish himself of a sort of hoysish fam- ilarity with his audience. Robert Leonard is better fitted to a heroic part in "The Prison- er of Zenda" than the comic rôle of General Rooster. Oliver Le Noir's rumbling bass voice is still with him. George Poultney, as Robin Redbreast, is a newcomer who sings and acts acceptably. The feminine contingent in the chorus is noticeable for good looks and spirited dancing.

Ferris Hartman, as Blue Jay, the would-be king, has not a particularly luscious rôle, but he plays it with characteristic unction. It is not a piece of work that ranks with his best, but it is far from being a failure. There have been few failures to the discredit of the comedian in his long career. One or two of the Gilbertian conceptions seemed a little out of harmony with his temperament, but he never spoiled them, even when he fell short of realizing all their possibilities. Against these, and that strenuous but misdi- rected effort to galvanize "The Purser" into a semblance of active life, is a long line of varying but successful creations, like the old beau in "Madame Favart," and that imprac- ticable genius, the Toymaker. Ferris Hart- man's voice is not melodious, and it is rarely softened by pathos, but it reaches all the notes of humor, and his plastic countenance and agile understandings are indubitably the belongings of a versatile and genuine com- edian. G. L. S.

Before finally retiring from the stage Miss Ellen Terry desires to pay a farewell visit to America, the scene of so many of her tri- umphs. The "series of discourses on Shake- spearean subjects," which it has been some- what vaguely announced will form Miss Terry's entertainment, will, it is understood, be half-lectures, half-recitals, with interesting anecdotes drawn from her long experience of the stage, and some remarks on the acting of Shakespeare's plays in general. Miss Terry will visit all the principal cities of America, and possibly a few in Canada. She will con- fine her appearances to the theatre, the uni- versities, and the "auditorium." Miss Terry holds very strong views on the question of dramatic artists appearing at music halls, and under no circumstances will she be prevailed upon to appear at any during the tour, which commences in New York in October next and will probably extend to the ensuing April.

Dr. Louis Lissner, after thirty years of service as dean of the music department at Mills College, has retired and is succeeded by Mr. Edward F. Schneider, who has taught nine years in the institution. Dr. Lissner will continue to be a member of the board of trustees of the college.

The Columbia Theatre will not be closed at this summer, the management having ar- ranged for a series of stellar attractions in- cluding William Collier, Mrs. Fiske, Henrietta Crosman, and Margaret Anglin.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Call of the Adventurer.

Come, leave your lowland villages,  
Your scanty plots and tillages,  
Which summer-drought still pillages,  
With the hills on either band.

Come, let us forth together, lads,  
Let slip the loosened tether, lads,  
Fare forth, and face the weather lads,  
Our goal be no man's land.

Our sweethearts weep regretfully,  
Approving us forgetfully,  
The good ship plunges fretfully,  
Our wine we drink to lees.

Come, lads, and cast your part with us,  
Ah, leave the shouting mart with us,  
Come, hear a joyous heart with us,  
To sail the wandering seas.  
—Ethel Talbot, in Lippincott's Magazine.

## The Immutability.

The homely truths we knew of old  
Still follow us upon life's path;  
The simplest warnings that were told  
Reecho in the tempest's wrath;  
Defiantly, in some proud hour,  
We fling the ancient laws aside,  
And then, too late, we learn their power,  
That they are not to be denied.

The homely truths we knew of old  
Still make or break us through the years;  
Strange gods shall offer dross for gold,  
But we shall yearn, through bitter tears,  
For simple ways and simple creeds,  
For simple joys that now we lack,  
And, to those lives of simple needs,  
The homely truths shall lead us back.  
—Arthur Chapman, in Denver Republican.

## Vestal.

She dwelt apart, as one whom love passed by,  
Yet in her heart love glowed with steadfast beam;  
And as the moonlight on a wintry stream  
With paly radiance doth glorify  
All barren things that in its circle lie,  
So, from within, love shed so fair a gleam  
About her, that it made her desert seem  
A paradise, abloom immortally.

Some rasbly pitied her; but, to atone,  
If one perchance gazed long upon her face,  
He grew to feel himself more strangely lone—  
Love lent her look such amplitude of grace;  
Yet who that would have made that love his own  
Aught worthy had to offer in its place?  
—From "Lyrics of Life," by Florence Earle Coates.

## Tears.

When I consider Life and its few years—  
A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
A call to battle, and the battle done  
Ere the last echo dies within our ears;  
A rose eoked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlistening street—  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.  
Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight,  
Chieftains and hards and keepers of the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright  
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:  
Homer his sight, and David his little lad!  
—From "A Wayside Lute," by Lizzette Woodworth Reese.

## Resignation.

When frosty winds foretell the winter's blight,  
The ever hopeful swallows southward fly,  
Nor mar the beauty of their timely flight  
By one repining word, one mournful sigh.  
When summer breezes ravish Earth's fair breast,  
Each vanquished rose goes to its fate resigned,  
Content to be forgotten, or at best,  
To live but in the fragrance left behind.  
Shall I alone, of all creation's throng,  
Lament because loved things depart?  
What birds resign without a break in song,  
Shall I still hug so wildly to my heart?  
The swallow whispers: "Fairer lands await!"  
The rose: "Some lovelier form's in store!"  
Mourn not, my heart, by sadly altered fate,  
The love that took thy joys will send thee more.  
—Katherine Quinn, in The Nautilus.

Throughout the reigns of Elizabeth and the first James and Charles, women's parts were played on the stage by boys, and the practice continued during the early months of the Restoration. Pepys's first visit to the theatre after the Restoration was paid in August, 1660, when Fletcher's "Loyal Subject" was in the bill. Knyaston played the heroine, probably to Betterton's Archas, and was, according to the diarist, "the loveliest lady I ever saw in my life." It was in January, 1661, that Pepys beheld for the first time women "come upon the stage." There is a tradition that Davenant was responsible for introducing actresses on the boards. But it is known from a certain prologue which has been preserved that Desdemona was the first part rendered by a woman, and as "Othello" was produced by Killigrew's company of "old" actors on December 8, 1660, this is probably the date of the first appearance of women on the English stage. The new system, as seen from Pepys's records, did not become general immediately. The night after the diarist saw "The Beggar's Bush" acted by women he witnessed a male representation of the heroine of "The Scornful Lady." In Killigrew's company were Ann and Rebecca Marshall, the notorious daughters of a clergyman; Pepys's beloved Mrs. Knipp, and Mrs. Hughes, who is generally credited with being the Desdemona of the 1660 revival of "Othello."

## Loring Club Concert.

The Loring Club will include a considerable part of Wallace A. Sabin's music to the forest play, "St. Patrick at Tara," in the programme of its next concert at Christian Science Hall on Tuesday evening, May 31. Many were unable to hear the brilliant performance of this music by the Loring Club in conjunction with the New York Symphony Orchestra last week, but the distinguished quality of Mr. Sabin's music was then made evident. Among the excerpts to be heard in this programme are the "Song of Erin," which received an ovation at the Damrosch concert, the "Drinking Song," the rousing "March of the Irish Kings" and the "Veni Creator," which is worked up into the stirring finale of the work.

Following the custom of the past number of years that every programme shall contain a work new to a San Francisco audience, the committee for this programme has selected a "Bacchanalian Chorus" for men's voices and orchestra, by J. W. Elliott, which it is believed will prove a notable addition to the repertory of the club.

Last year the Loring Club scored a great success in the production of C. Villiers Stan- ford's cycle, "Songs of the Sea," for haritone solo, chorus of men's voices, and orchestra, and so many requests for an early repetition of the work have been received that it has been decided to repeat the cycle at this concert. This work was first produced at the celebrated Leeds Festival, and perhaps no composition for male voices has in so short a time achieved so widespread a popularity. The soloist in this work will be Mr. John Carrington, who with Mr. J. F. Veaco will be the soloists in "St. Patrick at Tara."

An effective contrast to these compositions will be afforded in the brilliant "Hymn to the Sun" from Mascagni's opera "Iris," which will be given in its entirety, preceded by the instrumental introduction.

The accompaniments will be piano and organ, together with an orchestra under the leadership of Bernat Jaulus. The pianist will be Frederick Maurer (the regular accompanist of the club), the organist, W. Fletcher Husband, and the concert will be under the direction of the club's conductor, Wallace A. Sabin.

## Strawberries and Asti Wine.

Pick off the stems and wash thoroughly quart of fresh strawberries; drain on a sieve. Serve with powdered sugar and Asti Colony Zinfandel, or Riesling, which can be secured from any grocer.

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THOMAS H. WILLIAMS, Preside  
PERCY W. TRAIT, Secretary.



## VANITY FAIR.

Exactly what is to happen in the court of George V is causing profound anxiety in the bosom of many a new-rich woman of American birth. Rumor has it that one such had cheerfully expended many thousand dollars in acquiring a house in the vicinity of Park Lane in preparation for cutting a figure in London's smart set, and has been looking forward with much elation to hoisting of her entertainment of King Edward, etc. But the new king is credited with the laudable desire to keep his court free from notoriety hunters who have had wealth too short a time to understand its finer uses, and even to be adverse to the mercenary spirit which so often enters into the alliances between British peers and American heiresses. If these anticipations are realized George V will do much to rehabilitate the name he hears. There is no American worthy of respect who is other than disgusted with the antics of those of his fellow-countrymen and countrywomen who lose all sense of decency when blind fortune dowers them with wealth. There is no crime in being suddenly made rich, but when the accession of wealth leads to the aping of manners alien in every respect to the life of those who are more at home behind a wash tub than in front of a throne the wish may be forgiven that this country's natural resources were no longer capable of causing such distressing spectacles. Sometimes it seems a pity that the generation between the "shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" can not be eliminated.

Domestic peace has had many eulogists. Poetry has sung its praises, painting has depicted its delights. But the truth is out at last. There are people who find it monotonous. And perhaps they are right. The life that is "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean" does pall, now and then, though there are few brave enough to confess such a heresy. After all, what is there to do on a rainy afternoon? Bridge? That grows wearisome. Gossip? That becomes a bore because the varieties of scandal are really limited. Then why not a quarrel, a quarrel artistically contrived and carried through its various stages to reconciliation with a fine sense that it is merely a pastime? That is the philosophy of a little hook which a French writer recently perpetrated, and the idea has so much to commend it that it deserves the widest publicity.

Richter was ungallant enough to declare that the clatter of women's tongues served a useful purpose in keeping the air in circulation, and domestic quarrels may be defended on the plea that they break up that stagnant peace which often becomes a burden in the home. Of course the quarrel must be cultivated as a fine art. It should have nothing to do with genuine anger, for then the spirit of the game would be lost. If the wife wishes to find the point of departure she may open guardedly with a remark to the effect that her husband smokes too many cigars, or is guilty of admiring looks sent in the direction of the housemaid, or is out too late at night, or disfigures the best carpet with the mud of the street. On the other hand, if the male is to start the game he can fall back on the question of hats, casually remarking that he can make one last a year, or the dressmaker's bill will provide an opening, or the indifference of the cooking he has to endure at home. Enough seriousness should be imparted to the hickering to insure that the "make-up" climax is thoroughly enjoyable. And, above all, the wife must choose her provocation with more regard to timeliness than the mother of Tristram Shandy.

American press agents have placed some wonderful publicity triumphs to their credit. That was a clever ruse, for example, which called for tan-bark to be spread deeply over the street in front of a New York theatre owing to the alleged nervousness of the actress who was playing in that building. Equally ingenious was the story which credited a huffon comedian with a passionate longing to play Hamlet and gave a circumstantial account of how and when and where he would gratify it. The newspapers "fall" for such eccentricities with alacrity, exploit them with startling headlines and in unlimited columns. Whereat the press agent chuckles, measures up the free advertising space he has commanded, and forwards his cuttings to headquarters with a hint that a larger salary would be acceptable.

But, after all, his methods are clumsy compared with those of his French colleague. In this, as in so many other ways, the Parisian is an artist. His latest effort is an admirable example. A certain soprano being in need of advertising is depicted as, after rehearsal, retiring to her dressing-room and inviting thither her *costumière* and several of the juvenile supers to take afternoon tea. But the elder members of the party need something more stimulating than tea; they are to be entertained with crackers and a glass of port wine. So the bottle, opened but yesterday, is produced, but the wine as it is poured out is noticed to be almost black. Ah, some jealous enemy, "the cat!" has poisoned the liquid! And then the perse-

cuted soprano recalls that she has had several threatening letters of late, and that a few days ago she received a parcel containing hutter which had been contaminated with oxide of zinc. How picturesque, how Gallic it all is! No one is any the worse for the port or hutter, but the soprano gets her publicity in a refined manner, and the newspaper reader is thrilled with a "near" tragedy.

Cheltenham is one of the most sedate towns of England. It is the favorite residence of countless retired officers who on moderate pensions are able somehow to live in semi-aristocratic style and maintain a social exclusiveness which would make New York's Four Hundred green with envy. Everything in the town is exceedingly proper, and just so. Nevertheless Cheltenham harbors a subtle humorist, who has taken "a rise" out of a member of the British government.

His method was well calculated to lull suspicion. It took for granted that to a liberal minister Cromwell's head would appeal with irresistible force. But the Cheltenham humorist had to go warily. Cromwell's head is a suspicious thing after all; there are so many of it; it is now reported to be here, and anon to be there; it has been discovered more times than the North Pole and with as dubious attendant circumstances. In fact, the severance of Cromwell's head and body has caused more heated arguments than the misunderstanding between the head and tail of Halley's comet. Hence the need for caution. However, the Cheltenham humorist prepared an elaborate argument to show that the Cromwell's head about which he was writing was none other than the real original which had been painted "warts and all." And then he appealed to the minister to see that the relic is recovered and buried once more in Westminster Abbey. The guileless minister took the bait. Would the owner of the head part with it? Well, the Cheltenham humorist was not aware of any reason which would induce that person to give up his relic. He did not explain his joke, and the minister is still unaware that he has been made the butt of a political opponent who is evidently of the opinion that Cromwell's head dead as it is, would be a valuable asset to the Liberal party.

Hats, as Longfellow might have remarked, are not always "what they seem." Of course by hats, women's hats are meant; what a nuisance the English language is that there is no feminine for hats. Bonnet is feminine, no doubt, but no woman wears a bonnet nowadays. Well, to resume, hats are deceptive. That is, they do not represent their face, or milliner's-bill value.

So it transpired in an English law court the other day. A woman was sued by a turf commission agent—the polite form for gambler on horse-races—for a hundred dollars, the defendant being a milliner. She had opened her "account" by promising to secure good "clients" for the gambler, and when given permission to take a flyer on a race sent in an order on behalf of ten "clients" to put ten dollars each on a certain horse. Alas! that horse was among the "also ran," and the obliging commission agent sent in his little bill for one hundred dollars. But the milliner refused to pay; another example of the unwillingness of the sex to settle bets! An effort to take refuge under the plea that she had been acting on her own behalf did not avail the vendor of hats; it came out in the evidence that her little plan was to charge her customers sufficient in excess for their hats to make good the money invested with the commission agent. This is how it works round to hats not being "what they seem." A fifty-dollar "creation" may represent twenty-five for the "creation" and the balance in a bet. As, to cite another poet, "one good custom may corrupt the world," it seems necessary to warn American husbands that their suspicions as to the real value of hats may be well founded.

As was the case when Queen Victoria died, the London correspondents of American newspapers have seized the opportunity afforded by King Edward's death to make "copy" without data. They have been telling us that the king has left a fortune of a million pounds, and have given minute particulars of how the sum was acquired and to what extent the queen mother will benefit. No doubt there is a popular market for news of this kind, but unfortunately it is all evolved from the inner consciousness of the journalists. No one knows to this day what fortune was left by Queen Victoria, and no one outside of the royal family will ever have any knowledge of the sum left by her son. The fact is that the estates of the sovereigns of Great Britain are wholly exempt from probate and do not have to be returned to Somerset House in any shape. Thus they are free of the death-duty tax, and the public has no means of ascertaining their total.

By the etiquette of their profession medical men are prohibited from advertising, and that probably accounts for the action of a New York doctor in forming a Non-Smokers' Protection League. It was a sure way to get his name in print.

But for any newspaper to take such a project seriously, and print gloomy forebodings of the desolation which will come over Broadway when the league—there are eighteen of it—has attained its end, is to show a lamentable lack of humor. Boston will be highly amused; it will remind the hub of the laughter which resounds there at the bare thought of the edict against smoking on the common being revived in the twentieth century. Broadway decorated with signs of "No smoking allowed" is unthinkable. So long as smokers respect the rights of others, they need have no fear that their enjoyment of the weed will be curtailed. And as for the anathema of the poet—"May none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker!"—why, the fierce customs officials of New York are permitting women arrivals to bring in the masculine allowance of cigars and cigarettes.

Are the modern baby carriage and the modern nurse improvements on those of a generation ago? The "pram," as it used to be called, is as extinct as a viking ship and has not even been thought worthy of preservation in our museums. It was a substantial affair, a three-wheeler, with iron-tired equipment, a

chair-seat with a definite hack, a formidable strap to keep the baby in position, and an unlimited capacity for jolts. Evolution has produced a vehicle with no points of likeness. It is almost gossamer in build, has four wheels shod with the latest in rubber tires, swing on sensitive springs, and is fitted with mattress, monogrammed quilts, fur rugs, hot-water bottles, umbrella basket, hoods and wire screens, Teddy bear, crest on the panels, and its china handle is grasped by an elegant nurse. She, too, is a distinct evolution. An expert in thermometers, in costumes, in pater foods, and subscribes to a professional organ. But what of the baby? He seems to have been ignored all the time. He lies instead, sits, has no training in the jolts of life, and is made a creature of too many clothes from his earliest hours. His environment, too, so conducive to sleep that it is hardly any wonder he is so wakeful at nights.

Steward (the first day out)—Did you ring, sir? Traveler—Yes, steward. I—I ran, Steward—Anything I can bring you, sir? Traveler—Yes, st-teward. B-ring me a continent, if you have one, or an island—anything, steward, so I-lul-long as it's solid. If you can't, sus-sink the ship.—*Boston Herald*

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The nickel finish, with the turquoise blue of the enameled chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Bishop Foss once visited a Philadelphia physician for some trifling ailment. "Do you, sir," he said to him, in the course of his examination, "talk in your sleep?" "No, sir," answered the bishop, "I talk in other people's. Aren't you aware that I am a divine?"

No less than \$44,000 was paid for the Millet picture, "The Pig-Killers," at the Yerkes collection sale, whereat some wondered. "Judging from present prices of meat," responded the affable McTavish, "the butchers can better afford to buy such pictures as that than the originals."

Two business men were conversing over their luncheon of coffee and pie. The older man had just been married. He was telling his friend how happy he was. And he wound up with the ecstatic cry: "And, George, what puts me in the seventh heaven is that her first husband's clothes fit me like the paper on the wall."

This is an extract from a Siamese paper hat has an English column for foreign readers: "Shooting Outrage—O Fearful Agony.—Khoon Tong was a man of Langoon and on his return accidentally shot at by some miscreant scoundrels. Untimely death, oh fearful! All men expressed their mourn. The cowardice dogs is still at large."

He was standing among his fellows, this ion of the salon of the Independent Artists, telling what art and life mean to him, when he was approached by a matter-of-fact citizen, who wanted to know. "Can you tell me," he asked, looking straight into the eyes of the great man, "if these here durned pictures were done by real artists or just amateurs?"

A Connecticut pastor was questioning a boy pupil of the Sunday-school. The lad answered greatly to the satisfaction of the good man, but finally the latter was stumped when the youngster made his last reply. "What commandment, my son, did Adam break when he ate the apple?" asked the pastor. "Please, sir," returned the boy, "there were no commandments at that time."

Having been shown the speaking tube and had its uses explained, Flynn, the new porter, blew a mighty blast in it. Hearing the whistle, Mr. Hobart came to the tube and inquired: "What's wanted down there?" "Tis Oi, Paddy Flynn. Ar' ye th' boss?" "I am," said Mr. Hobart. "Well, thin," yelled Flynn, "shlick yer head out av th' second shitory windy whoile Oi shtep out on th' soidwalk Oi want to talk t' ye!"

A noted statesman was very fond of riding on horseback and, being vastly conceited about his fine figure, wore stays to show it off. One day he was thrown from his horse and lay prone on the road. A farm laborer from a neighboring field ran to his assistance. The first aid man began to feel the statesman all over and suddenly yelled out to another laborer: "Run, Jock, for heaven's sake, for a doctor! Here's a man's ribs running north and south instead of east and west!"

Peter McNally, the swimmer, and several friends were dining in a small restaurant when a man with a grouch entered and sat at their table. The grouch ordered lamb chops. Several minutes later the chops were served; they were slightly burned. The grouch called the waiter and said: "What are these, lamb chops or pork chops?" The waiter replied, "Don't you know?" The grouch answered "No," and then the waiter sarcastically replied: "What difference does it make then?"

Grévy, when French president, once extricated himself from a predicament with wonderful presence of mind. He was being conducted round the salon of an eminent artist, when he saw a painting which displeased him. "What a daub!" he exclaimed. "Whose is it?" "That picture, M. le President," said his cicerone, "is my own work." "Ah!" said the president, without any sign of embarrassment at his awkward mistake. "In our country, when we particularly wish to purchase a thing, we always begin by running it down," and, true to his part, he purchased the offending painting there and then.

Toward the termination of a lawsuit in Massachusetts the lady in the case arose and, with a blushing countenance, timidly addressed the court. "Your honor," said she, "if I admitted having made a mistake in my testimony would it vitiate all I have said?" Instantly the lawyers on both sides became perturbed and excited, while the judge regarded her gravely. "Well, madam," said the court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What is it, please?" "Why, you see," answered the lady, more and

more flushed and embarrassed, "when the clerk asked me my age I was so flustered, you know, that I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."

A friend of the late Senator Allison declares that for genuine, pure, unalloyed and unadulterated pessimism the senator carried things further on the dark side than any one he ever knew of in the realms of fact, fancy, or fiction. One day they were seated together in a train, when they passed a herd of fine looking cattle grazing on the hillside. The friend remarked: "I say, there is a fine looking herd of cattle." "Yes," said the senator, dryly, prone to doubt even the obvious, "they are fine looking—on this side."

Lord Fitzgibbon was holding assizes in Tipperary County, when a man was brought before him on indictment for murder. The case was proved that the victim came to his death by being hit with a stick in the hands of the defendant; but the doctor testified that he had what they called in medical parlance a "paper skull." The case looked dark for the prisoner, however, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty. As the man was brought before the court for sentence it was noticed that his lordship had his black cap in his hand. "Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you?" demanded Lord Fitzgibbon. The man looked for a moment and then said, "No, your lordship, I have nothing to say; but I should like to ask one question." "What is that, my man?" said Fitzgibbon. "I should like to know what a man with a head like that was doing in Tipperary?" The black cap was put away and a prison sentence imposed.

THE MERRY MUSE.

Summer Forecast.

Summers dead and gone remind us  
We shall meet them, as of yore:  
Miss Slimly in lofty mountains,  
Miss Shapely where the hillows roar! —Puck.

The Flounder.

A flounder lays eight million eggs—  
A flounder's an astoundier!  
We wish we had a chance to trade  
Our chickens for a flounder. —Houston Post.

The Fateful Question.

She saw that he was going to put  
The question long expected.  
She tapped the carpet with her foot  
And tried to look collected.  
And as she waited for the man  
To ask that fateful question,  
Across her aging features ran  
Sanguineous congestion.  
The rose her cheek incardined  
Was followed by the lily,  
So great was her distress of mind  
She really felt quite silly.  
At length he stammered out the word,  
The word so long awaited,  
That made the maiden, when she heard,  
So deeply agitated.  
And then he said: "Beg pardon, Miss"—  
His voice was quite unsteady—  
"I simply had to ask you this."  
She had her answer ready.  
"Why should you not, sir?" she began;  
"I'm glad to give my answer."  
"Tis eighteen years, kind Census-man,  
Since first my life began, sir."  
—T. A. Daly, in Catholic Standard and Times.

At Sixteen Years.

She studies "Macheth" and "King Lear,"  
And the classics of long ago;  
She thinks they are "perfectly glorious,"  
The teacher she loves tells her so.  
What she likes are the antics of "Patty,"  
And stories with "sparkle and go."  
Long hours over Kipling and Dickens—  
She is only a school girl, you know.


She keeps up her "physical culture,"  
And plays basket ball with her might;  
Studies Latin and algebra problems  
And goes to bed early each night.  
What she likes is to dance until morning  
In ruffles all frilly and pink,  
To "scoot" up the drive in a motor,  
Or to gaily roll 'round at the rink.

She practices Grieg and Mozowski,  
Though her brain wanders off in a dream;  
She goes to hear symphony concerts  
With the Damrosch expounding the theme.  
What she likes is the waltz of the "Widow,"  
Gay two-steps that tingle and stir,  
The resonant chorus of "Boola,"  
Or the lay of the "Little Chauffeur."

She goes to hear "Julius Caesar,"  
With notebook, not just as a lark;  
She visits Greek casts in museums  
And sketches bare trees in the park.  
What she likes is Maude Adams as "Peter,"  
Or a jolly good Hippodrome show,  
A comrade to laugh with—and caramels—  
She is only a school girl, you know.  
—Elizabeth Elliot, in St. Nicholas Magazine.

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.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	9:50p	2:32p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:50p	.....	3:45p
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Deposits December 31, 1909..... 38,610,731.93  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

Social affairs consequent on the jubilee celebration at the University of California have predominated during the past week, many San Francisco hostesses entertaining at dinners and receptions for their husbands' classmates, that alternated pleasantly with the larger and more formal functions. Theatre parties, flanked on either side by dinners and suppers, have also done much to fill the social calendar and have served to entertain out-of-town guests motoring in for a few days from their country homes.

Desultory and informal entertaining has continued for the June brides, but with the near approach of the wedding day the bride-elect finds little time for luncheons and teas, and many affairs planned for this coterie of girls have been abandoned until their return from their honeymoon trips.

The summer exodus has been more marked than ever this week, and many of those who have been lingering in town have departed for the East and Europe within the last few days, making more evident the fact that the season is at an end until the return of society in October.

The engagement was announced Monday of Miss Edith Pillsbury and Mr. Walter L. Bliss. Miss Pillsbury is the daughter of Mr. Evan Pillsbury and a sister of Mr. Horace D. Pillsbury. Mr. Bliss is the son of the late Mr. Duane Bliss and is a well-known architect. The wedding will probably take place during the summer.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Kinehart and Mr. Christian Miller will take place Thursday, June 2, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Kinehart, at Covington, Virginia. Mr. Miller is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller of this city, and the future home of the young couple will be here. The wedding will be a large and brilliant affair and Mr. Kenneth Moore will go East with Mr. Miller and act as best man at the marriage. The honeymoon will be spent in the East.

A wedding of interest to local society is that of Mr. J. Tarn McGrew of Honolulu and Miss Isabella Scott Gramp, which took place in London recently. The groom is the son of Dr. J. S. McGrew and Mrs. McGrew of Honolulu, is a graduate of Stanford University, and is well known in society here. The honeymoon is being spent on the continent, and Mr. McGrew and his bride will make their home in Paris.

The wedding of Mrs. C. E. Jones of San Antonio and Lieutenant J. C. Walker, U. S. A., took place here Wednesday. The Rev. A. C. Allen performed the ceremony. As soon as the bride recovers from the effects of an operation for appendicitis which delayed the wedding, they will go to the Presidio at Monterey, where Lieutenant Walker is stationed.

Announcement of the marriage of Miss Louise Schussler and Mr. Martin Treuss, which took place in Florence, Italy, on May 12, has just been received here. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herman Schussler of this city and Mrs. Treuss is an American who has lived abroad for a number of years. The wedding took place in the Episcopal church in Florence. Miss Alice Schussler was her sister's maid of honor, and the guests included Mrs. Walter Hohart, Miss Mary Eyre, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Hamilton, San Francisco friends of the bride who are sojourning in Florence.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Draper and Ensign Kirkwood Donovan will take place on June 12 at the Draper home at San Rafael. Miss Elsa Draper will be her sister's maid of honor. The young couple will make their home temporarily at Santa Barbara, where Mr. Donovan's ship is stationed.

The wedding of Miss Gladys Maxwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maxwell of Piedmont, and Mr. Frank Jackson will take place the last week in June.

The wedding of Miss Leila Shelby and Mr. Frank Gilchrist Owen of Wisconsin will take place the last week in June.

The wedding of Miss Sophie Meule and Mr. I. Stanley Logan will take place Wednesday, June 1, at the Swedenborgian Church. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. David Wooster and a reception will follow at the Stewart Hotel.

The wedding of Miss Marie Lundeen and Lieutenant Edwin E. Pritchett, U. S. A., will take place early in August. The ceremony will be performed in Minneapolis, which is the old home of Colonel and Mrs. John Lundeen.

Mrs. Edward Parker was hostess at a bridge party at Yerba Buena at which the complimented guests were Mrs. John Milton, Mrs. Guy Brown, Mrs. Charles Huff, and Mrs. Walter Greer.

Mrs. Benjamin Wade was hostess at an informal tea at her quarters at the Presidio on Wednesday afternoon. Among her guests were Mrs. Charles St. John Chubb, Mrs. John A. Lundeen, Mrs. Thomas H. Barry, Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn, Mrs. Theodore B. Steele, Mrs. W. A. Carleton, Mrs. J. S. Reams, Mrs. J. P. O'Neil, Mrs. O. C. Nichols, Mrs. George Davis, Mrs. F. O. Ely, Mrs. Thomas Hunt, Mrs. Olin, and Miss Troope.

Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Calhoun entertained at a dinner at their home on Broadway on Wednesday, May 18, and at its conclusion took their guests to hear Maude Adams at the Columbia Theatre. Among those who enjoyed their hospitality were Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Martha Calhoun, Mr. William F. Herrin, and Mr. Thornwell Mullally.

Miss Helen Jones entertained at a bridge party at her home on Buchanan Street on Friday evening.

Mrs. John Lundeen was hostess on Friday at an informal card party, the guests at which were the members of a card club that meets fortnightly for an enjoyable game of "500." Tea followed the cards.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., entertained at dinner at the Palace on Thursday evening for Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton.

Mrs. Beryl Graydon entertained at a chautauque dinner at the Fairmont on Friday night compli-

mentary to Mr. Edward M. Greenway, who left Monday to spend the summer in Europe.

Miss Martha McKim was hostess at a reception at the Sequoia Club on Thursday in honor of Mrs. P. H. Barton of Los Angeles. Those assisting her in receiving her guests were Mrs. Gaillard Stoney, Mrs. I. Lowenberg, Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Knapp, Mrs. Bertha Stringer Lee, Mrs. Harry Cowell, Miss Josephine Blanch, Miss Sexton, and Miss Alexander.

Mrs. Ruthers entertained the ladies interested in the German Club at a "Kaffee Klatsch" at her home on Scott Street on Friday. The affair included a talk on "Oheron," and the reading of the fourth act of the "Maid of Orleans" in German.

Miss Angela Coyle was hostess at a luncheon on Friday in honor of Miss Marie Churchill, at whose wedding on June 2 she will be maid of honor.

A reception was held on Tuesday at the Sketch Club, at which the members of the Guild of Bookworkers were the hosts. Among those receiving the guests were Mrs. Rudolf Buchly, Mrs. Adolf Gartenlaub, Miss Octavia Holden, Mrs. Charles Miller, Miss Cecilia O'Reilly, Mrs. C. S. Sargent, Miss Elizabeth Schofield, Miss Florence Stull, Miss Rosa Taussig, and Mr. Eric G. A. Julihn.

Mrs. Harry Bishop entertained at a large reception on Wednesday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Ernest Greenough.

Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker entertained at a box party at the Columbia Theatre on Monday night. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Marian Newhall, and Mr. Raymond Armsby.

Mr. Thornwell Mullally was host at a dinner Tuesday evening at the St. Francis. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Willard Drown, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Maude Adams, Miss Marian Newhall, Mr. Templeton Crocker, and Mr. John Lawson.

Mr. and Mrs. Worthington Ames entertained informally at dinner and at a theatre party on Tuesday evening.

The dance following the graduation exercises at the Hitchcock Military Academy on Saturday night was largely attended by members of the younger society set from town. Among some of those who went over from San Francisco to be present were Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Edith Jones, Miss Constance Davis, Miss Edith Lowe, Mr. Dudley Gunn, Mr. Jack Lowe, Mr. Paul Foster, Mr. Allan Kittle, Mr. Harry Evans, Mr. Jack Kittle, Mr. Spencer Davis, and Mr. Hall Roe.

The informal dance at Blithedale on Saturday evening claimed a large number of guests from town, and many of those settled for the summer in Mill Valley entertained house parties for the occasion. Among those at the dance were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Marian Marvin, Miss Daisy Wilshire, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Natalie Hunt, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Ysabel Brewer, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Elsie Hintz, Miss Bessie Whittell, Miss Grace Whittell, Mr. Gloucester Willis, Mr. Harold Mann, Mr. Alfred Humphrey, Mr. Edward Corbett, Mr. Rudolph Bertheau, Mr. Daniel Volkman, Mr. Jack Geary, Mr. George Wright, Mr. Andrew Cassell, Mr. Harry Ashe Miller, and Mr. Thomas Humphrey.

Among those who entertained box parties at the Garrick Theatre at the matinee performance of Maud Allan given for the benefit of the San Francisco Society for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, on Tuesday, were Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Herbert Moffitt, and Mrs. Walter Martin. Among others present were Mrs. Leonard Hammond, Mrs. Laurence Irving Scott, Mrs. Lawrence Harris, Mrs. Oscar Cooper, Mrs. George Cadwalader, Mrs. Horace Pillsbury, Mrs. Philip King Brown, Miss Julia Langborne, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Claire Deuprey, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Slack entertained at their home on Sacramento Street at a reunion of the class of '79 of the University of California on Friday night. They were assisted in receiving their guests by their daughters, Miss Edith and Miss Ruth Slack. Among those enjoying the hospitality of Judge and Mrs. Slack on this occasion were Professor and Mrs. Frederick Slate, Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butters, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer O'Neil, Mr. and Mrs. Fremont Morse, Mr. and Mrs. George Willcutt, Mr. and Mrs. George Kelsey, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. King, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Knapp, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. R. Topte, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Scotchler, Mr. and Mrs. H. I. Wormser, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Kettle, Mr. and Mrs. John McHenry, Mr. and Mrs. William Keith, Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Stern, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. O'Melveny, Mrs. E. V. Cowell, Miss Sarah Bolton, Mr. Joseph Maillard, Mr. H. I. Coon, Mr. J. H. Henderson, and Mr. Lansing Mizner.

Miss Alexandra Hamilton was hostess at a tea on Monday afternoon complimentary to her house guest, Miss Mary Cunningham of New York.

Mrs. Walter Greer was hostess at a luncheon and bridge party on Monday at her quarters at Yerba Buena. Among the girls from town who went over for the affair were Miss Amalia Simpson, Miss Freda Smith, and Miss Rhoda Niehlung.

Mrs. Denning Smith of New York has been much entertained during her visit here. On Friday she was the guest of honor at a luncheon at the Town and Country Club given by Mrs. E. Reynolds of Burlingame, and Mrs. Milton Pray entertained at dinner for her at the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening.

Mrs. James Tyson was hostess at the largest reception of the week on Wednesday, May 25, which was given in honor of Mrs. Harry Weihe (formerly Miss Jean Tyson). Among those in the receiving party with Mrs. Tyson and Mrs. Weihe were Mrs. C. Foster, Mrs. A. Long, Mrs. E. Morse, Mrs. Roy Mauvais, Mrs. A. Rosenthal, Mrs. Charles Smith, Mrs. E. de Golia, Mrs. Edward Engs, Mrs. Horace Watson, Mrs. A. Stone, Mrs. Wickham Havens, Mrs. J. D. Langborne, Mrs. C. J. Okell, Mrs. A. M. Lewis, Mrs. Lewis Bissell, Mrs. F. B. Haight, Mrs. J. Gage, Mrs. C. Howard, Mrs. Mary Haslett, Mrs. August Weihe, Mrs. George K. Tyson, Miss Mauvais, Miss Earl,

Miss Nicholson, Miss Brown, Miss Coleman, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Edith Cramer, Miss Marjorie Emmons, Miss May Bissell, Miss Ione Connor, Miss Alice Teller, Miss Metha McMahon, Miss Miriam McNear, Miss Ila Sonntag, Miss Roberta Hazlett, and Miss Marie Louise Tyson.

Commander Victor Blue and Mrs. Blue entertained at one of the informal dinners of the week on board the *Yorktown* at Mare Island.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding entertained at an elaborate breakfast at the Bohemian Club on Wednesday in honor of Mr. Walter Damrosch. Among the guests were Dr. J. Humphrey Stewart, Mr. Theodore Vogt, Mr. William J. McCoy, Mr. Wallace Sahin, Sir Henry Heyman, Mr. Edward Snyder, Mr. Arthur Weiss, Mr. William H. Crocker, Dr. J. Wilson Shiels, Mr. Charles K. Field, Judge Harry Melvin, and Mr. John D. Casserly.

Mr. William Mintzer was host at a stag bridge party at his home on Pacific Avenue Saturday evening in honor of Mr. H. Carrington-Wilson, who leaves shortly for England to join his brother, Sir Philip Carrington-Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger gave a week-end house party last week at Hazelwood Hills, their country home at Woodside.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Casserly entertained at dinner at their home at San Mateo in honor of Mr. Walter Damrosch just prior to his departure from San Francisco.

Mrs. Bruce Bonny was hostess at a luncheon followed by bridge at her home at Sausalito on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard entertained at a reception on the afternoon of May 27 at their home at Piedmont in honor of Mrs. Jonathan Hunt, the mother of Mrs. Hubbard, who celebrated her one hundredth birthday anniversary.

The Army and Navy Club will entertain at a theatre party at the Alcazar on June 3.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin was hostess at a small tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday. The championship tournament of the Northern California Golf Association is claiming the attention of society this week at the links of the San Francisco Golf and Country Club.

Captain and Mrs. Arthur W. Dodd entertained at dinner Monday evening at the Mare Island Navy Yard. Among their guests were Commander and Mrs. Oscar W. Koester, Lieutenant-Commander Thomas S. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, Professor T. J. See and Mrs. See, Mrs. Victor Blue, and Lieutenant-Commander Emmett Pollock.

Rear-Admiral Edward B. Barry and the captain and wardrobe officers were hosts at a dance on board the U. S. S. *Virginia* on Wednesday afternoon.

Artists are vying with one another for the honor of painting, not overlooking the \$500 apiece which they would receive, each of the nineteen portraits of former Speakers of the House of Representatives. Three or four of these contracts, some of them think, would add to their fame and also help the silver lining of their pocketbooks. Most of the artists who have applied to the Library Committee of the House are from New York or New England, although all parts of the country are represented. Recently the House voted an appropriation of \$9500 to replace the old crayon portraits of former Speakers hanging in the lobby with oil paintings.

A. C. Fox-Davies, the English genealogist, has lately answered an often repeated and troublesome question. King Edward VII had no surname. His male ancestors never felt the need of one. The persons of democratic tendencies who have called him "Mr. A. E. Guelph" or "Mr. Wettin" have exhibited sparkling humor, but have lacked sound historical information.

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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick McNear will spend part of the summer at the Potter Hotel, Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Frazer Douglas will leave June 3 for an extensive Eastern trip.

Mrs. Charles Lyman and her son, Edmund, left Sunday for Europe. They plan to return to San Francisco next winter.

Mr. Paul Verdier will be in Paris for the wedding of his sister Mlle. Suzanne Verdier, and M. François de Tesson.

Captain J. R. Pourie, U. S. A., and Mrs. Pourie are in Paris.

Mr. Chapin Tubbs when he returns from Yale will spend part of the summer at his mother's ranch at Calistoga.

Mrs. George Boyd will spend June with her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis, at Portland.

Miss Margaret Williams is expected home from Chicago in a few weeks. She will go to San Jose on her arrival here.

Paymaster and Mrs. John R. Stanton will spend several weeks at White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. A. J. Dibblee has returned from a visit with her family and relatives in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris Tyler will spend the summer months at Del Monte, which is their usual custom.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss Ethel McAllister are still in New York, but are expected home within a week or two.

Miss Alyse Miller has gone to Boston, where she will remain till fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Martin Mann and their daughter will spend the summer at Kentfield, where they have a bungalow.

Miss Katherine Donohoe and Miss Abby Parrott are enjoying a visit at the Parrott ranch near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutor are at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore and Miss Elizabeth Livermore will spend the summer at "Montesol," their St. Helena country home.

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. C. Brown (formerly Miss Ruth McNutt) left a few days ago for their home in Aspen, Colorado, after a visit to Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Bliss returned from a motor trip to Lake County on Monday.

Mr. Roy M. Pike is expected home from New York in a few weeks.

Mrs. William Van Fleet, Mr. Alan Van Fleet, Miss Julia Van Fleet, and Mrs. Fannie McCreary will spend a few weeks at Klamath Falls.

Miss Vera de Sabla was the guest of her cousin, Miss Laura Peakes, at her home in town part of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Quick left Wednesday for Minneapolis, where they will spend the month of June with Mrs. Quick's parents, Major and Mrs. Bigelow.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Buckhee are among those who will spend the next few months in Europe.

Mrs. E. L. Griffith and Miss Sara Coffin have recently been in London. After a visit at Oberammergau they will go to Italy, where Miss Coffin will be the guest of Mrs. Walter Hohart.

Mrs. J. B. Coughlan will spend part of the summer at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. W. Scott departed for Europe on Thursday. She contemplates remaining abroad two years.

Mrs. Edward Barron and Miss Marguerite Barron have gone to San Mateo for the summer.

Miss Therese Thompson and Miss Ellen O'Sullivan, who have been in Rome for a month, will go to Oberammergau in June.

Mrs. Henry Kierstedt has joined her parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, at the Wolcott Hotel in New York. Mr. Kierstedt was called East by the death of his father, Admiral Kierstedt, U. S. N. (retired), which occurred in Philadelphia a few weeks ago.

Mr. Evan Evans and his son, Arthur, will sail June 3 for Europe, and will be away several months.

Captain L. M. Leahy, U. S. N., and Mrs. Leahy, who are at Mare Island, will leave next week for a visit with Mrs. Leahy's brother at the Harrington ranch at Colusa.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan left Thursday for the East, where they will remain six weeks. They will visit Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Carrigan at St. Johns, Canada, where Mr. Carrigan is United States vice-consul.

Miss Marian Miller is spending several weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. John Drum has reached New York en route to Paris, where he will join Mr. Frank Goad and Mr. Joseph Eastland.

Mr. and Mrs. George N. Armshy, who have been in the East for some time, are expected home next month.

Miss Hannah du Bois and Miss Emily du Bois will spend part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawson Adams have opened their country home at Belvedere, where they will spend the summer.

Miss Florence Cluff will be the guest of Miss Marguerite Doe at Santa Barbara for several weeks.

Mrs. James C. Jordan, accompanied by Miss Jane Kinney, Mrs. George C. Cass, and Mrs. David Cutler, have been enjoying a motor trip in the southern part of the State.

Mrs. Louis Montague and her son, Paige, left Saturday for New York. They will sail shortly for Europe and join Mr. Montague on the continent.

Miss Ethel Shorb is in Paris this week, after a trip down the Rhine.

Mr. and Mrs. George de Latour spent the week in town from their home at Rutherford.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway left Monday for New York. He will sail June 16 for Europe and join a coterie of friends in Paris for July 4.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight will sail this week from New York for Europe, and will remain abroad till September.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker left for the East on Wednesday, but will be away only a month.

Their daughter, Marion, will accompany them back to California, and they will spend the summer at their ranch at Cloverdale.

Mr. Sidney Pringle will spend the month of June with Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore at their country place near St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. Silas Palmer will occupy the Holbrook residence at Menlo Park for the summer.

Dr. W. A. McEnery and his sister, Miss McEnery, left for the East and Europe yesterday. On their return to San Francisco they will be accompanied by Dr. McEnery's daughter, who will be one of the debutantes of next winter.

Mrs. Julia Bolado Ashe, who spent several weeks in Cuba, is now in New York.

Miss Leila Shelby arrived Friday from Portland and is visiting Mrs. Edward Greenfield.

Miss Lucy Bancroft left Friday for a visit in the southern part of the State.

Bishop Sydney Partridge and Mrs. Partridge, who spent the winter here with Mrs. J. Partridge's mother, Mrs. John Simpson, are now in New York and will not return to Japan till next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wood of Sausalito will spend the summer at Palo Alto, where they will have as their guest Mrs. Wood's mother, Mrs. J. O'B. Gunn.

Miss Ynez Dibblee will not go East till October, and will spend the summer with her mother at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles K. Harley are at their country place at Ross, and will go next month to their ranch in Lassen County for the remainder of the summer.

Miss Marguerite Le Breton has been making a brief visit at Del Monte.

Mrs. Arthur Geisler (formerly Miss Carol Moore) will visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, this summer at their home at Ross.

Mrs. Hewitt Davenport, whose home since her marriage has been at Spokane, will visit Mrs. Davenport, Sr., during the month of June.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Miller have returned from a visit to the south.

Miss Alice Brown and Miss Mattie Brown are at present in Germany, and will go to Oberammergau next month.

Mr. and Mrs. O. D. Baldwin will remain abroad till October.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Deering will spend the month of July at the Potter Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar de Pue and Miss Elva de Pue will go to their ranch in Yolo County in July.

Captain Orrin Wolfe, U. S. A., and Mrs. Wolfe, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Watkins in Sausalito, will leave June 1 for Kentucky, and in July they will go to Washington, where Captain Wolfe will be stationed for a year.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard Morrow will spend the summer at Palo Alto.

Miss Ruth Casey returned from the East and Dresden on Monday, and is at the home of Mrs. Frederick Beaver.

Miss Mildred Baldwin is in Sacramento, where she is the guest of Miss Harriett Gerber.

Mr. John Lawson left on Saturday for New York, en route to London.

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin and her children are en route to New York, from whence they will sail next month for Europe.

Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mrs. Clinton Worden have returned from San Jose, where they have been enjoying a brief visit.

Mrs. George C. Boardman and her granddaughter, Miss Dora Winn, who have been abroad for a year, will sail for home next month.

Mrs. Thomas Bishop and her son Frank are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gunn and their three sons left Saturday for New York and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Selby Hanna have taken a cottage at Carmel-by-the-Sea for the summer.

Mrs. Charles Brigham and Miss Kate Brigham will go to their summer home at Lake Tahoe in June.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have returned from a trip to Highland Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels (formerly Miss Ellis Moon), spent several days at San Rafael as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Regua will spend the summer at Etna Springs, where they have taken a cottage.

Mrs. Wehli Ballard of Seattle is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones, at their home on Buchanan Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter and Miss Nina Jones of Santa Barbara are spending the week in San Francisco.

Miss Ellen Barry has returned to her home at Fort Mason, after a visit with Miss Liza Wood at Vancouver Barracks.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins arrived from Fort Crook, Nebraska, on Monday, and will visit her mother, Mrs. C. O. McCormick, for several weeks.

Mrs. C. R. Van Vorst and Miss Lillian Van Vorst will sail June 18 for Europe and remain away till October.

Mrs. John McQuistan (formerly Miss Eva Castle) is visiting her mother here, having arrived from Salt Lake on Friday.

Miss Helen Ashton returned Thursday from the Presidio at Monterey.

Lord Robert Hatfield and Lady Hatfield arrived from the Orient on Friday and spent several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Beedy are spending the early summer at Los Gatos. Later they will go to Wehler Lake.

Mrs. Mathilde Wismer leaves today for a four months' visit with relatives in Denmark.

Miss Mildred Lansing has returned from the East, where she has been spending the past six months with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson arrived from

the Orient on the Korea. Mrs. Robinson is a sister of Colonel Roosevelt, and during her visit here she will be entertained by Mrs. Carter P. Pomeroy, who is a relative.

Dr. Harry Wicl, who has been in Europe on a professional tour for the last six months, is expected to return about August 1.

Mrs. Harriett Miller and her son, Earle, will spend the summer in Europe.

Mrs. Hugo Osterhaus has joined her husband, Rear-Admiral Osterhaus, at Mare Island.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Nolan, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Lovell, Mrs. Bush Finnell, Mr. Philip Finnell, Miss Flora Gahriel, Mr. J. A. Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin Wood, Miss Helene Irwin, Mr. C. Templeton Crocker, Colonel and Mrs. Frank H. Johnson, Dr. and Mrs. George K. Frink, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Fischbeck, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hoppe.

San Francisco arrivals at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the week included Mr. J. H. Wood, Mr. J. M. Pahlein, Miss Ricks, Mr. A. W. Noyes, Mr. S. Green, Mr. E. R. Keil, Mr. H. Judell, Mr. W. A. Bernheim, Mr. Arthur Glass, Mr. H. Heastand, Mr. A. A. Otto, Mr. E. N. Christman, Mr. D. E. Wasserman, Mr. J. A. Enquist, Mr. Oscar Boldeman, Mr. and Mrs. I. Levy, Mr. Robert D. Pike, Mr. R. Knighton, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Damm, Miss Helen Allen, Miss Lillian Baker.

## Salvini and Duse.

Among the foreign artists who have temporarily appeared in American theatres, the first place belongs to Tommaso Salvini, whom I consider the foremost tragedian of our times. The impression he made on me was akin to that which I felt when I first came into the presence of the master works of Michelangelo. In such moments we do not criticize, we how in reverence. I am perfectly aware that my opinion runs counter to the judgment passed on him, and especially on his Shakespearean performances by some of the most valued dramatic critics in this country. Nevertheless I am bold enough to maintain my own opinion.

What impressed me most in him was, that while he was endowed with unequal tragic force, he never allowed himself to abuse it and never had recourse to any unnecessary display of his wonderful powers. Most admirable was the psychological continuity of his personations, the subtlety of his transitions from mood to mood, the birth and gradation of passions, and the motivation of the successive phases of the internal struggle—in one word, in the logical evolution of his characters, which seemed in his hands to be his own spontaneous creations, so closely were they linked with the author's conception. When seeing Salvini I was proud of my art.

Next to Salvini, I place Mme. Ristori, of whom I have already spoken, and then Eleonora Duse, their great countrywoman, who came here as the exponent of the newest dramatic methods, of the so-called naturalistic school of acting.—Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs" in the Century Magazine.

## Buying Pictures by the Lot.

Collections of wealthy men often grow from a chance fancy, as, for instance, the wonderful assemblage of paintings and other art works gathered by the late George I. Seney. It chanced that one day he saw a small and unimportant painting which had been bought by a friend of his, and he was so attracted by it that he asked where it had been purchased. He went that afternoon into the establishment of the dealer, whose name he obtained, and asked the young man in charge the price of a large canvas by one of the Barbizon school.

"Twenty thousand dollars," was the reply of the youth in charge, who in all his life had never made a sale, for he had been there only a few days.

The visitor passed from picture to picture and, having selected eight of them, asked the clerk to add up the prices. The total was \$130,000.

"If you will take \$125,000 for the lot," said Mr. Seney, "you may send them to my house in Brooklyn, and I wish to have them there tonight."

The new clerk, saying that he would inquire, made a dash for the telephone.

"There is a crazy man here," he communicated, "picking out all the pictures in the gallery. How shall I get rid of him?"

The proprietor told him to hold fast until he arrived, and it was not many minutes after that that a \$125,000 check exchanged hands and a consignment of canvases was on its way to Brooklyn. Such was the start of one of the greatest art collections of the United States.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Mosh 'shtr'ord'nary thing! Here tish middle o' the night an' my ole watch 'sh pointin' t'noun.—Life.

"I canna remember—hic—what the bride was like, Donald." "Whist, mon, it wisna a marriage! It wis a fun'ral!—The Tatler.

Boyle—Is O'Brien any better—I dunno? Doyle—Yis, he was out av his head all night. But he's back in again this mornin'.—*Mexican Herald.*

Philosophy Teacher—Clarence, you may explain how we hear things. Clarence—Pa tells 'em to ma as a secret and ma gives them away at the bridge club.—*Cleveland Leader.*

"It's awkward when these motors break down. I was called to a patient the other day and arrived just too late." "Dead, I suppose?" "No; cured."—*Lustige Blätter.*

The Wife's Caller (lightly)—These husbands of ours need watching from morning till night. The Other Wife (less lightly)—Say rather from night till morning.—*Life.*

Constable (to visored and goggled motorist who has exceeded the speed limit)—And I have my doubts about this being your first offense. Your face seems familiar to me.—*Punch.*

"I wonder what the teacher meant about the singing of my two daughters?" "What did he say?" "He said that Mamie's voice was good, but Maud's was better still."—*Cleveland Leader.*

Village Constable (to villager, who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist)—You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man? Villager—I did; but I don't think 'e 'eard me.—*Punch.*

"Show me some tiaras, please. I want one for my wife." "Yes, sir. About what price?" "Well, at such a price that I can say: 'Do you see that woman with the tiara? She is my wife.'"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Mrs. Recentmarrie—I want half a dozen red lemons. The Fruiterer—Red lemons? Mrs. Recentmarrie—Yes, sir, I want to surprise my husband by making him some red lemonade.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Maud—So he had the cheek to ask my age, did he? Well, what did you tell him? Ethel—I told him I didn't know positively; but I thought you were just twenty-four on your thirtieth birthday.—*The Club-Fellow.*

"How do you know when your husband forgets to mail the letters you give him?" "I always put a card addressed to myself among 'em. If I don't get it the next day, I know. And it only costs a cent."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Paw, what do they do with all the money they make the people pay for taxes?" "Tommy, my son, at last you have asked me a question I can't answer. There are limitations to your father's knowledge."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Pa," said the senator's little boy, looking up from his book, "what is a 'nemesis'?" "A 'nemesis,' my son," replied the senator, wearily, "is a female office-seeker that you foolishly promised to assist."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"Why do you consider women superior to men in intelligence?" "A bald-headed man huys hair restorer by the quart, doesn't he?" "Er—yes." "Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair restorer, she huys hair."—*San Jose Palladium.*

"Oh, no; I don't claim to be any different or any brighter than the balance of mankind. I expect I shall marry some fool woman some of these days." "If you ever marry that's the kind of a woman you will marry, all right."—*Rochester Union.*

"I tell you I am worrying a lot over this bakers' strike." "I don't see what call you have to worry. I heard your wife telling mine that she was going to make all the bread herself." "Yes; that's what's worrying me."—*Baltimore American.*

"What do you regard as the chief difference between a theorist and a practical man?" "A theorist," replied Senator Sorghum, "studies out how a thing ought to be done, and the other fellow makes up his mind how it can be done."—*Washington Star.*

"Mr. Smith," spoke up the young lawyer, "I come here as a representative of your neighbor, Tom Jones, with the commission to collect a debt due him." "I congratulate you," answered Mr. Smith, "on obtaining so permanent a job at such an early stage in your career."—*Success.*

"So," said Tommy's father, "you took dinner at Willie Stout's house today. I hope when it came to extra helpings you had manners enough to say 'No.'" "Yes, sir," replied Tommy. "I said 'No' several times." "Ah! you did?" "Yes, sir. Mrs. Stout kept askin' if I had enough."—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

"When you are grown up," queried the visitor, "will you be a doctor, like your

father?" "Oh, dear me, no! Why, I couldn't even kill a rabbit," replied the boy with great frankness.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

"Dis paper," said Meandering Mike, "wants to know why de cities is overcrowded when dere is so much work offered in de country." "Well," responded Plodding Pete; "aint dat de reason?"—*Washington Star.*

"How many servants have you?" asked the census taker. "Well," replied Mrs. Crosslots, "two have threatened to leave, one has promised to come, and it's everybody's afternoon off, anyhow. You can figure it out for yourself."—*Washington Star.*

Doctor (politely, but looking at his watch with impatience)—Pardon me, madam, but my time is not my own. You have given me all your symptoms in sufficient detail, and now perhaps you will kindly—er—ah—*Husband (not so considerate)*—Maria, he doesn't want to hear your tongue any more; he wants to look at it.—*New York Journal.*

Our consul at Nuremberg reports that "Radium has become relatively cheap. Under the quotations of the Austrian government it is worth only about \$36,500,000 per pound." We advise buying only the cheaper cuts of ra-

dium. A pound of radium shank will do nicely for four persons.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Ever had 'em strew flowers in your path as you returned home, senator?" "Naw. I'm satisfied not to have 'em strew hanana peelings."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Editor—This sounds pretty, but I don't get the sense of it. Reporter—Lord, sir! That isn't a news story—that's the editorial you told me to write.—*Cleveland Leader.*

"Why is the delivery boy always in such a rush?" asked the idler in the grocery. "So that if in his haste he delivers anything wrong, he will have time to right the matter," the grocer explained.—*Buffalo Express.*

Him—I thought you and Ethel had had a quarrel? Her—We have. I hate her! Him—But I saw you kiss each other when you met yesterday. Her—Yes, but that's all we do. We hardly speak.—*Cleveland Leader.*

"I want to thank you," said the orator, "for the manner in which you give attention to my remarks. Your attitude was gratifyingly different from the others." "Yes," replied the auditor; "but I don't want any credit that is not due me. I have had insomnia for weeks."—*Washington Star.*

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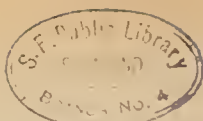
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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Beau-Ideal of Politico-Unionism.

The Honorable Patrick Hooligan McCarthy has been bit of a hero wherever union labor men have been gathered together since he traveled East a month ago. Everywhere his presence has been the signal for feasting and speech-making. Organized labor has felicitated itself upon the political and administrative successes of Mr. McCarthy, which have been commended among others by no less a light in the politico-labor world than Mr. Samuel Gompers. Of course Mr. Gompers and all the rest of them are fully informed about he mayor; they know how he was nominated, how he was elected, how he has carried himself in office. And his knowledge, combined with the eulogiums bestowed on connection with it, interestingly reveals the principles and standards of labor unionism in its alliance with politics. Political labor unionism is nothing more nor less than McCarthyism. It is instinct with ignorance, dishonesty, the spirit of bluff. It holds he obligations of a labor unionist in office to be first

to his union and second to his office. This system of politics has at least the merit of being open and above-board. It makes no over-virtuous pretensions. It cherishes no mollycoddle refinements. It teaches us what to expect if ever nationalized unionism shall succeed in climbing into the political saddle.

### The Democratic Outlook.

Current presidential speculation, in so far as it relates to the Democratic interest, is confined mostly to persons. The record of the party, even in recent times, is so confused as to afford small basis for future policy apart from personality. On the tariff issue the party holds to no fixed policy. In the contentions of last year the Democratic membership of Congress made no pretense of sustaining or even defining party standards either of faith or practice. Democratic congressmen pursued a go-as-you-please course, each man seeking by such bargains as he could effect individually to get the greatest possible advantage for his immediate constituents. The committee having the tariff bill in hand found that Democrats were quite as insistent as Republicans for adjustments in sectional or local interests. It has been the same in recent years in the matter of public improvements. Today the most active and aggressive man in either house of Congress in support of the irrigation movement is a Democrat, and when it came to appeals for river and harbor work it was impossible to distinguish between members of one party and members of the other. Practically, the Democratic party has abandoned its old theories; and the great public works in the lower Mississippi, at Charleston harbor, and elsewhere in the Democratic South bear witness that this change was not effected upon an intangible basis.

National Democracy today, in its practical hopes, centres around a few personalities, chief of which is that of Governor Harmon of Ohio. Harmon bears some resemblance to the Thurman type of Democrat. He is an old-liner; he stands for the older traditions, as distinct from the mere opportunism of recent years. He hails from the West, and yet, in his individual interpretations of Democratic doctrine, he is more in accord with the so-called Eastern than the so-called Western ideas. He belongs to the Cleveland rather than the Bryan wing, yet he is not without friends among those who have hitherto supported Bryan. Judge Harmon has distinctly gained prestige by his administration in Ohio during the past year and a half. Yet his status in his own party can hardly be said to be an assured one. He is standing again for the governorship, and much hangs on the result. If he shall win a second election, it will almost certainly put the next Democratic nomination in his hands. Even if he should fail of reelection he will not be entirely out of the running, despite the fact that in these matters the prestige of immediate success is a thing of large importance.

The next important figure in the presidential field, viewed from the Democratic standpoint, is that of Judge Gaynor. In the New York mayoralty Gaynor is carrying himself with a singular distinction. He has surprised not only his critics, but his friends; in his positive strength as an administrator he goes beyond all calculations and even beyond all hopes. He has developed what is very rarely found in administrative life, an absolute independence of mind and conduct, unmarred by the vices of the professional reformer. He thinks for himself; he takes counsel and yet acts upon his own initiative. There is about him no vice of the self-exploiter. He is winning commendation from all parties and all classes, even from those who find it necessary to speak the voice of virtue while privately preferring mischievous and vicious things. However, the test of Gaynor's strength, as a political rather than a reforming force, is yet to come. All signs point to his nomination for the governorship

by the Democrats. If he wins it will establish him as an eminent national party figure. If he should win in New York and if Harmon should fail in Ohio, it would tend to establish him as the preëminent man of party hopes.

There are, of course, other personalities of consequence in the Democratic party. That Bryan has not abandoned his individual hopes is manifest in his activities in various parts of the country. His day, however, is passed. Then there is Champ Clark, who as a presidential figure would be ridiculous. Folk of Missouri is a Democratic possibility, although he has failed in his political character to match his reputation as a reformer. Then there is Governor Francis of Missouri and Senator Newlands of Nevada, not to mention the Southern aspirants who are beginning somewhat prematurely to hold up their heads.

Broadly viewed, the Democratic situation is in flux. The immediate future of the party, as to the lines of its faith and policy, will rest chiefly upon the character and quality of the man who shall win its next nomination. The rank and file of the party have reached a stage where they may be led to the support of almost any principle or policy within conservative lines affording any promise of success. But for all the nebulousness of the immediate situation we think the Democratic party in better shape today than at any time in recent years. Under the leadership of Bryan it has been a menace to the country. But that leadership has been cast off. Today no man of similar radicalism could hope to rally the party by any appeals possible to be made. That the conservative spirit is again in the ascendant within the party is the plain inference of the growing favor for Harmon and Gaynor.

### Another Word on the Trained Man.

Let nobody misconceive the position of the Argonaut with respect to the educated as distinguished from the uneducated man. That the man of informed and ordered mind is superior to the uninformed and untrained man and must ever be so is obvious. If ever there was a time when a haphazard breeding without definite plan or aim was an adequate preparation for life, the day has passed. Today it is the prepared, regulated, disciplined man who best serves the purposes of individual and of community life. The Argonaut's indictment against the modern college is that while pretending to produce disciplined men—or perhaps we should say men with the mental foundation for practical discipline—it does not really do it. On the other hand, a too common product of collegiate life is a youth disqualified for the steady application and the respectful attitude towards work which are fundamental necessities in the practical world. We do not demand finished men, men qualified immediately to take hold of business or professional work in an expert way, but we do demand that men coming from college shall not, by their student experiences, have become disqualified for practical work, incapable of discipline. We want something better than mere idlers and triflers, habited in the doing of unnecessary and unimportant things, filled with the notion that regulated labor is a hardship if not a discredit. Knowledge is the power which moves the world; self-confidence rightly founded helps any man. But the man who thinks he has knowledge without really having it is pitifully handicapped; the man whose self-confidence is founded in mere assumption and conceit is a man deeply wronged in his bringing up. The first lesson of college life should be discipline, the second should be discipline, the last should be discipline. But there is little discipline in that scheme of education which begins in the elective system, which accredits so-called student activities as serious duty, which practically exalts a semi-professional athleticism above scholarship, which subordinates all things, high or low, to the fetid college spirit. It is this system which too often



us in college graduates the young man without scholarship or real mental training, without drill and discipline in serious duties, without respect for age, experience, or achievement, without the capacity either to obey or to command, without modesty, without manners, without resource. Mr. Thacher is quite right in the remark that a college course ought to "prepare a youth for going on with his preparation for life"; but a youth is not prepared to go on with his preparation for life when he is filled with an unmanly conceit, when his habits tend to irresponsibility of conduct and manner, when any kind of consistent and persistent work seems an invasion of his rightful privilege, when he can not write or speak correct English, when his standards and practices are so reflective of a barbaric license as to make him a hindrance in the business world and a nuisance socially. All of which, in so far as it is critically reflective, relates only to the youth it describes. That there are others the *Argonaut* is glad to acknowledge.

#### Robert Koch.

No matter what future research may bring to light, two specific achievements of immeasurable value must forever be associated with the name of Robert Koch, the renowned German bacteriologist, whose beneficent labors have been terminated by death within the week. His discoveries of the tubercle bacillus and the cholera germ place him definitely among the geniuses of science, in that great company which includes Harvey, and Jenner, and Pasteur, men whose services to humanity are beyond eulogy and recompense.

Few save those who have worked with a microscope have any idea of the illimitable pains and patience involved in tracking to their lair the elusive and almost invisible denizens of the world of the infinitely little. This is the handicap of the bacteriologist so far as public appreciation of his work is concerned. It is in no sense spectacular. In other phases of human conquest over nature the means of personal exploitation are ready to hand and instantaneous in their effect. The aviator has something to show which the cameras of special correspondents can perpetuate and duplicate in countless photographs; the polar explorer no sooner announces a new voyage than the public can watch him at all stages from the hour of his departure to the hour of his return; and even the modest hunter bound for African jungles is liable to be distressed by the amount of public attention directed to his doings. These are the virtues of quests undertaken in the realm of the tangible, where a pair of eyes for seeing and reading are the avenues along which achievements become the common knowledge of every human being. But it is vastly different in the realm of the intangible. The microscopist may be photographed seated at his instrument, making an unsuggestive picture for the multitude, and there the public is forced to leave him, wholly indifferent to the hours and days and weeks and months and years which must elapse ere he returns from his voyages into almost invisibility bringing his spoils with him. To identify through the microscope some of the lower forms of life, such as diatoms for example, is a delightful and not difficult recreation; to trace the germs of disease, to locate them, to acquire a knowledge of their life-history, to lay bare their insidious connection with human sickness—all this demands application and patience of the highest order developed into a highly trained sixth sense.

Such a sixth sense Dr. Koch possessed to an unusual degree. It was an acquired, not an inherent possession. When he left Göttingen in 1866 and began practice as an unknown physician in a small town of East Prussia, he had already planned his life work. Bacteriology, then a new and little known science, had claimed him, and a decade later he made his first contribution to medical knowledge by discovering the bacillus of anthrax. Eight years passed and then the patient investigator startled the world by announcing that he had tracked the potent germ which through the ravages of consumption had for so many generations taken its uncounted toll of human life. That year, 1882, marks the turning point in the campaign against tuberculosis. To the lay mind it may seem a small matter that Koch should have discovered the infinitesimal organism which had caused so much suffering, but when it is remembered that in medical science the discovery of a cause often opens up the royal road to the finding of a remedy, the achievement is at once seen in its true importance. True, Koch's own remedy, that is, tuberculosis, generally known as Koch's lymph, has not justified all that was claimed for it, but it still remains the most

useful medicinal agent for the treatment of tuberculosis, and, in any event, it will probably suggest the lines along which a more infallible remedy will be evolved.

Owing to the attitude which Koch assumed at the International Congress at Washington two years ago—when he reiterated his conviction that bovine infection is but a small factor in the spread of phthisis among men—there has been in some quarters a regrettable tendency to minimize the work of the great German specialist. This is explainable when it is remembered how much has been made of the danger from infected dairies, etc. But Koch's attitude, which is supported by many experts, has had the effect of quickening further and more careful investigation, and in that way his influence is still benefiting humanity.

With regard to his discovery of the cholera germ, it is sufficient to note that his conclusions have been taken as the foundation of all investigations in the affected countries, and that they have resulted in a marked diminution of the disease. Nor should his latest services in connection with the sleeping sickness be overlooked. Because that strange malady was working its ravages among uncivilized peoples, to cure whom might mean little fame and no fortune, Koch did not hesitate to answer the call of humanity, nor to endure great privations and run dangerous risks while, on a desolate island in Lake Victoria Nyanza, he for nearly two years peered through his revealing microscope in search of another deadly foe. Thus for more than a generation has this German student given to the world an inspiring example of a life devoted to the good of mankind. His own and other lands have honored him as they could, but no imperial grants or decorations, no Nobel prizes or academic degrees, are comparable with the wealth of grateful affection with which his memory will be cherished.

#### What the Comet Taught.

The coming and going of Halley's comet has been of use to science not so much by adding to the store of knowledge about this celestial traveler as by subtracting from the visible stock of misinformation about comets in general.

Astronomers are deeply interested in the finding of the Jesuit observers at Manila, that the head of the comet is not made of solid matter. Some antecedent facts bear on this conclusion. When the comet of 1843 nearly and perhaps quite grazed the sun, the heat it received, according to the computation of Sir John Herschel, must have been forty-seven thousand times that received by the earth from the vertical sun. Solar rays, united in the focus of a lens thirty-two inches in diameter and six feet, eight inches focal length, have melted carnelian, agate, and rock crystal. The heat to which the comet was subjected must have exceeded, by twenty-five times, that in the focus of such a lens. That temperature would have turned into vapor almost every substance on the earth's surface; and if anything retained the solid form its ignition would be intense. No solid cometary head could have held its own; a radium one would have turned to gas. All observers, including Professor Loomis of Yale, believed the comet of 1843 to be at an immeasurable degree of heat; yet when it passed beyond the close influence of the sun, the apparent solidity of the head remained. And the superstition that the appearance was real also held its own.

With these facts in mind, the Jesuit astronomers watched the sun when the head of the comet traversed its disc between 3:30 and 11 a. m. of May 19, and saw no sign of new solar obscuration. The sun shone through the passing visitor. The only spots seen were those of that luminary itself, hence the conclusion that the so-called head is merely a denser gathering of gas than that which appears in the tail. Head and all, as a scientific man said a few weeks ago, to the partial relief of the doubters, are so tenuous that they might be packed into a valise, an opinion which, if valid, justifies Professor Charles A. Young's thesis that "if a comet should fall into the earth it would disturb the inhabitants about as much as the throwing of a feather-bed into the ocean would disturb the whales."

The world has learned, therefore, that the "peril of the skies," the possible destruction of the world by a cometary mass, has no more substance than the comet itself; and as for gas, while the cyanogen found in the denser part of Halley's comet contains lethal possibilities, a quantity which might be crowded into a hand-bag would not, when diffused through tens of millions

of miles of space, portend any serious consequences to the human race even if the comet and the earth should come together. And if the tail of Halley's comet actually enveloped the globe—or if the earth passed through it, which amounts to the same thing—the race may breathe freely over comets in future. The latter will doubtless keep on doing as they have since the habitable globe took form, a period which the geologists estimate at not less than 60,000 years.

What has been learned from the visitation of Halley's comet, therefore, are the things to unlearn; and by that token science makes its progress. When Galileo raised his telescope a great deal of the scientific knowledge of his time had to be unlearned before the truth could be learned. So when Columbus made his voyage. So, indeed, when Monsieur and Madame Curie brought to light a mineral which gave out light and heat without loss of substance. Knowledge that is negative has in all these instances been the forerunner of knowledge that is positive.

#### A Sample Job of Conservation.

Conservation, on the Pinchot model and under the direction of one of Mr. Pinchot's "trained men," finds an interesting illustration in the report of the national Indian commissioner just given officially to the public. According to this report the Menominee Indians, during a period of eighteen years, have added approximately \$2,500,000 to their tribal fund through activity in the lumbering business upon the basis of the fine timber supply on their own reservation. Then came an order placing the lumbering business of the Menominees under the bureau of forestry. A graduate of the Yale forestry school, one Edward A. Braniff, was placed in charge as the representative of the overlordship of the government, working through Mr. Pinchot's Forestry Bureau. Mr. Braniff was full of the Pinchot fads. He spent \$40,000 of the Indians' money on unnecessary roads. He "improved" a stream at a cost of \$50,000, only to find that the larger logs could not float in it and that all were damaged by being water-soaked. Mr. Braniff built a mill at a cost of \$254,700, with a capacity of 48,000,000 feet of lumber, when the law permitted the cutting of only 20,000,000 feet. The mill having been carelessly built beside a marsh, it took \$56,000 worth of piling and \$32,000 worth of lumber to make a fit lumber yard. Taken altogether, the loss through what the Indian commissioner condemns as "grossly unbusinesslike conduct" aggregates a round million dollars, which has been subtracted from the sum earned and saved by the Menominee Indians before Mr. Pinchot's scheme of conservation got in its deadly work. The *New York Evening Post*, which has temperamental and traditional leanings in favor of Pinchotism, is none the less moved by the spirit of candor to comment as follows upon this Menominee incident:

Now it would be unfair to the Forestry Bureau to condemn it generally for one such ghastly mistake—particularly scandalous because the government abused a sacred trust when it forced such a loss upon its own wards—but it is just this sort of blundering that is, we believe, responsible for much of the feeling in the West against the Forestry Bureau. With all due regard for Mr. Pinchot's eminent service, which we have always fully appreciated, we believe that able executives can be found for his office. They may not similarly appeal to the imaginations of the people, nor inaugurate such far-reaching plans of national beneficence, but the opportunity is there, we are convinced, to better the actual working of the service and render it more truly helpful. Mr. Pinchot seems to have relied on Braniff and accepted misinformation precisely as he did in the Ballinger case.

#### The Sins of Seidel.

There is trouble in the Socialist party over Mayor Seidel. He is too sane to be of value to the cause. It is suspected that, besides giving Milwaukee a government which can not be differentiated in its wise reforms from those municipal systems which are well carried on by the hirelings of capital, he has admitted that the Social Democracy would not be ruined by a system of reasonable profits in trade. For this he has been nobly rebuked by Mr. J. C. Phelps-Stokes, the New York millionaire Socialist, who says that the Milwaukee brethren compromised with capital; and that the idea of any profits from trade proves it. "Is this Socialism?" inquires Mr. Phelps-Stokes. "Do men who utter such sentiments have clear visions? I say they have not. They are mere reformers, not Socialists at all." Plainly the two classes are incompatible.

We observe a similar trend of disagreement in the recent Socialist Congress over which Mayor Seidel presided, much to his personal unhappiness. The thing which seemed to bode most evil to the cause was the



same trend towards an arrant respectability. It seems that Mrs. Belmont and Miss Morgan, who appeared before the congress, were not insulted. Instead they were treated with rank civility. While it was the obvious duty of every true Socialist to assail such interloping folk as these pampered women with catcalls, if not with eggs, they were listened to as if they had thought themselves worthy of dividing their property with the audience, and they went on their way without the slightest inkling that the Cause had no other use for them. But the recreant Socialists were called down by Citizen Lewis of Oregon, who is reported to have said in an impassioned speech: "You're a pack of cowards. You toadied to Mrs. Belmont and her Paris gowns. You groveled at the feet of the daughter of our worst enemy. You've toadied to the business man and the sky-pilot and now you want to toady to the farmer. To h— with respectability. Cut it out, and you'll get results." After this reasonable appeal, Mayor Seidel is said to have lifted both hands over his head and groaned. Plainly he is an ingrate and a shameless traitor to the people; and if allowed to go his gait he will so debauch his followers with respectability that it will be possible to sell Milwaukee bonds and thus play into the hands of the money trust. Anybody with clear vision can see where it must all end.

Socialism has indeed reached critical days. Milwaukee's graftless government is simply a lure to bring an emasculating support to a cause which anything sane or reputable misrepresents. What has become of the philosophy of Debs? Does the name of Coxe no longer appeal to the wronged and outraged populace? From the grave of Johann Most, the radical thinker who carried Socialism to its logical results, does no sign of warning come? If not, whither are we drifting? What is to become of the one great hope of Socialism that those who have nothing to divide will divide with those that have something, thus establishing between the provident and the improvident an equality of reward which will bring blessings to the human race? It is no longer possible to put such questions to Mayor Seidel, a weak victim of the false idea of property rights and of business for profit; but we put them to every citizen who sits over his beer and has clear visions as to whom he would like to make pay for it.

#### Popularity in Rulers.

Although King George has caused it be known that he will keep a stable and play the races, it is doubtful if his belated bid for popular favor will put him in the class of his royal father, the best-loved male sovereign of the Guelphic line. The late King Edward was as much idolized by his subjects as a pacemaker as in his other character of peacemaker. He had had his fling; he had played the game like a gentleman; he was a "dead game sport," and when Persimmon won the Derby every Englishman with a drop of warm blood in his veins felt better about it than if he had taken the great prize himself.

George V does not succeed to this national affection. The public has seen nothing in him to inspire it. For a Guelph, his princehood was too irrationally proper, too soberly devoted to the collection and arrangement of smudged postage stamps, too piously affiliated with the moral commonplaces. Everybody loved Prince Hal—far more than they did the King Henry who bade Falstaff to his prayers. And Albert Edward, Prince of Wales and sometime monarch, was another and a more jovial Hal at whose name the true Briton raised his beaker with the invariable though needless reminder "Bottoms up!"

The secret of it all is that people like human, warm-blooded qualities in their rulers. They want their heroes to have a share of the world's infirmities. Nobody ever loved a demigod; and by that token nobody loves George Washington, "the paragon of virtue," the starched and ruffled and unapproachable if not unappeasable Patriot. The one thing in Washington's history that ever caused the American commoner to really warm up to him is the story that he cursed General Lee at Monmouth; and his biographers have done their best ever since to deprive him of that one claim upon the popular affection.

Take Abraham Lincoln. While Washington, as some one has aptly said, is nothing but a steel engraving, Lincoln is the same every-day, jesting, story-telling, loud-laughing, brainy country lawyer that he was in life. Some of his anecdotes can not be told to ladies—that is, not to all ladies at all times—but so much the better for the love his countrymen bear him. Had he

told stories with a moral attached, who would have remembered him for it? That he was a statesman and an emancipator looms large in history; that he was a man among men is a thought that nestles warmly in the hearts of his fellow-citizens.

Roosevelt's popularity is due to his human qualities. He fights; he wears a chip on his shoulder; his utterances are not always adapted to Sunday-school use; he rides, and hunts, he stirs things up. What chance, beside this strenuous man, could another Benjamin Harrison have for the presidency? Or another Rutherford B. Hayes?

Poor George V! Not a creditable slip, not a fascinating escapade, not a revivifying vice; not a single whispered "hush" to his credit. Just a plain, respectable, hard-working king, no sport at all despite his sudden determination to put his sign on a stable door even if he never can bring himself to enter it.

#### The Citizen and the Law.

Almost daily we find recorded in the newspapers that some "millionaire automobilist," young or old, has been arrested in one or another of the towns round about San Francisco for exceeding the speed limit; that he has paid his fine with a cheerful face and gone his way with an exhilarated sense of having exhibited his contempt for the speed law and otherwise having done a smart thing. Now there is a serious side to this sort of thing. All citizens are under obligation to respect the laws; but perhaps men of property are under even more tangible motives than other men. What would become of the interests of millionaires, young or old, if there were no consideration for the laws of property? It is the law which protects them in their rights, which enables them to live in security. And this being so, it would appear that men of property, men who sustain special advantages under the law, should be first and most solicitous in supporting the law in its integrity and dignity. We venture to suggest that when a millionaire deals lightly and slightly with the law, when by his indifference to it he brings it into ridicule and contempt, he is doing an infinite damage to an instrumentality which merits his respect and support—even his gratitude. It is a serious business for any man to disregard the law; it is not only a serious business, but a foolish business for a man of property to disregard the law. Now, speaking quite impersonally, there are classes of men, mostly rich men through inheritance, who think it a smart thing to be indifferent to the requirements of the law. They take to themselves a certain satisfaction in driving their motors beyond the speed limit, and in doing other things prohibited by the law, rather enjoying the sensation of compromising these petty and more or less vulgar transgressions by cash payments. Somewhere in their minds there dwells the notion that they exhibit a kind of superiority by a contemptuous attitude towards the law, that they assert a kind of princeliness by disregard of money as illustrated by the willingness cheerfully to pay petty fines. There could be no greater error. Nothing more surely marks levity of character in any man than contemptuous ignoring of regulations established by society; and in a man of property it illustrates absolute failure to conceive special obligations in the spirit of simple common sense. Recklessness, too, in the matter of money is another certain mark of light-mindedness, as far removed from the spirit of chivalry—the true aristocratic spirit—as vulgar waste is removed from manly prudence. These, of course, are the merest truisms. But there are many circumstances to prove that they need to be learned and heeded even by some who assume to belong not only to respectable but to the "better elements" of society.

#### By No Means Lost.

It is not pleasant to observe that Americans to the number of 90,000 per year are abandoning this country to establish themselves as farmers in the virgin field of western British America. Yet it is easy to take the matter too seriously. An American farmer who goes to Manitoba or Assiniboine is by no means lost to America, since these regions are directly tributary to American markets. Even though in a political sense beyond our boundaries, in an economic and social sense they are still Americans. In any event, instead of resenting the movement, we would be wise to analyze it, to learn wherein Canada offers advantages to industry and thrift above this country. Possibly it may be found upon inquiry that colonial practice

in the disposition of virgin land yields some advantages when compared with our own; likewise that the English system affords a certain protection against monopolistic exploitation not afforded by the American system. The Canadian lands, towards which the movement tends are said to be no better than our own, but possibly "conservation" proceeds with other aims and upon other standards. It is possible that the colonial land system looks upon the country as "saved" when it is occupied, developed, made productive. And that under this idea it is more liberal in its attitude toward settlers.

To the south of our own State there may be seen the beginnings of another movement into foreign territory. It is only a few weeks ago that the editor of the *Argonaut* rode through miles and miles of rich alfalfa fields in the region south of the Salton Sea and beyond the boundary line. He witnessed, too, in the same country, the inauguration of an enterprise looking to the redemption by American capital of one tract of desert land aggregating 32,000 acres. An interesting fact in connection with these activities is that the whole movement is in the hands of Americans. The few non-Americans in the country are merely laborers in the service of American enterprise and capital. The first and most obvious reflection was that the United States, in sending men and capital to Lower California, is not losing either men or capital, but in a productive sense practically annexing this particular region—in an economic sense making it her own. The same reflection applies to the enterprise of Americans in other territories of the neighboring republic. The American men and money operating in Mexico are among our best assets, and it would be a cheap and narrow policy which would seek to restrict the one and to minimize the other.

#### Editorial Notes.

The *Argonaut* is in entire sympathy with the movement which seeks to punish as conspirators against the public welfare those who have made it a practice to destroy large quantities of fresh fish to the end of reducing the available supply and so maintaining prices at a high level. In any view the thing is infamous, and if the laws do not find a way to correct it, then there is need for more law. The argument that, in effect, the same thing is done in other lines of production and supply, in no sense mitigates the offense. No consideration of commercial policy can be urged in justification of a practice both economically and morally abhorrent.

Frederick Kohler, the so-called "Golden Rule chief" of the Cleveland police department, has passed into moral eclipse all the more profound because of the distinction which he has enjoyed through ex-President Roosevelt's commendation as the "best chief of police in the world." The charges which have led to Kohler's suspension include disobedience of orders, gross immorality, and habitual drunkenness. Among other things, it is alleged that during the seven years he has been at the head of the Cleveland police department he has utilized the detective force for the collection of facts concerning officials and other prominent persons "for use if he should be attacked." Kohler, it is to be suspected, belongs to a type not unfamiliar in San Francisco during the past four years. There is even something familiar in the unlimited letter of moral credit which he has enjoyed through the friendship of the ex-President.

It appears from the proceedings of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association, in annual session at Cincinnati last week, that the liquor interest of the country has yet to learn its true status in American opinion. The spectacle of an organized and aggressive campaign in the interest of the liquor traffic as a business is not a pleasing one, even to those who buy and consume liquors. With all its inconsistencies and extravagances, the prohibition movement has at its base a moral idea, and it is this which gives to it its persistent vitality. The liquor dealers ignore this. They hold, or affect to hold, that the traffic in liquors is a mere matter of trade and commerce, justified by considerations which apply to other lines of commerce. The American public will not accept this view of the matter; it will not regard the liquor traffic as it regards other kinds of business. It will insist upon the moral considerations involved. This explains why it is that every aggressive effort of the liquor interest tends rather than to allay agitation. And it is not



reason that public sentiment, even sentiment opposed on principle to prohibition, resents the activities of the liquor dealers. The traffic is one which ought to be content with toleration; it ought not in decency or morals to step out into the realm of exploitation. It was the energy of the liquor interest in "promoting" business which led primarily to the movement of two years ago. Renewed effort in the same line, now or in the future, will have to meet the same kind of protest, for while public opinion may, in the long run, be depended upon to sustain fixed principles of individual liberty, it will not sit by and see the organized liquor interest actively "promote" the liquor traffic to the end of augmenting its own profits.

It is reported that the sinking of the dry-dock *Dewey* was due to the carelessness or collusion of "Japanese employees." If it be true that Japanese were employed in operating the dry-dock, then what has happened is richly deserved.

Political labor unionism has given San Francisco a fresh illustration of its character by nullifying restrictions which hitherto have prohibited the sale of diseased meats in our local markets. The ban is off; whoever wishes to market tuberculosis beef may do so without hindrance in the San Francisco market. It would be interesting to know what influences have produced this change of policy, but since there is money in the diseased meat business inferences are easy.

### THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Is there not something suspicious about the fact that Manet and the other French impressionists have found their best customers in Germany and the United States? With all deference to the land of the Kaiser as a bustling hive of industry and other laudable traits, it would be a misuse of terms to describe it as distinguished for its appreciation of art. The present-day Teutonic mind is too much engrossed with material progress to have leisure for æsthetic culture, and its own art is suffering in consequence. And the art Germany buys is no standard of what should be bought.

With America the case is different. The French impressionists suavely remark: "America is free from the prejudices of the Old World; the atmosphere is favorable to novelties." And so Manet and the rest are represented on a liberal scale in the private and public collections of this country. But why? Largely because the impressionists persevered long enough in their erratic courses to achieve notoriety, to get talked about, to convince the unthinking that "there must be something in" their pictures. It's the old process repeated for the hundredth time. If, to use that phrase of Ruskin which won Whistler his farthing damages, you fling a pot of paint into the face of the public a sufficient number of times, the public will come to think the pot a picture.

Up to the present America has not become the resting place of Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." That is something to be thankful for. It is a question whether there is in existence another painting outside of a dive which is so pronounced an outrage on decency. It is not that the canvas portrays two nude women, one in the background and the other in the foreground, but that the painter should have completed his group by introducing two men fully clothed in the conventional garb of daily life. And the only defense which has ever been made for this flouting of the public is that the idea of associating nude women with fully clothed men was suggested to Manet by his study of Giorgione! As a matter of fact, no defense of such an outrage is possible. Of course the picture created a great commotion, and from that time onward the impressionists had plenty of attention. And today they have their reward in being a "fashion" among collectors. More's the pity. It will be a wholesome day for art in America and elsewhere when people buy pictures because they like them, because they feel they can live with them, and not because they are the "latest thing."

Hope springs eternal in the breast of the simplified spellers, even though all efforts to bring the New York board of education into line have failed. The board probably remembers what happened to the Strenuous One when he thought to remodel our spelling by one lordly ukase, and has no desire to become the target for a repetition of that storm of protest and satire which awoke on that occasion. So the simplified spellers may continue to preach to a heedless world the absurdities of "puff" and "muff" being written on a different principle than "rough" and "enough" and "dough" and "cough."

What the simplified spellers appear to overlook is that the territory already won is in danger of being lost. The publishers are gradually obliterating such established American forms as "favor" and "honor" and the like. They are trying to make the best of two markets. If an American book is likely to appeal to the English market, but not to an extent which would warrant the resetting of the type there, the American version will be set in "English spelling," a concession to the conservatism of the reading public across the Atlantic. The same thing happens when a book originally published in England is bought in "sheets" for the American market. It would not pay to reset it for the sake of getting

rid of a few "humour"s and "colour"s and "honour"s. Hence the dethroned "u" is creeping back again, and will continue to do so until there is an alteration in the copyright law. So the simplified spellers had better leave "dough" and "rough" alone, and concentrate all their forces on preserving "honor" from becoming "honour" and "color" from backsliding into "colour."

Events are transpiring on the southwest coast of Africa which may have important bearing on the price of diamonds. It is a commonplace of knowledge that those sparkling stones have no intrinsic value. If the mines already working were to be operated at full pressure and the proceeds tumbled into the market regardless of consequences, the price of diamonds would come down with a run. There was a danger of such a collapse when the Premier mine was discovered several years ago, but the Kimberley owners averted the danger by adroit diplomacy.

But now complications are threatening from a quarter where the influence of Kimberley will be at a discount. In the African territory which is owned by Germany diamonds are being discovered in considerable quantities. Eager seekers are scouring the country far and wide, and one company is paying a dividend of 55 per cent. Some of the tragedies of 'forty-nine are being repeated; dead bodies found among the lonely dunes, and riderless horses and camels reaching some isolated spot of civilization. Yet these untoward incidents are not retarding the wealth-seekers, and it seems probable that the world's carefully regulated supply of diamonds is in danger of being upset.

France is not a smoker's paradise, especially if the smoker be addicted to cigarettes. In Paris there is variety enough to suit all tastes if price is not a consideration, but sad is the fate of the man who is stranded in, say Rennes, or St. Malo, without a supply of his favorite brand. True, the ubiquitous "Caporal" never fails; the most fly-blown shop window will sport innumerable packets of that delectable weed; but the "Caporal" cigarette is an abomination to all save Frenchmen. Its rancid odor may be an excellent disinfectant, but assuredly it is an offense to the nostrils of smokers not native to Gaul. Even the government recognizes that fact. The price has been put up on all tobacco save the "Caporal"; officialdom is not hardy enough to ask consumers to pay more for that. It is dear enough at any price, and he who smokes it deserves to escape further penalty.

Throughout the day preceding that on which the higher tax went into force, there was a continuous raid on the tobacco shops of Paris. The counters were assailed by mobs which had to be marshaled by police, for everybody was anxious to lay in as large a stock as his funds would permit. And the humor of the situation consisted in the fact that conspicuous among the fighting customers were many of the deputies who had voted the tax, most of whom purchased a store sufficient for the needs of several months. Perhaps those economical deputies had a premonition of the attempt which is to be made to reduce their salaries from three thousand dollars to a little more than half that sum. At any rate, for a few weeks to come they will be in a position to rebuke those who protest against the new tax.

Were a dead author able to participate in the material advantages which accrue from new editions of his works some of the illustrious departed might be disposed to envy the lot of Emanuel Swedenborg and wish they had left instructions for the periodical removal of their ashes. Apparently there is nothing so effectual as a revival of fame as the taking up of a body and burying it somewhere else. The author of "Home, Sweet Home" is a case in point, and Captain John Smith has fought all his battles over again since his remains were brought to American soil.

Swedenborg's translation has had a kindred effect. Two years ago his body ended its long repose in the squalid neighborhood of Tower Hill, London, and was borne with fitting ceremony to the native land of the famous mystic. This removal to Sweden, effected more than a hundred and thirty years after Swedenborg's death, has resulted in a plan to republish all his scientific works, and has prompted the holding of an International Swedenborg Congress in London, which is to take place next month. The world at large is being assured that the Swedish mystic made contributions to the natural sciences, to geology, cosmology, and brain anatomy far in advance of his age, and that he anticipated the discovery of the nebular hypothesis.

'Tis to be hoped that the new edition of Swedenborg will substantiate these claims, or, at any rate, be so edited that the volumes may be within the range of understanding. Somehow, one has the suspicion that the world would be better off today if some lucid expounder, such as Macaulay in the realm of picturesque interpretation, or Huxley in the realm of trenchant criticism, had taken Swedenborg in hand long ago. As a theologian he has been the despair of countless honest seekers after truth. Who can tell what he means? It is a tribute to this quality that the congress is to devote two days to the discussion of his theological teaching as against a day each for his science and philosophy. The extra time will be needed. When one remembers the thousands upon thousands of pages from which it may be possible to take as many meanings as expositors have found in the "Selah" of the Psalms, it is only charitable to wish the speakers joy of their task. And when it is all over perhaps a Macaulay or a Huxley will arise to tell us what it is all about.

With the glorious Fourth but a month distant it is comforting to find so many cities making preparations for a sane celebration. Baltimore, apparently, is to have a parade of military organizations, with a reading of the Declaration and patriotic addresses thrown in, and New York promises to have its firecrackers and whistle-screaming bottled up within the space of fifteen minutes. That's where the horror of the

whole thing centres for reasonable people; in the wild panopium of nerve-racking, ear-splitting noise. And it's not so much the noise as the waiting for the noise which is the trouble. The expected is endurable; it's the unexpected, the don't-know-when-to-expect which drives people distraught. Without such a safeguard, how many, a month hence, will be turning in thought to the summit of Mount Shasta as an idea's spot where to celebrate the Fourth.

In the heroic days of France it used to take two men to fight a duel; today one man and a picture are all that are necessary. Such is the new fashion set by M. Jean Sala, an artist who is vexed with the Salon authorities for "skying" his portrait of "The Brothers Fisher." Foiled in an attempt to ruin his canvas by daubing it with paint from the end of a fishing-rod, he turned up the following morning disguised in a wig and false beard, and, having gained the room where his canvas is hung, drew a revolver and began blazing at the exalted exhibit. The report does not disclose whether his marksmanship was better than that of his fellow-countryman who fought the memorable duel with the Irishman, but the publicity M. Sala has secured will probably serve the turn he had in mind.

### OLD FAVORITES.

#### The Battle.

Heavy and solemn,  
A cloudy column,

Through the green plain they marching came!  
Measureless spread, like a table dread,

For the wild grim dice of the iron game.  
Looks are bent on the shaking ground,

Hearts beat low with a knelling sound;  
Swift by the breast that must bear the brunt,

Gallops the major along the front—  
"Halt!"

And fettered they stand at the stark command,  
And the warriors, silent, halt.

Proud in the blush of morning glowing,  
What on the hill-top shines in flowing?

"See you the foeman's banners waving?"  
"We see the foeman's banners waving!"

"God be with you, children and wife!"  
Hark to the music—the drum and fife—

How they ring through the ranks, which they rouse to  
the strife!

Thrilling they sound, with their glorious tone—  
Thrilling they go through the marrow and bone!

Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come that we meet once more!

See the smoke, how the lightning is cleaving asunder!  
Hark! the guns, peal on peal, how they boom in their  
thunder!

From host to host, with kindling sound,  
The shouted signal circles round;

Freer already breathes the breath!  
The war is waging, slaughter raging,

And heavy through the reeking pall  
The iron death-dice fall!

Nearer they close—foes upon foes—  
"Ready!"—from square to square it goes.

They kneel as one man from flank to flank,  
And the fire comes sharp from the foremost rank.

Many a soldier to earth is sent,  
Many a gap by the balls is rent;

O'er the corpse before springs the hinder man,  
That the line may not fall to the fearless van.

To the right, to the left, and around and around,  
Death whirls in its dance on the bloody ground.

God's sunlight is quenched in the fiery fight—  
Over the hosts falls a brooding night!

Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come we may meet once more.

The dead men are bathed in the weltering blood,  
And the living are blent in the slippery flood.

And the feet, as they reel and sliding go,  
Stumble still on the corpse that sleeps below.

"What! Francis!—Give Charlotte my last farewell."  
As the dying man murmurs, the thunders swell—

"I'll give—Oh, God! are the guns so near?  
Ho! comrades! yon volley! look sharp to the rear!

I'll give thy Charlotte thy last farewell!  
Sleep soft! where death thickest descendeth in rain,

The friend thou forsakest thy side may regain!"  
Hitherward, thitherward, reels the fight;

Dark and more darkly day glooms into night.  
Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,

In the life to come that we meet once more.  
Hark to the hoofs that galloping go!

The adjutants flying—  
The horsemen press hard on the panting foe,

Their thunder booms dying—  
Victory!

Tremor has seized on the dastards all,  
And their leaders fall!

Victory!  
Closed is the brunt of the glorious fight,

And the day, like a conqueror, bursts on the night!  
Trumpet and fife swelling choral along.

The triumph already sweeps marching in song.  
Farewell, fallen brothers, though this life be o'er.

There's another, in which we shall meet you once more!  
—Translated from Schiller by Bulwer.

### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

#### "Aurora" Was Seen in Illinois.

NAVAL OBSERVATORY,  
MARE ISLAND, CAL., May 28, 1910.

EDITOR ARGONAUT: In your amusing account of the "Telescoping of the Astronomers" of this date, I believe you are less accurate than you usually are. Is it not a fact that colors like those of the aurora were observed by the astronomers of the Yerkes Observatory, and that so conservative a veteran as Burnham declared that he could not explain the appearance except on the supposition that it had some relation to the comet? As for my predictions, the most that I said was that the colors of an aurora might appear. The effect observed at Chicago shows that my prediction was justified and fulfilled by the event. A comet is so unsubstantial a thing that an auroral effect anywhere is worthy of note.

Yours truly,

T. J. J. SEE.

An imperial Chinese decree was issued deposing the Dalai Lama, and prescribing that the residents "seek children born with miraculous signs and draw their names by lot" to decide on his "reincarnation."



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## London's Picture Show and Its Relation to British Art.

British art seems to be lingering in a kind of backwater at present, resting on its oars as it were, uncertain of its future course. Perhaps that accounts for the lack of light and leading in the speeches at the banquet which preceded the opening of Burlington House. Time was when the utterances on that occasion were worth listening to or reading for the sake of their art contents, for their criticism of tendencies or their exposition of principles. This year, however, they were exceedingly colorless, and there are not wanting cynics who affirm that the absence of art from the banquet speeches is symbolical of the dearth of art in the Academy itself.

At the present time there is no indication of the speedy advent of an angel to stir the pool. There is no promise of a new school or a revolution. The older artists are growing older without having inspired pupils to continue their work; the younger men appear to be rudderless and uncertain. A new Ruskin to set the painters by the ears, would be a godsend, or another P. R. B. with sufficient definiteness of doctrine to give orthodoxy a tussle. Great hopes were entertained a few years ago that the advent of some of the Glasgow men would create a diversion, but they have succumbed to the enervating influence of Royal Academy officialdom, much as a Liberal suffers a Conservative seachange when he inhales the atmosphere of the House of Lords. The fact is that the right to append the initials "R. A." to his name has so commercial a value to the artist, opening the way to so many valuable commissions as a painter of portraits or an exploiter of soap or a purveyor of colored supplements for Christmas numbers, that the temptation to barter his birth-right for such a mess of pottage is well nigh irresistible.

Seeing that the placing of sculpture is, for all the innovations of recent years, yet open to improvement, it is surprising that so many exhibits of merit were sent in. This, with rare exceptions, has always been a weak point in British art, but the showing of the present year is distinctly encouraging when compared with the portraits and pictures. There are many busts of notable persons which are not much above the average of that kind of thing; "speaking likenesses" according to the man in the street; but lacking in most of those qualities which transfigure portraiture into art. But among the symbolical pieces there are several works of genuine merit, notably Richard Goulden's "Figure for a Child's Tomb," Wheatley Wagstaffe's "The Woman," Bertram McKennals's "The Mother," and Robert Colton's "The River Unto the Sea." The first of these is a happy portrayal of a spirit weaned from earth and rejoicing in ascension to a brighter world, while the second and third with the sense of shame in the one and the mild maternity of the other are enduring types of adultery and motherhood. Some of the sculptors have made a strange mistake in the choice of medium, electing the coldness of marble for themes which would have gained immeasurably from the warmth of terra cotta, but taken in the mass their contributions give the Academy its greatest distinction.

Faithfully keeping to his promise, John Sargent has no portraits, but only landscapes, in this year's Academy. His vital qualities as an interpreter of the man soul and the woman soul are the more missed because no one has taken his place. There are portraits by the hundred, of course, portraits of royalty, of dukes and duchesses, statesmen and politicians, society notables and municipal celebrities, men eminent in scholarship, literature, and art, but it is difficult to find a masterpiece in the crowd. Frank Dicksee has attempted a lady of title with indifferent results, the Hon. John Collier's principal portrait sets the spectator wondering how long that stately dame is going to halt at the foot of her marble staircase, and Harold Speed has been unkind in the emphasis with which he has accentuated his model's none too charming nose. Much was hoped from Arthur S. Cope, but his portrait of Earl Carrington is woefully flat, and J. H. J. Bacon's effort to immortalize a sheriff of London gives more glory to the regalia than the man. What strikes one most in passing the portraits in review is the conventionality of pose into which all the artists have fallen, and the old trouble of what to do with the model's hands has not been grappled with along any novel lines. A book for one, a necklace for another, a glove for a third, and eyeglasses for a fourth—such are the stereotyped devices of "least resistance" which are most in evidence.

Still, among the examples of applied portraiture are several canvases of interest. Take, as an illustration, W. Hatherell's "The King Sets a New Precedent," which gives a record of the knighting by the late King Edward of the Lord Mayor of Cardiff, the significance of which consists in the fact that the man so honored is a labor leader. The portraits are admirable, and the treatment is successful in making a picture out of unpromising materials. Again, there is E. A. Abbey's large panel—destined for the State Capitol at Harrisburg—depicting "Penn's Treaty with the Indians." Here once more the portrait hits the happy mean between idealism and reality, and an event of history becomes a milestone in art.

Time plays such strange pranks that distant generations may discover great pictures among the canvases

shown at the Academy of nineteen hundred and ten, but such an achievement postulates considerable transformation of taste. The great pictures are hard to find today. One would like to acclaim W. B. Wollen's "The First Fight for Independence," but the sad truth is that this attempt to revive the memorable scene on Lexington Common does not rise above the commonplace. The composition is passable, but the picture suggests nothing of the bigness with fate which history has found in that event. Love is a theme which has saved many an artist in the past, yet one looks in vain along the walls of Burlington House for any sign that the inspiration has been effectually at work during the past year. It has led one artist to the divorce court, where a lady is testifying from the floor of the court instead of the witness-box, and taken another to the side of a babbling stream, with cupid perched on one rock and a distraught maiden flattened up against another in agony at having missed the last train home. Yes, Ruskin and the pre-Raphaelites are sadly missed; whatever their faults, they had ideas and could keep things lively.

LONDON, May 20, 1910.

## SUFFRAGETTES IN THE RAIN.

## New York Enthusiasts Who Braved the Weather and Talked.

No one can say that the much heralded Sunday open-air demonstration of the New York suffragettes was a failure. Of course much depends upon one's standards of success. Mere men are apt to estimate these things by statistics, or by the discomfiture of the police, but when it comes to women we ought to adopt other standards. One enthusiastic reporter was beguiled by a fair suffragette into an estimate of 10,000, but then that was after she had smiled upon him in a dazzling way while deftly inserting a badge into his button-hole. Thenceforth he saw things double, but the reporter of another newspaper, an elderly, stern, and maritally soured man who was proof against all feminine blandishments, cast his cold and critical eye over the assembly in Union Square and said that there were only 5000 present. And I think 5000 was a fair guess.

But none the less the demonstration was a success. If its enthusiasm could have been spread in an even layer over the feminine population of the country the franchise would be an accomplished fact in forty-eight hours. For imagine a concourse of expensively dressed women resplendent in summer costumes and sublimely indifferent to the rain. And it was rain of the real wet kind. It did not begin until after the meeting had opened. It was unforeseen, and the women were unprepared, but none the less they stuck to the post of duty with a heroism that was simply sublime. Not theirs to reason why. No rain that ever fell could have dampened such enthusiasm as that. The drops seemed positively to hiss as they fell upon the super-heated arguments of the suffragettes.

And if the ladies did not mind the rain there was no reason why any one else should. It is true that the field of battle took on a somewhat melancholy appearance as the many colored bunting draped around the grandstand began gradually to droop and drip. Then, too, the mortar boards worn for some undivulged reason by the members of the Collegiate Equal Suffrage League, never beautiful at the best of times—the mortar boards, I mean—became positively disreputable looking under a drenching rain that they were never meant to sustain. But the hats, the hair, and the gowns! Far be it from me to jest upon a sacred subject, but they really did make their owners look like wet and indignant hens. But think of the heroism, the moral devotion that can make a woman indifferent to such things. Nothing like it has been seen in this day and generation.

The speeches were practically unreported by any newspaper in New York, perhaps because all suffragette speeches have a family resemblance. The public is told with some elaboration not what the ladies said, but how they said it, with what gestures, with what energy, with what conviction. But posterity will never know—at least not from the newspapers—of the gems of oratory and persuasive logic that fell from the lips of the speakers nearly as fast as the raindrops fell from their hats. All these must be left to the imagination.

The meeting was not well arranged. There was the lack of coordination and of cooperation that is one of the ornaments of the sex. Mrs. Jessie Finch had already begun her speech with the announcement that she had 239 reasons to advance when she was interrupted by new and noisy arrivals, and a good many of her reasons were lost in the confusion. The stirring strains of the "Marseillaise" floated through the square, and every eye was attracted to the great yellow banner borne by the Equality League of Self-Supporting Women. These were the women who, like the oppressed Pole, stood up for themselves, and they were headed by Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch and her dauntless daughter, who stood up for herself when she was married by demanding to be known as Mrs. Nora Blatch De Forrest and not Mrs. Lee De Forrest. She wanted people to "know who I really am," and people have known it ever since. Then came Miss Elizabeth Cook, and she had a purple and green flag with the inspiring words "Defeated Day by Day But Born to Win." So we know why Miss Cook was born. Several other ladies followed in her train, some with ban-

ners and some bannerless, while one enthusiast seemed to confuse the issue by displaying the announcement, "The Trust Will Own the Nation Till the Nation Owns the Trusts." The sentiment of course is a good one, but what has it to do with the suffrage? Why, too, did Miss Leonora O'Reilly spoil a very touching little speech by a sudden incursion into Socialism? The leaders who were grouped on the platform didn't seem to like it and pursed up their lips, but Miss O'Reilly had the stage and she was indifferent to the thought waves of her chiefs.

Take it altogether, with its inconsistencies and its irrelevancies, it was a very feminine affair, with the one exception of the indifference to the rain. Mrs. De Forrest and a staff of able assistants penetrated the crowd in every direction and evidently sold quite a lot of candy of the sticky, home-made, treacly variety, each piece wrapped in a suffragette tract so that the purchaser might have food for mind and body at the same time. Alberta Hill also was here, there, and everywhere with improving literature and yellow buttons to be worn as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. Mrs. Van Slingerford had a good supply of the *Jeanne d'Arc* monthly, the inference being that the Maid of Orleans was a suffragette.

But there was a fly in the ointment in the shape of Mrs. Julian Heath. Mrs. Heath is an unregenerate, and a persistent and vociferous one. She buzzed around the outskirts of the crowd, and said unkind things, and jeered, as women will sometimes do when they meet with the opposition which it is the peculiar prerogative of their sex to be spared. And she did this in an irritatingly feminine way that must have been galling. She made no effort to controvert the logic of her oratorical sisters, but instead she drew attention to their bedraggled appearance. "Don't they look funny," she said, "with their hats all on crooked and their hair and feathers out of curl?" And it must be admitted that they did look funny. It is hard to resist the conviction that if they could have seen themselves as others saw them they would have fled to their bou-doirs in confusion.

There were some organizations that did not participate, and among them those ornamented by the intellectual vigor and democratic fervor of Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont. The cause of this rift in the lute was not apparent, but unkind rumor has it that there was some dispute as to precedence, and the prominence that rightly belongs to wealth and fashion. This may be a libel and an invention of the evil one, but there has evidently been some trouble somewhere. Mrs. Belmont sent her automobile filled with ladies belonging to the Political Equality League, but she refused to allow the league to be officially represented. It is well for Mrs. Belmont that she thus escaped the need to expose her unusual toilet to the vagaries of the weather. Mrs. Belmont prefers drawing-room meetings and carefully chosen assemblies of the elect who are willing to tolerate a modicum of speech-making for the sake of the ensuing tea and a chance to be shown over the house. When Mrs. Belmont wishes to get wet in public she has her own ideas on the subject of becoming and tasteful bathing dresses. To stand as a silk clad and dripping statue in Union Square has no charms for her.

NEW YORK, May 24, 1910. SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

King Edward VII's remains will find their last resting place in the royal mausoleum at Frogmore, near St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, where the funeral services were held. In this mausoleum all that is mortal of Queen Victoria rests beside the body of her husband, Prince Consort Albert. Of Romanesque architecture, the mausoleum was erected by Queen Victoria in memory of Prince Albert. Frogmore is about half a mile distant from Windsor Castle, standing in the park grounds. For centuries the sovereigns of England were buried in the vault below St. George's Chapel. This vault contains the bodies of Henry VI, Edward IV and his queen, Henry VIII and Jane Seymour, Charles I, George III and his queen, George IV, the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Kent, the Duke of York, William IV and his queen, and other royal personages. Frogmore is a comparatively modern palace, having been purchased in 1800 by Queen Charlotte and fitted up by her successors.

The best talking-bird new to the big collection in the London "Zoo" is a raven who came to the aviary last year. "Hullo! Jack!" is his favorite remark, and it is the voice of one who meets an unworthy friend. Soon after he arrived he used his conversational powers with great effect upon a lammergeier who shares his cage (relates the *London Spectator*). The lammergeier had a piece of meat which the raven desired, but he was unwilling to surrender it. The raven hopped up, "Hullo! Jack!" he began, and the lammergeier, agitated at the voice of man, dropped his dinner and fled. But the lammergeier was never a bird of much spirit.

Dan Beard, who illustrated Mark Twain's "Yankee in King Arthur's Court," and who, besides, has written more books for boys than he can remember, is descended from a family of artists. For a time, however, he gave no indication of an artistic tendency and his first serious work was as a surveyor and map maker. Following this vocation, he tramped over a great part of the United States. He was born in Cincinnati and grew up in Flushing, New York.



## THE GERMAN IN AMERICA.

### What the Teutons Have Done for Their Adopted Country.

Entirely credible is the statement by Albert Bernhard Faust that it has taken him ten years to collect and coordinate the materials for his two exhaustive volumes on "The German Element in the United States." His object is to disclose the formative influence of Germans in America, their participation in the labors of peace and the dangers of war, and to indicate their relation to the intellectual development of the country.

No claim is made by Professor Faust that the Germans bore a conspicuous share in the discovery of America, but he is able to credit the race with valuable service as cosmographers. Not till the close of the seventeenth century did the tide of immigration set across the Atlantic, the direct result of William Penn's missionary journeys in Holland and Germany.

The first actual immigrants were Mennonites from Crefeld, some of whom had become converts to Quakerism through the preaching of William Penn, while most of the others joined the Society of Friends in America. There were thirteen heads of families, the greater part inter-related by blood or marriage ties. Pastorius, acting as the agent of the Frankfurt Company, first visited Kriegsheim and looked after matters necessary for the long journey, with the leaders, Peter Schumacher, Gerhard Hendricks, and others, after which he descended the Rhine to Crefeld. He took ship in advance of the others, and landed in Philadelphia on the 20th of August, 1683.

Six weeks later, Benjamin Furley had arranged at Rotterdam for the transportation of the first shipload of Germans. The *Mayflower* of the German immigrants to America was the good ship *Concord*, appropriately named, being the bearer of a devoutly religious and peaceful company to the City of Brotherly Love, within the territory of the Holy Experiment. Captain Jeffreys commanded the *Concord*, a well-built and roomy vessel of the West Indian service. Five pounds, one-half fare for children under twelve, was the rate for which they were carried over. They left Gravesend July 24, 1683, and arrived in Philadelphia after a moderately long but safe journey, on October 6, 1683, the date celebrated by all Germans in America as the beginning of their history in the United States.

Pastorius, who had sailed six weeks before from Deal, England, was accompanied by a handful of immigrants, men and women of the serving class, some of whom later became property-holders in Germantown. On board ship Pastorius met one who immediately became his fast friend, the Welsh physician, Thomas Lloyd, scholar of Jesus College, Oxford. With him he conversed in Latin, a characteristic accomplishment of the scholars of that day, Lloyd not being able to speak German, nor Pastorius to converse in English at that time.

In the City of Brotherly Love, William Penn received the German pioneer, with loving kindness. Another close friend was Penn's secretary, Lebenmann. "The governor often summons me to dine with him" (Penn), writes Pastorius subsequently. "As I was recently absent from home a week, he came himself to visit me and bade me dine with him twice every week, and declared to his counsellors that he loved me and the High Germans very much and wished them to do so likewise." The city of Philadelphia had been laid out but two years before and consisted then of a few poorly built houses. "The rest," Pastorius remarked, "was woods and brushwood, in which I lost my way several times in an area no greater than that between the river bank and the house of my friend, William Hudson. A striking impression this made upon me, coming from London, Paris, Amsterdam, and Ghent."

For many years Philadelphia continued to be the principal port of entrance for German immigrants, and it is notable that while they were representative of many sects they had certain traits in common.

Though living in various parts of the United States, the pre-revolutionary Germans all belonged to the same general type, since they came from a common stock and home, mainly from the Rhine countries and Switzerland, and on their arrival met similar conditions in the American colonies. They were not paupers, though a great many of them, to pay for their transportation, were compelled to pledge themselves to several years of servitude. They were not wealthy, though many of them brought with them sums of money that they had realized from the sale of their lands at home. The later they settled in America the farther west they were obliged to move, not being able to purchase the land where it had become expensive, i. e., along the coast line. Therefore, whether in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia, or the Carolinas, they constantly became the settlers of the frontier, which they defended, and assisted in pushing farther and farther to the westward. The German settler became a recognized type of frontiersman, and because most numerous in Pennsylvania, or most frequently coming from there, he received the name Pennsylvania Dutch, or Pennsylvania German. His language was the dialect of the Palatinate and the Upper Rhine, mixed with a large number of common English words. His peculiarities of speech and customs made him distinct from the other colonial types, but his individuality was marked by far more noteworthy traits of character. One of the earliest writers on the subject of the Pennsylvania Germans was Dr. Benjamin Rush, the noted Philadelphia physician, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, surgeon in the Revolutionary Army, member of Congress, treasurer of the United States Mint, distinguished essayist on medical, social, and literary topics. Dr. Rush was a keen observer and possessed a judicial mind. He noticed that the prosperity of Pennsylvania was largely due to the Pennsylvania Germans, and began to examine into the causes of their success. He seems consciously to have imitated the example of the historian, Tacitus, who described the virtues and vices of the ancient Germans, perhaps with a view to holding them up as an example for his own people.

Contrary to the general belief, the Germans were not without representation in the settlement of the South. Professor Faust shows that North Carolina received its first settlers in 1710, and that there were German Protestants in Georgia in 1734. With regard to the Cavalier State he writes:

The earliest German settlement in Virginia was made under the auspices of Governor Spotswood, favorably disposed toward colonists, and appreciative of the value of the Germans as settlers. In imitation of Pennsylvania, a large county of Virginia was named Spotsylvania in honor of the governor. Within this district (now in Orange County) he founded the town Germanna. The first colonists consisted of twelve Ger-

man families of the Reformed Church, who arrived in Virginia in April, 1714. They came on the solicitation of Baron de Graffenried, to establish and operate for Governor Spotswood the iron works which they built about ten miles northwest of the present town of Fredericksburg. The names of the heads of the families were John Kemper, Jacob Holtzclaw, J. and H. Fischback, Hoffman, Otterback (Utterback), Dilman Weber (Tillman Weaver), Merdten (Martin), Hitt, Counts (Coons), Wayman, Han(d)bach. The colonists came from Muesen and Siegen, Nassa-Siegen, in Westphalia. They had been skilled iron-workers for generations past, Muesen having been an important iron centre since 1300. Several groups of German settlers followed: twenty families, about eighty persons, in 1717, and forty families between 1717 and 1720. Governor Spotswood built small houses to shelter the colonists, and apparently pushed the work at the mines. The latter have been described in bright coloring by the pen of Colonel Byrd. A recent statistical work confirms the antiquity of Governor Spotswood's enterprise: "The oldest furnace of which we have any certain knowledge was 'Spotswood' in the County Spotsylvania." Whether the governor lacked capital, or whether there were unforeseen difficulties, is not known, but the mining operations did not continue long. In the middle of the eighteenth century, Colonel Byrd informs us, "Germanna consisted of the residence of Governor Spotswood and a dozen and a half of half-decayed houses, formerly occupied by German families." The records show that some of the German colonists, being engaged in a lawsuit with the governor, prayed for an attorney to represent their side of the question. Spotswood explained his position at length, declaring that the colonists owed him money for their transportation and keep; the colonists, on the other hand, held that their period of service was ended, and claimed land. We have no information as to the adjustment of this matter, but we know that all the German colonists, except three families, had departed from Germanna in 1748, the year in which the Moravian missionary, Gottschalk, visited the Great Fork of the Rappahannock.

Prior to the Revolution the Germans took their full share in the defense of their adopted country against the Indians. By 1775 their numbers had increased to two hundred and twenty-five thousand at least, and in that year they were to enter upon a period which tested how far they had imbibed the ideas of the new land. Professor Faust gives a succinct account of the result:

There were very few German Tories in Pennsylvania, though there were many sectarians. One notable exception was, not the printer Sauer himself, but his two sons, who during the occupation of Philadelphia by General Howe published a newspaper voicing Tory sentiments. It was the only case on record of a German Tory paper printed in the colonies. Its influence could not have been of any importance at all, and its pages were perused more seriously abroad than on this side of the water. Schlözer prints a complete copy of one of the issues of the paper (May 6, 1778); it is a curious jumble of local items, advertisements, misstatements, and flamboyant verses. The social condition of the Germans in the colonies forced them as a necessary consequence into the Democratic party. They were not members of families that had been in favor at court for generations; they were not owners of estates that were gifts of the crown; they felt no national sentiments binding them to a British prince. They were men who had hewn their own farms out of the wild forest, had maintained their independence against its savage inhabitants, and now claimed as their own the soil on which their battles had been won. Frontiersmen—and most of the Germans were or had been such—gained from their mode of life a degree of independence which often set them in opposition to the policies of the seaboard. The conservative easterly settlements were better satisfied with the *status quo*, the frontiersmen looked beyond, aspired to new conditions, and were ready to make a bold venture. The frontier turned the balance toward independence.

No such practical unanimity prevailed at the time of the Civil War. The Germans of the South adhered to the Confederacy, but the more recent arrivals sided with the North. Yet on the whole the participation of Germans in that conflict is found by Professor Faust to have been most effective on the side of the Union. The first officer of the regular army killed was of German descent.

Passing to the winning of the West, there are many interesting pages devoted to German settlers in Kentucky and Tennessee and also to the part they took in advancing the frontier line.

The question of superiority of any particular national type over others, in the fight with the wilderness and the savages, is rendered all the more difficult because of the wonderful leveling influence of the frontier upon all national elements. A new type of American was evolved as a result of frontier conditions. Physically he approached the ideal of the red man, with his gaunt and sinewy frame inured to hardships and incapable of fatigue. His intellectual characteristics have been described as follows: "That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic, but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil; and, withal, that buoyancy and exuberance which come with freedom—these are traits of the frontier, or traits called out elsewhere because of the existence of the frontier."

Germans or men of German descent, that came under the influence of frontier conditions, became hunters, Indian fighters, backwoodsmen, miners, or whatever later types the prevailing conditions made of them. They became indistinguishable from other frontiersmen. Great numbers of hunters of German blood were found among the early explorers and settlers of the "dark and bloody ground." There was Johann Salling, the German Indian, who under the name of Menou, "the Silent" was made a member of the Cherokee tribe. He fought their battles, hunted their game, and wooed their maidens until 1742, when he was captured by the French and taken to Canada, subsequently to be set free. With Daniel Boone there were Germans on most of his expeditions. Michael Stoner (Steiner) was the forefather of the numerous Kentucky Stoners of the present day. Kaspar Mansker, or Manskow, was one of the most famous of the Indian fighters. A wonderful marksman and woodsman, he was made colonel of the frontier militia. The crack of his deadly rifle, "Nancy," haunted his foes like a message of doom. Though not a native German, but of German descent, he spoke only broken English. He knew the cries of the beasts and birds and could never be deceived by Indian imitations of them. Stories of his Indian fights are told without number by Tennessee writers.

Having discussed in the opening chapter of his second volume the extent of German influence in the United States as represented by numbers—he puts the total in 1900 at 18,400,000—Professor Faust deals at length with the part the race has taken in the material

development of the country. He then passes to the question of political influence:

The Germans did not enter politics for a livelihood. They came as farmers, tradesmen, mechanics, merchants, or professional men, and applied themselves diligently to their particular trades with a determination to succeed in them. Their strongly developed practical sense showed them that the professional politician, immediately ousted from office when his party was defeated, was engaged in a very unsafe and unprofitable business, while their plain honesty and a tender conscience compelled them to look upon politics as something unclean and corrupting. It were a fallacy, however, to say that because the Germans have not held many political offices they have had little influence on American politics. Selfish office-holders and aggressive political manipulators do not control the settlement of great political questions, nor do they advance government or civil service toward a higher ideal. Real influence is a different matter from the ins and outs of the political game; and while the German element has not been conspicuous in the latter, the attempt will be made in the succeeding pages to show that the Germans were always at hand when the time came to improve and transform politics.

In fulfillment of his promise Professor Faust describes the achievements of Francis Leiber, William Bouck, Carl Schurz, and other notable leaders. At the same time he does not ignore the fact that Socialism in American politics has been most thoroughly under German influence. But a more potent factor for good must not be overlooked:

The German influence on education in the United States has been profound. While the German element living in this country has been active in the progressive educational movements of the nineteenth century, nevertheless the greater part in establishing German methods in American education has been done by the Americans themselves. Though living under the spell of English and French traditions, they went all over Europe in search of the best models for their educational institutions, and found them in Germany. The basis and the superstructure of our American educational system, the elementary school, inclusive of the kindergarten, and the university, were created under German influence. The college has been fashioned after the English pattern, with adaptations; the secondary schools have been under various influences, partly German.

As may be expected, Professor Faust has no difficulty in making out a good cause for the German in relation to music and the fine arts. He declares, indeed, that the race is responsible for the development of musical taste in the United States. And with regard to the graphic arts he makes this claim:

The influence of Germans and of Germany has been twice felt in the history of American painting. The first time, in the forties of the nineteenth century, through the Düsseldorf school, and a second time, very recently, through Munich artists. None of the early representatives of American painting—J. S. Copley, Benjamin West, Gilbert Stuart, John Trumbull—were Germans; the foreign influence that came at that time was mainly from England. There were quite a number of faithful laborers in the early period, such as Joseph Eckstein (1801), described as "a thorough-going drudge in the arts, that could do a picture in still life—history—landscape—portrait—he could model—cut a head in marble—or anything you please." Such lives remind one of the plight of the musician Heinrich, composer of the volume of songs entitled "Dawning of Music in Kentucky," which could not rescue him from a debtor's prison. Jacob Eichholtz, of German extraction (born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in 1776), was a disciple of Stuart as a portrait-painter, and might have ripened to excellence under more favorable circumstances. "Street Scenes, Central Square, Philadelphia," "Election at the State House," were painted by the German artist, J. L. Krimmel, who came to this country in 1810, and was accidentally drowned near Germantown, Pennsylvania, in 1821.

Not much can be advanced in praise of German sculpture, but that is hardly surprising in view of the low state of the art in Germany itself. But it is different with literature:

The Germans who have come to the United States have produced a literature of their own. It is written in the German language, and consists of memoirs, poems, works of fiction, books of travel and learning. Its chief value consists in its historical interest, as it is descriptive of the weal and woe of the German immigrants in this country and furnishes a record of their outer and inner life. Its literary value, with some exceptions, is not great, yet the day may come when this literature will be studied with much care and advantage. It is voluminous and a consideration of it in detail does not belong to a work on the influence of the German element in the United States. The German-American literature was written mainly for Germans in this country, and there has been little influence beyond that. Here and there, however, an important exception may be noted. Books written in English by Germans in this country have often been of very great influence, some instances of which will be given in a succeeding paragraph. The literature of Germany on America is a study by itself, fascinating because it exhibits the changing attitude of Europe toward America from one of romantic glorification to excessive depreciation and finally to a more rational view and better understanding. German-American literature properly includes only works written in the German language in America by Germans or persons of German descent who have made their homes in the United States.

In the realm of ideas Professor Faust credits the German with having stood for honesty, obedience to the law, the simple life, love of home, individualism, and idealism. Of the latter he writes:

It has probably received more attention than any other characteristic of the Germans, in books that have been written in hot haste, and speeches that have been made after dinner. Idealism is the heritage of the German through his literature, philosophy, and religion. In America, the German was met halfway by the idealism of the Puritanic element, and the two combined have created some of the grandest institutions of the country, colleges and universities, music and fine arts. Heretofore perhaps the idealism of the American has necessarily been directed toward the development of the great resources of the country; the German element also has large numbers of representatives among the captains of industry. The idealism, however, which has acted as a social influence through the German element, and which should therefore be most appreciated, is that which has diverted attention from material things to those which make life more beautiful and joyous. That idealism has been well defined by an American who has carefully studied the German here and abroad, and twice represented the American nation in the home of the Germans: "The dominant idea is, as I understand it, that the ultimate end of a great modern nation is something besides



manufacturing, or carrying, or buying, or selling products; that art, literature, science, and thought, in its highest flights and widest ranges, are greater and more important; and that highest of all—is the one growth for which all wealth exists—is the higher and better development of man, not merely as a planner or a worker, or a carrier, or a buyer or seller, but as a man. In no land has this idea penetrated more deeply than in Germany, and it is this idea which should penetrate more and more American thought and practice."

As a result of all the traits he has described at such length, Professor Faust holds that German influence is such as to unite the various formative elements of the American people more securely and harmoniously. Undoubtedly these volumes give a record of qualities and achievements of which any race might be proud, and explain how it has come about that the German element has been a constructive force in the upbuilding of the republic.

THE GERMAN ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES. By Albert Bernhardt Faust. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 2 vols.; \$7.50 net.

### INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of South Africa, Sir John Henry de Villiers, has been made a baron by King George, the first exercise of the royal prerogative in adding to the peerage.

Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet, is coming to America to lecture and put money in his purse. A few years ago he scornfully refused a thousand dollars a lecture from an American manager, but he is better advised now.

Senator Crane of Massachusetts was born in 1853 and went to work in his father's paper mill in Dalton when he was seventeen. He never had the benefit of a college education and has been heard to give thanks for that peculiarity in a rich man's son.

J. Waldo Smith, chief engineer of New York City's project of bringing a gigantic supply of water to the city from the heart of the Catskill Mountains, one hundred miles distant, is carrying out a plan which calls for the expenditure of \$162,000,000. This is a civic enterprise second only to such feats as the building of the Panama Canal.

Don Luis Terrazas, whose Mexican farm is 150 miles in extent north to south and 200 miles from east to west, is receiving some government attention on account of the magnitude of his holdings. His "farm-house" is the most magnificent in the world—a palace, costing \$1,600,000 in gold, superbly furnished, with rooms to accommodate five hundred guests.

Captain Cameron McRae Winslow, now Federal supervisor of New York harbor, as Lieutenant Winslow, in 1898, led the little party of volunteers that undertook to cut the Cuban cables off Cienfuegos, that the Spanish forces on the island might have no means of communication with the home country. By many critics and some historians this act has been called the bravest of the Spanish War.

Mrs. Sol Smith, the actress, who at eighty years is still actively engaged in her profession, and who recently celebrated the forty-eighth anniversary of her first appearance on the stage, said the other day: "I did not begin my stage career in my early youth, as some suppose, but took up the work when, at the age of thirty-two, I was left a widow with six children, for whose support I was responsible."

Henry Wallace, editor of *Wallace's Farmer*, is announced to deliver lectures at the Massachusetts Agricultural College. When his name was once mentioned for United States Secretary of Agriculture he remarked that his family for two hundred and fifty years had been farmers; that none of them had ever held offices higher than justice of the peace; and that he could never think of breaking so honorable a record.

The Duc de Montpensier, uncle of the King of Portugal, brother of the Duc d'Orleans, grandson of Louis Philippe and himself an officer of the Spanish navy, is again in America for the purpose of seeking novel adventures in wild hunting scenes. His most highly valuable piece of equipment is a machine for making moving pictures, with which he intends to seek living dramas of the wild things of Canada and Mexico.

Erich Korngold, son of a Vienna musical critic and only thirteen years old, is the latest prodigy to be brought into public notice. The boy has already several musical compositions to his credit, including a sonata for piano, music for a pantomime, and a set of six "character studies," entitled "Don Quixote." His works are said to be surprising in assurance of style, mastery of form, individuality of expression, and harmonization. Only the record of Handel as a lad equals this evidence of youthful genius in music.

Colonel W. F. Cody, "Buffalo Bill," announces that he closed his public career with the last performance of his "Wild West" show in New York a few days ago. Colonel Cody will go to his ranch at Cody, Wyoming, dividing his time thereafter between the ranges and his mining property in Arizona. In 1883 Omaha saw the first "Wild West." Then came a series of yearly performances in America, and finally an invasion of Europe, which was the crowning point in the colonel's career. Five years were spent in Europe. Every year since Buffalo Bill appeared in the saddle twice a day, rain

### HER EMERALD NECKLACE.

The Doubt as to Its Wearer, Which Was at Last Dispelled.

The orchids were just the right shade, neither too light nor too dark to tone in with her mauve chiffon; and she purred with contented vanity, as she pinned them on. Just today Will Lanforth had asked her to help him look at some matched emeralds for some one "very dear to him." He had hinted that it was time for her to discard the habiliments of woe, or semi-woe, for brighter and more vivid tints. It had been said very meaningfully. Tiffany's expected to have the complete necklace matched by November or December. Alicia counted on them with a declaration by Christmas.

There were some who considered Alicia Frayne's third year of second mourning rather humorous—second *rejoicing* it ought rather be called, seeing that the kindest thing Harry Frayne had ever done was to drink himself to death. But doubtless these critics did not realize how becoming mauve and silver grays are to blonde locks and aristocratic, yet piquant, features. For Alicia Frayne possessed that rarest combination, color yet class. Consequently she reveled in "second mourning's" that set off her clear-cut, aristocratic lines, her blonde hair; as well as the pink coloring and up-turned nose usually attributed to daughters of the people.

It may have been that this same contrast existed in her mental make-up; and that it was the cause of Alicia Frayne's anxiety to shine in Bohemia. Not to be one of them, mercy, no—there the mental prototype of slender hands and ash gold hair asserted itself; but to be with them—there spoke the mental dimple and snub nose, as it were. Consequently all the pianists, the coloratura artists, the editorless poets, and even an occasional vaudeville artiste—"I assure you quite the lady, my dear, quite *comme il faut*!"—found open sesame at Alicia's Thursday evenings. They were seen even autoing or hotel lunching with her, when they were particularly successful, and were bitten by the social bee; for, be it whispered, Alicia Frayne reversed the usual order. Genius paid for her social prestige, not she for genius, no, not Alicia. The Thursday evenings had been irreverently compared to "circus side shows" by Charlie Lorrimer; partly because of the freaks assembled, partly because of the circus quality of the lemonade, most conspicuous beverage provided. Lorrimer once drew up a mock vegetable bill for "one lemon rented during January," and had mailed it to her. He claimed that she disputed the bill inasmuch as the lemon was to have been lent during February as well! However, that was only Charlie Lorrimer's fun. He had never liked Alicia Frayne anyway, or at least he said so, ever since he had awakened from the first calf love inspired by her pale gold hair to realize the imitation of her pale gold character.

For, quietly be it observed, the financial shoe pinched Alicia Frayne. People might have been more sorry for her had they realized her continuous struggle. From her early girlhood she had known what it was to live on an old name and nothing else. When the shoemaker was satisfied, the butcher clamored, and vice versa; never had they both been quieted at once. Then came her marriage at nineteen to Harry Frayne, reputed a millionaire, and the miserable year and a half before he drank himself to death. Then came again the struggle to keep up appearances once more on the pittance he had not squandered. Of course it was very wicked to marry a man for his money; equally wicked to call unpaid-for luxuries "keeping up appearances." These could be only the actions of a sordid woman without ideals; but where was Alicia Frayne to find ideals? They certainly had not existed in her father's household, unless perhaps stowed away in the attic with the horseshair sofa and other relics.

Therefore Alicia purred contentedly as she pinned Will Lanforth's orchids to her unpaid-for mauve creation. Those exotic blooms personified roast beef and potatoes paid for regularly and ordered *ad lib*—and roast beef and potatoes *ad lib* and prosaically paid for taste better than terrapin and sauteur with the collector at the kitchen door. Will Lanforth represented security and respectability; good, portly, middle-aged, "tainted money" respectability in hunks that made Alicia Frayne fairly gasp with anticipatory delight.

The dinner tonight—a *partie carrée*—was given by Signorina Grazielli, a dumpy, pasty maiden of undenied respectability and equally undoubted appetite. She was evenly divided between contraltodom and her cookbook, with a preference for the latter, Lorrimer had said. She had brought a letter to Alicia; and Alicia had "taken her up" and let the signorina entertain her.

The men at the dinner were Lorrimer and Lanforth, of course. Lorrimer, who disliked Alicia so much, as he once told his sister-in-law, that he couldn't stay away from her. Certain he saw through every inch of her shallow, sordid make-up; equally certain that he saw the piquant nose, the big blue eyes. He laughed at himself, he despised himself as well as her, and yet—well, he felt sorry for the poor little thing. It was the sportsman's admiration for a game fight, and while he chuckled, when Lanforth's money first hove in sight, no one was more desirous than he to see her in its safe financial haven. But Will was tiresome, ye Gods, he was tiresome! Food was the only topic that caused him to brighten. Charlie Lorrimer, of course, was anything but tiresome, but he could not pay his own

bills—he knew Alicia's feeling. Possibly if they both would drop the notion that to live one must be "somebody," and would he honestly middle class, living on a middle-class income—but no, the world is not built that way. The Charlie Lorrimer and Alicia Fraynes are such because they prefer cream, even on credit. Their palates resent the skim milk of life for cash.

The dinner, however, was very delicious. It was cooked according to the signorina's own recipes, she told them. She was a fat, pasty damsel, whose chief good features were a pair of large dark eyes that brightened only at mention of spaghetti. Nevertheless she sang like an angel and never had a row with other prima donnas. "Look at her face and see why," Lorrimer had said. She and Lanforth had a very good time discussing recipes; Yorkshire ham in London; patisseries in Paris, and macaroni in Rome—a real "cooks" tour through Europe, Lorrimer had remarked, but low, to Alicia, so that Lanforth could not hear and be angry. The signorina told Lanforth that the spaghetti recipe came from the chef at the Palazzo Reale, on Lago Maggiore.

Lanforth followed the signorina's dinner by one for both ladies, at which he was host. The signorina—she was really a signorina and traveled with her mother—pronounced it the best she had ever eaten and asked Lanforth for the recipes. Lorrimer ruefully foresaw himself as next in line, with Alicia fourth on the list of hosts. "And it costs real money to feed her, Alicia. No bluffing her on food. You can't hand her that Thursday lemon of yours and call it mock turtle soup." Alicia herself realized the truth of this, but she hoped by some fluke to land her prey before dinner number four became due. She wasn't worrying about Lorrimer's troubles.

However, Lorrimer was saved his worries. His invitation, given with the eagerness of one woman offering to pay the other's car fare, was postponed in favor of their accepting a box for the signorina's last New York appearance before crossing to Covent Garden. She sent the box to Lanforth and invited them all to a *petit souper* at her apartments after the performance.

Alicia looked simply glorious in her new white and silver, with Lanforth's sprays of white baby orchids in luxurious clusters along her drooping shoulders. Lorrimer estimated their cost hungrily at twelve beef-steaks. He was "broke" that week.

Lanforth announced at the supper that he was sailing for London next week. Alicia was somewhat surprised at hearing it thus in public; but he often took sudden trips across; and she really did not see her way to dodging her creditors just then and doing likewise. She had been a little reckless, seeing this haven in sight. The signorina gave Lanforth the names of several restaurants in London of which he had never heard. Lorrimer called their *tête-a-tête* a gastronomic symphony, and he and Alicia both laughed over it, but low.

Lanforth sailed, and he wrote Alicia a nice, long, and continuous letter from the steamer, a few lines every day, after he had recovered from the seasickness. It was one of those "sea is like glass—we saw two whales yesterday—I won the pool today—the food is awful" letters; from the man who is sure but not thrilling. Then she did not hear for four whole weeks; and he did not return. When she did hear, it did not reassure her.

It was from Lago Maggiore—from the Palazzo Reale that Signorina Graziella had recommended. The eating was fine—the signorina had been a great success in London—he had heard her every time—he was sending Alicia some kid gloves and some silk stockings in newspapers, one at a time. He hoped those customs house beasts wouldn't get wise—and that these were satisfactory. They were, but the letter wasn't. Her anxiety was not lessened by a social item that "Signorina Grazielli was resting on the Lago Maggiore, where the diva was amusing herself and her friends concocting recipes, wherein she was as adept as in singing." She showed this to Lorrimer and burst out crying—she never minded Lorrimer and it really was too much. "And I thought her so *safe*," she sobbed. "Such an ugly, pasty thing. What can he see in her?"

"Her recipes," Charlie answered briefly, hands in pockets, as he walked up and down.

After all, the sorrows of the would-be rich are not the real, throbbing woes of life. Alicia was nothing but a sordid woman, crying for *paté de foie gras*, and it served her right. Why didn't she give up false luxury and earn an honest living somehow; instead of this struggling pretense—his fingers rustled against his own unpaid tailor bill in his pocket.

Lanforth returned in the fall and came immediately to see Alicia, with gifts so elaborate, albeit noncommittal, that they nearly, but not quite, reassured her. He had a box for the opening night of the opera, sent by the signorina. She was to appear as Orpheus. "She'll look absurd," he said; "she's too fat." Alicia's heart beat high at this unromantic comment. She arrayed her own self in her blackest and silverest and svelttest; and looked like a pink-checked queen in her adorable blend of plebeian and patrician; and the signorina did look too absurd for words as Orpheus. Yet on Orpheus's manly neck, in feminine, unintelligible anachronistic incongruity, hung an emerald necklace of modern workmanship and priceless stones, exactly such as Tiffany had promised to have matched by November or December; destined by Lanforth for his affianced wife.

EDITH HECI

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1910.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Anne of Treboul.

Treboul is an obscure fishing-village on the coast of Brittany, and its men and women are both elemental and superstitious. But they are intensely human as portrayed by Mrs. Goetchius's gifted pen, especially Anne, Aimée, and Yvon. There are other characters, all limned with exquisite skill, but these three dominate the stage because they are the essential figures in the writer's attempt to uncover the tragedy and nobleness of simple life.

To disclose the plot would be to rob the reader of much enjoyment, but the theme in brief is concerned with Anne's passion of mother-love, which wins a notable triumph in spite of the fact that her child is horn out of wedlock. Mrs. Goetchius displays artistic restraint in dealing with those episodes which the realist usually makes so offensive, and her sketches of environment are surcharged with deep feeling and genuine poetry. From every point of view the story is remarkable, and if it be, as is suggested, a first hook, a new writer of pronounced genius has been discovered.

ANNE OF TREBOUL. By Marie Louise Goetchius. New York: The Century Company; \$1.20 net.

## Selma Lagerlöf's Latest.

There are qualities in "The Girl from the Marsh Croft" and the other short stories in this hook which go far to explain why Selma Lagerlöf was awarded a Nobel prize. A writer who can so adorn lowly life, who can penetrate so unflatteringly to the soul of the good, and can ennoble human existence in its humblest stratum, is worthy all the honor her fellows can bestow.

Directness has always been a marked trait of Miss Lagerlöf's imaginative writing, and in the title story of this volume it is exemplified at its best. The language is simple, the sentences are short, but the effect is unerring. Helga, the wronged but lofty-spirited girl who refused to allow her seducer to take the oath because she knew he would be swearing away his soul, and who is unconscious that she has done anything remarkable, is a notable creation, a wholesome addition to the gallery of fiction. The development of the story is in perfect harmony with that unselfish devotion to truth, but it is carried out without any mawkish concessions to influences which are usually adduced to account for such departures from the general rule of human conduct. The other stories are shorter, but each is as wholesome as the day.

THE GIRL FROM THE MARSH CROFT. By Selma Lagerlöf. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Twisted Foot.

Had Mr. Rideout been able to sustain the dramatic interest of his first three chapters he would have placed a remarkable novel to his credit. The "grip" of those chapters is undeniable, for recent fiction has not produced more thrilling pages than those which tell of David Bowman's fall overboard and vain pursuit of the vanishing steamer. Nor is it easy to recall more vivid passages than those which relate his unexpected rescue and his uncanny experiences after getting to land.

Afterwards, however, the interest of the story drops, and Mr. Rideout makes a fatal mistake in allowing his hero to so soon find the heroine, even though he makes a valiant effort to sustain the interest by withholding the secret of her relationship to the young man whom David met so strangely. The motive of the mystery, too, seems somewhat inadequate, for the man with the twisted foot—twisted toe would be more correct—must have spent on his travels as much money as the pearls were worth. Mr. Rideout has hit upon an excellent subject for a short story, but has made a mistake in expansion.

THE TWISTED FOOT. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.20 net.

## In Praise of Mexico.

Dillon Wallace is not wedded to Lahrado; in fact, judging by his latest volume, Mexico has supplanted in his affections the frozen land of the north. At any rate, he commits himself to the view that "in all the two continents of the Western hemisphere there is no area of equal extent that can approach Mexico in wealth of natural resources, variety of climate, grandeur of scenery, prehistoric ruins, and romantic history." This new passion is the outcome of a muleback journey of upwards of a thousand miles through the lowland and mountain wilderness of Western Mexico, the story of which is told at a white heat of enthusiasm.

With exceptions, Mr. Wallace has really written two hooks about Mexico. The first, embodied in his introduction, is but brief, but it is at variance with the second, which constitutes the bulk of this volume. In that introduction he dwells with zest upon the attractions of the country for the American; it offers large inducements to manufacturing industries, it grows the best cotton in the world and has room for many mills, and peon labor is cheap. And then he goes on to show the other side of the picture. The climate saps the energy; the government will readily sell you a title to huge tracts of land, but will

not undertake to put you in possession; the natives are filthy beyond belief: Americans are regarded everywhere as "easy marks"; the women are ugly and the land swarms with parasites. To travel through Mexico in Mr. Wallace's pages is a rare enjoyment; but the actual experience might not give so much pleasure.

BEYOND THE MEXICAN SIERRAS. By Dillon Wallace. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

## Royal Lovers.

Inasmuch as ordinary persons not born in the purple are supposed to take a keen interest in the doings, and especially the love affairs, of exalted mortals, it is probable that "Royal Lovers" will have numerous readers. The hook is somewhat out of the usual in that its story is told in the form of letters written by royal and plebeian hands. They are certainly lively enough, and do not lack incident and characterization. Perhaps the atmosphere of the hook is best conveyed by the Empress Olivia herself in her final letter to her mother: "Two empresses at sea—Georgina and Olivia—the one fair, good and pure, but hizarre and a martyr to the spirit of her race; the second, Olivia, a poor, unambitious woman who would have thriven and felt happy as a housewife."

ROYAL LOVERS. By Hélène Vacaresco. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

## Women's Eyes.

Sanskrit is so completely a sealed book to the majority that Mr. Ryder has performed an invaluable service in these translations from that tongue. The originals were the work of Bhartrihari, a king of Ujjain fifteen hundred years ago, but they are surprisingly modern as rendered in this dainty little volume. That may be accounted for by the fact that the royal poet confined himself largely to woman as his theme, but also by the fact that Mr. Ryder has displayed unusual skill in his translations. Here is an example of a love lyric:

Thou art a flower whose fragrance none has tasted.

A gem uncut by workman's tool,

A branch no desecrating hands have wasted,

A virgin forest, sweetly cool.

No man on earth deserves to taste thy beauty, Thy blameless loveliness and worth.

Unless he has fulfilled man's perfect duty—

And is there such a one on earth?

But the Sanskrit poet was not always in this adoring mood. Some of his stanzas have the mordant note of Schopenhauer, and on no occasion was he able to suffer fools gladly. Now and then, too, he voices the pessimism of the East:

Child for an hour, and lovesick youth an hour,  
Beggar an hour, then fanned by riches' breath,  
The wrinkled actor, Man, bereft of power,  
Creeps tottering behind the curtain, Death.

In the dearth of modern verse it is a distinct gain to have the treasures of the past made available in such poetic versions as these.

WOMAN'S EYES. By Arthur William Ryder. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson; \$1 net.

## Excursions of a Book-Lover.

Like the curate's egg, Mr. Marvin's book is good in parts, those parts being where generous quotations are made from Ruskin, Holmes, Carlyle, etc. For the rest the volume is a painful illustration of how a man may surround himself with hooks and even read some of them without gaining any culture worth a row of pins.

And the laughable thing is that Mr. Marvin, while decrying the multiplication of "cheap literature," and protesting against such libraries as that of Congress because it is a "vast dumping-ground for thousands upon thousands of copyrighted hooks," adds a wholly needless one to the heap! He informs his readers that the name of Francis Bret Harte has been saved "from oblivion" because Harte wrote "The Heathen Chinese," and that Thomas Gray has been spared a kindred fate through the "Elegy"! After this it is not surprising to find Mr. Marvin attempting to set Ruskin right and penning stupid remarks about the "insipid platitudes" of the Burial Service. A man who can set down such stuff is hopeless, or he might be advised to study that which he condemns if peradventure he would some day write a few pages worth reading.

EXCURSIONS OF A BOOK-LOVER. By Frederic Rowland. Boston: Sherman, French & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## The American Rural School.

Abundant proofs are adduced by Mr. Foght to support his contention that the rural school in America is in a perilous condition. Twelve million boys and girls, fully half the school population of the country, are concerned, and on these is being spent an average yearly sum of thirteen dollars compared with the thirty-three dollars expended upon the education of the city child. Again, teachers in the rural schools are miserably underpaid. The average salary is less than three hundred dollars a year, while that of the street laborer is more than five hundred dollars. This compares adversely with England, where the elementary teacher has an average salary of five

hundred and seventy dollars, and enjoys besides the greater purchasing power of that amount and many other advantages. One result of this condition is the feminization of the school, the percentage of male teachers having dropped from forty-one in 1870 to twenty-three in 1905.

Such are some of the stern facts set forth in this valuable volume. But in addition Mr. Foght discusses such other vital matters as the maintenance and supervision of rural schools, the training of the teacher, and the importance of instructing the country child not by the curriculum of the city, but in accordance with the environment of his own life. The hook deserves the thoughtful attention of all interested in the present and future of the country as a whole.

THE AMERICAN RURAL SCHOOL. By Harold Waldstein Foght. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

Two new volumes of the Shakespeare Classics are devoted to "Shakespeare's Plutarch" (Duffield & Co.). The first gives the main sources of "Julius Cæsar," the second those of "Antony and Cleopatra" and "Coriolanus," each section having a useful introduction by C. F. Tucker Brooke, who points out the extent to which the dramatist was indebted to North's translation of Plutarch's Lives.

What is the value of play, and the relation of games to gymnastics, and the equipment of playgrounds, are among the topics discussed in an interesting manner by Emmett Dunn Angel in "Play" (Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50 net). In addition there are admirable descriptions of all kinds of games, and the volume is fully illustrated. It may be warmly commended to teachers and parents. Children, too, will find its pages attractive and instructive.

Phases of nature are depicted in a sympathetic spirit by Winthrop Packard in "Woodland Paths" (Small, Maynard & Co.; \$1.20 net). The essays deal with the south rain, spring dawn, March winds, the hook in April, the promise of May, and many other charming aspects of the seasons. Mr. Packard has a genuine love of nature and writes with grace.

Instead of concerning himself with theory in his "The Biographical Story of the Constitution" (G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2), Edward G. Elliott addresses himself to individuals and shows how the labors of Alexander Hamilton, James Wilson, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, Abraham Lincoln, and many others have interpreted and adapted the Constitution. It is an exceedingly valuable study.

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THE LATEST BOOKS.

Washington Gladden's "Recollections."

Save for the inevitable chapters about the Civil War—how fortunate the lot of the unborn generations that their autobiographies will not contain that too familiar digression!—there is much instructive reading in this record of a busy and varied life. It is a valuable document, too, for the light it throws upon the development of "an average American" who has won his way to influence and leadership from lowly beginnings.

Dr. Gladden has exercised a wholesome persuasion on the religious thought of his country, for his outlook has always been free from narrowness and theological slavery. He was a pioneer in liberal Christian thought, and maintains his receptivity to new and proved ideas, even though he has no time to bring his earlier books abreast of modern scholarship. Nor has his influence been less pronounced in the domain of social ethics. Hence the extreme value of the chapter devoted to "The Industrial Revolution." It is replete with wise counsel for capitalist and laborer and is especially notable for its warning as to the danger of socialism, at any rate at the present time. "We may," Dr. Gladden writes, "be plunged into a socialistic experiment at no distant day; toward that reciprocal our employers' associations and our labor federations seem to be driving us; but if, in our haste, we take that step, we shall find leisure to repent of it. This people is not yet, in its prevailing ideas and tempers, sufficiently socialized to work the machinery of socialism."

Even the municipal problem is not overlooked by Dr. Gladden. He hopes much of the Des Moines plan, but despairs of any attempt to adopt the British method. Americans, he thinks, are most concerned not how to secure good government, but how to give the largest number of people an opportunity to have a finger in the pie.

Although these serious questions bulk largely in Dr. Gladden's pages he does not neglect to provide those records of incident and anecdote expected in an autobiography. Thus there are pleasant glimpses of many famous men, including Horace Bushnell, Edward Eggleston, and Emerson. The philosopher of Concord lectured for Dr. Gladden and "ad simple and gracious ways" which were particularly winning. "There was not a particle of affectation, and he met you on your own ground and talked about the things you were interested in." For many reasons, then, his is a book which can not be read without profit and enjoyment.

RECOLLECTIONS. By Washington Gladden. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2 net.

The Fated Five.

An example of machine-made fiction. The characters are little more than lay figures, and consequently their conversations partake of the artificial qualities of a phonograph. Yet the plot has novel features, introducing six friends who agree to a private insurance scheme on the Tontine plan. It proves, however, too great a temptation to one of the band, who hends his purpose to the removal of the other five. In more capable hands than those of Mr. Biss such an idea would result in a really arresting novel.

THE FATED FIVE. By Gerald Biss. New York: Brentano; \$1.50.

Gossip of Books and Authors.

Selma Lagerlöf, the Swedish author, complains that although all her books have been translated into English, they have not sold well in America, "because there is too big competition and people are not interested in Sweden." She is in such delicate health that several hours every day have to be spent on couch.

It's hard that at this late day students of literature should be called upon to reclassify their knowledge. But there's no help for it, seeing that Thomas Gray—he is called "Grey"—is now included among the Lake Poets. This is the kind of information which helps to arken the counsel of the arduous students who belong to the cheerful circle of the Home Study Club."

At the good age of seventy, Dr. William Gordon-Stables, who wrote a hundred and fifty boys' books, has passed away. His nine years' experience as a doctor in the navy, and subsequent travels in the Arctic regions, have him most of his materials.

Without making a ripple on the life of the day, the centenary of Margaret Fuller's birth as come and gone. She was particularly a product of the New England school, but had not been for her association with Emerson and one or two more would hardly have survived to this day even as a name. Perhaps, however, her influence persists in those literary conversations on classical subjects which are still so fashionable in Boston.

Proverbs have a dangerous homerang quality which the Bobbs-Merrill Company should ignore. Having published recently a novel entitled "The Early Bird," they send along a note expressing the hope that "The Early Bird has by now, we trust, caught the re-

viewer." Which seems a polite way of telling the reviewer he is a worm! But that shall not be charged against George R. Chester's lively novel.

According to the *Bookman*, the "best-sellers" for the past month have been "A Modern Chronicle," "White Magic," "The Rosary," "Lady Merton, Colonist," "By Inheritance," and "The Kingdom of Slender Swords." But Mr. Churchill is nearly three hundred points ahead of his nearest rival.

Pending the publication of the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, G. K. Chesterton's forthcoming volume on "What's Wrong with the World" may no doubt be relied upon to give the sum total of human knowledge.

Henry Sienkiewicz's new novel, "Whirlpools," is to be published early this month. In this new book the author of "Quo Vadis?" will deal with the conditions of modern life without neglecting the essential element of love.

Although he began so late, William De Morgan seems determined to catch up with the most prolific of his fellow novelists. Almost before most people have finished reading "It Never Can Happen Again," another new novel, "An Affair of Dishonor," is announced.

Mysterious females have so potent an attraction for H. Rider Haggard that it is not surprising he has gone to ancient Egypt for his latest heroine, "Morning Star" as he calls her, a lovely daughter of one of the Pharaohs. The novel will incidentally have much to say about the black magic of the old Egyptians.

Yet another volume of essays by Arthur C. Benson, bearing the title of "The Silent Isle," is announced for early publication. The simple and quiet life is evidently not incompatible with industry, even though it be but the penning of those placid pages for which Mr. Benson is distinguished.

Jules Claretie, despite the fact that he has been the director of the Théâtre Français for a quarter of a century, has placed many novels and historical studies to his credit. He makes this confession: "I have written novels; and have tried to extract from strict, human reality the consoling, progressive elements it contains. I have written history; and have sought in it, like my master, Michelet, the soul of the fatherland."

Thus far none of the English poets have distinguished themselves by their verses on the death of King Edward, and, judging by the sample of his recent attempts in the *Fortnightly Review*, William Watson is not likely to do better. His effort to give poetic form to the passing of Alfred the Great is without the least merit.

FICTION.

ARMS AND THE MAID. By Rafael Sabatini. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

Monmouth's Rebellion provides the background for this stirring historical novel of Jacobean England. The story is rich in plot and counter-plot.

FLOWER OF DESTINY. By Margaret Mordecai. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.50 net.

A picturesque story of the old days of the Serail, notable for its reproduction of the spirit of the Orient.

THE WAYS OF ALL FLESH. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

By the author of "Erewhon." It was left somewhat incomplete at his death, but the two missing chapters have been supplied from notes.

DANBURY RODD. By Frederick Palmer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50.

Aviation in fiction, with a daring flyer in the person of Danbury Rodd for hero.

THE ANGEL OF LONESOME HILL. By Frederick Landis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 50 cents net.

A singularly winning "story of a President."

WOLLIE McWATTIE'S MASTER. By J. J. Bell. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company; 60 cents net.

Humor of the Scottish type, guaranteed, by the publishers, to provide "two hours of solid merriment."

JOE MULLER, DETECTIVE. By Grace Isabel Colborn. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Stories of the detection of crime purporting to be personal experiences of an officer in the Austrian secret service.

THE EDUCATION OF JACQUELINE. By Claire De Pratz. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

Jacqueline is "a charming French girl who seeks independence from the restraints of rigid tradition."

THE WIFE OF ALTAMONT. By Violet Hunt. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

Mrs. Altamont is "one of those women whom you can't classify, for they come under no known category."

THE BETRAYAL. By Walter Neale and Elizabeth H. Hancock. New York: The Neale Publishing Company; \$1.50.

Fiction with a purpose, designed, apparently, to show that the early settlers in Virginia "did not intend to plant the germ of a republic."

MISCELLANEOUS.

GEORGE SAND. By René Doumic. Translated by Alys Hallard. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$2.75 net.

Critical lectures on some aspects of George

Sand's life and work. The claim is made that she gave to the novel "a breadth and a range which it had never hitherto had."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Edited by Nathan William MacChesney. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.75 net.

An invaluable record of the centenary tributes to the great President, reproducing the most important speeches and articles of that unique occasion.

THE BLACK BEAR. By William H. Wright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net.

An entertaining account of a little bear from its birth to its fourth year. Other chapters are devoted to an interesting study of black bears in general. Many attractive pictures.

TYPES FROM CITY STREETS. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net.

Vivid pen pictures of the strange characters and places in the underworld of New York. The work of an "intellectual and aesthetic adventurer."

THE NEW SCHAFF-HERZOG ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson. Vol. 7. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$5.

Embraces subjects from Liutprand to Moralists. The more important articles are on Lutherans, Methodists, the Mass, Marriage, and the Lord's Supper. There are also many notable biographies, including those of Martin Luther, Philipp Melancthon, and John Locke. The volume worthily sustains the high standard of this admirable work.

LEFT-LUCK ON SOUTHERN ROADS. By Tickner Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

Gossipy chapters recording in an attractive manner impressions gathered during solitary rambles through some of the South counties of England. Well illustrated.

MAN IN MANY LANDS. By L. W. Lyde. New York: The Macmillan Company; 65 cents net.

An introduction to "the study of geographic control" with numerous illustrations in color.

WHAT PICTURES TO SEE IN EUROPE IN ONE SUMMER. By Lorinda Munson Bryant. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Indicates in popular language the pictures best worth seeing in Rome, Florence, Venice, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Paris, and London. Nearly one hundred and fifty reproductions of pictures.

LETTERS TO MY SON. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1 net.

Although anonymous, this book is stated to be by "a well-known English author." The letters tell the story of a woman's early wedded life.

THE DETHRONEMENT OF THE CITY BOSS. By John J. Hamilton. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.20 net.

An informed study of the commission plan of city government as begun in Galveston and developed elsewhere. The author has been associated closely with the Des Moines experiment.

BJORNSTJERNE BJORNSSON. By William Morton Payne. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net.

An admirable appreciation of Björnson's life and work brought down to the date of his recent death.

CAMP COOKERY. By Horace Kephart. New York: Outing Publishing Company; \$1 net.

Describes in a practical manner the provisions, utensils, and other outfit necessary for camp life.

SKAT. By Elizabeth Wager-Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1.25 net.

In two parts, the first being devoted to a lucid interpretation of the principles of the game and the second to many illustrative games.

LIFE AND HEALTH. By James Frederick Rogers. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$1 net.

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THE DAWN OF THE WORLD. By C. Hart Merriam. Cleveland: The Arthur H. Clark Company; \$3.50 net.

Stories told by the Mewan Indians of California gathered personally by the author.

THE SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.


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## SURVEYING IN CALIFORNIA.

A deeply interesting chapter of early Californian history is placed on record by Edwin T. Brewster in his life of Josiah Dwight Whitney. By copious extracts from private letters and other sources of information he gives a complete account of Professor Whitney's labors in connection with the survey of the Golden State, a work to which he was called in a singular manner in 1860. At that date he was in his fortieth year, had been by turn chemist, mining expert, and geological surveyor, and was thoroughly indurated to the rough life which the latter occupation entails.

It so happened that a sister of Whitney, Elizabeth by name, had married Osgood Putnam and had settled in California in 1850. She was so attached to her brother, and was so firm a believer in his abilities, that she conceived the idea of having him as her neighbor in the position of the head of a State survey. This idea commended itself to her husband, who in turn inoculated Judge Stephen J. Field and John Conness with enthusiasm for the project. These three, by dint of persistent campaigning, at last saw their efforts rewarded by the passing, in April, 1860, of an act to create the office of State geologist for California. This act, Mr. Brewster remarks, was a model of its kind, looking to a thorough survey, broadly planned and extending over many years, but unfortunately it carried no appropriation beyond the \$20,000 assigned for the first year. All future grants were left to the mercy of succeeding legislatures.

Thanks to the influence of his brother-in-law, and also to a warm commendatory letter from Agassiz to the governor, the position of State geologist was bestowed upon Whitney. That appointment is said to be the only one "ever made in California on any other than political grounds." Whitney at once set to work selecting his assistants, who had to be unmarried men, and young, hardy, and adventurous. Soon after arriving at San Francisco, offices were taken in the Montgomery Block, and the camp equipment gathered together. Work was begun in the region behind San Bernardino, and several of Whitney's letters are dated consequently from Los Angeles. In one of these he dwelt upon some of the difficulties of his task and wrote:

We have a medium-sized wagon, on thoroughbraces, drawn by four mules, and five saddle mules in addition. Of course, all the riding is Californian, closely resembling the Mexican—saddles with big wooden stirrups, high pommels, and straight cantles. Each man carries a revolver and a big knife, and, besides, we have two Sharp's carbines and two double-barreled fowling pieces, so that we could do considerable shooting in case of necessity. We never go out from camp, or in town in the evening, without looking to our arms. . . . In camp we live on game, which is abundant, and fresh beef, which is quite cheap in these parts. . . . I need hardly say that we find the region an interesting one; we are just on the limits of the cactus region, and the wild fig or prickly pear is very common all over the low hills.

Whitney soon realized that in undertaking a survey of California he had assumed a task of huge dimensions. And he discovered that to do the work thoroughly, providing his staff was twice its size and worked at high pressure, would postpone its completion for one hundred and fifty years! However, the plans made for the first year were carried out without a mishap. Whitney saw with his own eyes some portion of forty out of the forty-six counties of the State, and his assistant, Brewer, at the head of the field party, traveled twenty-six hundred miles on muleback and a thousand more on foot. The survey covered the southern two-thirds of the State, halfway back from the sea to the eastern border.

But early in the second year after he had set to work Whitney began to be troubled about ways and means. The legislature had appropriated \$15,000 for the survey, but the treasury was empty, and the State geologist owed some \$10,000. In this extremity, and on other occasions subsequently, he appealed to his father for loans, with the result that the senior Whitney financed the survey, and in the end was paid in full.

In September of 1862 Whitney ascended Mount Shasta, and wrote this account of the last stage of the climb:

On the summit all looked tired and some were soon quite sick. I felt dull and heavy, and a little sleepy, but had no headache or pain, although I did not desire to eat much. Some looked almost black, and all had their ears more or less bloodshot. The blood settled under our finger-nails, and I had the ends of the finger of the hand with which I supported the barometer all the way up, slightly frosted.

Many splendid results were achieved by the work carried out in 1864. These established the age of the gold-bearing rocks of the State, and added to the map of California a region as large as Massachusetts. On one point Whitney laid down an absolute rule: No member of the survey was to use his knowledge of California geology to his own pecuniary advantage. So long as they ate the bread of the State, their information belonged

to the survey and the public, not to themselves.

After fourteen years' labor, the survey succumbed, owing, as Whitney thought, to public indifference and ignorance, to the intrigues of interested persons, the hostility of speculators, and the opposition of Governor Booth. The speculators found in the survey an obstacle to their schemes, for it provided the public with data from which they could make informed deductions. In strict harmony with the rule cited above, Whitney never owned a single dollar's worth of mining property. Although, owing to the abandonment of the survey, much of the material gathered by Whitney was never made available to the public, the work he did inspire the United States Geological Survey and was the means of training the geologists and topographers who have rendered such splendid service in mapping out the country.

## Unique Method in a Hotel.

Unique methods result in unique successes—that is, if the methods are rational (says *Cottrell's Magazine*).

The other day a Western manufacturer sat in a grill room of a certain Philadelphia hotel with two of his district representatives. The three had ordered drinks. The manufacturer gave the waiter a dollar and allowed a quarter of the change to remain on the service plate as a tip. The waiter took up the quarter and placed 15 cents in its stead, politely mentioning to the patron that a 10-cent tip was enough for drinks. All three men ceased their conversation and looked at the waiter in paralyzed astonishment. That night two of the men had dinner at this grill room at this particular waiter's station. He was offered a dollar tip when the meal was paid for, but calmly gave 50 cents of it in change.

Several days later, when this manufacturer returned to his home in Chicago, he found a neatly composed, typewritten letter on the best of stationery and signed by the proprietor of this hotel in Philadelphia, which thanked him for his patronage, hoped that everything was satisfactory and finally soliciting his future patronage.

Now this particular manufacturer was considering a location for a convention of his salesmen, and coupling the incident of these two tips, together with the letter he had just received, caused him to decide in favor of Philadelphia and this particular hotel.

A very few days ago the proprietor of this hotel received a check for \$1040 from this particular manufacturer in settlement of one week's accommodations for his men. This reads like a fairy tale, but it may be true.

## The Uses of Song.

Of what avail to sing of Death?  
None but the dead will hear.  
Of what avail to sing of Life?  
The living lend no ear.

Of what avail to sing of Love?  
Only the jealous care.  
Of what avail to sing of Hate?  
Love will not turn a hair.

Of what avail to sing of Truth?  
Truth from old age is cold.  
Of what avail to sing of Faith?  
Do beggars scatter gold?

Of what avail to sing at all?  
The nightingale replies:  
"I sing to cheer the heavy heart,  
And hold the light that flies!"  
—New York Times.

Interest has been aroused by the engagement of Mme. Natalina (better known as Lina) Cavalieri, the beautiful operatic singer, to Mr. Robert Winthrop Chandler of New York. She accepted his proposal by cable from Paris, and the wedding, it is said, will take place on her return to New York next October. "La Belle Cavalieri," as she is called, has had a romantic career. She was born in Rome, and as a child used to sing and dance in a café-chantant. From Rome she went to the Folies-Bergères in Paris, and afterwards appeared at the Empire in London. But her ambition was to shine in grand opera, and since her début as Fédora she has had a series of triumphs. Mme. Cavalieri is said to possess jewels worth £100,000. She is famed for her beauty, as well as her voice, and she is the owner of a "beauty shop" in Fifth Avenue. Her fiancé is a great-grandson of William B. Astor, and is a well-known millionaire, interested in sport and politics.

Punch, a veteran polo pony, once the property and pet of the late Woodbury Kane, died recently at the farm of A. T. Jones of Hyde Park, New York. There is reason for believing that Punch was forty-five years old, which, in the absence of reliable information, would make him the oldest horse in the world. He had been fifteen years in Mr. Jones's care, had not had a bit in his mouth for twenty-five years, and, once a bright bay in color, his age at the time of his death had frosted him like a roan. A shaft will be placed over his grave inscribed with his name and his exploits. Twenty-five years ago, when he had a reputation on the polo field, he injured a tendon at Newport and was never ridden again.

## The Naming of Theatres.

In building a new theatre nothing taxes the ingenuity of the owner so much as to find for it a name which shall be at once appropriate, distinctive, and attractive. Of all the four score theatres in Greater New York it is singular that only one was named after a great stage celebrity of the past (says the *Theatre Magazine*). This one exception is the Garrick, and even this house did not originally pay this fitting tribute to the illustrious dead, for it was at first named after the comedian, Edward Harrigan, who built it. But when Richard Mansfield secured proprietary control of the Thirty-Fifth Street playhouse he did not insist on giving the house his own name, as other stars in their vanity have done, but decided to honor the memory of one of the greatest players the English-speaking stage has known—David Garrick.

It has been and is still a common custom for actors and managers to name their theatres after themselves. Two theatres in Manhattan have been known as Wallack's. The first house by that name was built by James W. Wallack in 1861, on the northeast corner of Broadway and Thirtieth Street, and when later, his son, Lester Wallack, following the uptown movement, dedicated the new theatre at Broadway and Thirtieth Street he felt that he owed it to posterity to endow it with his name. But the name was not to be blazoned long over the portal. Five years later, when the brilliant career of the Wallack Stock Company ended and the house passed under new management, A. M. Palmer rubbed out the name Wallack's and substituted his own. But the house never prospered under the new name, and when Mr. Palmer surrendered the lease, the name Wallack's was restored.

One other well-known theatre—Daly's—bears the name of a man distinguished in the world of make-believe. As the name was given the theatre during the lifetime of its owner, it can not, of course, be considered as a special honor bestowed in commemoration, but must rank with many other theatres in New York which are named after individuals. Taking them alphabetically, the Astor comes first, and though no member of this prominent American family has won laurels on the stage, it is only natural that there should be theatre sites, as well as luxurious hotels among its huge real estate holdings. The Belasco likewise takes its name from the owner, though, when it first opened—and it was among the first to mark the departure from Broadway proper and start Forty-Second Street as an amusement centre—it was called the Republic. When David Belasco took over the property as a home for Mrs. Leslie Carter, he changed the name to the Belasco, and from that day it has kept the name of the great stage producer fresh in the public eye. His newer theatre is rather awkwardly called the Belasco-Stuyvesant, thus combining the stage of today with New York's earliest history.

Charles E. Blaney, the pioneer of the popular price house, stepped into the management of the uptown theatre bearing the name of Lincoln Square and prefixed his own name to it, so that ever since it has been called Blaney's Lincoln Square. Timothy D. Sullivan and George Kraus took hold of a music hall in Fourteenth Street, opposite Tammany Hall, and at a time when the vogue of the famous admiral was at its highest, the name The Dewey was given to it, a somewhat doubtful compliment, seeing that the class of entertainment given was far removed from anything with which that distinguished sailor could wish his name to be connected.

Hamlin, Mitchell & Fields was the combination originally formed to exploit Lew Fields after that comedian split with his lifetime partner, Joe Weber, and shortly afterwards the comedian was established in a house in Forty-Second Street, near Eighth Avenue, with the name Lew Fields' Theatre boldly displayed in dazzling electric letters. Another actor-manager has the theatre today, and has given it his own name—The Hackett. Today Weber's is the only name on the little music hall at Broadway and Twenty-Ninth Street, which once, as Weber & Fields, had international vogue. Mr. Weber does not use the theatre exclusively himself, however, finding it more profitable to rent it to other companies than to occupy it himself for an entire season.

Three gifted actresses, now installed in playhouses of their own, have very properly named the theatres after themselves. Maxine Elliott's Theatre in West Thirty-Ninth Street is as beautiful as the actress who owns it. The Nazimova, in West Thirty-Ninth Street, is on the proportions to be expected. The Kalich Theatre in the Bowery is appropriately named after a talented actress who at one time delighted critical audiences in the Ghetto.

Next in popularity to naming a theatre after one's self is finding a name suggestive of historical, local, or geographical conditions. Thus there is an American Theatre to stand for the nation, an Atlantic Garden, out of compliment to the ocean at our gates; and a Broadway Theatre in particular as distinguished from Broadway theatres in general. The Fifth Avenue Theatre was given that name by Augustin Daly, who had been driven out by fire from his earlier playhouse in Twenty-Fourth Street. As the Twenty-

Fourth Street place was right back of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, Daly called his resort the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and when he moved to Broadway, he moved the title too. The Circle takes its name from Columbus Circle, and the Colonial and Empire may be in perpetuation of interesting and picturesque periods. The Fourteenth Street and the Gotham are self-explanatory. So is the Thir Avenue. The Garden has the big Madison Square Garden to fall back upon as sponsor and the Herald Square was formerly called the Park. Charles Dillingham's handsome new Globe Theatre may stand for an all embracing cosmopolitanism—or it may be, perpetuation of the famous old Globe Theatre of Shakespeare's day.

Then there are the theatres whose name suggest their characteristics. For instance the Grand Opera House is big and magnificent. The Bijou is small, in keeping with its name. The Casino speaks of mirth and man lights and jollities, and French lords and ladies, and the gaiety of the continent, and it has ever been associated with musical attractions of the lighter kind. The Family Theatre in One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street makes it bid for the parentage of the Harlemites and his kind. It is eminently fitting in One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Street but it would be an oddity as a name for Broadway house. The new Comedy may some time live up to its name, but so far the title savors of a misnomer. The Gaiety suggests plays full of laughter. The Lyceum may be instructive, the Lyric has enough musical productions to justify its name, the Majestic imposing in its appointments, the Hippodrome is in thorough keeping with its name, the Academy of Music was long the home of song, the Criterion is put forward as a standard, and the Savoy is rather difficult to give classification in the matter of naming. The New Theatre is—at present.



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THE CHARM OF "TRILBY."

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

It was fifteen years ago that George Du Maurier's "Trilby" first began to have its vogue. The novel-reading world had not made much of an ado over "Peter Iphigene," his first novel, which, nevertheless, is just as good a story, and, like "Trilby," has its strain of the marvelous to startle and charm. But "Trilby" had, for its great card, the wonder-story of a marvelous voice, which won for its one-deaf possessor, developed musically by the power of hypnotism, fame and fortune, and the homage of the great.

Added to this, Du Maurier, drawing on his early recollections, gave a picture of the artists' Bohemia of Paris which appealed to the hitherto unappeased curiosity of thousands of the young of both sexes. And being art French and part English, he drew his picture with the temperamental charm and sympathy of the French, and the literary discretion of the English. That picture of the title circle in Bohemia over which Trilby reigned as queen has since almost risen to the dignity of a classic, and helped to give the book a fame, and its author a vogue, which virtually shortened Du Maurier's life by the claim the world made upon his time and strength.

When Paul Potter set about his task of arranging "Trilby" for transplantation to the theatre his work was made just so much easier for him by this tremendous vogue. He had but to place upon the stage Trilby, blonde and beautiful, Svengali, black and spidery, the giant Taffy with his blond "Piccadilly reapers," Sandy with his Scotch accent and is Scotch drollery, and little Billee, handsome, emotional, and effeminate, and the public reinforced the portraits with full memory of all the intimate details which Du Maurier had lavished upon them to make them alive and real. Thus spectators were not particularly critical, as their imagination was not heavily taxed. Behind and surrounding the stage portraits were the rich and picturesque background and atmosphere created by Du Maurier.

But a new generation has come up since then, and other vogues have risen, waxed, and died. The portraits now depend on their charm more particularly upon their age setting. Even to those of us who almost knew by heart and delighted in Du Maurier's fascinating fairy tale the charm through the fading process of time has become dimmed; so Paul Potter's arrangement of "Trilby" is naturally judged more on its own merits, and the faults stand out much more prominently than of yore.

It was noticeable at Monday night's performance that the response of the audience was rather perfunctory, even during the festival in the studio, the gaiety of which lacked the proper air of spontaneity, until the big scene in the third act developed, which is really the gem of the play. The calm demeanor of the spectators formed a contrast to the rapturous reception accorded, at this long-to representation, to each character, which, in account of its carefully studied resemblance to the originals in Du Maurier's spirited illustrations as they appeared in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*, was recognized instantly, and welcomed with acclamation. The piece has now been played so often that the characters go almost automatically. Except for the charm originally bestowed by Du Maurier, which still faintly survives, they are of the theatre theatrical. The character study is of the slightest, as the canvas is altogether too crowded for subtlety and psychology.

The original Trilby is a delicious creature, full of gaiety, of warmth of heart, of humility, of instinctive helpfulness. She was made for love, and mothered the merry Bohemians by instinct. She was no parasite, it worked for a living, whether as model or *anchisseuse*, caring for and rearing her little other with a passion of maternal tenderness that made her neighbors credit the devoted sister with being the actual mother. The cold, gray wintry weather she hurst to the studio of the three like a sunshiny morning. And poor, lovable Trilby, who, like *opsy*, had "just growned," and whose morals were undermined by the gay license around her, yet unconsciously cherished in her heart ideals which made her respond with passionate gratitude and devotion to the chivalrous treatment of the three Anglo-Saxons.

All this we must gather as best we may, from scenes and allusions that are hurried over, in order to work in the story in its entirety.

In fact, Trilby is a "hook-play," and, as such, while a fairly creditable arrangement of the original story, has all the faults of its kind. Why it is revived now is very apparent during the third act. This is Evelyn Vaughan's last week as leading lady at the Alcazar Theatre, and she was allowed her choice of a play. Upon the first representation of the play at the Baldwin Theatre in the 'nineties, when Edith Crane, a tall blonde of somewhat unsuitable physiognomy, figured as Trilby, and we first witnessed Wilton Lackaye's Svengali, "Ben Bolt" was sung by a special contralto hired for the occasion. So it was again, a considerable number of years later, when Wilton Lackaye revived the play to satisfy the demand of the theatre-going public during his subsequent engagement at the Grand Opera House. And now, for the first time, we have a Trilby who, herself, sings "Ben Bolt." And sings it, too, in a remarkable voice that might be Trilby's own. As to whether it is a musical feat, that is another question. If Miss Vaughan should play Trilby during a long run she would sing large holes in that deep, wonderful contralto which is a gift that she misuses both in singing and speaking.

The song has all of the simple, appealing charm which Du Maurier so strongly felt, and it does not require any very great amount of vocal art to make it reach our sympathies. It was sung with practically no shading, and naturally with a complete ignorance of tone values and tone colorings. Miss Vaughan probably made the musicians in her audience shudder by the childlike way in which she carries her chest notes up in her middle register. These faults are inevitable, since the lady is primarily an actress. Yet her voice is so wonderfully full, so deep-toned, that one's pleasure could even survive this test, and the audience greeted her effort with sincere applause.

As to her acting: Trilby is no great shakes as a rôle. Miss Vaughan showed, in the earlier scenes, that settled quality in her work, which is the stamp of routine. In the third act, which shows her as a queen of song in the foyer of the Cirque des Bashi-Bazouks, she was very handsome—much the handsomest Trilby we have seen here—and pitched the scene of hypnotic laughter and semidelirium in just the right key, so that she was thoroughly acceptable. In the earlier acts she had not seemed to possess a sufficiently sumptuous endowment of purely physical charm for the tall, beautiful Trilby, who had looked at us out of Du Maurier's pages, and whose lovely traits were so exquisitely limned by his wonderful pencil. How the artist in him loved to draw tall, slender, large-eyed women! And Trilby, and Mary, Duchess of Towers, were the queen roses in his rosebud garden of girls.

Miss Vaughan has an excellent stage presence, and her face, of picturesque type, with its small features and large eyes, lends itself admirably to stage make-up. In the third act, clothed in cloth of gold, holding the traditional sheaf of lilies, and with the traditional flood of golden hair softening the lines of throat and shoulders, she is a picture.

It is a pity, however, that the instinct of the artist is not in the ascendancy in the matter of her voice. I refer now to her speaking voice. It is a gift, that voice, and one that could fitly be dedicated to tragedy. But the owner is too distinctly aware of it, and its organ-like tones are often self-conscious, over-worked, and, in certain rôles, incongruous. That self-consciousness seems to apprise one of certain limitations in the matter of artistic temperament. It makes one realize of the owner "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"—for the true artist forgets self during the inspiration of creating.

Landers Stevens's Svengali was laid out precisely on the lines of Wilton Lackaye's; the accent, the intonations, the insolent laughter, the expression of physical suffering, the death-fall across the table, all were entirely familiar. As an imitation it was excellent, and the work as a whole stamps Mr. Stevens as a clever actor. Between him and the leading lady, when a hearty recognition of their work came, honors were even.

With the exception of Mr. Bennisson as Sandy, the rest of the company were not particularly happy in their parts. They are not soaked in Trilby traditions, and the Christmas Eve revelry in the studio had not affected their imaginations. It went tamely, meaning to them just what is meant by the festival in "Sappho." And, in fact, in the studio fête Paul Potter did not make the best of his opportunities. The comedy is cheap and perfunctory, and somehow the glamour that was so fascinatingly bestowed by Du Maurier is conspicuous by its absence. Fisticuffs between a pair of models and high kicking do not amuse enough to atone for what is lacking. Paul Potter is openly and avowedly an artisan in his play adaptations. He caters to those who love the obvious. But is it not rather painful to see an English clergyman thus maltreated, licking his chops over pictures of nude women, and unskillfully endeavoring to conceal his salacious satisfac-

tion from the others who are present? I speak not from the point of view of the conventional, but the artistic. An instinct tells the least experienced that the Rev. Thomas Bagot would never have acted thus.

However, the play is more than a dozen years of age; the charm of the hook still holds, and we could lose ourselves in the story, familiar as it is, with much of the old absorption, but play-writing is developing rapidly, and if the story were being dramatized today there would no doubt be much more delicacy and perhaps a touch of psychology in the treatment.

FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

William Collier is an especial favorite in San Francisco. His performance in "Caught in the Rain," "The Dictator," and "On the Quiet," not only established him as a farceur, but also guarantees the standard of any new play he may offer. In his newest success, "A Lucky Star," which Charles Frohman will present at the Columbia Theatre for two weeks, beginning Monday evening, June 6, Collier is without doubt at his best. The three-act-and-a-half farce is rich in color and abounds in the cleverness which the popular comedian has turned into Collierisms.

"A Lucky Star" is the work of Anne Crawford Flexner, who adapted "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" to the stage. "A Lucky Star" is also an adaptation, and is founded upon C. N. and A. M. Williamson's motor romance, "A Botor Chaperone." Mrs. Flexner on this occasion has taken for her locale picturesque Holland, with its quaint people, its beautiful country, and its old-fashioned methods. To these she has added the up-to-date hustling American, making the characters a unique blending. The rôle of Ronald Lester Star, the American artist, was tailored especially for Mr. Collier and the fit is perfect.

The story of "A Lucky Star" has to do with the trials of a young American artist of considerable means, touring Holland in search of local color. In order to make a trip through one of the Dutch canals a motor boat is hired, but to his surprise and chagrin it is discovered at the final moment that the craft is the property of two young girls about to make the same trip totally in ignorance of the artist's presence. It would be unfair to the lovers of comedy to explain at length the story of "A Lucky Star," but the complications which arise over the motor boat are new and always unexpected. Laugh follows laugh through the entire play.

There will be matinee performances Wednesday and Saturday.

Vesta Victoria is coming to the Orpheum next week. She is the most famous singing comedienne that has visited New York, where she created the greatest furor in the annals of American vaudeville. Several years ago she was brought to this country by the late Tony Pastor, and her biggest song hit in those days was "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," which became popular throughout the land. More recently she scored tremendously with "Waiting at the Church," and for her first season in this city she promises quite a number of new song sensations. Miss Victoria is different entirely in method from other English artistes. Her humor is almost grotesque at times and her style is inimitable. She has the unqualified approbation of London and New York, and her engagement here is a striking evidence of the enterprise of the Orpheum management.

The "Code Book," another important novelty, will be presented by Hammond and Atwell. It is a one-act play of interest that tells of the efforts of Colonel Nakamura of the Japanese war bureau of information to obtain copies of the signals and information contained in the United States code book. De Witte Kaplan and Herbert Walter are its authors. Mr. Walter is a native of this city. Allen Atwell, who impersonates the Japanese spy, is also a Californian. Paul Spadoni, the famous juggler, has been brought back to this country for a tour of the Orpheum Circuit, and is included in the attractions of next week. Lyons and Yosco, harpist and singer, will appear in an act that is genuinely musical. Mrs. Richard Rees, popular in concert circles as one of the local sopranos, will make her vaudeville debut. Next week will be the last of Frank Stafford and company, Fiddler and Shelton, and also of Edward Aheles and company in "Self-Defense."

Margaret Anglin in her latest success, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," will follow William Collier at the Columbia Theatre. It was at the old Columbia Theatre that Miss Anglin made her first appearance here and her performances there did much towards making her one of the most popular of American actresses. Miss Anglin is to give a performance of "Antigone" at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley, which promises to be one of the most interesting of dramatic events.

Mrs. Fiske will be seen here next month for an engagement of two weeks, and will present "The Pillars of Society" and the double bill of "Hannele" and "The Green Cockatoo."

Henry Miller in a New Comedy. Based upon the male and cynical idea that no woman is happy unless surrounded by trouble, "Her Husband's Wife" began and flourished last night (May 9) in the Garrick Theatre (says the New York Herald). It was the first performance of a new comedy by a new author, A. E. Thomas. And to add interest to the occasion, Henry Miller played a comedy rôle here for the first time in many years. Mr. Miller had to speak not only for himself, but also for the author at the end of the second act. The applause drove him to it, and he expressed his thanks.

"Her Husband's Wife" is a rollicking comedy. The comedy situations are piled deftly one upon the other, the climaxes are full of mirth, and the happy ending is unconventional because the reconciliation between husband and wife is not effected in full view of the audience because the husband has been put to bed somewhat the worse for wear.

Mr. Miller, as a gray-haired uncle of a young brood of trouble-seekers, is delightful and kindly. Miss Laura Hope Crews, as his niece and a hypochondriac, was pleasing, and Miss Grace Elliston, as her intimate friend, put good and spirited acting to her credit. Orme Caldara, as the nephew, and Robert Warwick, as a young husband, were excellent.

The entire cast is made up of figures well known in San Francisco.

With the close of its season in Chicago of "Go West, Young Woman!" it is said that the partnership of William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer will end. They have been associated off and on since the mid 'eighties, when both were actors in San Francisco. One of Mr. Brady's earliest and worthiest managerial ventures was to bring Mr. and Mrs. Grismer (Phoebe Davies) from the West as co-stars in "The New South," a play Mr. Brady has always thought was far ahead of its time in its application of dramatic art to the discussion of economic and political problems. Mrs. Grismer gave up the stage last winter, when she withdrew from the rehearsals of Hervieu's play, "Connois-Toi," produced by Arnold Daly in New York as "Know Thyself."

At the Casino Theatre in New York "The Mikado" has been revived with what is called an "all-star" cast. Fritz Scheff is the Yum-Yum in the presentation, and Christine Nielsen, one time with the Princess Theatre comic opera company here, is the Peep-Bo.

"He's a star after-dinner speaker, isn't he?" "A star? He's a moon." "How?" "The fuller the brighter."—*Cleveland Leader*.

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VANITY FAIR.

Who that can boast a guest-room is not interested in knowing what it ought to contain? To have Mrs. Smith go home and make reflections to the effect that "Mrs. Brown is such a poor entertainer, my dear; has absolutely no notion how to make her visitors comfortable," will never do. Now, the simplest and most inexpensive way to avoid such a catastrophe is to send an inquiry to one or other of the omniscient women who in so many periodicals reply in chaste English to the questions of souls so perplexed.

Such an inquiry will elicit first an exordium. No matter what the "pressure on our space," the exordium can no more be sacrificed than a woman's P. S. You will be surprised, the oracle will declare, to find how few people agree on "what constitutes the essentials for the guest-room." This is encouraging. It is also flattering. No one likes to be solitary, especially in ignorance. So there are others, you reflect, in a consolatory mood, who don't know what a guest is expected to require.

Glowing with satisfaction, you read on. On no account, the oracle proceeds, "allow age-worn magazines on the table." So the guest must be provided with reading matter? And last month's magazine, or April's issue in June, is "bad form." Failing the latest in magazines, it is correct to supply "a good hook or two." The Bible, of course. And, by the way, there used to be a society which provided Bibles and cheerful text-cards to hang in hotel rooms. Is it still in business? If so, the hostess surely has a right to draw upon its generosity. She will not be paid for her room, much less the board, and on that account has as much right to a few Bibles and texts as the mercenary hotel-keeper. What other "good hooks" are provided must be left, apparently, to the literary instincts of the hostess. She might include the essays of Montaigne, with a hookmark casually left in the proximity of the chapter entitled, "Upon some verses of Virgil." That will guide the guest to something unique in the form of literary criticism.

But to proceed. The oracle is in favor of "a little sewing-basket," with thimble, cottons, needles, and the rest. Evidently this provision is intended specially for a male guest. He is not to hither his hostess with his split gloves, tears in his pants, or displaced buttons.

Thus far the expenses of furnishing the guest-room have not been exacting. And the further equipment is to make still less demand upon the generosity of the hostess. She will adorn the chamber, of course, with toilet articles, some soap, for example, a tube of cold cream, and a package of powder. These are to be provided out of "the samples which every householder receives." And as for towels, well, "guest towels" are so small nowadays that these can be made-down from the old towels that are "partly worn." That seems to exhaust the list, save for a little wooden shelf fixed on hinges under the window, to provide the happy guest with a resting-place for a suit-case when unpacking and packing. Presumably, however, the room is to contain more than the articles specified above; they are the mere adornments, as it were, the frillings of luxury which will stamp the guest-room on the memory of the visitor as a recollection of almost unhearable sumptuousness.

Really, it is hard to tear one's self away from those fascinating "departments" where good advice is given in such generous measure. Ah, here's a suggestion for "The Travel Game," to be played upon your lawn, which you will, "of course, have in such splendid condition," and guarded by a guitar player at one end and a mandolin player at the other.

To the strains of dulcet music the guests are to be set to work finding the "different things" which represent in symbol the near and distant parts of the earth. Thus, an alligator—stuffed, no doubt—is to represent Florida; a Leghorn hat is to revive memories of that Italian city; a letter C in red, cut from a Socialist novel by preference, is to recall the Red Sea; a cake of castile soap, from "the samples which every householder receives," will do duty for Castile; and a lemon might be —

Who is to have the fun of hiding all these articles is not explained; the finders, however, are to be "a man and a girl," sent out in pairs with a little note-hook. And the prize for unraveling the greater number of these deep mysteries is to be "a toy automobile or airship, presumably to carry them off on the next journey." To carry out this travel game to "the limit," the refreshments should be served on an imitation railway-restaurant counter, and then no one can complain if the coffee is cold, the ices hot, and the sandwiches brittle with age. A sweet idea, and so educational!

German hankers are setting up a dangerous precedent. One Abdul Hamid, of whom the world is not ignorant, committed his wealth to Teutonic keeping, in the fond hope that whenever he drew a check it would be honored. But he has had a rude awakening. In his enforced retirement Abdul finds he has

need of money, and penned his check in the usual way. But the German hankers don't agree with Abdul; they profess a convenient suspicion that he has been "got at" by some interested person, and has written his check under compulsion. So Abdul can not get what is admittedly his own. That may or may not be a hardship for an ex-Sultan, but there are occasions when American hankers might be justified in adopting a similar course. If a client should suddenly take a fit of huying "old masters," without manifesting any convincing ability to appreciate their value, or draw a check as a set-off for a coronet for his daughter, there are not a few who would hold the hanker justified in refusing to honor the draft. Ex-Sultans are not the only persons who have absurd ideas of their needs.

Lovely woman is a big asset to the astute advertiser. To seat her at a pianola and offer the instrument on small installments, to attach her to one end of a carpet-cleaner and minimize the horrors of spring cleaning, to depict her swinging a golf club and dwell on the joy of life in Colorado, to clothe her dainty figure in a meshy underwear and preach the gospel of porosity, to discover her at her bath after the manner of the Elders and Susannah and declaim the philosophy of hygienics—all this is good business and an allowable use of beauty. But—are there not enough irresponsible persons carrying revolvers without trying to increase the number by placing a ten-shooter in the dainty hand of a woman and declaring that her "turn has come"? It might have been legitimate in the Indian days, but today there are quite sufficient people fooling round with guns.

Safety razors persistently advertised have made the American the most clean-shaven man in the world. But a patient sociological observer has discovered that between the bearded and headless doctor wisdom lies in calling in the first. He asserts that the clean-shaven doctor belongs to "the breezy, modern school which maintains that nine patients out of ten are only the victims of their own imagination. He greets you in a jolly, brotherly fashion, takes your pulse, and says: 'Oh, well, I guess you're not going to die this trip,' and he roars out in laughter, as if it were the greatest joke in the world to call up the picture of such dreadful possibilities." On the other hand, the physician with a Vandyke "takes himself seriously, and he takes you seriously. His examination is as thorough as the stethoscope can make it; in fact, he listens to your heart action long enough to make you fear the worst." The bearded doctor, presumably, takes good care to provide his waiting-room with literature which is of a cheerful nature, or at any rate up to date, being able to afford such an expenditure out of what he saves by not shaving. Hudibras has a couplet for the occasion:

His tawny beard was th' equal grace  
Both of his wisdom and his face.

Why go all the way to Oberammergau to see the Passion Play when the village of Pedricena in the State of Durango, Mexico, can furnish such a spectacle? The peons give a yearly performance instead of once a decade, and are said to impersonate their rôles with intense devotion and enthusiasm. There have been troubles in Oberammergau in preparation for this year's festival. The characters are chosen by vote and it seems that the woman cast for the Magdalen does not look the part and that the man who will play Joseph of Arimathea is really an excellent actor and worthy of a far more important rôle. To vote for some of the characters, especially that of Judas, must give the villagers enviable opportunities to pay off old scores.

European jewelry and Parisian gowns are going rather high in New York these days. The sleuths of the customs have cornered no less a prey than an ex-governor, with the result of benefiting the revenue to the extent of nearly four thousand dollars. The incident gives timely interest to the plea of Lillie French that her sex does not deserve the stigma of being horn smugglers. Probably they have changed during the past half-century; but in the museum of the London custom-house there are sufficient evidences for a conviction. The objects preserved there include a bewildering array of feminine undergarments so fitted with receptacles for cigars and other dutiable things that to have got the goods past the officials must have represented a small fortune. As a matter of fact, no matter what high heroics may be indulged in when an unfortunate is "caught in the act," we are all smugglers, men and women alike, just as the Irishman is naturally agin' the government. We smuggle because we are told we mustn't.

Light at last on a dark, dark problem. The reason why there is so much marital infelicity, such persistent sex strife, is that women have not the same liberty of choice in acquiring a husband as a man has in the selection of a wife. This is the feminine view, and consequently must not be denied.

"It hy no means follows," avers this giver of light, "that because a man loves a woman she loves him." The poor woman is bound to choose from the men who come to her; what she wants is that she may be able to choose from the men she goes to. At present there is always some unattainable man, it seems, whom she can not approach, upon whom she can not call without being looked at askance by the porter of the hachelor apartments, to whom she can not express a desire for a little more of his company. If she were free of these absurd restrictions, all would be well.

But granted reconstruction of the conventions, does not this light-giver see what must happen? Reverse the nouns, and all is clear. "It hy no means follows that because a woman loves a man he loves her." And then where shall we be? All our novels will have to be huilt the other way round, the heroine will have to take to her knees instead of the man, she will have to huy the candy, and the beauty roses, and rings, and even then she may be all that out of pocket. Out of pocket! why, she has none to speak of, and little to put in it saving when Providence sends her a millionaire father. Nor is that the worst aspect of the situation. Her own sex being witness, she will never be certain whether she has made up her mind. When did she come to a final decision as to such a trifling matter as a hat? So long as the marriage noose is a thing we are free to put our head into, but not free to slip out of, it won't matter much which sex has the liberty of making the first advance. And as for the pining virgins—

There swims no goose so gray, but soon or late, She finds some honest gander for her mate.

While the steamship companies are sending out astounding figures to show how enormous is the exodus of Americans bound toward Europe, Lady Cook assures us that her ex-

patriated countrywomen are turning their thoughts towards the United States because they have at last come to realize that "the American husband is the best in the world." Is this Mr. Churchill's doing? He has drawn three American husbands in his latest story and if they are faithful types the only conclusion possible is that the sons of Uncle Sam no matter how shrewd they may be in business or brilliant in the professions, are "easy marks" in the matrimonial line. They are willing, it seems, either to be caught on the first bite, or will wait patiently through long years to possess the leavings of other men. Another recent American husband of fiction Anne Douglas Sedgwick's mild professor Franklin Winslow Kane, who falls in and out of love as the whim of the moment demands, may have had something to do with Lady Cook's encouraging deliverance.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, whose bankruptcy or narrow escape from it was lately announced is said to be the one Italian author who can make money—for most writers' receipts from the sale of hooks are a negligible quantity. But unluckily he not only goes in for hunting keeping a fine kennel at his beautiful villa in Rome, but is an art collector as well, and no writer's earnings could stand that manifold strain.

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SANTA FE





**STORYETTES.**

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Sheriff Foley of Chicago once received a letter from an old constituent who wanted aid in distress. It contained a carefully prepared list of troubles, after which it concluded: "If you don't receive this letter let me know and I'll send you a duplicate."

Miss A. had on a skirt of delicate fawn-color, which the others coveted. "Do beneath that skirt to me, Miss A.," said one friend; "it matches a waist of mine exactly." "I don't see what you want of this old skirt," Miss A. replied. "It's on its last legs now."

Judge Nicholas Longworth, who used to sit on Ohio's supreme bench, looked unnaturally grave, and a neighbor, in recognition of his special depression, named a pet owl "Judge Longworth." It was the very next day that an excited maid broke up his wife's garden party. "Oh, madame," said she. "Madame! Judge Longworth has laid an egg."

An eminent speaker at a Congregationalist meeting was telling the other day of a Westerner's opinion of the East. "This man," said the speaker, "was a prominent churchman and on occasion to visit New York, where he remained for a few days. In writing of his experiences to his wife in the West he said: 'New York is a great city, but I do wish I had come here before I was converted.'"

An ambitious harper, having improved his life moments by studying medicine and surgery, and having graduated in that profession, opened an office and waited for patients. The first one had appendicitis. Deftly the surgeon performed the operation, then, after the patient had recovered from the effect of the anaesthetic, inquired: "Won't you have our leg cut off today, sir? Looks as if it needed it."

Years ago, when there were only wooden sidewalks in the city of Winnipeg, Canada, holes were bored in the planks to let the water run through. In the morning twilight a policeman found a man with the tip of his wooden leg in one of these holes and hurriedly walking around it. "What are ye doin' here?" asked the policeman. "G'way, offsher," said the man. "Got to get home before ol' lady wakes up."

In a speech in the Senate on Hawaiian affairs, Senator Depew of New York told this story: When Queen Liliuokalani was in England during the queen's jubilee, she was received at Buckingham Palace. In the course of the remarks that passed between the two queens, the one from the Sandwich Islands said that she had English blood in her veins. "How so?" inquired Victoria. "My ancestors are Captain Cook."

A Philadelphia judge, disgusted with a jury that seemed unable to reach an agreement in perfectly evident case, rose and said, "I charge this jury." One sensitive talesman, dignant at what he considered a rebuke, indignantly faced the judge. "You can't discharge me," he said in tones of one standing on his rights. "And why not?" asked the surprised judge. "Because," answered the juror, pointing to the lawyer for the defense, "I'm being hired by that man there."

Lord Rosebery walked from Berkeley square one morning to his hatter's in Piccadilly to buy a new hat. The shopman took his lordship's hat to the back of the shop, leaving him standing bareheaded to be fitted to. While Lord Rosebery was waiting a shop rushed in, and snatching off his hat, exclaimed to Lord Rosebery, whom he had obviously taken for the shopman: "Have you a hat like that?" "No," replied the peer who examined it critically for a moment, and if I had, I wouldn't wear it."

There were introductions all around. The young man stared in a puzzled way at the club guest. "You look like a man I've seen somewhere, Mr. Blinker," he said. "Your face seems familiar. I fancy you have a double, and a funny thing about it is that I remember I formed a strong prejudice against the man who looks like you—although, I'm quite sure, we never met." The little guest softly sighed. "I'm the man," he answered, "and I know why you formed the prejudice. I used the contribution plate for two years in my church you attended."

Thomas Gaffney, Democrat, and William Pearsall, Republican, were disputing in a New York barroom before the municipal election over the merits of Judge Gaynor. Gaffney made an oratorical detour for the purpose of paying tribute to the memory of Patrick H. McCarren and had just come back to the main issue. "Anyway," he declared, "I thumped the bar. 'Gaynor will be elected next mayor of New York.' 'He won't,' replied Pearsall. "He's as good as out of the

race now. There's too much ego in his cosmos." Gaffney set down his glass. "Has he been told?" he asked. "Sure," said Pearsall. "I'm sorry to hear that," replied Gaffney. "But if he'll take my advice he'll not go on the operating table. He'll stay away from the doctors and take his chances of living to fill out his term."

The Countess of Cardigan often tells of a young man who was drinking tea with a beautiful girl when her little brother slipped into the room. "Mr. Mannering," the boy asked, "can you stand on your head?" "No," said the visitor, laughing. "I don't believe I can." "Well, I can," said the boy. "Look here." And he stood on his head very neatly in the corner. "And who taught you that?" asked Mr. Mannering. The urchin frowned. "Sister told me I must never tell."

Frederick C. Beyer, a Cleveland editor, told at a recent press banquet a newspaper story: "A Medina editor died," he said, "and was, of course, directed to ascend to the Abode of the Just. But during the ascent the editor's journalistic curiosity asserted itself, and he said: 'Is it permitted for one to have a look at—er—the other place?' 'Certainly,' was the gracious reply, and accordingly a descent to the other place was made. Here the editor found much to interest him. He scurried about, and was soon lost to view. His angelic escort got worried at last and began a systematic search for his charge. He found him at last, seated before a furnace, fanning himself and gazing at the people in the fire. On the door of the furnace was a plate saying, 'Delinquent Subscribers.' 'Come,' said the angel to the editor, 'we must be going.' 'You go on,' the editor answered, 'without lifting his eyes. I'm not coming. This is heaven enough for me.'"

### THE MERRY MUSE.

Examples.

Comet flash across de sky,  
Dunno where it's bound;  
Pays a visit on de fly,  
Jes a-foolin' round.

Blossoms smilin' up so sweet  
In de woods is found—  
Den dey vanishes complete,  
Jes a-foolin' round.

It's encouragin' to see  
In de sky or ground,  
Everything, de same as me,  
Jes a-foolin' round.

—Washington Star.

If the Comet Had Taken Them!

The haberdasher clerk, though not  
Appealed to in the least,  
Who tells you what is what, and what  
They're wearing in the East.

The pseudo college boys that wear  
Spring suits of curious hues,  
With vivid socks above a pair  
Of fancy hutton shoes.

—Chicago Tribune.

Where to Find Them.

Though hanging in the closet or  
Upon her back, I find  
A woman's clothes, where'er she goes,  
Are always on her mind.

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Could Not Keep Them in His Stocking.

He thought he saw a chance to make  
A million huying stocks,  
He bought them on a margin, and  
His toes stick through his socks.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

Double Chin, Double Trouble.

"Gimme a divorce," cried old man Binn,  
"I can't put up with my wife's chin.  
It's been the cause of all our trouble,  
And now she says it's getting double."

—Youngstown Telegraph.

Lines by a Lunatic M. D.

Oh! fair are the halls where stern Peritonitis  
Makes love to Miss Asthma and courts the  
Catarrh,  
Where the bright Influenza is wooed by Iritis,  
And Psora joins Measles in "Beautiful Star."

Oh! bright gleam the eyes of that flirt Erythema,  
And lightly Pneumonia whirls around in the  
dance.  
Pleuritis is madly in love with Oedema,  
And Herpes courts Cholera with amorous glance.

And old Mrs. Scabies told Mr. Phlebitis  
She'd brought Melanosis at last to the point:  
You know he's six thousand a year (Laryngitis)  
Will find that his nose is a bit out of joint).

Long, long I shall dream of that pet Scarlatina;  
She gave me a rose from her rash at the hall.  
On that thrice-happy night when Miss Gutta  
Serena  
Kissed Captain Psoriasis out in the hall.

Adieu, sweet Chorea! Farewell, Carcinoma!  
Hysteria, my heart with emotion doth swell  
That heart, Anascara, is thine; Atheroma  
And honny Neuralgia, a lasting farewell!

—H. Saville Clarke, in Life.

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4:45p	9:45a	2:40p	12:50p	4:15p	12:40p
.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	9:50p	2:32p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:50p	.....	3:45p
.....	1:45p	.....	5:20p	.....	5:10p
.....	2:45p	.....	6:40p	.....	6:40p
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Total Resources ..... 5,281,686

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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

An appreciable degree of lightness was given the social atmosphere this week by the several weddings that held the most conspicuous places on the calendar.

At these affairs were assembled in formal fashion, for the final rendezvous of the season, that portion of society settled for the vacation months in nearby country homes, and those who have not yet gone out of town for the summer.

The two largest of the weddings took place at San Mateo on Thursday, June 2, and were solemnized under the ideal conditions which make the out-of-town wedding in June peculiarly attractive.

The other weddings taking place in town were church ceremonies, followed by small informal receptions.

The social monotony of the week was otherwise broken by theatre parties followed by café suppers, a few small dinners planned for visitors en route East from the Orient, short motor trips, and weekend house parties at the country homes on the peninsula and in Marin County.

The engagement of Miss Grace Holt and Mr. Ralph Lohman was announced this week. At an informal dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Parker Holt the betrothal was made known. The wedding will take place June 29 at the Swedenborgian church.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis announce the engagement of their daughter, Blanche, to Mr. Sidney M. Phillips of Sacramento.

Miss Claire Quintana Nichols became the bride of Mr. Charles Ferdinand Mills on Thursday, June 2. The ceremony took place at noon at St. Matthew's Episcopal Church at San Mateo. A reception followed at the country home of the bride's parents, Bishop William Ford Nichols and Mrs. Nichols at San Mateo. The maid of honor was the sister of the bride, Miss Peggy Nichols, and the bridesmaids who attended her were Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Margaret Calhoun, and Miss Nora Brewer. The future home of Mr. Mills and his bride will be Savannah, Georgia.

The marriage of Miss Genevieve Harvey and Mr. Ward Barron was an event of Wednesday, June 1. It took place at old St. Mary's and several hundred guests were present at the church service. The bridal party included Miss Margaret Barron and Miss Edith von Schroeder and Mr. Gayle Anderton, who acted as best man. A reception at the home of Mrs. Eleanor Martin followed, to which had been invited only the relatives and intimate friends of the bride and groom. An extended journey abroad will conclude the honeymoon trip, which will begin with a few weeks in the south.

The wedding of Miss Marie Churchill and Mr. John Martin Haenke took place Thursday, June 2, at the home of the bride's parents at San Mateo. The bride was attended by Miss Angela Coyle as maid of honor and her bridesmaids were Miss Neva Salisbury and Miss Grace Bromfield. Mr. William Going acted as best man. The honeymoon trip will be spent in Europe and on their return Mr. Haenke and his bride will live in Burlingame.

The wedding of Miss Sophie Meul and Mr. I. Stanley Logan took place at the Swedenborgian church at noon on Wednesday, June 1. The church ceremony was followed by a reception at the Stewart, where the bride has lived with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Meul, since their arrival here from Tahiti. After a wedding trip in the south Mr. Logan and his bride will make their home at Riverside.

The wedding of Miss Isabella Morris and Mr. W. H. Garlick took place Wednesday at the Swedenborgian church. Miss Janet Towel of Salinas was her only attendant. A reception followed the church ceremony at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. W. F. Morris. Mr. and Mrs. Garlick will make their home in Berkeley.

The wedding of Miss Alice Spalding and Lieutenant George Cleveland Bowen, U. S. A., will take place Wednesday, June 8, at St. Andrew's Church at Honolulu. Miss Spalding is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Irwin Spalding and a niece of Mr. William G. Irwin of this city.

The wedding of Miss Helen Sutton and Mr. Henry E. Sherman will take place Thursday, June 30, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Sutton. Miss Barbara Sutton will be her only attendant.

Mrs. Samuel Bell McKee announces the marriage of her daughter, Mrs. Sally McKee Pierce, to Mr. Harold F. Spens-Black, on Saturday, May 28, 1910, at Oakland.

Cards announcing the wedding in Paris of Miss Agnes Moore and Mr. Jean Paul Alaux have been

received by friends of the bride here. M. and Mme. Alaux will make their home in Paris. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Moore of San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Hazel Dolph and Mr. Ferdinand Theriot will take place this fall at the home of the bride in Portland.

Mrs. Edwin Plowden Hickey has sent out cards announcing the marriage of her daughter, Miss Caroline Jenkins Hickey, and Mr. Dillworth Potts Hiberd, which will take place June 9 at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George Ashton was hostess at a tea in honor of Mrs. James Cunningham, who arrived here recently from New York. Among the guests were Mrs. William Smedberg, Mrs. James Potter Langhorne, Mrs. George A. Moore, Miss Kate Stone, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. William Babcock, Mrs. Laurence Pool, and Mrs. Dixwell Hewitt.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin entertained at a dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mrs. Walter Newhall of Los Angeles.

Mrs. Thomas O. Ashburn was hostess Thursday at an informal luncheon followed by bridge at the Presidio. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. W. H. Brooks, and the hostess was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Wheeler and Mrs. T. B. Steele. Among some of those present were Mrs. John Lundeen, Mrs. Charles Chubb, Mrs. Nat Phister, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. Faulkner, Mrs. Chapalea, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Crissey, Mrs. George Grimes, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Downing, Mrs. Truhey, Mrs. Furneal, Mrs. Worthington Mosely, Mrs. W. A. Carleton, Mrs. Benjamin Woods, and Mrs. Prince. Miss Elsa Vogel entertained a group of friends from town over the holiday at her home at Menlo.

Miss Margaret Calhoun was hostess at a dinner on Thursday evening complimentary to Miss Claire Nichols and her fiancé, Mr. Charles Mills. The guests included Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Alexandra Hamilton, Miss Peggy Nichols, Miss Mary Cunningham, Mr. James Langhorne, Mr. Duncan Jackson, Mr. William Jackson, Mr. Paul Foster, and Mr. Wharton Thurston.

The Misses Harriett and Marian Stone were hostesses at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday afternoon.

Mrs. J. Leroy Nickel entertained a dozen of her friends at luncheon and bridge on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Harris entertained a house party over the week end at their home at Mill Valley.

Miss Jennie Hooker was a dinner hostess on Thursday evening at her apartment at the St. Regis.

Mr. and Mrs. James Athearn Folger entertained a large house party over the week end at their country home at Woodside.

Mrs. Joseph O. Tobin entertained at an informal luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Saturday.

Miss Vera de Sahla had Miss Laura Peakes and Miss Dorothy Chapman as her house guests over the week end and entertained informally for them.

Mrs. A. V. Falkner was hostess at a reception Saturday afternoon in honor of the ladies of the Fifth Field Artillery at her quarters at the Presidio. She was assisted in receiving her guests by Mrs. Edward Taylor, Mrs. George Van Attle, Mrs. Robert S. Welsh, Mrs. Frederick Prince, Mrs. John Crane, Mrs. John B. Corey, and Mrs. Edward Bruher.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hubbard entertained at a reception on Saturday in honor of the one hundredth birthday of Mrs. Hubbard's mother, Mrs. Jonathan Hunt. Among some of the guests present were Mr. and Mrs. C. Day, Mrs. Flint, Mrs. Edward Hunt, Mrs. M. M. Thompson, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. John Kittle, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Harry Sherman, Mrs. C. W. Howard, Mrs. E. B. Clement, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. George F. Ashton, Mrs. Lee M. Campbell, Miss Anna Gray, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. J. Orr, and Colonel George Gray.

Miss Marian Marvin entertained a house party over the week end at her home in Marin County. Among her guests were Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Josephine Johnson, Miss Doris Willshire, Mr. Otis Johnson, Mr. Harold Plummer, Mr. Daniel Volkman, Mr. Frederick Tillman, and Mr. Alex Chambers.

Mrs. James Cunningham entertained informally at luncheon at the Francesca Club on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coryell have returned from Highland Springs and entertained a house party at their Menlo home over the week end.

Miss Lillian Whitney and Miss Mildred Whitney entertained a dozen guests at luncheon at their home on Friday.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry was hostess at a bridge party Friday evening complimentary to Mrs. Denning Smith of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter entertained at a dinner and theatre party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mrs. Walter Newhall prior to their departure for their home in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell Turner entertained informally at bridge at their quarters at the Marine Barracks on Monday evening. Their guests included Colonel Randolph Dickens and Mrs. Dickens, Paymaster Edmund Bonnafon and Mrs. Bonnafon, Lieutenant-Commander Thomas S. Wilson, Surgeon Kindelberger and Mrs. Kindelberger, Mrs. Mary Turner, Mrs. Emily Cutts, Miss Ruth Simons, Rear-Admiral Edward B. Barry, and Medical Director Manty H. Simons.

Miss Amalia Simpson was hostess at a theatre party on Wednesday afternoon, followed by an informal tea at the St. Francis Hotel. Those who enjoyed her hospitality were Mrs. Walter Greer, Miss Freda Smith, Miss Mildred Baldwin, Miss Rhoda Niebling, Miss Lillian Van Vorst, Miss Lurline Matson, and Miss Metcha McMahon.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore entertained a large house party over the last week end at their home at Menlo Park.

Countess d'Espinay St. Luc, who is now in Paris, recently entertained at dinner her cousins, Dr. de Marville and Miss Cora de Marville. Others at the table were Mr. and Mrs. Emile d'Espaigne and Marquis de Chasteigner.

Lieutenant C. P. Huff and Mrs. Huff entertained at a dinner on Saturday at their quarters at Yerba Buena complimentary to Commodore Charles Perkins, U. S. N., and Mrs. Perkins.

Miss Mary Cunningham entertained at luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday in honor of Miss Claire Nichols.

## Opera Singers Work for Their Salaries.

Even opera enthusiasts are often of the opinion that the golden songbirds of grand opera get too much pay, but the warblers themselves say they earn every dollar they get (says the Chicago Tribune).

When Caruso was asked if \$2500 was not good pay for three hours' work he smiled. "It is a good deal of money, but not too much for the work I do," he declared. "Remember, my work begins and never ends. Those three hours are only a small part of it. My audiences must not forget there was a time when I earned little and paid out everything I had for lessons. I get more pay now, but I have bigger responsibilities. There is plenty to keep me busy practicing, attending rehearsals, reviewing old parts, and learning new ones."

Mme. Destinn is well paid and feels she earns it. She says that to be a singer means to work. Still, she is not a slave to her profession. She has too happy a nature for that. They say she is good natured at rehearsal and always willing to take another singer's part on short notice.

Mme. Homer is also of the opinion that singers are not paid too much, but confesses, too, that the work of an artist is not as strenuous as is often imagined. She says: "A singer's work is only heavy at the beginning of the season, when she is rehearsing her new operas. This is more pleasure than work if she is interested in her part. When rehearsals are finished the work is light. I only practice for short periods at a time and have ten performances a month."

Alice Neilson was hard at work practicing with her accompanist. He left her for an hour and then came back for a long rehearsal. Miss Neilson believes that the work is hard, but singers are well compensated for their hard work. "Yes, I think we get splendid compensation in the way of big salaries, recognition, applause, and the satisfaction of knowing we have done good work," she says. "But I shall never feel that I have finished my studies, because I look upon each appearance as a debut. This is only natural; there are many in the audience who are hearing me for the first time. They do not care what I have done—I must please them at that moment."

Mme. Alda is matter of fact and frank. She says that the fact singers are so well paid proves that they are paid none too much.

An English scientist recently went to Egypt to investigate the workings of an observatory and found that the natives were informed every day when it was noon by the firing of a gun. He asked the gunner how he knew when it was noon and the gunner replied that he looked at his watch. Asked how he knew the watch was right, the soldier said a jeweler in Cairo regulated it for him. The jeweler was visited and said that he regulated his clocks by the gun fired at the observatory.

Golf balls coated with luminous paint have been tried by members of the Old Trafford Club, Manchester, England. On a moonless and cloudy night the experiment was made. The balls shone brightly in the darkness and were easily found. They can, it is said, be used in dry or wet weather, and each ball, according to the inventor, is good for several hours' play.

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**PERSONAL.**

**Movements and Whereabouts.**

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Stuart Rawlins has arrived from her home in Mexico and will spend the summer with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Warner.

Mrs. Earl Cummings, accompanied by her sister, Miss Amelia Rivas, left for Los Angeles this week. They will remain there all the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stetson Wheeler and Miss Olive Wheeler have gone to Yosemite, where they will spend three weeks.

Mr. John Gallois has returned from a visit of several months in Paris.

Mr. Frank Gilchrist Owen has arrived from Portland and will be at the St. Francis Hotel for several days. His fiancée, Miss Leila Shelby, is the guest of Mrs. Edward Greenfield.

Mrs. L. L. Baker, Miss Dorothy Baker, and Miss Kate Stone will leave next week for Siskiyou.

Mr. Edward Stillman, the fiancé of Miss Mildred Whitney, has arrived from the East and will remain here several weeks.

Miss Edith Kane, who made a brief visit at Arlington on her return from the Orient, left this week to join her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grenville Kane, at Tuxedo.

Mrs. J. D. Peters and her daughter, Miss Anna Peters, of Stockton, are in town and are staying at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Chanslor have returned from the southern part of the State and will leave shortly for the East and Europe.

Miss Erna St. Goar is at Hanford, where she is the guest of Miss Catherine McCrae.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Girvin and Miss Lee Girvin will spend the summer at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Deering have returned from Yosemite and will open their home at Mountain View next week.

Miss Louise McCormick expects to return to her home in Chicago this week. She is at present the guest of the Edgar Wilsons at Belvedere.

Commander A. B. Niblack, U. S. N., and Mrs. Niblack will go to Buenos Ayres in the near future, where Commander Niblack has been appointed naval attaché. Mrs. Niblack was Miss Mary Harrington of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bryant Grimwood will spend the summer at Palo Alto, where they have taken cottage.

Mr. Frank Carroll Giffen sailed for Paris Thursday, where he will spend the next three months.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels have returned to Coronado, after a visit with Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., at San Rafael and a short stay at the Moon home at San Jose.

Mrs. Virginia K. Maddox and her son, Knox, will spend part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Ryer and Miss Doris Ryer will spend the summer at Del Monte.

Colonel John C. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick left Friday for their country home at Pleasanton, where they will spend the summer.

Captain William Matson, Mrs. Matson, and Miss Arline Matson will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. J. Downey Harvey is the guest of Mrs. Eleanor Martin and will remain in town for a week or more.

Mrs. Frederick Funston and her children have arrived from Fort Leavenworth to spend the summer at their country home at San Leandro. General Funston will join them later for a few weeks.

Mrs. Inez Hayes Gilmore will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Trilley, wife of Admiral Trilley, U. S. N. (retired), at their home, Shawmut Lodge.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister have returned from their trip around the world. Miss McAllister remained in New York for a few weeks and will come to the coast with Mrs. George Boardman and Miss Dora Winn.

Mr. E. W. Hopkins, Miss Florence Hopkins, and Mr. Samuel Hopkins, who have been abroad for four months, have returned to their home at Menlo.

Mrs. Lily Hitchcock Coit is planning to go to Paris, after a visit of several months in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Mr. and Mrs. Montford S. Wilson spent the last week motoring in Lake County.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle with their sons, Kenneth and Paige, sailed Tuesday for Europe.

Miss Sarah Coffin accompanied Mrs. Louis Monteagle to Europe. She will visit Mrs. Walter Lobart in Florence, Italy.

Mrs. E. L. Griffiths and her son, Mr. Millen Griffiths, will sail for Europe next Monday.

Lord Robert Hatfield and Mrs. Hatfield are pending the week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Mendell, Jr., will spend the summer at Belvedere.

Mr. Harry Babcock has gone to Tahoe, where he will be joined later by Mrs. Babcock.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Heilman (formerly Miss Azalea Keyes) have arrived in New York, where they were met by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes. They will arrive in San Francisco June 23 and will remain several months.

Mr. and Mrs. George Mastick and Miss Mastick, who have been touring the Orient, returned Friday on the Korea.

Miss Jennie Lee will go East in August for a visit of several months.

Mrs. E. Bacon Soule sailed a few days ago for Europe and will remain abroad indefinitely.

Mr. Christian Miller and Mr. Kenneth Moore left Wednesday for Covington, Kentucky, where Mr. Miller's wedding with Miss Bessie Rinehart will take place June 16.

Mrs. Gaillard Stoney and Mrs. Bertha Lee Stoney spent last week at Carmel-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. Mathilde Wismer left on Friday for Denmark, where she will visit her relatives during the summer.

Miss Minnie Houghton has gone to Connecticut, where she will visit her brother-in-law and sister, Senator Morgan G. Buckley and Mrs. Buckley.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, the latter of whom is a sister of Colonel Roosevelt, spent a few days in San Francisco en route East from their Oriental trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bassett will spend the

month of June in Portland, and during their absence Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Bassett will occupy their Menlo Park home.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Perry, Miss Gertrude Perry, and Miss Julia Thomas left Saturday for Yosemite, where they will remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Miner and Mrs. Martha Newhall returned to Los Angeles Saturday evening.

Mr. Spencer Davis has gone to Gray's Harbor, where he will remain till August.

Mr. and Mrs. John Boyd and Miss Louise Boyd will continue their travels on the continent till October.

Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Miss Florence Henshaw, and Miss Alice Grimes are en route to New York and will sail for Europe on their arrival there.

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Jackson are in London.

Mr. and Mrs. William Babcock have returned from Europe and will spend the summer at their home at San Rafael.

Miss Edith Simpson, who has been in New York for several months, is expected home in a week or two.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Potter and Miss Nina Jones left this week for Portland, where they will remain for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Requa will spend the summer at Jena Springs.

Mrs. William Mintzer is in Baltimore, where she will remain for the graduation of her daughter. After a brief visit in New York they will return to San Francisco.

Mrs. L. S. Sherman and Miss Elsie Sherman have returned from Paris, where they have made their home for a year.

Mr. Duane Hopkins has returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis and Miss Eleanor Morgan will spend the summer at Santa Barbara. Rear-Admiral Stevens and Mrs. Stevens, who have been at the Fairmont Hotel for several weeks, left Tuesday for the Grand Cañon.

Mrs. Charles Miller of New York and her daughter, Miss Beatrice, will accompany Mrs. Russell Wilson to California and be her guests at Santa Barbara for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Farquharson will spend the summer in Mill Valley.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons have gone to Santa Barbara for several months.

Miss Clara Allen and Miss Dorothy Chapman chaperoned by Miss Sara Gamble of Santa Barbara, will sail for Europe June 10, and after witnessing the Passion Play will spend the remainder of the summer in England.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Sonntag and Miss Ila Sonntag spent the week at Del Monte.

Guests at Jena Springs last week included Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Hooker, Mr. Charles de Young, Mr. and Mrs. George S. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Tobin, Mrs. James Mee, Mr. John Hubert Mee, Mr. and Mrs. Homer King, Miss Hazel King, Mr. Lindsay Seruton, Mr. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. C. A. Miller, Mr. E. C. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease.

**The Late Miss Ryland.**

Miss Ada C. Ryland of San Jose died suddenly at Denver, Colorado, on Thursday, May 20. She had accompanied her sister, Mrs. John Irby, to her home in Denver for change of scene after the death of her mother Mrs. Letitia Burnett Ryland, and although in ill health it was hoped that her recovery would follow. The news of her death came as a shock to the large circle of friends and relatives at her home. The funeral on May 30, from the Ryland home, was attended by many sincere mourners.

Miss Ryland was a member of one of the pioneer families of San Jose. The granddaughter of Peter H. Burnett, first governor of California and first supreme court judge, she was related to some of the most distinguished families of the State. She was a noble woman, beautiful, unaffected, and charitable. Her place can hardly be filled.

Victor Herberth's orchestra lately played in New York an arrangement of Dvorak's "Humoreske," of which the *Evening Post* of that city says: "Probably no piece of music has a larger sale at present than the Dvorak 'Humoreske.' The history of this piece is of great interest. Dvorak composed it for piano, and no one paid the least attention to it for years. In making arrangements for the violin, Fritz Kreisler came across it, adapted it for the violin, called on the composer, and played it for him. Dvorak was much pleased and gave the violinist permission to use it. Not long afterward Kreisler played it in London, where it made a sensation. A publisher offered him \$25 for permission to print it, but Kreisler did not wish to sell it. Copyists were sent to his next recital, who roughly took down his version, which was printed, and in a few weeks 40,000 copies of it were sold. That was only the beginning of the avalanche of sales. A single store in this city is now selling over 400 copies of it a week. But neither Dvorak nor Kreisler ever made a cent out of it."

Davidson glacier, in Alaska, which is really a tongue of the Muir glacier, has been ascended by travelers for a number of years. It is a dead glacier, having a moraine of several miles between it and the sea. Looking at it from the boat, it represents a kaleidoscopic appearance as the sun shines upon it, and the surface seems scratched with tiny pin lines, in reality deep crevices.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, celebrated her ninetieth birthday May 12 in London. King George sent a congratulatory message.

**CURRENT VERSE.**

**Insouciance in Storm.**  
Deep in the ore-boat's hold  
Where great-bulked hoilers loom  
And yawning mouths of fire  
Irradiate the gloom.  
I saw half-naked men  
Made thrall to flame and steam,  
Whose bodies, dripping sweat,  
Shone with an oily gleam.  
There, all the sullen night,  
While waves boomed overhead  
And smote the lurching ship,  
The ravenous fires they fed;  
They did not think it brave;  
They even dared to joke! . . .  
I saw them light their pipes  
And puff calm rings of smoke! . . .  
I saw a passer sprawl  
Over his load of coal—  
At which a fireman laughed  
Until it shook his soul:  
All this in a hollow shell  
Whose half-submerged form  
On Lake Superior tossed  
Mid rushing hills of storm!  
—Harry Kemp, in *American Magazine*.

**The Song of the Spendthrift.**  
To seven kopek the heir,  
Nor house nor land have I—  
Live I—hey! I live then!  
Die I—hey! I die!  
In many realms the Fool  
Can sleep no wink for care,  
While yet the spendthrift snores  
When dawns the morning fair.  
Free as the wind he blows,  
Door nor gate to balk him,  
Riches, hey! Now give place!  
Poverty goes walking!  
Before me bends the rye  
When through the fields I stray,  
And glad the forest hears  
My pipe and song alway.  
If one must bitter weep—  
No man will see his tears,  
If sadly bowed his head—  
None save the partridge jeers.  
If weary one, or not,  
What matters anything?  
Let him toss back his locks  
And playful laugh and sing!  
And if one die,—the grave  
Will warm his hands and feet!  
Dost to my song respond?  
Nay? Then it is complete.  
—From "Russian Lyrics and Cossack Songs," by  
Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.

**Nora.**  
Why is it, now, me Nora  
Will never spake of Hugh?  
Will never pass a joke wid him  
The way she used to do?  
Toime was that gurl'd blather  
Av Hughie, noon and night!  
Now iv'ry toime he swings the gate  
Her face goes starin' white!  
I've spied no row nor ruction;  
They meet as friend wid friend;  
And still, I'm toldt, he walks with her  
Beyond the horeen's end.  
I've done me best by Nora;  
That gurl's as thrue as day,  
Wid all her big and wistful eyes,  
Wid all her bashful way!  
But white before me turf-fire  
She sits widout a word,  
This gurl av mine who used to sing  
As mad as any hird!  
Faith, since she lost her mother,  
I've left that colleen free  
To come and go—but toimes there are  
When men are slow to see!  
For want I spied her rockin'  
And sohhin' here, alone—  
Now, can there be some throuble up  
Her mother might 've known?  
—Arthur Stringer, in *Hampton's Magazine*.

**Old Susan.**  
When Susan's work was done she'd sit,  
With one fat guttering candle lit,  
And window opened wide to win  
The sweet night air to enter in;  
There, with her thumb to keep her place,  
She'd read, with old and wrinkled face,  
Her mild eyes gliding very slow  
Across the letters to and fro;  
While wagged the guttering candle-flame  
In the wind that through the window came.  
And sometimes in the silence, she  
Would mumble a sentence audibly,  
Or shake her head, as if to say,  
"You silly souls, to act this way!"  
And never a sound from night I'd hear,  
Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;  
Or her old shuffling thumh should turn  
Another page; and rapt and stert,  
Through her great glasses heat on me  
She'd glance into reality;  
And shake her round old silvery head,  
With—"You—I thought you was in bed!"  
Only to tilt her hook again,  
And rooted in Romance remain.  
—Walter de la Mare, in *The Spectator*.

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Death of Mrs. William Dean Howells, |  
Mrs. Eleanor G. Mead Howells, wife of  
William Dean Howells, who died last month,  
after a short illness, at her home in New  
York, was born seventy-four years ago at  
Brattleboro, Vermont. Mrs. Howells was a  
sister of Larkin G. Mead, the sculptor, and a  
cousin of the late President Hayes. In 1862  
she was married to Mr. Howells, when he  
was United States consul at Venice. Mrs.  
Howells traveled with her husband through  
Egypt and the Holy Land, and later in India,  
China, and Japan. Besides her husband, she  
leaves one daughter, Mildred, and one son,  
John M. Howells, an architect.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Life is cheap in Afghanistan." "I might motor through it. How are the roads?"—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Moude—That girl is a lifelong friend of mine. Ethel—Dear me! And she doesn't look a day over forty.—*Boston Transcript*.

Chollie—But a fellow can't always pick the winner! Gussie—Then, hah Jove, pick the losers and bet against them.—*Boston Globe*.

"Our congressman wants to run again." "All right. We'll give him a start of three hundred yards."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Train Passenger (to porter who is wielding whisk)—Much dust on me, porter? Porter—'Bout fifty cents wuth, sah.—*Boston Transcript*.

It requires something of a hero to give up when he is wrong, and a good deal of a family man to give up when he is right.—*Puck*.

"I notice that she no longer wears the suffragette button." "Well, she's been having violets sent her every day of late."—*Washington Herald*.

"Johnnie, do you understand what is meant by a crisis?" "Yes, mum." "Tell us, Johnnie." "Two out an' the hases full, mum."—*Buffalo Express*.

Putton-Ayres—I am caviare to the general, you know. Miss Innocent—Oh, are you, really? My brother is in the military, too.—*Boston Transcript*.

Honk Stubbs—The ministers are blamin' automobiles 'cuz folks don't come to church. Bige Miller—Pshaw! Automobiles don't preach, do they?—*Boston Herald*.

"What's a' yer hurry, Sandy? It's no ten o'clock yet!" "Well, ye see, Ah've changed ma lodgin's, an' Ah'm no vera weel acquaint wi' th' new staircase."—*The Bystander*.

Old Lady—What a nice boy, to watch your little brother so carefully. Nice Boy—Yes 'um. He just swallowed a dime and I'm afraid of kidnappers.—*New York Globe*.

Figg—What's the matter, old man? You're looking wretched. Fogg—I'm not myself at all today. Figg—Oh, come! that's nothing to feel wretched about.—*Boston Transcript*.

Youngleigh—Which is the better way to propose, orally or by letter? Cynicus—By letter, certainly. There's a chance that you might forget to mail it.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You shouldn't have proposed to me," she said, gently. "You might have known I'd refuse you." "I did know," he said, savagely. "or I wouldn't have proposed!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

The Barmoid—Your dog is getting very fat. What do you feed him on, Mr. McPherson? McPherson—Oh, I dinna gie him any reg'lar meals; jist whenever I drop in for a drink he gets a biscuit.—*M. A. P.*

"Yes, George," said Mrs. Golightly argumentatively, "but if, as you say, it's so difficult to get food to the men in lighthouses in the winter, why do they build them in such out-of-the-way, dangerous places?"—*Tit-Bits*.

"Who's the hero of this drama," said the stage manager at a first rehearsal. "I am," shouted a man from an obscure corner of the theatre. "I'm the fellow who is putting up the money for the production."—*Washington Star*.

"Aw—will you give this note to Miss May de Sylphington, the—aw—pretty little blonde creature with the violet eyes, don't you know, who dances in the ballet?" "That'll be all right, guv'nor. I ought to know her; I'm her son."—*The Toller*.

"Do you," he asked, "believe in early marriages?" "Well," she replied, "I used to, but I am willing to say that at present I believe 'better late than never' may be applied to marriage as well as to some other things."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

"I can't see why men like to get up early and go fishing," says Mrs. Malaprop. "Now, my husband is a regular anglo-maniac. I mean he's a debauchee to the episcapary art. Fish? Why he's an apostle of old Izaak Newton himself!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"That's a beautiful girl you have in your store," said the man acquaintance. "I've seen her in the window several days as I passed." "She isn't an employee," the milliner answered wearily. "She's a woman trying to decide on a new hat."—*Buffalo Express*.

"Oh, Maud," said the other girl, "did you notice that this seaside hotel advertises to furnish young men escorts?" "I know the kind," said Maud, bitterly. "They are such silly sissies that a girl feels like a chaperon every time she walks out with them."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

"I told you," said Brother Dickey, "dat de comet wuzn't gwine ter hurt anybody. I said it from de very first—didn't I?" "Well, then," said Brother Williams, "how come you

wuz holdin' revival meetin's, an' prayin' day an' night?" "Well," replied Brother Dickey, "I thought it wuz jist as well ter be in a state of preparation!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"Why don't you cut the hooze, old man? There's nothing in it." "I imbihe for pleasure, my friend. I don't expect my personal amusements to yield me a dividend."—*Washington Herald*.

Indignant Constituent—This is the fourth time I have called to see the senator, by appointment, and found him out every time! Private Secretary (of eminent statesman)—Oh, well, I wouldn't make a fuss about that. According to what the papers say, everybody is finding him out.—*Chicago Tribune*.

## Editorial Ethics, by Mark Twain.

Mark Twain took the editorial chair on the Buffalo (New York) Express in August, 1869, and this is the paragraph in which he made the readers acquainted with his new responsibility:

"I only wish to assure parties having a friendly interest in the prosperity of this journal that I am not going to hurt the paper deliberately and intentionally, at any time. I am not going to introduce any startling re-

form or in any way attempt to make trouble. I am simply going to do my plain, unpretending duty—when I can not get out of it. I shall work diligently and honestly and faithfully at all times and upon all occasions, when privation and want shall compel me to do so. In writing I shall always confine myself strictly to the truth, except when it is attended with inconvenience. I shall witheringly rebuke all forms of crime and misconduct, except when committed by the party inhabiting my own vest. I shall not make any use of slang or vulgarity upon any occasion or in any circumstances, and shall never use profanity except in discussing house rent and taxes. Indeed, upon second thought, I will not even then, for it is inelegant, un-Christian, and degrading. I shall not often meddle with politics, because we have a political editor who is already excellent and only needs a term in the penitentiary to be perfect. I shall not write any poetry, unless I conceive a spite against the subscribers."

"There goes a man I could have married," she said, softly. "Yes," he chuckled, "and I notice that he keeps on going as though he were afraid you might try it again."—*Detroit Free Press*.

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THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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**The Hazards of the Junket.**

The action of the House of Representatives, withholding from President Taft the privilege of applying next year's travel allowance to this year's activities, raises anew the questions involved in presidential junketing. Theoretically much may be said, much indeed has been said, in support of the general policy of "keeping in touch" with the people by constant visitation. But it may be doubted if in practice anything is really gained by it. The President *en tour* gets a very unsatisfactory contact, to say the least, with the regions he visits. In the nature of things he sees and talks, not with "the people," but with a few persons, mostly officials, who represent personal and party policies rather than public sentiment. Furthermore, a President has no time or energy for acquiring information, because every movement and all of his strength are consumed in the labors

of travel, in ceremonials and in the preparation and delivery of speeches. Practically, the President on a trip sees no one that he might not see in his own office at Washington, mixes not at all with the general public, learns nothing dependably or thoroughly. It is, we think, manifest that the Taft administration has suffered from incidents that would never have occurred if the President had not been required by the exigencies of visitation to speak without reflection. Undoubtedly the visit of a President stirs the spirit of patriotism. So far, good; but the President who travels is inevitably involved in embarrassments from which a stay-at-home policy would have protected him. A policy of reserve, excepting where it is necessary to speak, is a pretty good rule for an executive, and an almost necessary rule for one who must hold a guiding—and sometimes a compromising—hand in the business of national legislation.

The Rough Rider.

It was only for a few days that Mr. Roosevelt permitted the English people to keep their minds upon their change of kings. Hardly had the dead sovereign been laid in his tomb than the Rough Rider took the centre of the stage and called for the spotlight. His reappearance was at the Guildhall, as a guest of the city of London. The occasion was one which a wise man might have turned to account for the honor and fame of his country, not less by paying tribute to the royal dead than by pointing out the civilizing and peacemaking mission in the world of the English-speaking nations, whose spirit the late king exemplified. That would have been a fitting, a gracious, but not a spectacular service; and because it lacked the latter quality, Mr. Roosevelt turned to a subject by which he was certain to offend both his hosts and his countrymen—the failure, as he phrased it, of the English policy in Egypt because of its preference for those liberal methods in dealing with the people of that country which are the glory in the field of its own expansion, of the nation which the ex-President is presumed to represent.

Delicate as the chosen theme was, Mr. Roosevelt addressed himself to it in the spirit with which as a Rough Rider he had charged the Spaniards at San Juan; and like the Spaniards, the listening hosts evinced a disposition to fly. The guest of the British capital gave no quarter; he assumed that he had a chastening duty to wreak on the English government, and knowing that the world was again looking and listening he carried it to the bitter end. Without mincing matters; without even permitting the obligations of courtesy due from a guest to soften the asperities of the theme, he plumply accused England of "weakness, timidity, and sentimentality." And why? Simply because she had treated the Egyptians as a people having the possibilities of self-government. To be sure, the Egyptians had their chartered rights, but in the unasked opinion of the apostle of American democracy gesturing in the spotlight they had proved themselves unworthy of them. "Some nation," said Mr. Roosevelt, "preferably the English nation, must govern Egypt." England, he declared, had tried to do too much in the interests of the Egyptians themselves. These "uncivilized and fanatical people" had forfeited all right to be treated as worthy of self-government; what was needed, in dealing with them, was the iron hand without the velvet glove.

Mr. Hearst, who was in Europe, took issue with the ex-President in an open letter which raised the discussion to the American level. To be sure, Mr. Hearst is not precisely the man we should have wished to speak in Europe for the American idea. He has his own axe of publicity to grind, his own spotlight to achieve; but he deserves a certain approval for making the fact plain that Americans stand where they always have stood on the question of human rights. The

people still interpret their great charter as their fathers did. They are still proud that they shed their blood rather than have the nation continue half slave and half free. And in the two instances where the fortune of war has brought alien breeds under our hand the nation has given the one helpless but aspiring people political liberty and has put the other on the road to its possession, with no thought of doing too much for either or of comporting itself as a brutal and perpetual overlord.

The Guildhall speech gave offense to men and to principles, but it served one good purpose in showing the fundamental vice of Mr. Roosevelt's own political philosophy. It revealed him, not for the first time, but on a most conspicuous stage, as a champion of a government of men as distinguished from a government of laws. His countrymen soon found out, when he was President, that what he wished to do he did, seeking a law for it afterward, and if he found none, diverting the public mind with some new proof of his theatrical versatility. The Pinchot business was in disrespect of the law. Mr. Roosevelt's elevation of a personal friend, a doctor, to general rank in the army and of a brother-in-law to flag rank in the navy were assertions of a personal prerogative from which Abraham Lincoln, with all his war powers, would have shrunk. Mr. Roosevelt's rough riding over Congress; his conspiracies at Panama; his refusal to expend the appropriation for a building to house the Agricultural Department in the way directed by Congress; his attempt, through Federal suits, to limit the freedom of the press, were acts of usurpation or intimidation, a few out of scores that might be named. "The law? I am the law!" expressed the inner spirit of some of the former President's most conspicuous acts; and in his Guildhall speech he did his best to instill the same spirit among the rulers of England. For has Egypt no rights of her own? What is Egypt politically? She is not incorporated in the British empire. The land is part and parcel of the Ottoman empire. The vested ruler, under the Sultan, is the Khedive; and if he were given the chance to preserve order unaided by the British who can say that he might not be as successful with the task as is the President of Cuba with his? Egypt has its organic law; it has its own legislature and courts; the British authority, which is chiefly military and financial, is closely limited by a written convention and Great Britain can not take away the rights of the lawful government without an act of bad faith. Yet the former President of the United States urges this course as a death blow to the nationalist movement which, when it served his spectacular ends, he urged for Cuba, and with which all true Americans must sympathize.

It need hardly be said that Mr. Roosevelt's countrymen are ashamed of his Guildhall speech; ashamed of the avid conceit and the greed for notoriety which prompted it, and fearful that its impertinence and its tone of arbitrary aggressiveness will be taken abroad as characteristic of a people who have so long accepted Mr. Roosevelt as a leader and spokesman. But let European critics suspend their judgment. The American people are right at heart, and they are not the only ones that have been deceived by an energetic and emphatic personality, engaged in schemes for his own exploitation, theatrical in his ways, and ever ready to mouth, with stentorian emphasis, the platitudes of patriotism. Already the people have begun to measure Theodore Roosevelt by the standards they apply to other men. They are ceasing to regard him in the light of a king who can do no wrong. Nor in the long run are they likely to be deceived by the fertile stratagems of buncombe and demagoguery. It worked for a while to meet exposures of bad faith by entering with great dramatic effect a new name in the list of "undesirable citizens," following it with an essay—to change the subject—on the art of being good to one's wife



passed muster for a while when the President was accused of trampling on the rights of Congress to divert the public mind to a row with General Miles or a thirty-league horseback ride. People laughed when, after making the mistake of urging the naturalization of Japanese, thus truckling to the Oriental power to escape a situation which he had created, he made the histrionic coup of sending a battleship fleet around the world. But the laughter is subsiding; sober second thought will come; and in the end the pretensions and weaknesses of the man will be borne in upon his countrymen as they have lately been borne in upon Old World observers. The learned audiences of the Sorbonne, the University of Berlin, and of the Guildhall have already detected the hollow principles, the sham philosophy, the conceit, the stage trickery, and the ill-manners of the khaki statesman. From that knowledge, which is becoming the possession of all thoughtful men, Americans will not permanently be exempt.

#### Labor and the Metal Trades in San Francisco.

A strike of iron workers at Portland for shorter hours and increased pay has served to bring out certain marked disparities between the conditions of labor at San Francisco and at Portland and other cities of the Coast. At San Francisco machinists work eight hours for a wage of \$3.50; at Seattle the schedule is nine hours at \$3.60 per day; at Los Angeles ten hours at \$3.50. At San Francisco moulders work eight hours at \$4; at Seattle nine hours at \$3.50; at Los Angeles ten hours at \$3.75. Pattern makers at San Francisco work eight hours at \$5; at Seattle nine hours at \$3.75; at Los Angeles ten hours at \$4.50. Boiler makers at San Francisco work eight hours at \$4.12½; at Seattle some shops eight, some nine hours, at \$4; at Los Angeles ten hours at \$3.30 to \$4. These figures serve to explain San Francisco's steady loss of business in the metal trades, including ship building, during the past two or three years. It is not very long ago when four great foundries and shipyards in San Francisco were doing a tremendous business, employing in the aggregate something like 18,000 men. One of these shipyards has gone out of business, while the others have greatly reduced the volume of their operations. The Union Iron Works no longer builds ships for the American navy and for foreign countries. Nor do these works or others here compete for the construction of smaller craft. Even repair work under the system of competitive bidding goes largely elsewhere. The case is simple. Competitive points where the conditions of labor are more favorable are getting the business as San Francisco is losing it. Our shops under the scheme of shorter hours and higher pay can not meet the competition of shops where the hours of work are longer and the rate of pay lower.

San Francisco is suffering seriously in the loss of another kind of business in which the local labor condition is reflected. There was a time when San Francisco was the centre and headquarters of the mining machinery trades. Much of the machinery used in the heavier kinds of mining was devised by our own engineers and wrought out in our own shops. Not only were our own mines furnished through home invention and home industry, but the mines of the world came here for their equipments. South Africa ten years ago used little else besides California machinery. Mexico drew heavily upon our machine shops. Likewise Siberia turned to us for mining machinery. How is it today? The answer may be found in the silence which reigns in those shops in the southern part of the city which were long active in the making of mining machinery. Concurrently there has grown up half a dozen or more agency and commission establishments engaged in selling Eastern-made mining machinery to California miners. The business has been transferred from San Francisco, where manufacturing conditions are onerous, to the East, where they are easier. San Francisco no longer competes in the making of a great variety of mining machinery invented by her own engineers and originally produced by her own shops.

It is not pleasant to recite these facts. They do not tend to local interest or to local pride. They tell a tale not pleasant to be set forth by a San Francisco newspaper or to be read by San Francisco people. None the less the truth needs to be spoken, to the end that we shall understand what is happening and why it is happening. Our industries are literally drying up. Not only does new capital fear to venture, but old capital is drawing out. And unless there shall be some change under which labor conditions in San Francisco may

be equalized with labor conditions elsewhere, then the day is in sight when we shall practically cease to do anything more in the mechanical line than tinker up and keep in repair the ships and machinery which we import from other places more favored on the score of labor conditions. San Francisco can not maintain her manufacturing business against unequal and disadvantageous labor conditions. The fact is plain to common sense and day by day it is becoming the demonstration of experience.

#### The President and the Railroads.

The passage by the Senate of the President's railway bill, in its amended form, and the promise of a suit to enjoin the railroads from increasing their freight rates, brought on a tense situation which, but for the President's masterful diplomacy, might have resulted in a general panic. At first the railroads were determined to fight; and as a means of showing their power they entered Wall Street and hammered stocks. After that they proposed to stop all their extensions and improvements, discharge employees not required under a plan of retrenchment, and hold the administration in blame for the effect upon the common prosperity. As a last pretended effort at compromise they summoned the President to meet with them, but he declined and invited them, if they had anything to say, to call on him. They did so; they came, they heard, and they were conquered. They will obey the law on the pledge of fair play and they will resume their corporate activities. It is a result achieved without bluster or show of teeth, but just the same a great result. It exhibits the capacity of President Taft by strictly legitimate means to deal effectively with difficult situations. It advances the movement to bring the railroads to the snubbing-post of legal regulation, to a point it has not hitherto reached.

The salient features of the railroad bill, those embodying changes, are seven in number. A Court of Commerce is created to consider appeals from the Interstate Commerce Commission; the long and short haul provision of the present interstate commerce law is amended so as to permit a greater charge for a short haul than a long haul only with the consent of the commission, and the fixing of a rate to destroy water competition is prohibited; railroads are required to furnish written statements of rates from one place to another on the written application of the shipper; the commission is empowered to pass on the fairness of individual or joint rates or classifications and to prescribe a proper maximum rate; orders of the commission, unless set aside by a competent court, are to stand for two years, and suspicious new rates may be suspended for ten months pending investigation; authority is given the commission to establish through and maximum rates wherever the carriers themselves neglect to do so; shippers will have the right to designate a route or part of a route over which their property shall be carried; telephone and telegraph are placed under the jurisdiction of the Interstate Commerce Commission. So strongly opposed are the railroads to all these counts that their instant recourse, as a means of biasing public opinion against the administration's railway policy, was to stop their extensions and other improvements, discharge employees not needed under a retrenchment plan, and hammer stocks in Wall Street, the object being to convict the President of a political attack upon prosperity.

The reasons given by the railroads in support of the proposed advance in freight rates are impressive if true, and they seem to have put the President, as they have most judicious people, in a mood of reflection and further inquiry. The railroads claim that, only by making the freight rates higher, they can escape bankruptcy. According to their statistical bureau they are behind, as a result of the last two years' returns, the sum of \$220,000,000 on maintenance; they have paid \$130,000,000 more annually for labor; \$100,000,000 more annually for interest, and they have lost \$25,000,000 annually on passenger traffic, with the result that they are \$730,000,000 to the bad. They can not go further at this rate of loss and they must do what they can to recoup. They claim that the rates now in force are the lowest of any railroad service in the world; that the existing tariff never was deemed unreasonable. "If they have been reasonable for twenty years," say the railroads, "and the service is more costly now than ever, it is self-evident that any slight advance can not make them unreasonable."

At the beginning of the week it looked as if the dif-

ferences between the railroads and the government would be fought out in a rage; but the President, in his conference, materially changed the aspect of the affair. He argued the case, convinced the railroads the government had resources of combat beyond theirs, and compelled them to accept the principle of the square deal. As a result of the conference the railroads have agreed to withhold their promised increase of rates and, as soon as the railroad bill becomes a law, the injunction suit will be discontinued, the whole matter then going to the Interstate Commission, under a right of appeal to the Court of Commerce, the only object being to get at the facts on both sides of the rate controversy and reach an equitable judgment free from politics or administrative pressure.

It is going to be a most perplexing inquiry. So many troublesome factors enter into it that the railroads themselves do not clearly know what rates are fair ones; so, to be on the safe side, they charge all the traffic will bear. The shippers, on the other hand, know nothing of the intricacies of the question, but want the rates forced down to the lowest possible level. Somewhere between these extremes is a golden mean which represents justice to both sides, but so far the Interstate Commission, owing to uncertainty about the law under which it acts and the thwarting strategy of the railroads, has not been able to find it. Perhaps now, with both sides trying to be fair, a way out may be found. But to define and adjust an equitable principle of rate-making is work for experts from which we must not hope for much at first. It augurs well, however, that those at interest are beginning to work in a spirit of give and take and that the President has such firm control of the general situation.

#### The Case of the "Maine."

Representative Sulzer of New York, who has remembered the *Maine* ever since he went into national politics, and whose lifework is to raise the shattered hulk and expose it to the gaze of Spain, is likely to have, once more, the sickness of heart which comes of hope deferred. By dint of strenuous work he finally got a bill through Congress appropriating a sum of money which was cut down in conference to \$100,000 to raise the wreck, but it turns out that, for this immature sum, only a beginning can be made toward removing it. There is a difference between "raising" and "removing." In the former case the structure must be lifted bodily so as to show the exact nature of its wound, which is Mr. Sulzer's object. In the other, the hulk may be broken up by dynamite, so as to take it away, piece by piece, a process which would, very likely, defeat curiosity as to whether the side of the *Maine* was blown in or out. It is even doubted now that \$100,000 would be enough, or half enough, for the simpler undertaking, and so far no contract for removal has been let.

As if to further embarrass Mr. Sulzer in his patriotic effort to show that the *Maine* blew herself up, Havana has been induced to tremble at the possible effect on the public health of stirring up the bottom of the harbor. Undoubtedly the harbor is little better than a submerged cesspool. Ever since the first Indian made his plantain-leaf hut on the shores of that sheet of passive water, the bay has been a depository of filth. In its black mud, in eighteen feet of which the wrecked battleship lies, is the concentrated essence of all the pests and fevers that ever fell upon the Cuban metropolis. At least so goes the word, for Havana is willing to believe anything of that slimy ooze. So firm is the conviction that the surface exposure of the mud would spread death along the shores of the bay that vessels are not permitted to cast anchor, for fear of what the anchors would bring up, but are moored, as the *Maine* was when the explosion took place. No steamers may enter or leave the port with their propellers moving at more than steering way; no dredging is permitted; no experiments may be made with submarine mines or other explosive materials. So when it is proposed either to lift or to blow up the *Maine* the cry of danger is heard with so sudden a concurrence of sound from the authorities as to almost suggest the pressing of a button at the American legation.

Mr. Sulzer is a patient man, but he is likely to find the influences against the raising or the removal of the *Maine* far too much for him. As time has gone on, doubt that the ship was a victim of Spanish malevolence has greatly increased. There had been narrow escapes, more than once, from explosions on the earlier types of our white warships by spontaneous combustion of



coal held in bunkers close to the magazines. Ships of other nations have been injured or destroyed while at anchor or at gun practice by carelessness in the hoisting of ammunition or the working of the magazines. There are various ways by which a warship might be blown up by accident, any one of which is a more probable cause of the destruction of the *Maine* than appears in the plea that Spain, at a time when her diplomats were doing their best to avert war, should have planted a mine in the swinging radius of the American battleship or launched a torpedo at her unprotected hull. Suppose it should appear that the *Maine* had, indeed, been responsible for her own loss. What would be the moral position of this government after having used her as a chief count in the *casus belli* with Spain? Naturally the government has preferred to let the dead past bury its dead; to leave the *Maine* where she is for the few years longer in which the oxidation of the metal will do its perfect work and the ship crumble into the ooze which will one day hide all traces of a tragedy which has played a large part in the annals of two nations.

### An Enemy to Thrift.

Agitation in favor of old-age pensions in some form or other is so persistent in America that economic students will do well to consider what results are being achieved under the British system. One of the arguments which was urged against a non-contributory scheme was that such a method of dealing with poverty would inevitably prove adverse to the habit of thrift. That argument has been made valid by recent events. To understand the situation in Great Britain it should be remembered that there are in that country many bodies known as "friendly societies," which correspond in a large measure to the fraternity organizations of the United States. They maintain sickness, accident, unemployment, and death funds for their members, and consequently are as a whole exceedingly sensitive to any governmental interference in the domain of thrift. It was asserted that these societies would be the first to suffer from a non-contributory old-age pension scheme, and that anticipation has been fully realized. This is the period of the year when the British friendly societies hold their annual meetings, when reports for the past twelve months are read, and when unique opportunity is afforded for appraising the past and forecasting the future. Now, it is both instructive and ominous that at each of these annual meetings the chief topic of discussion was the influence of old-age pensions, and that in every case it was asserted that influence had deterred workingmen from joining the societies. Further, it was pointed out that the recruiting of the societies had also been seriously impeded by the mere rumor that the government has in view a State system of insurance against sickness and infirmity.

Well may the British fraternity societies be alarmed for their future. By dint of many years' labor they have fostered the spirit of self-help and thrift in the hearts of many thousands, and have amassed capitals which insure the stability of their relief funds. For example, one society has a membership of 1,036,000 and a capital of \$71,780,000, while all the societies combined have a muster more than eleven million adherents and possess funds valued at \$500,000,000. Those figures represent an invaluable national asset; they speak eloquently of a habit of economy, of forethought, of sense of responsibility in the family relationship, and should, one would think, be safeguarded with the utmost care by the statesman. Besides, most of these friendly societies still preserve in their lodge meetings much quaint ceremonial, the object of which is to lay stress on the spirit of unity and brotherhood. All that, however, and the more valuable influence making for the cultivation of thrift, is being ruthlessly undermined by the socialistic and pauperizing experiments of a Liberal government!

No student of human nature will be surprised at these results. Man is prone to hindsight, and he has as a rooted tendency against foresight. He is no genius in the matter of conservation. The creature of an hour, he lives in that hour. Here we stand as a race, thousands of years removed from our cradle, and despite the fact that the wiser spirits have for so many centuries been inculcating the value of thrift, the importance of taking thought for the morrow, that habit is still one which the ordinary man cultivates the least. And now the tendency of sentimental legislation in America and all over the world is towards the elimination of such a measure of forethought as may have

been hardly won! If the State gives the slightest promise of playing the part of universal benefactor, few indeed of its children will be able to resist the temptation to shirk making provision for their own future or that of those dependent upon them. To degrade manhood into pauperism all along the line is one of the easiest tasks the demagogue statesman can set himself.

Happily in this country we are not without warning as to the danger of indiscriminate State pensions. The preliminary report of the Massachusetts commission, which has taken a world-wide survey of the subject, shows conclusively that old-age pensions do not lighten other forms of poor relief, and in fact, that such schemes are not in any sense a solution of poverty. So far as America is concerned it would be criminal to embark on such pauperizing methods, especially while so many voluntary industrial schemes are yet in their experimental stage. By far the most healthy sign of the times is provided in the action of those employees of the Pennsylvania Railroad who have petitioned that, in addition to the existing pension scheme of the company, a coöperative plan be adopted which shall enable them to increase their pension by making contributions during their working years. That is an appeal which has in it the spirit of manhood, of self-respect, of independence. It recognizes that something is due from labor as well as from capital; that the obligations of industry do not rest on one set of shoulders; that, as Mazzini taught, the workman has duties as well as rights. Any other method of relieving the burden of infirmity and old age saps the manhood of a nation, undermines the sense of responsibility, and creates a race of paupers.

### Progress of Aviation.

It is but a few months ago, at the Hudson-Fulton celebration, that Glenn H. Curtiss disappointed the crowds he had promised to entertain with an aerial flight, withdrawing from a contest for which he felt himself unprepared. Today he is the most distinguished of practical aviators, having compassed a flight from Albany to New York, 150 miles as the biplane flies, in two hours and forty-six minutes. The average rate of speed was 54.18 miles an hour as contrasted with the average speed rate of the Twentieth Century Limited between Albany and New York of 49.6 miles an hour. The success of this journey, in contrast with the failure of the Hudson-Fulton experiment, is one of the circumstances which show how rapid the advance has been in this country towards a control of aerial navigation as perfect, at least, as that which has been obtained in the navigation of the sea. Already a flight from New York to Chicago is contemplated, and it should not be long after that when the passage of the continent has been made. At the rate of forty miles an hour, allowing for stops, the country between New York and San Francisco might be covered in very much less than three days. By air line there are no mountains to circumvent or to climb, no long detours to make.

Four years ago the fame of Santos-Dumont for having made a flight of 720 feet was world-wide. It was in 1903 that the Wrights made the first successful man-flight, but it took them until 1905 to get proper control of their machine. Santos-Dumont wrested away their laurels. Since then each aviator of distinction has gone a little farther than the other, as each navigator of ancient days crept from headland to headland of the Mediterranean, the boldest finally thrusting his bark into the Atlantic. Farnum, leaving a French town, made a flight of seventeen miles without landing en route; Bleriot in the same neighborhood, two years ago, made twenty-six miles, then flew across the English Channel. In July, 1908, Farman flew forty miles, later 112 miles, and again, in 1909, 144 miles, a trip almost equal to Curtiss's in length, but not in speed or infrequency of stops. Last October, however, in a short flight in England, Latham went down the wind at the rate of ninety miles an hour.

The effort now is to increase the stability of the airship, so that it will travel safely in bad weather, and to add to its power of flight, so as to avoid frequent stops for fuel. When these improvements have been made, the military and economic aspects of the aeroplane will compel attention. It was perfectly obvious to the officers of the British Channel fleet some weeks ago when they came on deck after breakfast and saw a Wright biplane soaring overhead that, given a few finishing touches to the machine, the *Dreadnoughts*

would be at its mercy, subject only to the offset of another machine to fight it. On the economic side, the late Henry George contended that, given a dirigible balloon of staying power, the protective tariff would have to go. He believed that no customs service could patrol the heavens at night in a way to prevent the swift inward flight of smuggling craft which, laden with dutiable goods, could land anywhere in high mountains and deliver their precious wares secretly into the hands of the consignees. The chance to test this theory, in the light of present development, seems near at hand, and although a way may be brought about by the customs unions to regulate aerial traffic by licensing airships and compelling them to keep in constant touch by wireless with given points, the use of these devices by smugglers will undoubtedly grow. As to the military feature, the United States is, we believe, first in the field with practical experiments, an aviator having been secured for the Tennessee manoeuvres, to assail dummy forts, batteries, and troops from a great height with explosive missiles.

### Editorial Notes.

It turns out that Mr. Roosevelt's appointment as a special representative of the United States at King Edward's funeral will have, to him, a very substantial value, since in his character of ambassador he will have the right to bring home his personal baggage duty free. He has collected no end of "truck" in the past year and a half, and it will be no small favor to get it past the custom-house gates free of the customary tolls.

It will be interesting to see what will be the effect upon feminine manners of the severer standards of decorum certain to be established in King George's court. In the nine years of Edward there was great laxity at point of conventional manners, and it is within that period that fashionable women have adopted the cocktail, the cigarette, with some other practices equally unedifying. That George will have none of this sort of thing is a practical certainty. In other times the court practice has established the social rule. How it will be now time only can tell.

Officers of the fish and vegetable trust who have made a practice of destroying foodstuffs by the ton for the sake of maintaining prices at a high level in the San Francisco markets make light of District Attorney Fickert's crusade, smugly declaring that there is no law to touch them. Perhaps they are right, but the procedures instituted by Mr. Fickert will at least manifest the need of restraining laws and therefore be useful in the way of suggestion to the next legislature.

President Taft's support at Bryn Mawr of the principle of higher education for women is timely and proper. There is every reason why women should have every facility they desire for intellectual development. The true principle in higher education relates not so much to sex as to individual propensities and qualifications. It would be a hard heart that would deny to anybody, man or woman, any measure of culture individually desired or for which there is individual competence. All the education—all the culture—that can be assimilated should be the rule, alike for men and women.

There is no particular reason why those who cherish the memory of Jefferson Davis should not celebrate his birthday. And yet it is an expression of sentimentality which does no good either to those who take part in these ceremonies or those who observe them. Jefferson Davis, regarded historically, represents a system which the modern world abhors, a principle which the judgment of the country rejects, a cause which failed. The spirit of patriotism is best nourished by accepting results as they come to us, by devoting our energies to sustaining our system as time and events have shaped it.

The growing congestion of Fifth Avenue is a problem which presses upon the attention of New York City. Many devices for relief have been proposed and some have been tried, but to no effect. Year by year the matter becomes more serious. Mayor Gaynor's suggestion of a new avenue to be cut midway through that series of blocks which lie between Fifth and Sixth Avenues from Washington Square to Central Park is interesting not only on the score of the relief which it promises, but for its audacity as a financial proposition. The estimate of \$100,000,000 as the cost of such a development is probably too low by half. The



posals, we think, will not be carried out, since it will be combated by sentiment, vested interest, and the indisposition of the New York taxpayers to assume so great a burden. It is interesting to speculate upon the effecting of the projected Gaynor avenue if it could be brought into existence. That the traffic which now almost blocks Fifth Avenue would divide itself is doubtful. Under the new scheme either Fifth Avenue or the new avenue would hold fashionable prestige, to the comparative neglect of the other. Fifth Avenue is what it is because there is concentrated much that makes the "life" of New York City. Neither those who live in New York nor those who visit it would willingly see this particular aspect of the metropolis modified by the process of division.

There will be to many a certain sentimental satisfaction that a new hotel is to be put up on the site so long occupied by the old Occidental. There is need for a strictly downtown hotel, and there attaches to the Occidental site traditions which accord with the plan of reconstruction. Enterprises which go to the revival of old conditions and old memories tend to the re-creation of the spirit of old San Francisco, which so many of us hold in grateful mind.

That Sidney Porter, better known by his pen name of "O. Henry," should have passed away so prematurely is a distinct loss to American letters. Among the short-story writers who today are multiplying at such a bewildering rate he held a unique position, for he was individual and not an echo, typically American in his freedom from convention and the alertness of his methods. All his varied activities as cowboy, sheep herder, merchant, miner, druggist, and traveler combined to equip him with a versatile outlook on life, and gave him that genial, that tolerant appreciation of his fellows which lent so mellow a charm to his writings. His most notable gift, perhaps, was his command of the unexpected, his ability to disguise the climax he had in view. His humor, too, was delightfully spontaneous, and altogether his untimely death is a cause for genuine regret.

## THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Yet another theory is broached to account for the American voice, for the "disagreeable" peculiarities of the common speech which, in the opinion of the theorist, have been more criticized in Europe than other American defects of greater moment. The new theory is offered by L. W. Lyde, a London professor of geography, who affirms that the "nasal twang" is typical of the interior. This is his explanation:

In the New England States, so far as there is any distinctive intonation, it gives only a pleasing individuality to the voice; but, as the climate becomes continental, things are very different. Thus the clearer and dryer continental air had a very marked effect, especially on newcomers from parts of northwest Europe where centuries of acclimatization to "raw" air had made vocal cords and mucous membranes incapable of producing anything except "throaty" sounds; and very soon not only did the typical thick vowels and harsh consonants thin out and soften, but the whole process of speech was "lifted up" out of the throat. The ultimate result will probably be an approximation to the clear and musical tones of the old red men; but the means is what is known in music as "tuning up," which is neither a harmonious nor an elegant proceeding.

All this is ingenious and courteously put, but is it not probable that Professor Lyde may look nearer home for the origin of the American "nasal twang"? When Lowell was attacked for the "vulgarism" of the Yankee dialect he used in the "Biglow Papers" he had no difficulty in turning the tables on his critics and showing that most of those "vulgarisms" survived in one or other of the English provincial dialects. He demonstrated that numerous words which have been charged to the special account of Uncle Sam had their origin or were used in the eastern counties of England, from whence so many of the early settlers in America came. And those who are careful to defend or extenuate the American voice may carry their campaign into the enemy's camp along the same lines. Evidently Professor Lyde is ignorant of the tone of voice common to the natives of rural Lincolnshire, common to them, that is, when at their devotions. If he will study that process of "tuning up" he will be able to instruct the world with another new theory, and one which has more in its favor than his climatic hypothesis.

For should an impartial witness be taken into a Hyper-Calvinist chapel in any rural district of Lincolnshire and listen attentively to the natives when praying or preaching in the mood of fervor, he will detect at once the undoubted origin of "nasal twang." This "lifted up" manner of speech is common to most villagers of the English eastern counties when at their devotions, and seeing that the early settlers came so largely from those districts, and were in addition religious above all else, it does not seem necessary to look elsewhere for the beginning of "nasal twang."

How far, in the matter of art, we have for the moment lost all sense of standards and discipline is painfully illus-

trated by the fact that a medal of the first class and the chief prize of fifteen hundred dollars have been bestowed at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh on William Orpen's "Portrait of the Artist." To signal out for such honor a canvas of such a freak nature as this must surely represent the low-water mark of artistic judgment. With all deference to the personal appearance of the artist, it is impossible to regard him as a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," and there is no gain in an æsthetic sense by our having his portrait painted as a reflection in a huge mirror, which also depicts a "Venus de Milo" statue, and a glimpse of landscape as seen through a window on the opposite side of the studio. No doubt the technic is clever, but the purpose to which it is put has no abiding or ministering value. It is another illustration of expression being used to express what is not worth expressing.

Unhappily it is not alone in painting that hearings have been lost; the pernicious influence of the most reprehensible tendencies of impressionism has invaded literature and music. We have indeed, as Irving Babbitt has pointed out, reached a stage where literature is being divorced from rational purpose and devoted to the quest of sensation, where images are offered as a substitute for ideas, and words are being turned to voluptuary uses. It is all owing, as Sainte-Beuve warned us long ago, to the encroachment of one art upon another, the invasion of prose by painting. What does it lead to? The examples provided by Paul Verlaine and Oscar Wilde furnish the answer. It results in a moral debility of intellect and character.

Music as well as literature has been dragged along this descending path. And this notwithstanding what Beethoven said about the failure which was bound to follow if painting in instrumental music were pushed too far. Professor Babbitt puts the case conclusively:

The constant menace that hangs over the whole ultra-impressionistic school is an incomprehensible symbolism. Many persons will sympathize with the man who waxed enthusiastic over the way Richard Strauss had reproduced in one of his tone-poems the whistling of the wind through the arms of a mill, but was told that what the master had really tried to render in this passage was the bleating of a flock of sheep!

Of course the fact is there is no nomenclature, no vocabulary of sound. No piece of music, especially when unaccompanied by an interpretative programme, will suggest the same thing to two or more persons. We have indeed reached a "confusion of the arts," towards which impressionism has been the most guilty contributor. As the infection came from France, it is comforting to learn that a reaction has set in in that country. May the antidote prove as popular as the poison!

Were it possible to send every American on a trip to a foreign land, and there experience the indescribable thrill which comes to an exile when he gazes upon the flag of his native country amid unaccustomed surroundings, there would quickly be a speedy end of that misuse of the Stars and Stripes which is now the cause of hut occasional protest.

Human beings, republicans as well as the rest, need symbols. The office of the presidency is too abstract or changes in its occupant too frequently for it to become a nucleus for a strong national sentiment such as clusters around a dynasty which enshrines a thousand years of history. But the flag does fulfill such a function, and no one appreciates that fact so keenly as the traveler. Hence the feeling he has of degradation when on his return to America he finds the Stars and Stripes floating over peanut stands, and paraded in the homes of cheap and vulgar burlesque. It is an axiom in the "profession" that "the flag has saved many a rotten show." Who can not see the danger of this abuse? As the abiding symbol of the nation, the Stars and Stripes should be protected from unclean hands, from every maltreatment which tends to make it a common thing.

Has any one any use for a renegade? The question is asked because of the unseemly spectacles which men of that type make of themselves with indecent haste on their arrival in America. It is lamentable, too, that the conspicuous examples are often furnished by ministers of religion. Thus, a Baptist parson from England, who had been "called" to the Standard Oil tabernacle in New York, had hardly got ashore before he began to abuse the land and the sovereign of his childhood and manhood. An Irish emigrant is expected to know the front name of his ward boss before he lands, but other incipient republicans are somehow expected to have more regard for the amenities of life.

Another ministerial arrival who confesses to having been in America but three months has been airing his "no use" for this, that, and the other institution of his native land. Neither he nor his Baptist colleague seems to realize that just as the plain Englishman has little but contempt for Mr. Astor's repudiation of everything American, so the thoughtful American has little respect for the loud-voiced renegade, clerical or otherwise.

Thus far it has passed the wit of man to invent an *Index Expurgatorius* which shall not defeat the end for which it was devised. Undeterred by that fact, another optimistic soul makes the attempt. Writing to an editor whom he imagines as perplexed by the problem of what to do with "naughty novels," he asks why he does not add to the departments of his paper, in addition to the one headed, "Readable Novels," one bearing the caption of "Novels Returned to the Publisher"? Such sweet simplicity is refreshing. The list of "Novels Returned to the Publisher" would be treasured more than any other section of the journal; such a pointed separation of the goats from the sheep would be esteemed invaluable as the best time-saver ever invented by an editor. While shrinking from self-praise, the *Argonaut* ventures to submit

that its own solution of the problem is as nearly ideal as may be, consisting as it does of an acknowledgment of all novels received, with a brief non-indicative characterization of such as are not wholesome.

As related in some way to this unobtrusive censorship of literature it is not unfitting to reproduce those sentences in which the breezy Colonel Watterson summed up for a gathering of press men his ideals of newspaper work:

To print nothing of a man which he would not say to his face; to print nothing of a man in malice; to look well and think twice before consigning a suspect to the ruin of a printer's ink; to respect the old and defend the weak; and lastly, at work and at play, daytime and nighttime, to be good to the girls and square with the boys, for hath it not been written, "of such is the kingdom of heaven"?

Such ideals are evidently too high for many, or otherwise we should be spared the spectacle of a newspaper posing as an organ of "reform" while at the same time boasting that it has secured the services of one prize-fighter to report the daily doings of another of his degrading kind.

Seeing that the Strenuous One has so many causes for self-satisfaction, it is hardly likely that his complacency will be disturbed that a mere woman has totally eclipsed his dollar-a-word remuneration. 'Tis true the woman is dead, and hence is not a probable competitor in writing up the thrills of African hunting, but the stubborn fact remains that a page of her composition has found a market at the record price of twelve dollars a word. That is the achievement which may be warming the ghost of Mary Queen of Scots, for a one-page letter of hers was sold the other day for three thousand five hundred dollars. And on the same occasion: one-page letter written by her rival, Elizabeth of England changed ownership for seven hundred dollars. As the Scottish queen was so emphatically a woman, this triumph over "her of England" would, could she have foreseen it, have taken the bitterness from many days of imprisonment.

According to M. Pichon, the French minister for foreign affairs, who represented his country at the funeral of King Edward, the German emperor is strongly in favor of the nations of Europe being confederated into a great pacific union. Such a sentiment leaves the German press cold. A "beautiful ideal," says the *Berliner Tageblatt*, while the *Nachrichten* of Hamburg refuses to credit the report, and the *Tagliche Rundschau* bluntly talks about "our army" as the most potent factor in the European situation. On the other side of the channel the flying-machine novelist, H. G. Wells pooh-poohs the *Dreadnoughts* of his native land and declares that if he were fighting Germany he would "take the good men out of them and fight Germany's kindred folly with mine and torpedoes and destroyers and airships and submarines." Mr. Wells is of the opinion that no nation today realizes the importance of discovering and developing those supreme qualities of personal genius that become more and more decisive with every new weapon. And he derides the present British government as including men "of no more ability than an average assistant behind a grocer's counter." But has he not overlooked the fact that his own Mr. Polly achieved more than one notable victory over the formidable Uncle Jim?

There is a bill before Congress, which will probably never be heard from in the House, that prohibits the publication of a report of a prize-fight outside of the State in which it occurs. If such a thing ever became a law prize-fighting would die in a night, for it lives solely through publicity (observes the *Springfield Republican*). It would seem that there is a superfluous provision in the bill, and that is embodied in the phrase concerning the State. Why should a proceeding which is outlawed by the statutes of all States be aided and abetted by the press?

Tablets to the memory of William Lloyd Garrison and Henry George were unveiled in New York on May 30. The Garrison tablet is on the Westmoreland Hotel, Fourth Avenue and Seventeenth Street, where the great abolitionist died, and the George memorial on the Union Square Hotel, at Fifteenth Street and Fourth Avenue, where the eminent single-taxer passed away. Descendants or connections of the men honored and many workers in the cause of social reform were among those who participated in the ceremonies.

William A. Hinds, president of the Oneida Community in New York State, died a few days ago, aged seventy-seven. He was born in Massachusetts, completed a university course at Yale Sheffield Scientific School in 1870, and through his long life was prominent in the affairs of the Oneida Community. Mr. Hinds made a special study of American experiments in socialism, and his book, "American Communities," is regarded as a foremost authority on this subject.

One of the interesting things about the approaching Mexican centennial will be the parade in the City of Mexico, September 15, of allegorical floats to be furnished by the different States of the republic to represent the most notable historical events which have occurred within their several territories.

In Springfield, Massachusetts, a new building for the Young Women's Christian Association was dedicated a few days ago. A notable fact in connection is the statement that with \$100,000 to spend on the structure the committee held its outlay down to \$1.56 less than the amount in hand.



## THE METROPOLITAN IN PARIS.

## The New York Organization Triumphs in the French Capital.

Save for a few disaffected spirits in the musical world, Parisians of all classes anticipated the advent of the Metropolitan Opera forces with genuine interest. In part, no doubt, this was owing to the successful Russian invasion of last year—an invasion which for its musical triumphs and society éclat will long be remembered in the French capital.

Not a few enthusiasts went to Cherbourg to meet the company, the leading members of which, notably Caruso and Scotti, and Emily Destinn and Geraldine Farrar, were almost mobbed on disembarking. An unexpected member of the company was a New York barber, who told the inquiring press men that his presence was due to the generosity of Caruso. It seems that while he was shaving the famous tenor he expressed a wish to accompany him to Europe, whereupon Caruso asked, "Why not?" at the same time handing him a couple of hundred-dollar bills. Hence the Metropolitan company travels with its own barber.

Caruso no sooner reached Paris than the interviewers were on his track. Their efforts to obtain copy were not particularly successful, but to a personal friend the tenor unburdened some of his woes.

"When I was unknown," he said, "I sang like a singing bird, careless, without thought of nerves. But now my reputation is made, my audiences are more exacting. Here I am today bending beneath the weight of a renown which can not increase, but which the least vocal mishap may compromise. My audiences, well disposed towards me as they are, have to pay such high prices to hear me that they imagine I am a unique singer, and I appear before them stared at and envied. Imagine my state of mind when the curtain rises, for the human voice has its weaknesses. Like everybody, I have my cares and troubles, and climate and temperature affect me, but the public never thinks of that, demanding an artist as perfect as they imagine me to be. That is why often I am the unhappiest of men."

Notwithstanding the high prices which are to rule for the Metropolitan season, the demand for seats has been phenomenal. An orchestra stall costs twelve dollars, while the baignoires—the boxes on the floor level, which seat six persons—are priced at one hundred dollars. It is estimated that the sixteen performances arranged by Gatti-Casazza will yield a gross total of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, but from that sum has to be deducted the 10 per cent municipal tax, the commission of Ricordi of Milan, who owns the performing rights of most of the operas, and the percentage of the organizer of the season. But the venture is not made for profit; Gatti-Casazza expressly states that his sole purpose in bringing the Metropolitan company to Paris is to show the high operatic standard which is required and maintained in New York.

Without waiting to hear the singers, *Gil Blas* made an interested effort to discount the season. The journal declared that Toscanini and Gatti-Casazza are both prejudiced against French music, that the invasion is a mere blind to secure the Cross of the Legion of Honor for the conductor and manager, and that Gatti-Casazza owes his position to his friend Toscanini, etc. Happily, *Gil Blas* does not carry any weight nowadays; it has become so thoroughly the organ of musical provincialism that its sneers and charges are discounted as soon as made.

On all hands one hears expressions of regret that no better theatre than the old Châtelet was available for the Metropolitan company. The one thing in its favor is its spacious stage and auditorium, both the largest of any house in Paris with the exception of the National Opera. Otherwise, however, the building is hardly reckoned among the first-class theatres of Paris, for it is shabby both outside and inside, and its acoustic properties are exceedingly poor. It has one thing in its favor, and that is the spacious *corbeille*, or half-circle of the balcony, which presented such a marvelous array of wealth and beauty on the occasion of the Russian season. Even that resplendent memory was eclipsed at the general rehearsal on Thursday night, for the rumor that more than twenty thousand dollars' worth of new dresses had been ordered for that occasion was fully credible by all who gazed upon the superb toilettes and coiffures which transformed the *corbeille* into a paradise of beauty. All the seats in the front of the balcony, as well as those in the first row of boxes, had been reserved for the most beautiful and popular artists of Paris, with the result of making the rehearsal one of the most memorable occasions in Parisian musical history.

Saturday night, however, was to provide a mild sensation. This was the first public performance, "Aida" being given as at the rehearsal. The audience of the lower portion of the house and in the *corbeille* was, if possible, even more distinguished than on Thursday, for the absence of professionals left more room for the élite of French society. All went well until the beginning of the second act, when the rising curtain disclosed Mme. Homer ready to begin her solo. Hardly, however, had she uttered two or three words than a storm of hisses came from the gallery, mingled with abusive epithets to Toscanini. Neither the conductor nor the singer paid the slightest heed to the interruption. For a few moments the din was almost deafening. Shouts and hisses, and the opposing applause of the stalls and balcony, and the strains of the orchestra,

were blended in one discordant uproar. Mme. Homer and Toscanini remained unmoved, and when a momentary lull in the tumult gave an opportunity, the singer swiftly took up her solo, dominating the audience into silence and holding it with clear, strong notes. After that the *Gil Blas* contingent in the gallery gave no more trouble; the conclusion of Mme. Homer's aria was followed by a whirlwind of applause, and the opera was continued and concluded amid tokens of hearty approval.

Apart from the irresponsible *Gil Blas*, the press has had little but praise to bestow upon the leading of Toscanini, the singing of the principals, the costuming and mounting of the operas, and, above all, the orchestral work and ensemble singing. Thus it is already evident that the remainder of the season will attract crowded houses, and that the visit of the Metropolitan will most probably lead to an advantageous arrangement with the National Opera for a New York season.

PARIS, May 23, 1910.

ST. MARTIN.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Courage.

Oh! fear not in a world like this,  
And thou shalt know ere long—  
Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

And thou, too, whose'er thou art,  
That redest this brief psalm;  
As one by one thy hopes depart,  
Be resolute and calm.

—Longfellow.

## Ode to the Approach of Summer.

Oft when thy season, sweetest queen,  
Has drest the groves in livery green;  
When in each fair and fertile field  
Beauty begins her bow'r to build;  
While evening, veil'd in shadows brown,  
Puts her matron mantle on,  
And mists in spreading streams convey  
More fresh the fumes of new-shorn hay;  
Then, goddess, guide my pilgrim feet  
Contemplation hoar to meet,  
As slow he winds in museful mood,  
Near the rush'd marge of Cherwell's flood;  
Or o'er old Avon's magic edge,  
When Shakespeare cull'd the spicy sedge,  
All playful yet, in years unripe,  
To frame a shrill and simple pipe.  
There, through the dusk but dimly seen,  
Sweet ev'ning objects intervene:  
His watted cotes the shepherd plants,  
Beneath her elm the milkmaid chants.  
The woodman, speeding home, awhile  
Rests him at a shady stile.  
Nor wants there fragrance to dispense  
Refreshment o'er my soothed sense;  
Nor tangled woodbine's balmy bloom,  
Nor grass besprent to breathe perfume:  
Nor lurking wild thyme's spicy sweet  
To bathe in dew my roving feet:  
Nor wants there note of Philomel,  
Nor sound of distant tinkling bell:  
Nor lowings faint of herds remote,  
Nor mastiff's bark from bosom'd cot;  
Rustle the breezes lightly borne  
O'er deep embattled ears of corn:  
Round ancient elm, with humming noise,  
Full loud the chaffer swarms rejoice.  
Meantime a thousand dyes invest  
The ruby chambers of the west!  
That all aslant the village tower  
A mild reflected radiance pour,  
While, with level-streaming rays,  
Far seen its arch'd windows blaze:  
And the tall grove's green top is dight  
In russet tints, and gleams of light:  
So that the gay scene by degrees  
Bathes my blithe heart in ecstasies;  
And fancy to my ravish'd sight  
Portrays her kindred visions bright.  
At length the parting light subdues  
My soften'd soul to calmer views;  
And fainter shapes of pensive joy,  
As twilight dawns, my mind employ,  
Till from the path I fondly stray  
In musing lapt, nor heed the way;  
Wandering through the landscape still,  
Till melancholy has her fill;  
And on each moss-wove border damp  
The glow-worm hangs his fairy lamp.—Warton.

The muskrat is at the present time the most important fur-bearing animal of North America. Last year muskrat skins were put upon the market realizing to the trappers nearly \$1,700,000. A large percentage of the catch is furnished by the tide-water region of Maryland, Delaware, and New Jersey. In Dorchester County, Maryland, the marshes are usually leased to the trappers for half the value of the catch. In that county about 250,000 skins are taken annually. Not only the fur is utilized, but the meat also, which finds a local consumption, and is shipped to Baltimore, Wilmington, and other cities. The financial return exceeds that of the large oyster industry of the same region. The fur of the black muskrat usually commands the highest price, and in Dorchester County some of the marshes yield fully one-half of this variety.

Since the establishment of the Nobel prize, Selma Lagerlöf is the only woman that has been honored with the literary award. The Baroness von Sutzen, author of "Lay Down Your Arms," received her prize for work in the cause of peace. Although there were many formidable candidates against Selma Lagerlöf, including Anatole France, all who knew her work, and especially if they recalled the exact phrasing of the fourth clause—for the best work of an "idealist tendency"—realized the appropriateness of giving the prize to her.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Crown Prince Ferdinand von Hohenzollern of Roumania is a keen soldier and very popular with the Roumanians. His wife, who was the eldest daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Coburg, is one of the most beautiful women in Europe.

Henry Dexter, president of the American News Company in New York, ninety-seven years of age, still sits at his desk. He goes down to his office every day in an automobile and takes a very active interest in his business, as well as in philanthropic affairs.

Fernando Jones, who celebrated his ninetieth birthday recently, has lived in Chicago longer than any other person. He settled there in 1835, and has lived there ever since. When he first saw the village it was nothing unusual to observe Indians upon the streets. He bids fair to live to be a hundred years of age.

Yusuf Izzeddin Effendi, heir apparent to the Ottoman Empire, was made minister of war when he was eighteen years of age. He was born in 1857, was deprived of most of the large fortune left him by his father through the displeasure of the ex-Sultan, Abdul Hamid, but he has gradually recovered it and is now said to be one of the wealthiest men in Turkey.

M. Pichon, the French foreign minister, used to be a newspaper man. In 1878 he joined M. Clemenceau's paper, *La Justice*, and retained his connection with it until the beginning of his diplomatic career in 1894. His knowledge of Far Eastern affairs is extensive, for he was French minister at Peking during the Boxer uprising. In fact he was reported killed, and had the pleasure of reading some very satisfactory obituary notices after quiet had been restored.

James Earle Fraser, the sculptor, whose studio is down in the artists' colony of MacDougal Alley, New York, was a protégé of Saint-Gaudens. He was born in Winona, Minnesota, in 1876, lived in the West for many years, and his work is reflective of the open prairie. He started carving figures in schoolroom chalk when he was fourteen, and in 1898 won a prize in Paris, offered by the American Art Association for the best work done by any American.

General Thomas H. Henderson, president of the board of managers of the National Soldiers' Home Commission, who lives in Washington, was principal speaker at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln, held recently at Kewanee, Illinois. General Henderson, who at that time lived at Princeton, Illinois, was a delegate to the convention which nominated Lincoln, and was one of those who fought for him from the start.

Robert Alphonso Taft, son of the President, who is to be graduated from Yale University this month, is going to start work in the Harvard Law School in October. He is the first son of a President of the United States to acquire a Yale diploma. He is a member of Phi Beta Kappa, president of the Yale City Government Club, the Skull and Bones, beside being treasurer of the college Y. M. C. A. He has a judicial bent of mind and some day plans to be a judge.

Professor John Howard Van Amringe, dean of Columbia University and a staunch advocate of college athletics, has given up active teaching after a service of more than fifty years. He was graduated from Columbia in 1860 and was a chum of Morley and Metzanthin, two of Columbia's famous football players. The Columbia students have for years affectionately called him "Van Am." The first two years of his college life were spent at Yale, then he went to Columbia, and has been there since. He is seventy-five years old.

Professor L. H. Bailey, who was appointed chairman of the Country Life Commission by President Roosevelt, had his agricultural life thrust upon him. He was an ardent lover of outdoors, but preferred to write about farm life, rather than practice it. When he was asked to become president of the New York State College of Agriculture he did not care much about undertaking it, but President Schurman would not excuse him, and so Professor Bailey began experimenting with apples and other farm products. He was formerly an assistant to Asa Gray, the Harvard botanist, and is now known as the leading authority on the botany of cultivated plants.

Major-General Daniel E. Sickles is the oldest living Civil War leader. He is eighty-seven years old, but still stalwart and active. General Sickles began his business life as a printer. Then he studied law and was admitted to practice at the bar. In 1852 he was corporation attorney of New York, but resigned that place to accompany James Buchanan to London as secretary of legation. At the beginning of the Civil War he organized the "Excelsior Brigade" of 5000 New York volunteers, was commissioned as their colonel, and a short time later succeeded "Fighting Joe" Hooker. At Gettysburg, while leading his corps against Longstreet, he was so seriously wounded that his right leg was amputated on the field of battle. In spite of this injury he remained in active service and in 1865 was breveted major-general in the regular army. General Sickles is now chairman of the State Commission for Erecting New York Monuments, in which capacity he has superintended the building of more than one hundred monuments in various parts of the country to the New York troops of the Civil War.



## THE MAN WHO LAUGHED.

An Apostle of Optimism and His Romance.

We were a doleful crowd: Herrick white as a ghost, just emerging from the too caressing arms of the gripe; Winslow in the depths over the disastrous turn of one of his many love affairs; Morgan brooding over a recent letter from home; I, Jim Canfield, fighting mad over an ulcerated tooth which had lost me a coveted consignment on my paper.

We were at the Poorman's Club rooms, an institution created because of the inability of its members to join any of the swell clubs of the city, not from causes of immorality or injured reputations, but purely from the low and sordid view of a prostrate purse.

Suddenly the door opened and Richmond entered. At once he struck an attitude, threw back his head and sang at the top of his lungs to a popular tune:

"There were some men and they were sad,  
And one was all tarnation mad;  
And what did they do, these precious lambs,  
But growl and groan and mutter damns."

He waited expectantly and then his face dropped: "I've lost it; my encore's gone," he wailed.

I sank into a morris chair and looked about with a grin, ignoring Herrick's hoarse—"Don't play the fool all the time, Dick, if you can help it."

"Why didn't you fellows tell me there was a funeral, and I would have been on hand earlier? They're so cheerful, and the atmosphere is so sunny, so charged with mirth." He dodged a pillow and book thrown with his usual energy by Winslow.

"I seem," Richmond went on tranquilly, "to be enmeshed in the toils of gloom today. My landlady could sympathize with you, my brothers. You haven't her woes, anyhow. I don't really believe we males sympathize enough with the other sex on the subject of suffrage and the servant problem. I waited impatiently in the little anteroom to pay my monthly dues, when Mrs. Jenks popped her head around a portiere near me. Her face was as unhappy as Herrick's here, and she said in an agonized whisper: 'Do wait a minute, Mr. Richmond, please,' and withdrew. And then from the other side of the curtain came her voice pleading, humble and meek: 'Doesn't your room suit you, Norah? I'll have a low light put in if you wish; and I'll give you my rocker, and a new lace curtain, and let you have an extra afternoon.' 'Indade, ma'am, I couldn't think uv stayin'. The work do be hard, an' me health that diliket. I musht go at once; me brother do be takin' me to the seashore tomorrow, the hate is too much fer me.' 'But what shall I do? No cook and all these boarders! Would ten dollars suit you better than six?' 'Ah, Mis' Jenks, you know me wakeness—me third always said me heart was that soft—an' to desert ye in the time av stress. I'll shtay. Yes, I'll go back to me kitchen, hate or no hate, an' buckle to, an' the victuals will be illigant the day. Don't be scared; it's all right; an' I'll put up wid the curtain, but I would be glad of yer rocker, its style is what strikes me; an' the extry afternoon; an' bether toilet soap; an' the tin dollars. I'll take off me hat, but ye came by the skin of a hair to losin' me, ma'am."

And on he went telling story after story, until we could hold out no longer. It wasn't his wit so much as his general air and manner which made us laugh. He was so friendly and jolly, and he could act his anecdotes to the life, yet with no effort. I think the secret was Dick's spontaneity. At any rate we gave in and before he left to keep an engagement we were all in a gale.

After he went, Morgan, who had been quiet for five minutes, exclaimed: "Eureka. Richard is my model for the Spirit of Joy, never thought of it before. When he sang it came to me. Blond type, strong yet tender face, and that radiance and air of suspended flight." Morgan was an artist.

"He's all right," muttered the grippy one; "but he has never had any sort of trouble. He looks as healthy as an ox, and his spirits are too infernally buoyant. It gets on the nerves for steady diet. I wouldn't wish him harm, but a little homeopathic dose of misfortune might tone him down."

"It's only his own affairs he takes lightly," observed Ainslee, the silent, with effort; "he is a godsend in other folks' calamities."

Herrick started. Ainslee was our unknown quantity. "I didn't know you knew Richmond?"

"Well, I know that much." And he would say nothing further.

A week later my paper sent me up country on a big scoop. It was a small place—Springville. I was unusually successful and correspondingly elated. My train wouldn't leave for an hour or more. I had exhausted the town and decided to wait in the station and read a new magazine. The place was deserted except for an elderly woman who was restlessly moving about. I was well into my story when a voice at my elbow said: "Are you goin' far?"

I glanced around to see the elderly woman looking at me with a certain expectancy. "To the city," I replied laconically.

But she was not so easily rebuffed. "I don't know but one person there an' he's a man. I wonder if you know Dick Richmond?"

I nodded. "I know him well."

"Not so well as I do, I bet you. I used to sew fer all the Richmonds. They lived here, an' Dick was a

nice boy; full of ginger, but the best heart; always laughin' an' bubblin' over with fun. To see him who'd a thought he would hed that trouble?"

"Trouble!" I repeated, rousing myself to listen.

"Yes, it would surprise a body seein' him so jolly. But if that young feller don't know what hard times is—why it sort of lay on top o' him like a haystack. First, his ma's death—his pa died when he was little—an' then his health give out; he'd b'en workin' to kill, his ma was an invalid an' hed to travel an' she ruled the roost. It came on folks here like a cyclone to see Dick Richmond sick; he'd always b'en the livin' image of health and strength. But he had to go West, a bad breakdown. An' when he come back he hed to fall in love with Patricia Burnham, who hed come home from Europe. Some folks thought she was a tearin' beauty, but I never could see so much to rave over, an' beauty's only skin deep anyhow. An' her's was only the top layer. But Dick only seen that fur an' was crazy over her. An' they was engaged, an' the weddin' day set, an' do you think, she up and run off with another feller she hed met in Germany. His name was Ernhart, an' I hope she got enough of him. But like as not she's sailin' around as happy as a clam. Well, Dick was awful cut up. He was livin' with his aunt. That's another thing, her husband hed died an' she hedn't anybody but Dick near to her, an' she was ailin' an' a person without tack—this kind, you know, tellin' me, 'My, Mis' Holt, why did you git them green roses on yer bunnit? Mis' Bundy says you look ten years older in it.' When she knowed I hed to wear it fer two solid years! So you see she wasn't very good company. An' she said that Dick was all down fer a week an' then he just bust out agin, like he always done. An' his aunt turned on him: 'Aint you no feelin' at all?' she says, an' he says: 'Well, it don't pay to show 'em, an' I jus' tell you, Aunt Dide, right now, thet I've seen enough of folks lookin' at the dark side of life an' never lookin' at the other—his ma was dreadful droopy an' dyin' twenty times before she did—an' I aint a-goin' to add to that part of the population. Folks want cheerin', an' if they'd laugh more they'd hev more health an' more religion. I guess,' he says, 'that's the only creed I know.'

"Well, it did seem as if the poor fellow was to hev his creed tested, fur the money he'd inherited an' invested so well, he thought, all went up sky high. An' his aunt thought then he'd quit his smiles, but he didn't. He said: 'Well I'll hev to git a better job.' An' he went to the city, an' he's awful good to Mis' Roberts—she's his aunt—sendin' her a check every month an' writin' her the funniest letters, an' comin' up here an' livenin' her up so's you wouldn't know her, fer if she aint a livin' tomb I never see one, her face all drawn down to Chiny an' her eyes so mournful. I tell you, anybody'd make her even flicker her mouth 'ud be a wonder. Well, there's our train—are you goin' in a Pullman?"

"No, the smoker," I said with finality.

After reaching the city I hurried to the office. On the way I met a Red Cross ambulance and, to my surprise, sitting beside the driver was Herrick. He bowed to me solemnly and I went on my way in a daze. Who could be ill or hurt who belonged to him? No one seemed to know. At Poorman's that night I ran into him.

"Who—" I began, and the others crowded around us.

"It was Richmond," Herrick replied before I could go on. "A little fellow fell from one of the boats on the river, a ragged, dirty kid, and Dick was on the pier. In a second he was in the water, you know he can swim, and after him. He got him all right, and started for shore, but somehow near the pier he struck his head on one of the stone abutments and was badly hurt. They got them in, but I guess it's all over with the poor fellow. I happened to come along, my office is near the pier, and went to the hospital with him. He came to, when the nurse worked over him, and when he saw me he knew me and gave that familiar laugh, though mighty faint. 'Well, Herrick, the fool is down, but didn't old Billy Shakespeare say he'd rather have a fool to make him merry than experience to make him sad?' A moment more and he was raving; calling us fellows to save him, to lift the stone crushing his brain, even a fool's brain. I wonder if what I said to him that day I was so grumpy really soaked in? I wish I had cut my tongue out."

We all scouted the idea and declared with truth that Dick wasn't such a thin-skinned creature, and that the brain cuts queer antics when it's out of kilter. But a gloom settled over us far deeper than when Richmond had laughed us out of it before. You see we didn't know how much we thought of him. We had taken him as a matter of course all this time; now we knew his worth, his loveliness. We tried all the old tricks to pass away the time and divert us, but at last we gave it up and talked of Dick. And I told what the queer party in Springville had reeled off to me in the station. Only somehow I couldn't go into the details of his unfortunate romance. I merely stated that he had had some disappointment in a love affair.

Herrick seemed quite taken aback. He had been so cocksure that Dick's life had been a smooth one. He somehow, too, felt that he was personally responsible, with his wish that night, though of course that was tommy-rot.

The days went on, these perfect June days, and Richmond lingered on. The papers had been full of his

exploit—how he would have squirmed over the publicity! The nurse had written his aunt, there didn't seem any one else, but she was unable to come. We fellows agreed to look after her in the future. And then he took a turn for the better, and one evening, early, Herrick burst into Poorman's more like Dick, I never knew him so excited. "Say, fellows, I've two autos out here, climb in and go instant to the hospital. Dick wants us. He's to be married. No stop for prinking, Sallie," this to the immaculate Canfield, "come. We must be quiet and not stay afterwards."

I stared at Herrick and so did we all. Was his brain touched a little too? But our incredulity seemed to madden him. He used strong language and drove us forth. We were literally whirled into Dick's room.

There he lay, paler and thinner, but the old Dick. We took his outstretched hand silently. His face was radiant, but he was evidently under bonds not to over-exert himself. "I wanted you to see her, boys," he said, his eyes shining.

There was a sound of the soft swishing of skirts and she stood among us, a creature in some white creation, very simple, but which brought out her wonderful beauty in startling relief. Her dark heavy hair, her dazlingly fair skin, her eyes: they showed how she had suffered. In spite of her youth and loveliness, that struck me all the time, that sense of past experience; perhaps it was Dick's danger only.

The rector was there in his vestments, and the solemn service went on. I was so full of Dick, so afraid it would be too much for him, that I failed to catch the name when she made her vows. I never before or since saw such a marriage ceremony. Dick's eyes never left her face as she knelt beside him; and hers were imploring, I could think of no other word.

And then after our congratulations we were hurried off. Once in the long corridor, we turned to Herrick: "Who is she?"

"A widow, Patricia Ernhart. Had an awful life. My brother knew Ernhart—a perfect Adonis as to looks, with the black heart. He ended by forging and committing suicide. It seems Dick knew her before and she read of his plight in the paper. She adores him all right. If only she can save him! The doctor says it's his only chance."

Did he get well? I should say so. Happiest marriage. Mrs. Richmond's eyes didn't keep their shadows long under the régime of the man who laughed. She laughs a great deal, too; she is happy. And little Dick—we all spoil him. And the girl is going to be a stunner when she grows a little more. Herrick says he's going to wait for her. RHODES CAMPBELL.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1910.

Astronomers once believed that the entire starry universe revolved around a centre of attraction, and the star named Alcyone, in the group of the Pleiades, was selected by Maedler as marking that great centre. It has long been known, however (says *Harper's Weekly*), that Maedler's conclusion, which was based on the apparent motions of the stars, was incorrect, and if any universal centre exists it has not yet been discovered. In fact, many of the stars seem to be moving in straight lines, some in one direction and some in another; and among these is our own sun. But it is possible that further observations will show that all the stars are really moving in curved lines. In the meantime it has been found that there are certain groups, or sets, of stars which appear to travel together. To what set, if any, the sun belongs, we do not yet know, but Delaunay has presented reasons for thinking that those stars whose distances have been measured (that is to say, those which are nearest to us) group themselves around Sirius, the dog-star, in a manner similar to that in which the inner planets are grouped around the sun. If this be correct, Sirius may possibly be the master sun of which our orb of day is a distant satellite.

Marriage contracts written on ostraca or potsherds have been unearthed at Luxor, Egypt, which convict the experimental union man of unoriginality. They are two thousand years old. Thus, one of them: "I take thee, Taminis, daughter of Pamonthis, into my house to be my lawful wife for the term of five months. Accordingly I deposit for you in the Temple of Hathor the sum of four silver stater, which will be forfeited to you if I dismiss you before the conclusion of the five months, and besides this my banker shall do something for you; but if you leave me on your own account before the end of the five months the above sum which I have deposited shall be refunded to me."

A new Great Seal of Britain becomes necessary owing to the death of King Edward VII. The old one will be broken—that is to say, the sovereign will give it a gentle blow with a hammer, after which it is supposed to lose all its virtue. The great seals thus discarded are looked upon as heirlooms in the families of the lord chancellors to whom they have come as perquisites of office. The new one will cost £400.

The popular agitation in India over the partition of the province of Bengal seems to be subsiding. Some of the native papers, which violently opposed the scheme, are now admitting that it has proved beneficial, while ex-Judge Saroda Mitter of the Calcutta High Court, an active Nationalist politician, has declared that there is no harm in it.



## MOTLEY AND HIS FAMILY.

New Letters and Anecdotes of the Famous Historian.

Notwithstanding the life written by Holmes, and the volume of correspondence edited by George William Curtis, the daughters of Motley have discovered among their father's papers sufficient unpublished material to warrant the volume now given to the world under the title of "John Lothrop Motley and His Family." In addition to letters from the historian himself, there are many interesting epistles written by his wife and daughters, all of them adding either to our knowledge of the central figure or throwing a pleasing light upon the doings of a singularly affectionate family. Mrs. Motley was a remarkable woman, and naturally came into contact with many prominent people. Some of the earliest letters from her pen were written to Motley when he was absent in St. Petersburg, and of course they had to retail the incidents of home life.

Lottie is as sweet as ever, dear little fellow; I am sure he will never forget you. . . . Last night I went up to him after he was in bed, and asked him to say his prayers. "No, mamma, I don't want to say, 'Our Father'; I will say 'The Man in the Moon' for you," which he accordingly did. Presently he said, "I can't find God, mamma," calling at the top of his voice, "God, God, he can't hear." I checked him, and tried to make him understand that God could hear even when he spoke very softly. He remained thinking a little while, and then said, in the most coaxing, insinuating tone: "You will take care of my papa, won't you, God? He says he will, mamma." He seems to have adopted the familiar style in his petitions.

Early in the following year, 1842, Mrs. Motley gave her husband a lively account of the visit of Charles Dickens to Boston.

. . . Dickens goes today, but has promised to return in June. I only had a glimpse of him in the street getting in and out of a carriage when he came to breakfast with Dr. Channing the other morning. I went to Miss Peabody's, where he promised to go; instead of which, however, he went to bed and sent an apology, and disappointed the Paiges, who had prepared a magnificent dinner for him—half an hour after the dinner hour he sent an apology. He went to Lowell on Thursday, which he said was the happiest day he had passed in the country—he promised to go again, and Sam Lawrence promised to give him a party, and invite 1200 girls to meet him; poor man, he is literally used up; he says in future he shall pursue a totally different course, shut himself up on particular days, and see no one. He came to the country for particular purposes, all of which he has been obliged to forego thus far, for the sake of giving himself up as a spectacle. He says this second edition, this epitome of London, will never do; he must see something besides—he has been about among the poor with Waterstone and to the watch house twice—his mistake, I think, was in supposing he would see and hear and understand everything in six months; he ought to have given himself more time. Mrs. D. is to be confined, I hear, which will hurry them home; he has four children. Somebody told me the other evening when he was obliged to stay at home from perfect exhaustion of body and mind, that a man inquired for him at the Tremont House, and in spite of Dickens's repeated refusals to see him contrived to make his way into his parlor, where the poor man was extended on the sofa; he remained an hour, and then requested Mr. D. to allow him to bring up his wife, who was waiting below. Dickens told him he really must excuse him; he was too ill to remain any longer, and went to his room and threw himself on the bed; in spite of this the man brought up his wife and passed another hour with Mrs. Dickens—did you ever hear anything so disgusting? The women, not the common people, for that you could excuse, float round him in the streets, wait for him at corners, and Alexander's room is crammed every day with girls and women, who call themselves ladies, to see him when he comes out of the studio. The other day he was absolutely obliged to force himself through the crowd, and one woman stepped before him and said to him: "Mr. Dickens, will you be kind enough to walk entirely round the room, so that we can all have a look at you?" This is one of the million things which I could tell you which makes me feel sometimes as if I should cry with mortification. Chapman's invitation to him was the funniest: "Mr. Dickens, will you dine with me?" "I am very sorry I am engaged!" "Will you sup with me?" "I am engaged."

"Will you lunch with me?" "I am engaged."

"Will you breakfast with me?" "I am engaged."

"Well, will you sleep with me?" "Thank you, with the greatest pleasure, nothing could gratify me more than to accept an invitation to sleep."

One other glimpse of Boston life deserves to be cited. It attaches another and characteristic legend to the vicinity of the Brimstone Corner.

Dr. Howe was telling a good story the other day, but which would be considered slightly profane by some people. A gentleman being religiously and devoutly inclined, remained to the communion in Park Street Church. One of the deacons, suspecting from certain signs that he was not one of the elect, asked him if he belonged to their denomination, to which he answered, "No," that he had always been in the habit of partaking of the communion at every place of worship; to which the man replied that he could not do so there, and the gentleman instantly prepared to depart with a thousand apologies, saying that he certainly had no idea of doing anything improper. He had supposed he was to partake of the Lord's Supper, but he now discovered that he had been about to intrude upon a private entertainment of their own.

Holland appealed to Motley from the early years of his life, and when he definitely set himself the task of writing the "History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic" went to Europe to study original documents in the archives there. Now and then he varied his labors as a student by attending a social or court function, and his daughter tells this reminiscence of one such occasion:

Mr. Motley used often to relate an anecdote of an Englishwoman resident in Dresden who likewise went to court.

The then reigning Queen Consort of Saxony was a very tall woman, and on the British lady being presented to her, remarked, by way of something to say, that the Queen of England was very short.

To this the Englishwoman eagerly rejoined:

"Oh, yes, your majesty, but it is far better to be a short queen on a big throne than a tall queen on a small throne." How her majesty of Saxony received this somewhat tactless remark has not been recorded.

While still at Dresden we find Motley indulging in this outburst in a letter to a Boston friend who had made some disparaging reference to the hero of the Reformation:

But what do you mean by venting your spleen upon Martin Luther? If you were nearer, I should shy my inkstand at your head as he did at Beelzebub's. Not that I am especially a believer in Luther's religion or Calvin's either any more than in the Pope of Rome's or Mahomet's, but I honor the man who established for a large part of the human race the fundamental principle that "thoughts were free." I honor him the more for not having set himself to be burned to death by that stuff jacket Charles Fifth, whom everybody whose tongue is English is brought up to consider a great man, because that nincompoop of a Robertson ("whose works no gentleman's library should be without") wrote his life in a corrupt Johnsonian dialect, which used to be taken for English, and with a pompous parish hull suavity which used to be thought wisdom and philosophy. I tell you without Luther there would have been no William of Orange, no Washington.

Don't understand me, by the way, to maintain that Charles the Fifth was personally as great a blockhead as his biographer—far from it—but he was a lying rascal, no gentleman in any sense of the word, and a tricky, artful, dodging, pocket-picking humbug. He was a good soldier, however, although he did run away from Innsbruck by torchlight in the disguise of an old woman (a fact which principal Robertson doesn't mention, thinking it doubtless beneath the dignity of history), and he was really great in his retirement at the monastery of Just. I certainly beg your pardon, dear Tom, for writing this stuff—but you know I am a *gratte papier* by profession, and you stirred me up by pitching into Luther.

By the beginning of 1854 Motley had made much good progress with his history that it was necessary to consider the question of publication. He was anxious that John Murray should bring out the work, and to that end desired a friend to provide him with letters of introduction to Colonel Forbes and the publisher.

I shall be exceedingly obliged to you for a letter to him and to Murray, and will write to you when I am desirous of receiving them. I hate to think at present of the horrid part of literature, printing and publishing. I always exclude such thoughts from my mind—bury myself in the past ages and imagine that I am really a contemporary of the fellows I am writing about. If I didn't do that, I could not write a line, for I have the most unaffected horror of the publication stage, have flung away ambition long ago if I ever had any, and if I think of printing at all, it is never without a lingering hope that my work may be published as the posthumous production of a promising young gentleman of forty, who, if he had lived, might have been, etc., etc., etc. All I care for, if my book does ever get into print is that it may do some good as a picture of the most diabolical tyranny which was ever permitted to be exercised, and of a free commonwealth which was absolutely forced into existence and self-defense. If ten people in the world hate despotism a little more and love civil and religious liberty a little better in consequence of what I have written, I shall be satisfied.

Murray kept the manuscript two weeks and then declined it. The author anticipated some such result, and was kind enough not to chuckle over the obtuseness of the publisher when the work proved an immediate success. By the assistance of his father and uncle, Motley issued the history at his own expense.

On the outbreak of the Civil War, at which time Motley was in London, the historian at once returned to his native land. His wife and daughter Lily remained in the English capital, from whence many interesting epistles were penned by the latter. One of these describes a dinner party at which Buckle was a guest.

As to appearance, he looks rather older than I expected, which is owing, perhaps, to his being so bald, having only a few shiny hairs brushed across the top of his head. He has rather a comical face, the features all up in a hunch and a pursed-up mouth. We liked him very much. He does not talk all the time and he seemed to me to allow other people to express their opinions. He had a great deal to say about imagination, and said that he should not hesitate to take it rather than understanding, if he were offered his choice between the two, that a great poet was greater than a great mathematician and more in the same strain. All this seemed rather astonishing from a man the object of whose writing appears to be to divest history of all its romantic elements and reduce it to a system of statistics. He and Mr. Layard had a discussion across the table, the latter asserting that the tendency of the age was to make everybody alike, to the repression of originality or eccentricity. Buckle on the contrary maintaining that there was more liberty of thought and opinion and that they were allowed a more free expression than at any other period of the world's history. Mr. Layard asked him what he thought of the system of competitive examination. He said that he approved of it, not because he thought it gave the country a chance to be served by able men, for, on the contrary, it encouraged false learning or cramming, but because it was a democratic movement, having the effect of diminishing patronage. Anything that tended to pull down the aristocracy and weaken the power of government must be a move in the right direction. He disapproved of universal suffrage in England, because it would be an aristocratic movement, by giving the aristocrats power to hush the votes of the lower classes. We rather steered clear of the topic of America, not particularly caring to hear him talk on a subject which might provoke disagreeables. Mamma thanked him for the compliments to you which are scattered about in the new volumes. He said that the obligation was all on his side; that he had wished very much to make your acquaintance and still hoped to do so some day, and that if we must have hero worship, it was a gratification to have it so well done. He said that he was going to Scotland, which somebody said was a bold measure. "Not at all," he replied; "I am the most popular man in the country and shall have an ovation there." It is difficult to understand why he takes this view of the subject, particularly as just before he remarked that the Scotch had no religion, only a theology.

For six years Motley, it will be remembered, was United States Minister to the Court of Austria, a position to which he was appointed by Lincoln. In time the historian came to like Vienna and the Austrians, but in the early years the appointment had its drawbacks. This is illustrated in a frank confession to an

English friend, with which may be coupled an incident which happened to Mrs. Motley.

What can I say to you about Vienna? I don't wish to say anything against people who have civilly interested me, who are kindly in manner, and are certainly as well dressed, as well bred, as good looking as could be desired. A Vienna salon, with its "Comtesse Zimmer" adjoining, full of young beauties, with their worshippers buzzing about them like great golden humble-bees, is as good a specimen of the human tropical conservatory sort of thing as exists.

But I must look at it all objectively, not subjectively. The society is very small in number—as you know. One soon gets to know every one—gets a radiant smile from the fair women and a pressure of the hand from the brave men—exchanges a heartfelt word or two about the Prater or the last piece at the Burg, groans aloud over the badness of the Opera and the prevalence of the dust—and *damit Punktum*.

She was sitting on the chaperon's hench at a subscription ball next to a certain princess, who, seeing a young man pass who was unknown to her, turned to Mrs. Motley and asked if she knew who he was. Mrs. Motley, rather surprised at being asked by an Austrian to identify a man who not only was an inhabitant of Vienna, but also bore an illustrious name, answered: "C'est M. de Goethe," the youth in question being the grandson of the greatest of German poets. "Goethe, Goethe," said the high-horn lady, "je ne connais pas ce nom."

After some thought she, however, recollected that a man of that name had written the libretto of Gounod's opera, "Faust," with which she was familiar from hearing it at the Kärnthner Thor.

However, the princess was not the only member of the Austrian court with a defective education. Miss Motley wrote to her sister: "Do you know that I was seriously asked the other day if 'Faust' was not written by Shakespeare, and by a German too."

Among the new letters in this volume is one from Bismarck, with whom Motley had been on intimate terms for many years. The two met at Vienna, and Mrs. Motley sent her daughter this account of the occasion:

He came to see us with Werther on Sunday, the second evening after his arrival. Your father got a hug from him on the stairs, and then he came into the blue room where we were with the Bowditchs and gave me three hearty shakes of the hand. I felt in three minutes as if I had known him all my life and formed a deep attachment for him on the spot, which has not diminished on a further acquaintance. He looks like a photograph your father has of him, and like some of the caricatures, is very tall and stoutish, but not the least heavy, a well made man with very handsome hands. He is possessed of a wonderful physical and mental organization and eats and drinks and works without feeling it, like a young man of five-and-twenty instead of one of fifty, or nearly so. He said, of course, he should come to see us whenever he found the time to do so and begged your father to let him come to dinner entirely *en famille*, so that they might be able to talk over old times together at their ease. Accordingly the following Tuesday, the next day but one, at five o'clock, was appointed. We waited with what patience we might until six, when he and Baron Werther made their appearance, they having been detained, as we supposed, by the conference. Werther said Bismarck was talking away until 5:30, when he (W.) wrote on a card "Motley," and sent it round to him, which luckily had the effect of stopping him. We never left the table until nine, and although the mild diplomat Werther behaved remarkably well, you can imagine how he must have suffered in his endurance of such an outrage upon Vienna habits and customs. It would have done your heart good, as it did mine, to witness Bismarck's affectionate demonstrations to your father. He was lavish in recollections of their young days, of which not the smallest details seemed to have escaped his colossal memory. He talked English all the time perfectly well and as fast as I do, and impressed and fascinated me as much by the charm of his manner as by the power of his mind.

While Mrs. Motley was writing gossip letters from Vienna, her daughter Lily, who was in Washington, kept the exiles informed as to the social doings of the American capital. One of Miss Motley's letters gives a description of a dinner at the White House in February, 1865. She sat next to Hancock and two removes from Lincoln.

I thought that the President was sufficiently jolly, but they all said afterwards that he was not in force. Mrs. Lincoln told me that she had intended to place me next to him, but that he had had a slight chill before dinner and was not well, and he thought that I might want somebody else more talkative. He inquired affectionately after papa and wanted to know what I heard from him. His smile is very kind and gentle, and lights up his rugged lined grotesque face, which is so worn in repose. Talking of the powder hoax, he said that he could afford to laugh about it, because as he had consented to it, it told partly against himself, but really there was something very absurd in 250 tons of gunpowder being exploded close to the enemy without their even being aware of it. Did I ever write you that the idea was taken partly from the powder hoax described by papa at the siege of Antwerp which did so much damage, but it did not seem to work better in modern warfare than Susie's favorite suggestion of the wooden horse to be copied from that of Troy would probably do.

Among the later letters from Motley himself is one which shows that he retained his delight in historical studies to the last: "I go to my archives every day, and take a header into the seventeenth century, which is refreshing enough after being wearied with the heat, and the worry and the crime of the nineteenth." The volume is enriched in its closing pages by several tender letters from Holmes.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY AND HIS FAMILY. Further Letters and Records edited by his Daughter and Herbert St. John Mildmay. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

Japan has in its main islands, exclusive of Formosa and Karafuto, a population of 48,542,736, and the area of its cultivation fields is 21,321 square miles. This is 2277 people to the square mile. There are also maintained 2,600,000 cattle and horses, nearly all of which are laboring animals, giving a population of 142 people and seven horses and cattle to each forty acres of cultivated land.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A Village of Vagabonds.

Another village has to be added to those beautiful hamlets which have been called into being by human imagination. It is Pont du Sable, four centuries old, nestling by the Normand sea, with a desert beach beyond the duos over which curlew and snipe fly in clouds. It is off the beaten track, reached by a funny little train dragged by a squat engine, but the paradise of good-fellowship, romance, love, and sound red wine.

No wonder the artist hero of this exquisite story fell in love with Pont du Sable and made himself master of the ancient chateau in that "lost village." He was in luck's way, too, as he deserved, in finding so ideal a maid of all work as the cheery Suzette—Suzette who sang as she worked and only cried when her soufflé did not soufflé. And then the friends who lightened the solitude of Pont du Sable! Tantrade, the clever, big-hearted musician, the queenly Alice de Bréville, with her rare beauty and fascinating character, the brilliant Blondel, the kindly curé, and the wayward cat, dubbed the Essence of Selfishness, and the jealous dog, otherwise Mr. Bear. In fact, both in environment and in characters, Mr. Smith has created a dream world of ineffable charm, where it is good to wander and forget the actual. This, indeed, is one of the daintiest and sweetest stories of recent years, wholesome in every sentence and surcharged with poetic beauty from beginning to end.

A VILLAGE OF VAGABONDS. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.; \$1.50.

## A Beau Sabreur.

Maurice de Saxe, one time marshal of France, whose military exploits have long been forgotten, is made to tell his story in these pages in the autobiographic form. This has required that Mr. Trowbridge shall speak less directly of certain incidents than had been writing a straightforward biography, but even so the reader will find the intrigues of Maurice set forth without much reticence.

As the last of the famous love-children of kings, Saxe had a career worthy of his origio. All his doings were on the scale of the grand adventurer, his gambling, his debaucheries, his searches for a kingdom. As Mr. Trowbridge notes, "It has been observed with reason that men who have been brought into the world with a total disregard of the laws of etiquette pertaining to the ceremony of marriage, usually continue to go through life in a similar audacious and provocative fashion." This was eminently the case with Saxe, and consequently it may be premised that the story of his career introduces many lively episodes. The book is written in a brisk style, makes adroit use of fact and anecdote, and is valuable for its life-like portraits of not a few famous persons. Thus, there is an admirable sketch of Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose charm is attributed to her personality. Yet we are told Adrienne could not love lightly: "polluted, she had never been corrupted." Mr. Trowbridge has certainly shaken "the dust from old parchments" to some purpose. It is a vivid picture he gives of passions that are too more.

A BEAU SABREUR. By W. R. H. Trowbridge. New York: Brentano's.

## Darwin and Philosophy.

Professor Dewey is in the main so lucid an expositor of philosophy, and avoids as far as possible the language of the schools, that the mere layman will be able, by taking a little thought, to find his way in these studies.

For example, the title essay points out that there are two ways in which the influence of Darwinism is affecting our mode of thinking: "On the one hand, there are making many sincere and vital efforts to revise our traditional philosophic conceptions in accordance with its demands. On the other hand, there is as definitely a recrudescence of absolutistic philosophies." Again, the chapter on intelligence and morals discusses the question of democracy, which is described as "an absurdity where faith in the individual as individual is impossible; and this faith is impossible where intelligence is regarded as a cosmic power, not an adjustment and application of individual tendencies." These opinions illustrate what Professor Dewey means when he declares that the pragmatic spirit is primarily a revolt against that habit which aims to dispose of everything by giving it a label and tucking it away in a pigeon-hole.

THE INFLUENCE OF DARWIN ON PHILOSOPHY. By John Dewey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.40 net.

## The House of Arden.

Adults as well as children will enjoy Mrs. Nesbit's fanciful tale of fortune retrieved. The stage is cleverly set for sympathetic appreciation by a description of the misery of letting lodgings, the only means of livelihood open to the Arden aunt and her nephew and niece. Then the ship comes home, and it becomes possible for the family to return to the old castle of the race and live there in comfort.

As is usually the way with Mrs. Nesbit,

children are the principle figures in the story, and Edred and Elfrida are as surely drawn as any of their innumerable predecessors. They are children with many engaging qualities, not so good as to become prigs, nor yet so bad as to fail in their duty and affection towards others. The theme of this story allows many opportunities for picturesque use of old-time manners and customs, and for the introduction of quaint animal lore. It is all done in that light, humorous style for which Mrs. Nesbit is so well known, resulting in that accession of good feeling towards the world at large which ever follows the reading of a book by this author.

THE HOUSE OF ARDEN. By E. Nesbit. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Education of Jacqueline.

Jacqueline is the idolized daughter of a French mother, whose devotion to and care of her child are to some extent the outcome of a posthumous discovery of the faithlessness of the child's father. Hence the watchfulness with which a girl's upbringing is supervised in France is accentuated in the case of Jacqueline, making this fictional study all the stronger in emphasis. This is to the gain of the reader who wishes to acquire an idea of French methods, but it places obstacles in the way when Jacqueline is wooed by an English lover. However, the story works to a satisfactory conclusion, in which the goal of love is safely reached. The novel is well written, and is evidently based upon an intimate knowledge of French and English social life.

THE EDUCATION OF JACQUELINE. By Claire De Pratz. New York: Duffield & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Southern South.

Another study of the color problem! Professor Hart has taken unusual pains in gathering his data, is candid and temperate, and is really anxious to make a serviceable contribution to the subject. He confines his view to the situation as it exists in the seven States from South Carolina to Texas, and discusses the negro character, negro life, crime and lynching, the actual wealth of the colored people, their education, and many other related topics.

And what is the result? He has to admit that nobody "is able to point out any single positive means by which the two races are both to have their full development and yet to live in peace. Every positive and quick-acting remedy when examined is found invalid. Violence of language or of behavior of both sides does nothing whatever to remove the real difficulties." All that Professor Hart can recommend is patience and faith in the conviction that the South is subject to the forces of humanity and Christianity. Of course it is distressing that an earnest attempt such as this should come to so barren a conclusion, but the reasonable spirit in which the book is written is all to the good in a controversy which has been and still is vitiated by had temper. Professor Hart writes in an attractive manner, but shows too marked a preference for that wearisome word, "uplift."

THE SOUTHERN SOUTH. By Albert Bushnell Hart. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Saint Teresa of Spain.

If the lives of the saints are to be rewritten for modern readers the commission should be placed wholesale in the hands of Helen Hester Colvill. Provided, that is, that she could sustain the standard she has set in the present volume. It is not lacking in sympathy, nor in reason, and its rational viewpoint is not fatal to a fine appreciation of just those qualities in Teresa which are of value today.

For audience this study keeps in view the women who are reaching forth to new spiritual domains, and the favorite saint of Spao—her picture is in nearly every church, and her name is frequently on living lips—is regarded as "one of the world's great single women." But what of her ecstasies, her raptures, her visions and voices? What were they? "I suggest," Miss Colvill writes, "that Teresa's visions and voices were subjective, and that her trances and ecstasies were akin to the hypnotic sleep." But these experiences were "the husk enclosing the kernel of spiritual truth, which her dramatic nature might not otherwise have received."

While finding that the saint, who, by the way, is more read in Spao today than any writer save Cervantes, had a disagreeable quality of "exaggerated humility," Miss Colvill sees that she has a message for the present day, even to those who do not belong to her church or faith. It is found in her exaltation of the quiet life, in her praise of silence. And who will deny the value of such a corrective of the spirit of activity?

SAINT TERESA OF SPAIN. By Helen Hester Colvill. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$2.50 net.

## Briefer Reviews.

Readable sketches of the early explorers, and lively descriptions of the natural features of "The Picturesque St. Lawrence" (The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net) are given in full measure by Clifton Johnson. He takes his

readers through the rapids, repictures early Montreal, and devotes two excellent chapters to the Quebec of the past and present. The volume is, indeed, an ideal little guide-book, compact in size and adorned with many admirable illustrations.

Life in the underworld of New York is studied at first hand by Hutchins Hapgood in his "Types from City Streets" (Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.50 net), which takes its subjects from the Boverly, Tammany, the tenderloin, and elsewhere. Mr. Hapgood is a sympathetic as well as keen observer, always seeing the best possible under adverse circumstances. The book does, as the author wishes it may, throw light upon the charm of the ordinary person.

That the eye can see what it wants to see is illustrated by Samuel Gompers in his "Labor in Europe and America" (Harper & Brothers; \$2 net), a volume which presents somewhat one-sided views of conditions in England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Still, it is a comfort to learn that although Munich leads all Germany and Europe in the matter of trade unionism, the labor exchange there is "rather top-heavy with functionaries."

James Huneker appears in a characteristic vein in his "Promenades of an Impressionist" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1.50 net), a volume which the author frankly describes as "a record of personal preferences, not attempts at critical revaluations." The impressionists discussed include Paul Cézanne, Rops, the etcher, Monticelli, Rodin, Degas, and many others. Many of the chapters are suggestive, but Mr. Huneker still persists in torturing language if haply he may seem to strike a new note.

When first invited to swing a club on the links, Marshall Whitlatch regarded the game as suitable only for mollycoddles, but now, in "Golf for Beginners and Others" (Outing Publishing Company; \$2 net), he waxes enthusiastic over the game and shows that it is not quite so easy as it looks. But it will not be the author's fault if the reader does not learn many useful hints from these brightly written chapters. Besides, the instructions are enforced with photographs which teach in a striking manner.

Essays by Francis Bacon, Thomas DeQuincey, Professor J. P. Mahaffy, Jonathan Swift, William Hazlitt, and Robert Louis Stevenson relating to the art of talking have been gathered together by Horatio S. Krans in "The Lost Art of Conversation" (Sturgis & Walton; \$1.50 net). They show, as Mr. Krans remarks, that conversation is one of the chief pleasures of civilized life and a potent factor in the spread of culture. The volume is fittingly illustrated by reproductions of famous paintings and attractively printed and bound.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Hobby-Horse Essays.

Notwithstanding the jocular mood of her preface, Miss Bisland has a serious and much-needed message to proclaim to her times in these brightly written essays. Her themes include the morals of the modern heroine, the child in literature, contemporary poets, the literature of democracy, and the books of the bourgeoisie, and in each paper there is a defined and independent point of view expressed with lively wit and in defiance of convention.

Wide reading and much meditation are represented in the paper on the morals of the modern heroine, who is regarded as in part a natural reaction against the weary period of Victorian virtue. "Females of the very lightest character may set up as heroines in honorable heroic circles in our tolerant day," but that is not a consummation which Miss Bisland regards with pleasure. She is old-fashioned enough to prefer the attitude of an age when men kept women as an ideal, for she can not imagine the modern heroine drawing a race upward through the beauty of her soul.

Again, the popular view receives trenchant criticism in the essay on the child in literature. Miss Bisland has no patience with the infantile sentimentality of the age. "You have but to mention the 'che-ild'—with the *vox humana* lilt turned on—and we at once assume just that moist brightness of the eye, that wistful, tender 'mother-smile,' which is correct of the occasion." In fact, Miss Bisland almost pines for a new Herod to instigate a slaughter, not of the Innocents, for there are none, but of the Sophisticated.

AT THE SIGN OF THE HOBBY-HORSE. By Elizabeth Bisland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## The Unknown Quantity.

Too great a tendency towards preaching is one of the defects of this story; another is the awkwardness of the author's style; and a third is the lack of clearness in developing the plot. Yet it may be admitted that considerable power of characterization is shown, especially in connection with the Santry ladies. In fact, the women are much more clearly visualized than the men, most of whom are studies from the outside rather than creations from within. The plot is fairly interesting, and has some moments of excellent suspense, but as a whole the reading is heavy going.

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Gertrude Hall. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Out of the 10,901 books published last year the New York State Library aims to select a list of the best fifty and the best two hundred and fifty volumes for library use. The huge total has been reduced to 1289, and that tentative list has been sent to cooperating librarians for the deletion of sufficient books to reduce the selection to the limits desired.

Mediterranean English, as reported in Albert Bigelow Paine's "The Ship Dwellers," bids fair to out rival the Bahoo variety. The examples include the following restaurant announcements: "Dinner—Wine Enclosed" and "Milk for Sale or To Let."

W. D. Howells has sailed for Europe with extra accommodation in the form of a state-room fitted up as a literary workshop to enable him to overtake his arrears of writing.

Under the title of "The Channel Islands of California," Charles F. Holder, who already has thirty volumes to his credit, is to tell the story of the world's greatest fishing ground for big game fish. Dr. Holder, it will be remembered, is the founder of the Tuna Club.

Until such time as an enterprising publisher shall undertake to reissue Chalmers' monumental edition of the British poets, the student of literature is likely to be well served by the new series of all the great poets which a London house is to bring out in cloth binding at the low price of 50 cents a volume. Each volume is to have a photogravure frontispiece and adequate notes.

T. Phillip Terry, in recognition of the value of his "Terry's Mexico," has been made a member of the Sociedad los Exploradores of the republic of Ecuador, and also been awarded the decoration of the Golden Condor, the wearers of which are required to have gone round the world once and be able to speak two languages in addition to their native tongue.

Another edition of William S. Sonnenschein's valuable work of reference, "The Best Books," is in preparation. The record will be brought down to the close of last year, and the titles are to be increased to fully 100,000.

In the seventh bulletin of the Southwest Society of the Archeological Institute of America is an interesting account of the libraries of Dr. Lummis and Dr. J. A. Munk, which have been presented to the museum. The former includes some five thousand items

of manuscripts, pamphlets, scrap-books, and printed books dealing with the history of science in America and the Spanish and Indian languages; the latter comprises some six thousand items relating to Arizona, and valued at ten thousand dollars.

M. Maeterlinck's admirers may be glad to preserve the following minute particulars of the writer: "He dresses to suit plain, practical requirements, without the least elaboration. He wears no strange amulet. He lets his hair grow or turn gray, as it lists. He eats and drinks like everybody else—save making, as a man ever curious to experiment, an occasional trial of vegetarianism."

Surely the Oxford University Press is unique among the world's publishing establishments in being able to offer a list of its publications for three and a quarter centuries. The famous Oxford Dictionary is now completed from A to Z, and gives a record of 289,202 words with 1,210,839 illustrative quotations. It is estimated that the cost of the undertaking will amount to a million and a quarter dollars.

Björnson—so a new anecdote runs—was so moved on his last visit to Ibsen by the sight of his friend's physical ruin, unable even to read, that he asked him whether it were not unendurable to lie in that helpless condition. "But," Björnson said, "Ibsen only hit his lips hard and replied: 'No one shall hear me complain—no one.'"

A Balliol student records that Jowett, when walking with a friend, and coming to a wet patch of road, ejaculated, "I wish Mr. Swinburne were here." To the natural "Why?" of his companion, the Master rejoined, "He would have damned this mud so."

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

MORNING STAR. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50.

A story of old Egypt in which a "double" remains in active occupation of a throne while the owner of that "double" goes upon a long journey and experiences many adventures.

AT THE SIGN OF THE BURNING BUSH. By M. Little. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50.

Beginning as a satire on three Scottish divinity students, this story develops into more serious purpose and culminates in love.

A SPLENDID HAZARD. By Harold MacGrath. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

Napoleon's tomb provides the first meeting-place of three of the most important characters in this unusual story, which afterwards shifts to the Jersey coast and the forests of Corsica.

THE PERJURER. By W. E. Norris. New York: Brentano's; \$1.50.

A gracefully told story of English social life with a slight blending of politics.

MADMOISELLE CELESTE. By Adele Ferguson Knight. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.50.

Celeste is an aristocrat who is saved from the guillotine by her lover and has to decide between her rescuer and another devoted admirer.

THE SHERIFF OF DYKE HOLE. By Ridgwell Culum. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.; \$1.50.

Love and adventure in a Montana mining camp with a whimsical character for its chief figure.

THE PRINCE AND HIS ANTS. By Vamha. Translated by S. F. Woodruff. Edited by Vernon L. Kellogg. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.55 net.

Tells of a little Italian boy who became an ant and had many exciting adventures with other ants, and wasps and bees.

THE HUMMING BIRD. By Owen Johnson. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; 50 cents.

Will appeal to baseball enthusiasts for its lively account of a "Prep" school game. The recorder, one Finnegan, has a choice command of slang.

THE GREAT NATURAL HEALER. By Charles Heber Clark. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.

John P. Tadeaster, the "healer," describes himself as an "incarnate falsehood," but Max Adler makes his life-story more amusing than truth.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

A finely constructed novel of American life, looking with hope toward the future.

HAPPY ISLAND. By Jennette Lee. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

Another "Uncle William" book, replete with quaint charm and mellow humor.

LETTERS TO SANCHIA. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; 90 cents net.

These letters upon "things as they are" seem to

mark a descent in the author of "The Forest Lovers," especially in their view of love.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE RUSSIAN ROAD TO CHINA. By Lindon Bates, Jr. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$3 net.

An instructive and entertaining record of travel along the path of the Cossack to the borderland of China. There are many excellent illustrations.

THE NEW LAO-KOON. By Irving Bahhitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

An attempt to appraise Lessing's famous work not as a German classic, but rather as "a problem in comparative literature." Mr. Bahhitt thinks there is "a confusion of the arts."

THE HEALTH OF THE CITY. By Hollis Godfrey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

Informed chapters relating to the health problems of the city dweller, dealing, among other topics, with air, water, food, ice, noise, etc.

DOGS AND MEN. By Henry C. Merwin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; 60 cents net.

An appeal to those men and women who "live a dogless life, not knowing what they miss."

CAMP AND CAMINO IN LOWER CALIFORNIA. By Arthur W. North. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$3 net.

A fascinating narrative of travel, with a happy blend of history, relating to a land of many charms. The illustrations from the author's photographs add greatly to the attraction of the volume.

STERNE. A Study. By Walter Sichel. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company; \$2.50 net.

Seeks to interpret the problem of the man, "to vitalize him and his companions." The Journal to Eliza is given in full.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE WILDERNESS ROAD. By H. Adington Bruce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

Intended to "serve the double purpose of a biography of Daniel Boone and a study of the first phase of the territorial growth of the United States." Many illustrations.

THE NEW BAROQUE. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.; \$1.50 net.

Impressions of Berlin, Utica, Liverpool, Atlantic City, and other places. Described as the "casual notes of an irresponsible traveler."

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO PARIS. By Alice M. Ivimy. New York: Brentano's.

Gives a large amount of compact information, with a special reference to the needs of women travelers.

MODERN WOMAN AND HOW TO MANAGE HER. By Walter M. Gallichan. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

Preaches that "in our mismanagement of one-half of the population, we have ignorantly determined that woman has but one duty and one function."

OBERRAMMERGAU. By Josephine Helena Short. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net.

An account of the famous village and the villagers who take part in the Passion Play, based upon personal knowledge.

THE FROGS O' POOLO. By Joshua Freeman Crowell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50.

Delightful sketches of the ways of frogs, spiders, ants, bees, toads, lobsters, etc. The illustrations by Harold Sichel are exceedingly attractive.

PSYCHOLOGY. PERSONAL MAGNETISM. TELEPATHY. By Edward B. Warman. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; 50 cents net each.

Three little manuals in the Psychic Science series, remarkable for lucid interpretation and practical application.

A VISION OF GIORGIONE. By Gordon Bottomley. Portland, Maine: Thomas E. Mosher; \$1.50 net.

Three dramatic scenes in the life of the great painter told in picturesque verse.

PROBLEMS OF YOUR GENERATION. By Daisy Dewey. New York: The Arden Press; \$1.

Declared by the publishers to be "a revelation and a challenge to the world."

A GARLAND TO SYLVIA. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

A play begun in the author's senior year at Harvard, and completed three years later. Described as of "mingled meaning and mysticism."

THE RURAL LIFE PROBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES. By Sir Horace Plunkett. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.25 net.

Offered in "friendly recognition" of a kindness the author can not hope to repay "received largely as a student of American social and economic problems."

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## PRESIDENT GILMAN AT BERKELEY.

## The Story of His Relations with the University.

One chapter in the recently published life of Daniel Coit Gilman will appeal with singular interest to Californians, inasmuch as it deals at length with the efforts which led to Gilman being invited to the presidency of the University of California, and with the reasons why he resigned that position at the end of two and a half years' service.

To the first invitation Gilman gave a negative reply; at that time he was too much absorbed in his work at Yale. That it was sent, however, represented a triumph of the liberal and enlightened spirit of the community, and the letter in which Edward Tompkins urged acceptance of the call deserves to be recalled today as a suggestive page of past history. He declared that it would be a misfortune to California and to Gilman if the invitation were not accepted, and added:

Neither money nor interest in the matter is wanting. All that is needed is a young man, devoted and earnest, ready to do his life work in giving the best education to the greatest number, and realizing fully that his best reputation while he lives, and his noblest monument when he is dead, will be secured by making the university of which he is the first president a grand success. I have become satisfied that you can do all this, and so believing, I am not willing to admit the idea that you can refuse to take the lead in so noble a work. Why should you? The lowest consideration, money, will not prevent. We pay \$6000 gold, to which in due season a house will be added. I need not contrast that with any salary paid on your side of the continent. The opportunity to do good is vastly superior in a new, energetic, enterprising region, poorly supplied with means of education, than in an old country where colleges and educated men abound. The promise for the future is much the greatest on this side of the continent.

No doubt that persuasive letter had much to do with Gilman's acceptance of the presidency when the invitation was renewed in the summer of 1872. As his biographer, Fabian Franklin, says, the prospect must have been fair and alluring, but there were two drawbacks. The first was a certain amount of incompetency and unfitness in the university staff. This was specially the case with Professors Carr and Swinton. The latter was a brilliant man, but he was all along neglectful of his university duties.

He was frequently absent from his lectures; his classes, when so disposed, would "cut" in a body. Often it was a game of hide-and-seek between professor and class. If the professor was five minutes late, the class left; if the class was five minutes late, the professor left.

But another element of trouble lay in the existing relations between the president and the board of regents. The former had no such authority as presidents were accustomed to assume. And the situation was aggravated by the fact that the regents as a board were in the habit of looking upon the president as the representative of the faculty, and opposing him to the secretary as their own representative. Gilman, however, did not allow these two difficulties to weigh on his mind, but set to work on his task in a cheerful spirit.

His optimistic spirit pervaded the whole body. Never had a president more cordial support from the students in the promotion of his ideas. They were in his confidence, but not in a way to exclude the faculty. All acted together in one family relation of mutual dependence. Too much emphasis can not be laid upon the unity of interest and sentiment which President Gilman fostered in the university community. He was head of the family, but there were no favorites. The president needed but one introduction to know a person ever after. There was never any hesitation or slip in addressing a student by his right name.

In 1873, however, developments took place which made it difficult to carry on the work of the university upon liberal lines. The Grangers, known on their alliance with a faction of the Republicans as the Dolly Vardens, obtained some semblance of power at this time and made much ado about increased attention being given to "practical instruction" in agriculture. They also tried to make capital out of the exceptional circumstances under which the College of Letters was built, urging that the rapid erection of that building had been achieved by infringing the State law providing for an eight-hour day in all public work. These, and other squabbles, wore on Gilman's nerves; "for university fighting I have no training"; and despite the fact that the best people of the community were with him, he began to think of returning to the East. It was at this time he cogitated over a newspaper project which he was never able to carry out.

At the present, my mind turns more to the direction of editorial life—either in the newspaper line, or in establishing a monthly to be called "Earth and Man"—and to be devoted to the discussion of modern social problems—with reference to the physical and outward circumstances of human society and to the historical and institutional antecedents. There is no such journal in the world.

What most worried Gilman was that the legislature assumed the right to investigate and scrutinize the affairs of the university to

their most minute details. At this juncture he placed on record a statement of the position which is instructive for the light it throws upon his own ideas of a university.

I believe that the real controversy which has been carried on during the last few months arises from a deep and radical difference of opinion as to the scope of the University of California. On the one hand are those who insist upon it that the chief object is to maintain an Agricultural College, or, as it is sometimes more liberally stated, a College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. They call for a large increase in the "practical" elements of instruction, often going so far as to insist that instruction in carpentry, blacksmithing, and other manual and useful trades should be taught in the university. On the other hand are those who insist upon it that the constitution and laws of the State, the conditions of the endowments, and the highest interests of California, demand a true university, in which indeed there should be maintained at least one College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts—but where the best of every sort of culture should likewise be promoted.

Although the better element won the victory, Gilman was so oppressed by the idea that the conflict was likely at any time to have to be fought over again, that when the invitation came to assume control over the Johns Hopkins University he accepted with little hesitation. He resigned in February, 1875, deeply to the regret of all who had at heart the best interests of the University of California.

## SIDELIGHTS ON THE PIONEERS.

Is Hart's Book, "A Vigilante Girl," History or Romance?

Several weeks have elapsed since the publication of Jerome Hart's story, "A Vigilante Girl," and it has been reviewed by numerous journals, East and West. As the story in serial form first saw the light in these columns, it may interest *Argonaut* readers to learn how it has been received by other journals.

Roughly speaking, the reviews may be divided into three groups. Some Eastern journals discuss the book as if it were pure fiction. Others consider it mainly fiction, with a slight basis of fact. Coast papers, as a rule, treat it as mainly historical, and seem to ignore the fact that it makes its appeal as romance.

Edward F. Cahill, of the San Francisco *Call*, is a veteran journalist, and knows his California; unlike many writers on the San Francisco dailies, he knows the old times as well as the new, the mountains as well as the valleys, the interior as well as the Coast. Mr. Cahill believes that the book is a gallery of portraits. "Here," he says, "we find Gamba, the cook; Pierre, of old Marchand's; Pioche, the hanker; General Sutter, Calhoun Benham, Ned McGowan, Senator Broderick; assorted handits, a composite picture of Joaquin Murietta and Tiburcio Vasquez; General W. H. L. Barnes, George W. Tyler, 'Mammy' Pleasant, Senator Sharon; Eugene Dewey, the transplanted boulevardier; the unhappy Sarah Althea Hill, besides the two leading figures of Terry and Field. It is a notable gallery of San Francisco portraits."

Mr. Cahill regrets that the author should have wandered from history into the fields of fiction; he suggests that more about early politics (particularly the grandiose schemes of Duke Gwin, which figured in the *Argonaut* serial) should have appeared in the book. It is probable that considerations of space caused the author to excise these chapters. But what the critic mainly objects to is that "irrelevant handits chiefly offend by delaying the inexorable march and unity of a portentous tragedy." For Mr. Cahill thinks that this "tale of the Vigilantes, the life of the old devil-may-care San Francisco, and the final tragedy, are told with the intensity and inexorable Nemesis of the Greek drama. What a rascal rout it is that goes trooping and yelling, cheating and stabbing down the page!—a squalid procession of rogues and ruffians with a thin veneer of civilization, carrying a suggestion of the social fabric in medieval Italy, when poisoners and philtermongers, swashbucklers and cheats, went in silk attire and filled the seats of the mighty."

George Hamlin Fitch, literary editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, also identifies numerous characters in the book with prominent persons in California's past. He says:

"These characters who made California history read like a lurid Wild West romance appear in this book under thin disguises. Senator Broderick masquerades as 'Senator Burke,' Judge Terry as 'Tower,' Justice Field as 'Fox,' Sarah Althea Hill as 'Sophia Lucretia,' and old Senator Sharon as 'Senator Salem.'"

Mr. Fitch points out that "at the expense of glaring anachronisms of time, the author crowds into a few years' various episodes which he enumerates, such as the Broderick-Terry duel, and the shooting years afterward of Terry by Field's body-guard. These obvious anachronisms, to which Mr. Fitch recurs, would make it impossible for the author of the book to fit his characters so closely to real persons as the California critics seem to think. For in the book "Senator Burke" is

an ardent wooer of "Sophia Lucretia Leigh," while in real life Sarah Althea Hill came to California twenty years after Broderick had been laid away in his bloody grave.

Waiving these matters, however, Mr. Fitch remarks:

"The great merit of the book lies in the fact that it gives in rapid review graphic pictures, founded apparently on first-hand information, of some of the most stirring episodes of early Californian history. It is rich in real history, thinly disguised as fiction. To the general reader it will appeal as an unusually strong and readable story of love and adventure, set in a period that is grandiose and heroic."

The *Sacramento Union* also assumes that "the book is mostly history, and it will be read—by all Californians at least—as history instead of as fiction." The *Union* then proceeds to "lift the gauze of pseudonymity," and remarks: "Judge 'Fox' is evidently intended for Judge Field, 'Tower' for Judge Terry, 'Burke' for Senator Broderick, and 'Sophia Lucretia Leigh' for Sarah Althea Hill." Turning to the story, the *Union* says: "The work of the Vigilantes, both in San Francisco and in the foothills, in the valleys and in the Sierras, is related with a vividness that enthalls the reader. There is a tendency, perhaps historically correct, to place Terry and his faction in a light more favorable than that of their enemies. Justice Field is convicted as a craven who connived at murder."

Here the *Union* critic doubtless means the lynching of the Mexican woman. It is only fair to say that the character of "Fox" can scarcely be considered an absolute prototype of Field, for he was not present at the Downieville lynching, as "Fox" in the book is present at the "Yubaville" tragedy. Furthermore, Terry and Field did not meet until years after this episode, and were friendly enough at the time they sat together on the California Supreme Bench. Some of the incidents in Field's later life are utilized by the author in the character of "Fox." But much of that character in the book is pure fiction. Field had no part in the intrigues of "Burke" to trap Terry into the Vigilantes' net, as set forth in the book. In fact, Broderick fled from San Francisco when the Vigilantes of '56 organized.

Herbert Bashford, literary editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin*, treats the book as a romance simply, without attempting to identify any of the characters. He calls it "a stirring story of early California life, in which the author has succeeded most admirably in catching the spirit of that eventful epoch. The story is told with unusual skill, the plot is well developed, there is no padding to lessen the interest, and the action never lags."

S. T. Clover, editor of the Los Angeles *Graphic*, thinks that "Californians should make a point of adding 'A Vigilante Girl' to their libraries because of the stirring pictures presented of California in the making." Editor Clover remarks that "only a cursory view of the characters is offered, but a far more vivid perspective of the startling episodes treated." He regrets that the book does not give its readers "a closer acquaintance with the old Titans whose reign ended with the advent of the railroad." But he considers it "a distinct addition to the California collection, and for its historic descriptive hits especially it is a veritable treasure."

Like Mr. Cahill, the San Jose *Mercury* reviewer is struck by the variety and individuality of the types presented. "The character portrayal is forceful, keen, and delicate. The motley procession of Yankees and Southerners, college-bred men and illiterates, judges and criminals, greasers, miners, dainty bred beauties, true-hearted women of the West, desperadoes, cutthroats, and Vigilantes, pass in rapid and brilliant review. The historical setting is faithful in minute details, and the story is vivid and dramatic."

In the interests of that truth which is eternal, the Los Angeles *Record* objects to printing "Sacrosanto" for Sacramento, and "Yubaville" for Marysville, but relents at the end, and admits that "the author tells a wonderfully entertaining and at times positively thrilling tale."

Oddly enough, the question of the "trick of the trigger" in the Broderick-Terry duel (closely paralleled by the duel in the book) is as yet unmentioned by any California critic. Not many years ago it was a burning question in this State. It has been reserved for the Salt Lake *Tribune* to comment on this point; its reviewer says: "Chapter XXI is evidently meant to describe the Broderick-Terry duel, and makes Broderick the aggressor, the skilled shot, the man full of venom. This view will be resented by all the Free State men of California who lived in that day." The *Tribune* reviewer further objects to some of the political color of the book, but, in summing up, he says: "The active life of the day is admirably depicted, and the characters drawn are full of life and vigor. The author makes a powerful story—no one can deny its force and its great literary ability. It is calculated to attract much attention and to receive a wide reading, but it will be much controverted."

Very naturally, those journals published

east of the Sierra do not pounce upon so many real characters in the book as do the critics on the Coast. To many Eastern reviewers, the book seems more of a romance and less of a history. A type of these journals is the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, which looks upon the book as "a romantic tale with a historical background." The *Enquirer* remarks: "The picturesque life of early California is set forth in the book, which is full of exciting incidents of many kinds. Its descriptions of feudal life at a great bacilli are full of interest, while the glimpses of early California politics make one doubt whether the 'good old times' were not even worse than ours. In the book there is not only a good story, well-told, but an excellent picture of a stirring time."

The New York *Times* says: "The book must have a permanent value as a minutely accurate picture of those early days on the Pacific Coast. It is written in good and vigorous style. It is a part of the history of stirring times, and of men strong and passionate."

The Chicago *Record-Herald* begins its review thus: "This is in many ways a big book. It presents a remarkable picture of days and conditions now vanished. Its colors are strong and true, its action absorbing, its veracity beyond question. Californians will find it fascinating, nor will they be alone in this."

The *Dial* also believes that "as a detailed reproduction of the life of a half century ago on the Pacific Coast—the wild politics and the wild money-getting, the unbridled corruption and the untamed passion—it is vigorous and effective."

The Minneapolis *Tribune* thinks that the book is not woven together with sufficient compactness, but that it "contains stirring pictures of those lawless days. The author knows his field, draws vivid pictures, and his scenes lose nothing in their telling."

The New York *Bookseller* (whose reviews are for the trade, and hence based on salability) gives the story of the book, winding up thus: "History and sentiment are here intermingled in a very stirring story of dark deeds. The author has a good plot, full of big scenes."

The Rochester *Union-Advertiser* says: "This is one of the few books of the present season which is really worth while. The author has a good story to tell, and his narration is simple but powerful. The reader can not afford to pass by the 'Vigilante Girl.'"

The Spokane *Chronicle* notes that "the book is a dashing tale of life in the golden 'fifties—a good story that is worth the reading."

Roswell Field, one of the reviewers of the Hearst papers, thinks that "the book is not strictly a novel—it is rather a grouping of incidents, a series of pictures." But he adds: "It is only fair to say that it gives a vivid picture of the California of the pioneers with their feuds, sectional differences, love affairs, and tragedies, sustaining much pleasurable interest."

Some Eastern journals consider many of the incidents in the book improbable. Among these is the Rochester *Post-Express*, which admits that "the author has given us a stirring romance of adventure in California, but many of the incidents are manifestly overdrawn. Still, the story is very readable." The incidents which this reviewer finds overdrawn are probably those which to Californians are the most realistic, because historic.

Correspondingly, the Houston *Chronicle* thinks that "the story is a strong one, imagination and fact being skillfully blended. Every reader who begins it will finish it, and every one who finishes it will remember it. If somewhat melodramatic in places it is nevertheless high-class melodrama, and at its best deserves to rank as genuine literature." Here again the reviewer would probably find that the parts which he considers melodrama are taken from real life—the tripod scene in the desert, for example.

On the whole, the Eastern reviewers look at the book from many angles—the oddest apparently being that of some New England journals. One of these, the Boston *Globe*, says: "The author falls into the error of thinking that California is on the defensive against hostile critics. This leads him to try to put the burden of her lawless conditions upon New England, which, he says, set the example of lynching." The reviewer then quotes a heated dialogue from the book, in which lynching, tarring-and-feathering, and burning of negroes alive are said to have originated in colonial-New England. The Boston reviewer lightly waves aside this charge, carefully refraining, however, from attempting to disprove it. Barring this attack on New England, he says that "the book is a remarkable tale of political intrigue and the doings of the Vigilantes. It will be read for its interest as a stirring story full of incident from the very beginning."

If the author succeeds in proving that California horrified lynching from New England, his assertion will doubtless be received with equal displeasure both there and here.

Sidney Drew and company in "Billy," a three-act farce, will be brought to the Coast soon by the Shuberts.





MAUDE ADAMS AND "AS YOU LIKE IT."

By George L. Shoals.

We are told that Shakespeare found in Thomas Lodge's prose tale, "Rosalynde," the story of "As You Like It," and that he took the title of his play from a phrase in the dedication of the book, but the music, the grace, the spirit of the comedy are the poet's own, and by his magic this romance of the Forest of Arden is made forever fresh and fragrant. How long he carried in his mind the seed that held so rare a flower, or how swift the unfolding from bud to blossom in the sunlight of his genius, none may say. There would be a new and lasting pleasure in the knowledge.

When Maude Adams came for the first time to the Greek theatre in the Berkeley hills three years ago to present "L'Aiglon," the thought that there was an ideal setting for "As You Like It" must have found a safe and favoring niche in her memory. The picture that her fancy had made real to her did not fade with the changing seasons. It grew more vivid, perfect in every detail, and at last when time had ripened, and patient effort had mastered every need, the vision became a living pageant. And in the midst of it moved the artist who had pictured the scene years before, herself the radiant and compelling force that formed again and illumined every beauty of Shakespeare's greenwood idyl.

Actors, orchestra, theatre, and audience were all in keeping at last Monday night's performance. It is a noble amphitheatre—a terraced semicircle, hacked by the wooded heights in which it was formed half by nature half by art, facing a Grecian peristyle, the whole open to the sky. There is no proscenium arch or frame. An open space before the classic façade served as a stage, on which five hundred soldiers might have moved in military evolutions. High on the walls at the rear of the amphitheatre were set calcium lights whose converging rays, white or stained with rainbow hues, flooded the stage at will. Turned away from that centre, darkness settled down upon it, and the wall and broad steps, the stone hedges and masking shrubbery of the duke's garden, or the fallen trees and axe-hewn lounging-places of the forest retreat were set in place under its cover as secretly as if behind a curtain. From the outer rim of that spacious stage, upward and outward in regularly drawn and ever widening curves rises the massive steps of smooth masonry, and this early June evening, almost before the glow of the sunset had dimmed, every vantage-place on them was filled. Seven thousand expectant auditors awaited.

Hidden by a bank of foliage, the orchestra first signaled its presence with an harmonic vibration of the strings which gave the key for all that followed. Two movements of Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony"—the allegro and village festival—were played, with the strings still the dominant feature of the music. Later the horns and wood-winds accompanied the hunting songs and choruses, and rendered good account for themselves. From the tree-tops showing above and beyond the lofty and imposing replica of that ancient theatre of Athens, the gleam of the lights shifted slowly down and brought into view the gravel-strewn walk of the orchard of old Rowland de Boys, Orlando came out, and old Adam, and the cruel elder brother. With that first incident, unchanged from the dramatist's text save for a slight transposition, the grip of the play upon its audience was secure. Gloom followed for a brief space, then the illumination of the central flight of marble steps showed that the scene had been replaced by a view of the lawn before the palace. And down the stairway came with measured yet flowing grace two feminine figures, the one in front that almost sweetest choice among the heroines of Shakespeare.

With all the admiration that is evidenced wherever and whenever Maude Adams appears upon the stage, there were some in the audience, perhaps many, who were doubtful of the complete success of the actress in this exacting rôle. It may be that there were those who held an ill-defined apprehension that this was to be a Shakespearean spectacle rather than a fantasy of romantic love that should give a quicker impulse to the heating of youthful hearts and hearts that would still be young. There can be no justification for such a shiver of sentiment. No comedienne of her time in a long line of delicately tinted characterizations has touched the strings of

joyful romance more surely than Maude Adams. And her Rosalind is easily the greatest achievement of her career. There were few doubters at the end of the first act, there was none at the circling of the merry dance and flinging of flowers that closed the play.

Rosalind's first lines were a test that proved the artist. Her voice, grave and deep, carried to the uttermost rows of that vast concourse. In every scene, in the delightful teasing of her lover, in the play of wit and mock seriousness with Silvius and Phebe, there was never a phrase that did not make its flight direct and clear, yet weighted with its true expression. The first flash of the spirit of daring, that came when she spoke of the attire that she should put on to suit her "all points like a man," lighted up earlier memories of hoysish heroes, but there was scarcely another like that which seemed a faint echo. There have been few of her familiar rôles in which she is so thoroughly engrossed with their very spirit, yet it is no mantle of tradition in which Maude Adams lives as a hoy in Arden forest. She is a distinctive Rosalind, slender yet vigorously tense, sad and merry, proud and playful, fathoms deep in love yet more courageous in her fever than is her sighing suitor. If she is not the Rosalind to whom Orlando would have written poetry, then that athletic but moonstruck youth was not like other men. She is as high as his heart, even if the descriptive lines were turned awry in one instance to suit her stature.

It is difficult with the glamour of that night still subduing every judgment, to write in terms that prove a cool discrimination, but it seems now that the impressions made then must linger for a longer time than any can foretell. Fortunate indeed are those who can recall a more harmonious and inspiring presentation of any play. Let a theatrical enthusiast of forty years' wide experience confess that he has never seen anything so perfect in all its parts as this setting forth of Shakespearean wit and pathos in word and action, of his music and witchery. Many do not know that Maude Adams was much more than its central figure. To her idealistic view of scene and characters, to her knowledge and expert direction in stage management, no less than to her dramatic poise and eloquence, is due the achievement which will long have first place in our theatrical history. Charles Frohman, who is Miss Adams's sympathetic manager, may well be remembered with gratitude for his interest and his efforts to aid his star. He sent a score of able and willing assistants from his Empire Theatre in New York for this event.

Of the company that supported Miss Adams there may be said justly but little that is not praise. Martin Sabine, the Orlando, is a handsome and graceful actor. R. Peyton Carter gave Touchstone, the most polished of Shakespearean jesters, a dignity and courtliness that is beyond the accomplishment of many comedians, but without any loss of humor. Arthur Byron was an excellent Jaques. Lillian Waldegrave made of Celia a cousin to Rosalind in actual seeming, and Margaret Gordon was an intense Phebe.

The orchestra of forty-five selected from the best San Francisco musicians, was directed by William Furst, formerly of this city, but long the musical director at Frohman's Empire Theatre. Hother Wismer was the concert-master. A regiment of supernumeraries made the attendance of foresters a realistic showing, and among them there were many good voices, so the choruses went with a hearty swing.

Even in June the evening air holds a chill on hayside hills, and the audience was not at all times oblivious to its searching quality, but after three hours of quietude on the benches canopied only by the sky, it made no hasty departure. There were many cheers that rose above the noisy torrent of hand-clapping when the last lines had been spoken on the stage, and again and again Rosalind and her train came back to acknowledge the favors of their new-made friends and loyal followers. That big word, triumph, is none too high for this event.

The sixty-fourth anniversary of the raising of the original Bear Flag at Sonoma will be held next Tuesday, June 14, and in honor of the event and as a preliminary gun for the coming celebration of Admission Day in this city next September, the day will be celebrated as "Bear Flag Day" all over the State by the distribution of one hundred thousand tiny silk flags. These souvenirs have been sent to every Parlor of Native Sons and Daughters in California and the sum realized from their sale, at ten cents, will be devoted to the big fund being raised by the order for the entertainment of the visitors expected in San Francisco during the decennial festival. The committees in charge are confident that the coming celebration will eclipse the Portola carnival of last year in every respect. Philip Hastings, the well-known theatrical man, has charge of the department of publicity for the Admission Day festival.

There are still five theatres "dark" in San Francisco, and it is a certain indication of stress among Eastern theatrical attractions.

## WILLIAM COLLIER'S COMEDY.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

What does Willie—William I mean—Collier do it on? Some say impudence. He certainly doesn't need to act. In fact, the plays which he employs as vehicles for his merry specialty do not allow for the art of acting. Mr. Collier merely has to be himself; at least, I assume that it is himself, as he is precisely the same individual in every play in which he appears. Let us pause, examine, scrutinize, try to analyze this something or other about him or his methods which makes us laugh.

Mr. Collier is always irreproachable in his get-up, always low-voiced, quick in reply, deprecatory in manner, something in the line of the monologists who send a joke projectile and then seem to say, "Now, don't laugh. I've got some serious things to say to you." Mr. Collier, then, enters on the stage, somebody says something, and the actor makes quick reply, in a low, unemotional voice that sometimes has a slightly argumentative ring to it. His reply has a humorous signification, but not of so extreme a nature when seen, say, in cold print, as to warrant any extravagances of mirth. Yet straightaway we are off in gales. We roll in our seats, we have stitches in our sides. And scarcely have we recovered from one attack when little Willie opens his mouth a second time, and we are off once more.

Again and again have I tried to explain to myself why these things are thus, and again and again I have failed. I have sometimes darkly suspected that Willie hypnotized the laughter out of us, but after seeing him again I am forced to the conclusion that his is a heaven-sent gift to ameliorate the lot of man.

Some—as no doubt you have all observed—are born humorous, some achieve humor, and some have humor thrust upon them. Of this latter class is the man with the serious nature and the exterior of a comedian. One such—I forget his name—wrote to me once and said that he had always desired to act in the serious drama, but was prohibited on account of his cast of countenance. As a result, he played in parts that called for absurd situations and grotesque costuming. He made his public laugh, but theirs was the laughter of primitive natures, for he was not a born comedian.

Now Willie Collier is; that is to say, he is a horn stage humorist. If he scratches his ear, or adjusts his collar, or removes a cinder from his eye, he invests the act with humorous significance; heaven knows how, for he never indulges in horseplay or over-emphasis.

And so, although "A Lucky Star" isn't much of a play, either in the matter of quantity or quality, the same old Willie or William is there, and he makes you laugh the same old way. The piece, as I have intimated, is a little shy in quantity, and I could not but suspect some foxing maneuverer on the Columbia staff of piecing out the evening's entertainment by means of long waits. On Monday night the play began at twenty minutes to nine and ended somewhere between 10:30 and 10:45. Yet it could easily have finished at ten if the waits had not been unduly long. To be sure, the scenes were prettily and picturesquely set, but there was no special elaboration or complexity in their preparation.

The play is an arrangement by Anne Crawford Flexner of one of the C. N. and A. M. Williamson books, entitled "A Motor Chaperon."

A Holland background furnishes the element of novelty and charm, and gratifies the innumerable caravan of globe-trotters that make up the population of America. There are several Dutch characters with German accents floating around; two presumably pretty girls—Willie Collier never was very strong in the matter of beauties in his company—some heaux to match, and a hired chaperon of extreme youth, who, needing a job, makes herself up for the position by the aid of a gray wig and a pair of spectacles.

Willie Collier, as the lucky Starr of the piece, pursues with his undesired attentions the two presumably pretty girls during a cruise on a motor-boat, only to fall heir at the end to the imitation chaperon, who is the prettiest of the three, and therefore, we are to infer, the most desirable.

The adapter neglected an opportunity to infuse some piquancy in a scene or two between the obtuse Starr and the pretty chaperon, but I suppose it is all right, as Willie kept us laughing. Willie, in fact, is almost the whole show, although his company is entirely equal to the work required. There is continually a suggestion of a Collier gag in the lines of the piece; in fact one can sometimes see its birth throes, and everything but the scenery seems to be closely related to Willie. I may note, by the way, that I have conscientiously tried all through this column to write Mr. Collier, only to find that my perspicacious pen refuses to perform its office.

The scenery of "A Lucky Star" is very Dutch and pretty, especially that in the last act, which represents the *Lorelei* moored in a lock at Veere. In this scene the roofs and windmills of the Dutch town are thrown in relief against the night-sky, while moon-silvered clouds and a star or two light up the

deck of the motor-boat, whereon lovers discourse sweet nonsense and Willie still makes us laugh.

## Sarah Siddons's Promise.

It is a pretty story that Clara Morris tells in one of her hooks of "The Tryst Sarah Siddons Kept." The recollection is full of human interest and tells of the great actress and her husband in their days of great poverty. Mrs. Siddons was then trying to make a name for herself on the stage, but she met nothing but reverses. At last she and her husband had pawned everything that could bring them ready money and it was necessary to give up the anticipated bid for success in London and go to the provinces.

Miss Morris tells of the last breakfast in the London inn where they were stopping before leaving for the provinces. It consisted of some cheese and bread. The story says that Mrs. Siddons was noticed by her husband to turn aside and whisper to herself. He thought the strain had been too much for her and watched her closely.

After a long struggle word came to London that there was an unusually bright and clever actress in the provinces. London of that day was no different from Baltimore, and insisted on being convinced before believing of the unknown actress's ability. At last a London manager sent for Mrs. Siddons, and said in a rather reluctant way that he would give her a chance in the great city. She came gladly, the people saw her, and her act triumphed.

After the first performance the greenroom was crowded with people prominent in life of fashionable London, and she was urged to accept invitations for supper. But to the dismay of her husband she refused, saying she was engaged. Mrs. Siddons directed her husband to call a cab, and he was more surprised than ever to learn she directed the driver to go to their old lodging.

Reaching there, they went to the very room where they had eaten their last breakfast before going to the provinces. On the table was only dry bread, beer, and cheese. Turning to her husband, the great actress said, "I live up to the promise I made to keep a tryst with the unhappy Sarah Siddons who lived here. I promised it the morning I left."

That old inn is torn down now, but a new one is there, and on the outside is a sign reading "Here is where Sarah Siddons kept her tryst." In the window is a picture of Clara Morris, a copy of the book she wrote, open at the story, and a picture of Sarah Siddons beside the hook.

Friday of next week, June 17, will be celebrated as the 135th anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill. Flags will be displayed and there will be appropriate music by the band in Golden Gate Park.

Arthur Cunningham, who is singing in the revived "Mikado" in New York, is praised as a noble lord Pish Tush.

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## VANITY FAIR.

An observant porter on a Pullman sleeper is in the way of acquiring a rare knowledge of human traits hidden from the daytime student of humanity. One such, out of the wealth of his memories, tells of the passengers who can not sleep without eyeglasses, though having no use for them in waking hours, of others who take out their false teeth on going to bed, of the hald who don a wig when sheltered behind the curtains, of a deaf man who fixed his ear trumpet in a handy place in case he was called in the night, of the woman who persisted in having her berth made up with head toward the north, and of the traveler who went to rest at an unusually early hour because he knew he could not sleep a wink as soon as he struck the border line of Indiana.

Wisely, however, this watchman of the sleeper draws a veil over his other memories, refusing to disclose reminiscences of the shapely and unshapely legs which have adorned the alleyway of his car, of the passengers, male and female, whose efforts to undress while swathed in a curtain have half-concealed and half-revealed various shapes of the human form divine, and of the countless hundreds who compromise in the interests of decency and hardly undress at all. Perhaps in the halcyon future the Pullman Company will make a proper concession to human needs and provide the traveler with sufficient area in which to undress and sleep in comfort. Seeing that the rolling stock of America is built on far ampler lines than that of Europe, it is surprising that the self-contained stateroom of, say, the trains running from London to Glasgow, have not been introduced into the United States. It is some gain that the new sleepers are to be less like prison cells in future and provided with windows for the uppers, but that is but a short step in the direction of the improvement which needs to be effected. To have to unclothe in a passage where the sexes are jumbled together in a manner which would not be tolerated elsewhere is an offense against decency which ought to have been made impossible long ago.

Judging from a photograph which adorns a current issue of one of the magazines, Margareta Drexel is a statuesque and beautiful young woman, but with a businesslike air permeating her almost Grecian features. Evidently that quality is derived from her father, who has solved the American-heiress-British-peer problem. Miss Drexel is to wed Viscount Maidstone, but her astute father does not wish any repetition of the Marlborough-Vanderbilt business in his family. Hence his cute little scheme of arranging with the bridegroom that the marriage settlement shall be on a sliding scale, commencing at \$5000 for the first year, \$10,000 for the next, \$15,000 for the third, and so on up to \$50,000. Mr. Drexel is to be congratulated, and Miss Drexel too, on an arrangement which will insure the good behavior of the viscount. If, in the marriage market, coronets are to be more than kind hearts of American blood, at least let the purchasers safeguard the getting of their money's worth.

A department of hatology will soon be a necessity in every up-to-date university. The problems which have their origin in the headgear of women are becoming more infinite in their variety and subtlety than the puzzles of Euclid or the multitudinous perplexities of psychology.

Two examples have been exercising the brains of Parisians. The first arose out of a pleasant walk at St. Germaine by Mme. de Pougy and her bosom friend, Prince Ghika. Even in that paradise of nature men, it seems, can be vile, for some passers-by were so excited by the hat madame was wearing that they could not refrain from indulging in "disrespectful remarks." The prince rose to the occasion like a man, and handed the aggressors his card, with a view of course to a future and less peaceful meeting. But instead of the climax taking place in a dark and remote spot suitable for the heroic duel, the next stage of the proceedings transpired in a law court. Here, however, the difficulty was to arrive at a clear understanding as to the words used to deride madame's hat. They were, it seems, supposed to be synonyms of a bird, a fish, and an animal in Africa. A pretty problem, which the judge gave up in despair. A photograph of the offending hat does not help matters; save that it is built on a kind of extinguisher plan, and hence is exactly the kind of creation which might prompt one dear friend to say to another dear friend that she had never seen her in a more becoming hat, it would be difficult to say what species it represents.

But the representative of the law who had to adjudicate in the case of Mme. de Pougy was to be envied compared with his brother who was asked to decide whether a hat is a hat, or something else, and if so, what. This particular crux had its origin in a contract for the letting of a residential flat, which in its unrelatedness is another proof that you never know when a woman's hat is going to cause trouble.

It seems that a proprietor of a house let one of his flats to a tenant who has a horror of hatters, and who stipulated in his contract that no such disturber of male peace should be allowed to rent the vacant shop under the flat. But a few weeks later the perfidious landlord rented his shop to a milliner! This was more than the hater of hatters could stand; he immediately sued his landlord for breach of contract. That astute man, however, was ready with an answer; a milliner, he declared, is by no means a hatter, inasmuch as her creations are intended primarily to "finish off a woman's toilet and as an ornament for her face." To decide on this intricate point the court adjourned for a fortnight, and in the meantime the question as to whether a woman's hat is intended to protect her head, and if so, whether that is only incidental to other purposes, is as unsolved as the schoolman problem as to how many angels can dance on the point of a needle.

And still the hatological harvest of the week is not exhausted. There's the plaint of the male churchgoer who pleads with the fair sex that he, too, wishes to see the preacher and hear his words of wisdom. He, with a knowledge of hat nomenclature which might prove useful to the French judge in madame's case, suggests that the fashionable view-hider of the present day shall, for church purposes, be substituted by a "toque compactly trimmed, or a 'Marie Stuart' bonnet." It is an encouraging sign of the times to have this appeal ascending from the pew instead of the orchestra stall of a theatre, but equally discouraging to learn that if the ladies will not make less demands upon church space then "a large number of men will cease to frequent church." Failing that, public opinion is to insist upon the removal of all hats in churches. But how hopeless it all is! Lives there a woman who does not look upon the church as her finest shop-window, her choicest point of vantage in hat competition, and who would not rather forego the means of grace than be robbed of such a time-honored privilege?

To descend to the male hat after dwelling in the speculative heights where the feminine variety dwells apart from all human interests may be hitherto, but Senator Bailey calls and must be obeyed. Time was when the honorable gentleman from Texas lent a touch of individuality to the Senate by his wide-spreading white bow and broad-brimmed felt hat, when his trousers were innocent of crease and his coat a nondescript article of attire. But those days are gone; he has begun reforming downward by adopting the silk hat, and such a concession to use and wont will undoubtedly prove as transforming as that purchase of a new parlor carpet which led to a renewal of all the contents of the sitting-room. It is a useful lesson; there may be as much snobishness in flaunting a sombrero out of place as in sporting a silk hat when in the saddle. Southwestern attire as it was before the war is picturesque on the stage; to don it for publicity purposes is no proof of statesmanship. The pose is obnoxious in any relation. The amenities of social life are helped greatly by recognition of polite custom.

Are there any three-bottle men left in these degenerate days? A doubt on that point must have hovered in the mind of the English harrister who, in making his will, left a sum of five hundred dollars to each of ten friends "to invest in port wine or anything else they like." All he could do was to express his preference, with a lively recollection, no doubt, of the glorious hours he had spent "over the walnuts and the wine." The amplitude of the bequest would imply that some of the harrister's friends have a three-bottle capacity for port, and yet the "anything else" suggests another inference. No doubt the race is getting beyond the three-bottle era, for how rare it is to find a poet in these days singing a bacchanalian song as though he meant it. The New England poets, as might have been expected, were particularly temperate; not even Lowell, who was most man of the world of any of them, tuned his muse to the praise of wine. Such an exercise is unthinkable of Emerson or Whittier; and Bryant, he who was enshrined, as the fable has it, in "supreme icelation," would have sooner said "damn" than turn a verse in praise of port. Offhand one might easily guess the wine poets; Horace among the ancients and Byron among the moderns. That harrister must have loved his Byron:

Few things surpass old wine; and they may preach Who please—the more because they preach in vain—  
Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter,  
Sermons and soda-water the day after.

Alcihiades was never more needed than today. If that Greek general could revisit the shades of the moon, there are thousands who would vote him the oversight of all cafes, and restaurants, and places of refreshment. Not alone because his knowledge of the art of war did not make him indifferent to the art of dining, but because he banished music from his table that it might not disturb the converse of his guests. Judging from the persistency with which music is thrust upon the

diner today, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that our caterers hope that in a surfeit of melody "the appetite may sicken, and so die." The orchestra, in short, is becoming a nuisance. The leader is generally so eaten up with conceit that the sight of him is enough to destroy the most lusty appetite, and even when that is not the case, the impossibility of indulging in conversation with a friend, and the implied obligation that knife and fork must be dropped to applaud, are sufficient to rule the orchestra out of court in a cafe. Is it, however, that the fiddlers and singers are called in because the art of conversation is dead?

Monarchicism is lifting its head again in France. In spite of the republic, another King has been created. This time, however, it is a King of Potatoes and not a King of People who has been acclaimed. It all arose from a competition as to what chef could best fry the potato to a turn. Forty-five flat-topped stoves were the scene of the contest, at each of which stood a chef armed with a frying-pan and the necessary materials. A judge stood in the centre, watch in hand, and from the word "go" to the command "take off pans," the air was redolent of sizzling potatoes and broiling butter. The members of the jury next made a procession of the pans, tasting from each and making notes. And then the climax; M. Charles was declared winner, the band played the "Marseillaise," and the timekeeper proclaimed M. Charles the "Fried Potato King," handed him a purse of silver and a medal, and "kissed him on both cheeks."

Sir Seymour Haden, Greatest Etcher, Dead.

Sir Francis Seymour Haden, one of the master painter-etchers of the nineteenth century, died a few days ago at Bradford, England, in his ninety-third year. He was a leader in the revival of painter-etching, which he aided not only with his engravings, but also with his writings, for he was a writer as well as an etcher of the first rank. When he took up etchings, he found it an almost forgotten art (says the New York Evening Post). The painter-etcher wrote brilliant articles calling for its rehabilitation, but, failing in his crusade, he founded an Association of Painter-Etchers, which has been raised to the dignity of a Royal Society, for the independent cultivation of the art.

Seymour Haden was born in London in 1818, the son of an eminent physician. Haden was educated at University College, London, and at the Sorbonne in Paris. He took up etching late in life. But Haden was not only a horn artist, he became a superb technician. His art was first recognized in Paris, when, in 1865, he consented to the publication of twenty-five of his plates. Haden's masterpieces were received at first in England as "blundering art," in Ruskin's phrase.

For the last few years Seymour Haden, who was knighted in 1894, had been almost blind and was unable to do any etching. He was married in 1847 to a half-sister of James McNeil Whistler, and when Whistler first went to Europe he lived with the Hadens. But Seymour Haden and Whistler quarreled, and to the day of his death there was nothing too bitter for Whistler to say about his brother-in-law.

A woman's theatre is to be opened in London soon. Gertrude Kingston, the actress, is to manage it. There are to be spacious wardrobes and lockers for wraps and hats. Also a tea room and a supper room. Plays by women, for women—as most plays are—and acted chiefly by women, are to have precedence.



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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A negro was arrested in Atlanta (according to *Life*) on a charge of vagrancy and brought before Judge Broyles. "Why, Sam, is this you? What have they arrested you for?" "Nothin', Jedge, 'ceptin' fragraney."

A woman woke up her husband at dead of night and told him a burglar was in the house. "I don't want you to go after him," she explained, "but I do want you to remember that if you find anything missing from your pockets in the morning, it wasn't me."

A female lion-tamer, young and fair, beckoned to a big lion, and it came and took a piece of sugar out of her mouth. "Why, I could do that trick!" exclaimed a gentleman in the front row. "What! You?" retorted the fair performer. "Certainly—just as well as the lion."

Under the heading "cruel and unusual" a country contemporary reports the suit of a Miss Craker against the Northwestern Railroad, and makes the statement: "Miss Craker asserts that she took a freight train at Reedsburgh and was kissed on the caboose by the conductor."

A shoe drummer alighted from the train at Farville and looked up and down the street. Presently Yick Lee came along with a bundle of soiled laundry, and the drummer hailed him with: "John, how much of a place is this here town of Farville?" "Stleet ca' ev'ly twenty minute," replied the Chinaman.

A new-made widow called at the office of an insurance company for the money due on her husband's policy. The manager said: "I am truly sorry, madam, to hear of your loss." "That's always the way with you men," said she. "You are always sorry when a poor woman gets a chance to make a little money."

Augustus Saint-Gaudens used to illustrate the development of art in America by a story of the past. He said that in the 'forties a rich Bostonian built a fine house in the Back Bay. He decided to adorn the lawn with statuary, and having heard of the Venus de Milo, he wrote to Rome for a copy. The copy duly arrived. It was marble. But the Boston man no sooner got it than he sued the railroad company for \$2500 for mutilation. He won the suit, too.

Mrs. Wiggin, who makes books about "Penelope in" foreign places, is in London now. Her first caller was an interviewer, who paused in the doorway, and with pencil poised, asked: "And what do you think of London, Mrs. Wiggin?" "You remind me of the young lady who sat beside Mr. Gibbon at dinner," the author remarked genially. "She turned to him after the soup and said, 'Do, dear Mr. Gibbon, tell me about the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.'"

Andrew Carnegie, discussing at a dinner in Pittsburg the Pittsburg graft scandals, said: "Exposure followed exposure so thick and fast that to express astonishment became, after a while, ridiculous—like the astonishment of the waiter. A waiter, you know, brought a gentleman a salad with his chicken, and the gentleman, after eating a little, said: 'Look here, waiter, there's a worm in this salad!' 'That astonishes me sir,' the waiter answered. 'I only just removed four from it, sir.'"

William Furst, the composer and orchestra leader at the Empire Theatre, New York, is in the habit of having his own way. He is, however, no match for Mr. Charles Frohman. Several years ago he was working with Mr. Frohman over a new production at the Empire Theatre. "That's too loud, Billy," Mr. Frohman remarked at a certain stage rehearsal. "I can't help it, governor," replied Furst, "it's forte." "Well," observed Mr. Frohman imperturbably, "make it thirty-five."

Surveyor McCarthy of Boston was asked by a reporter why he had not given a tip on a piece of news that broke shortly after the reporter had seen him. The surveyor said that he had, but the reporter insisted that the "tip" was so remote as to be valueless. The surveyor, by way of reply, told this story: "A young man had been calling upon a girl for some time, when the young lady's father asked the swain what his intentions were. 'They are honorable,' was the reply, 'but rather remote.'"

Way down in Yuma a man named Sanguinetti does all the general merchandise and charity business for miles around. He advertises his store, but keeps the charity strictly quiet. One morning, having heard that a family of Mexicans had been burned out the night before, he sent his clerk to inquire surreptitiously if the man was deserving and in need of assistance. The clerk returned, reporting that the Mexican did not own the

destroyed dwelling, and as for his property had saved every bit of it. "Ah, then he is not so badly off," ventured Sanguinetti. "What did he have to save?" With a dry smile the clerk answered, "One string of red peppers and a picture of Jesus."

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., at a dinner in New York, admitted that he was not a gourmet. "These fat, red-faced men," he said, "only amuse me. They know all the vintage years of champagne, Bordeaux and Bourgogne. They differentiate learnedly between California peach-fed and Southern hominy-fed hog. They compare the flavors of the teal, the mallard, and the canvassback. But I, listening, only smile. It all reminds me so vividly of two little boys in the country. These two little boys were smoking, when one was taken suddenly and violently ill. The other said: 'It's queer that this tobacco hurts you. It's made of very good corn-silk.' 'But, you see,' groaned the other, 'I'm used to nothin' but fine grape leaves.'"

They numbered four. They absolutely exuded prosperity. The things which they ordered were such as to fill with envy the breast of the man at the next table, engaged in consuming the most modest dish disclosed by the bill of fare. The four were conversing—languid, plutocratic conversation. After a while it turned to the question of money. Evidently they wanted to do something. How much money had they? One of the four took out his pocketbook and counted up a roll of bills. "Oh, I have \$145," he said carelessly. The second and third members of the party went through their pockets. "I have \$215," remarked one. "And I have \$300," said the other. The fourth waved his hand—grandly. "Never mind, you fellows," he said. "I'll lend you all you want." Tenderly the waiters bore the man at the next table out into the cold air. He will recover.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## June.

Month of the bride and the rose,  
Month of the sweet graduate;  
Hope freights each zephyr that blows,  
Who can go clinging to fate?  
Strawberries heaped on the plate,  
The brook singing songs as it flows—  
Month of the bride and the rose,  
Month of the sweet graduate.

A boat and a jugful of bait,  
Or a hammock in which to repose;  
Why sit and grumble at fate?  
June may be lovely—who knows?  
Month of the bride and the rose,  
Month of the sweet graduate.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

## June Wedding Bromides.

And now once more prepare to meet  
The would-be grooms of happy June,  
And let us dust the bromides off,  
We'll need to use them very soon.  
Let's take the old time-worn one down,  
They often used in days bygone.  
It still will serve our purpose now;  
"Well, two can live as cheap as one."

The same old handshake let us give,  
The same old wink and same old smile,  
Then let us say how glad we are  
He's going to live in double style.  
And ere we part let's say to him,  
The way we used to do of yore:  
"It is the only way to live,  
You'll wish you'd done it long before."

But there's one bromide, I am sure,  
That we should have the strength to kill;  
Since Eve first married Adam, they've  
Been springing it and always will.  
Our great-grandfathers thought it cute,  
Our parents sprung it on their sons,  
And this it is: "Here's hoping that  
Your troubles will be little ones."

—Detroit Free Press.

## Rodents.

A long, lean cat once met a friend;  
The friend was plump and round.  
Said the long, lean cat, "You can scarcely bend.  
Too fat by many a pound."

The plump cat looked around in fear,  
Then whispered soft and low,  
"Do tell me, Tom, if no one's near,  
Tell me, does my rat show?"

—Lippincott's Magazine.

## What Many People Think.

The people people work with best are often very queer;  
The people who are people's kin quite shock your first idea;  
The people people choose for friends your common sense appal;  
But the people people marry are the queerest folk of all.

—Chicago Tribune.

A new German professor in a girl's college, wishing to detain one of the students, said: "Oh, Miss —, may I hold you a minute after class?"

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.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	a 9:50p	2:32p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:50p	.....	3:45p
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

The impetus given to things social by the inaugural consignment of June weddings has carried that remnant of society still in town into a second week of comparative brightness.

The Donovin-Draper wedding on Tuesday at San Rafael, though planned along less elaborate lines than the Mills-Nichols, the Barron-Harvey, and Haenke-Churchill weddings of last week compared favorably with them in social importance and served to assemble a large number of guests from town and from Mare Island.

Activity in service circles continues unabated. Dinners and dances at the various posts mark nearly every evening this week, with an affair of unprecedented brilliance for this time of year in the guise of a theatre party on Friday night at which the officers of the Army and Navy Club were hosts.

A revival of interest in bridge whist which always comes when things are a low ebb socially accounts for the numerous small affairs of this nature which have served to vary the monotony for the past six days.

The departures for the East and Europe have been fewer this week, but news of those sailing from New York, who have lingered till now in the Eastern metropolis, has been of interest to their friends here.

Mrs. C. G. Schley has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Sue Ione Clark and Mr. Cecil Arthur McIntosh of Honolulu. The wedding will take place in August.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lewis have announced the engagement of their daughter, Blanche, to Mr. Sidney M. Phillips of Sacramento. The wedding will take place in July.

The wedding of Miss Dorothy Draper and Ensign Kirkwood Donovin, U. S. N., took place Tuesday afternoon at Mauretina Park, the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. T. Wain-Morgan Draper, at San Rafael. The marriage service was read by Rev. Marshall Cutting of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Mr. Morgan Draper gave his sister into the keeping of the groom. Miss Elsa Draper was maid of honor and Mr. John Laurence Kaufman, U. S. N., acted as best man. The ushers were Ensign Richard Turner and Midshipman Ernest Gunther. Ensign Donovin and his bride left for San Diego after the ceremony, where their home will be while he is stationed on the Coast.

The wedding of Miss Hattie Belle Andrews and Mr. Sidney Bruce Cooper took place at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Reid, on Wednesday evening. The marriage service was read by Rev. George Swan. Miss Pearl Blank acted as bridesmaid and Mr. George A. Middlemiss of Sacramento was best man.

A wedding of local interest which took place in Santa Barbara on Thursday evening was that of Miss Elizabeth Winona Hernster and Mr. Edward Mercer Huie, son of the late Dr. George W. Huie of this city. After a short wedding journey, Mr. Huie and his bride will reside in San Francisco.

The wedding of Miss Helen Hussey and Mr. Frederick Adams will take place June 30 at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hussey, on Jackson Street.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Rinehart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Alonzo Rinehart, and Mr. Christian Miller of this city took place Monday evening, June 6, in Covington, Virginia. Mr. Kenneth Moore, who went East with Mr. Miller, acted as best man at the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Alice Roedel, formerly of San Mateo, and Lieutenant William F. Bruedlen will take place June 18 in Berlin, where Mrs. Philip M. Roedel and her daughter now are. After the ceremony Lieutenant von Bruedlen, who is an officer in the German army, and his bride will leave for a bridal trip down the Rhine to The Hague, and later will travel to California.

The wedding of Miss Frances Thompson, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Larkin Thompson, United States minister to Brazil, and Rev. Webster Loring Clark took place Tuesday in Grace Cathedral. There were no wedding attendants and the ceremony was performed by Rev. T. Partridge.

Miss Brocke Rose, the niece of Mrs. Selden Wright, will leave next week for New York, where her wedding with Mr. Frederick P. Hastings will take place the last of the month. While in New York Miss Rose will be the guest of Mrs. Frederick Smith, who was Miss Marian Smith of this city before her marriage.

A wedding of interest to society took place Saturday in Oakland. It was that of Mrs. Orestes Pierce and Mr. Harold Spence Black. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Bakewell of Trinity Episcopal Church at the home of the

bride's mother, Mrs. McKee. Mr. Black and his bride are spending the honeymoon at Lake Tahoe, but will later journey to England, where the family home of the groom is located.

The army and navy theatre party on Friday night was a brilliant event, the success of which was due largely to Father Robert Sesnon, chaplain of the Naval Reserve, Captain Frederick Stopford, U. S. A., and Captain J. G. Berry, who arranged the affair. Among the guests of the club were General Thomas Barry and Mrs. Barry, Colonel Charles Chubb and Mrs. Chubb, Admiral John R. Milton and Mrs. Milton, Commander E. W. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Commander H. H. Pratt and Mrs. Pratt, Major Arthur Chase and Mrs. Chase, Major Edward Millar and Mrs. Millar, Captain George M. Appel and Mrs. Appel, Captain Robert S. Welsh and Mrs. Welsh, Captain Isaac Erwin and Mrs. Erwin, Paymaster Walter Greer and Mrs. Greer, Colonel Nat Phister and Mrs. Phister, Colonel John Lundeen, Colonel C. G. Woodward and Mrs. Woodward, Colonel John Brooks and Mrs. Brooks, Captain John Burke and Mrs. Burke, Captain Carroll Buck and Mrs. Buck, Captain Thomas Q. Ashburn and Mrs. Ashburn, Dr. W. W. King and Mrs. King, Lieutenant George Ruhlén, Lieutenant Benjamin Wade and Mrs. Wade, Lieutenant John A. Crane and Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Mrs. Horace Wilson, Miss Emma Turner, Miss Elsie Lee, Miss Marie Lundeen, Miss Phister, Lieutenant Edward Pritchett, Lieutenant Emmons, Lieutenant Truby Marin, and Lieutenant Halsted Councilman.

Mrs. Harry Holbrook was hostess at a luncheon at her home on Pacific Avenue Thursday in honor of Mrs. Sands Forman of Coronado, who is the guest of Mrs. Thomas Eastland. The guests included Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., and Miss Virginia Joliffe.

The Presidio Card Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. J. M. Wheeler. The card games were followed by an informal tea. Among those present were Mrs. John Lundeen, Mrs. William Brooks, Mrs. Louis Chappalear, Mrs. Frederick Stopford, Mrs. J. P. Brady, Mrs. J. B. Steele, Mrs. J. A. Crane, Mrs. Myron Crissy, Mrs. A. O. Falkner, Mrs. J. H. O'Neil, and Mrs. Thomas Q. Ashburn.

Mrs. John B. Milton was a luncheon hostess at her home at Yerba Buena, at which she entertained twenty guests in honor of Mrs. Osterhaus. Among those present were Mrs. William B. Harrington, Mrs. Frederick von Sebrader, Mrs. Randolph Dickens, Mrs. John Irwin, Mrs. Samuel Graham, Mrs. Douglas McDougal, Mrs. Eberle, Mrs. Arthur Dodd, Mrs. F. B. Gatewood, Mrs. Le Favor, Mrs. Alexander McCracken, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Giles B. Harber, Mrs. Simmons, and Mrs. Garth.

The Sequoia Club entertained at a dinner in honor of Dr. Humphrey Stewart on Thursday night. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. William Knott, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Dunn, Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensberger, Mr. and Mrs. Irving Moulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Meyerstein, Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Dorn, Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Ella M. Sexton, Miss Martell, Miss Young, Miss McKim, Miss Holmes, Mrs. G. L. Lansing, Miss Haley, Miss Powers, Miss Burke, Mrs. Inez Haynes Gilmore, Mrs. C. W. Scott, Miss M. Dean, Mr. Coggins, Mr. William Sparks, Mr. William Greer Harrison, Mr. Harr Wagner, and Mr. Dasonville.

Mrs. Aiken Hiller Vail was hostess at a bridge party and luncheon at her home at San Anselmo on Wednesday. Her guests on that occasion were Mrs. Andrew Rowan, Mrs. Charles Clark, Mrs. E. B. Young, Mrs. R. B. Hale, Mrs. Charles Moore, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Benjamin Clark, Mrs. James Jordan, Mrs. Peter Dunne, and Mrs. C. H. Wilson.

Mrs. Norman Rideout was hostess at a luncheon at the Hotel Stewart on Thursday, at which she entertained Mrs. Alden Anderson, Mrs. David Sessions, Mrs. G. Gale, Mrs. E. B. Cutter, Mrs. Frank Jaynes, Mrs. George Willcutt, Mrs. John P. Young, Mrs. Edward Bird, Mrs. Chester L. Hovey, Mrs. F. A. Coulter, and Mrs. Vale.

Lieutenant and Mrs. C. P. Huff entertained at dinner at their home at Yerba Buena on Tuesday evening. Their guests were Rear-Admiral J. B. Milton and Mrs. Milton, Captain E. W. Brown and Mrs. Brown, Dr. F. E. McCullough and Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Charles Austin, Mrs. Parker, and Paymaster Gray Skipworth.

Miss Jennie Stone was hostess at a tea which she gave at the Fairmont Hotel Friday afternoon, complimentary to her nieces, Miss Harriett Stone and Miss Marian Stone. Among her guests were Miss Elizabeth Woods, Miss Isabel McLaughlin, Miss Marcia Fee, Miss Hazel Cook, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Wallace, Miss Anna Olney, Miss Madeline Clay, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Helen Jones, Miss Anna Weller, Miss Florence Williams, Miss Harold, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Marion Zeile, and Miss Albright.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton entertained at a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Breeden on Friday.

Mrs. Fletcher Ryer was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Saturday at which she entertained twelve guests.

Mrs. John G. Kittle entertained a group of friends at dinner Tuesday evening at her home at Ross.

Miss Agnes Tillman made Miss Lillian Van Vorst her guest of honor at a bridge party at her home on Tuesday evening, prior to the departure of Miss Van Vorst and her mother for Europe.

Midshipman Kaufmann, U. S. N., entertained informally at the Palace Hotel Saturday afternoon complimentary to his fiancée's sister, Miss Dorothy Draper. His guests included Dr. Humphrey Stewart, Miss Frances Stewart, Miss Elsa Draper, Miss Mary Miller, Mrs. T. Wain-Morgan Draper, Ensign Kirkwood Donovin, U. S. N., Mr. Morgan Draper, and Mr. Edgar Peixotto.

Mr. and Mrs. Milton Pray were hosts at a house party at the Claremont Country Club over the last week end in honor of Mrs. Denning Smith of New York. Their guests were Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Smith, Colonel W. A. Simpson, U. S. A., Captain F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., and Admiral Phelps, U. S. N.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

On Monday at the Columbia Theatre William Collier begins the second and last week of his engagement in "A Lucky Star." The play and the star are reviewed at length on another page.

Vesta Victoria at the Orpheum holds the stage for forty minutes, during which she sings seven songs with such good effect that the audiences compel her to bow her acknowledgments half a dozen times at their conclusion. For next week, the second of her engagement, Miss Victoria offers an entirely new repertory of songs, the most original one of which will be "The Chantecler Ditty." Her costume, which cost \$600 without duty, was made by Clarkson of London, who made all the costumes for the Paris production of Rostand's play. It was used for the first time with great success in Denver. The bill for next week includes among the new acts Grigolati's Famous Aerial Ballet, which was one of the attractions of the opening programme of the New Orpheum. The sensation these flying ballet girls created is well remembered. For this engagement the most effective of their divertissements has been selected. H. Franklin and the Standards, sensational acrobats and dancers, will make their first appearance here. Fred Warren and Al Blanchard, two minstrel and musical comedy stars, will amuse in a novel act. Hal Merritt, "the College Boy from Ipswich," will also be a contributor to this entertainment. He is a lightning cartoonist of skill. Next week will be the last of Paul Spadoni, Lyons and Yosco, and of De Witte Kaplan and Herbert Walter's one-act drama, "The Code Book," in which Charles Hammond and Allen Atwell appear. New motion pictures will conclude the performance.

It is exactly five years since Margaret Anglin last appeared in San Francisco, and she returns to open at the Columbia Theatre on Monday evening, June 20, at the head of her own company. Miss Anglin comes with a play which is an adaptation by Charlotte Thompson, a well-known young California playwright, of "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Mrs. Margaret Deland's widely read and popular novel of the same name. During Miss Anglin's visit to the Columbia Theatre, which is for two weeks, she will give two special matinees of "Mrs. Dane's Defense," one of her earliest triumphs, on Friday, June 24, and Friday, July 1. These special matinees, it should be noted, are in addition to the usual Wednesday and Saturday matinees of "The Awakening of Helena Richie." The seat sale for the Margaret Anglin engagement will begin Thursday morning.

John Cort, who is now president of the National Theatre Owners' Association, controlling sixteen hundred playhouses in the United States and Canada, writes F. W. Busey, resident manager of the Savoy Theatre, that when the McAllister Street amusement house reopens on August 14 it will be constantly supplied with the best attractions before the public. Up to the first of August the Savoy may be rented for concerts, lectures, and entertainments of all descriptions.



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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a résumé of movements to and from this city and Coast and whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Y. Campbell will spend few weeks at Yosemite.

Dr. A. Miles Taylor is en route to St. Louis, where he will visit for a month.

Mrs. A. S. Baldwin, Miss Laura Baldwin, and Miss Marian Miller have returned from Paso Obles.

Major and Mrs. Ruckman, accompanied by their daughter, are in Boston, where they will be present at the graduation of their son from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Braverman and Miss Florence Braverman will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McCarthy (formerly Miss Essie Sedgwick Dargie) are being entertained in New York, where they are spending their honeymoon.

Mrs. Kate Felton Elkins of Philadelphia will arrive shortly to spend the summer at the Felton home at Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge are now in New York, but will return to San Francisco the last of the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Harris have returned from Yosemite Valley.

Ensign George Joerns, U. S. N., and Mrs. Joerns (formerly Miss Constance Cummings) have returned from their honeymoon trip and are guests at the Cummings home.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Emily Carolan have returned from Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Winslow will arrive the middle of this month from their home in Georgia and will spend the summer, as is their usual custom, in California.

Miss Florence Ives will spend August and September at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels (formerly Miss Miss Moon) are "at home" at Coronado, where they will live for the present.

Mrs. George Boyd will leave in a few days for Portland, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Allen Lewis.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tillman and Miss Agnes Tillman left Monday for their ranch at Aptos, where they will spend the summer.

Mrs. Walter Burrell of Portland has been spending some days in San Francisco at the Palace hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham (formerly Miss Louise Gaylord) are expected here in August en route to their home in Honolulu.

Mrs. Elma Graves White has returned to San Francisco, after an absence of several years in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Crocker and Miss Marian Crocker are in Washington, D. C., but are expected in San Francisco next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin, who are now in Ross, will spend the next few months at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Charles O. Alexander spent the week end at Los Gatos.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg is spending the week with Major and Mrs. McIvor at the Presidio of Monterey.

Mr. George Willcutt has been in Calaveras County for an outing, and will go later to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Hazel Holm spent the week end at Del Monte, and before returning to San Francisco will tour through the south.

Mr. and Mrs. Fritz King and their son, Starr, who is at the Naval Academy, will spend the summer at San Mateo.

Mrs. A. L. Roberts, who has just returned from the Philippines, is the guest of Colonel Charles St. John Chubb, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chubb at the Presidio.

Mr. and Mrs. William Porter will spend the summer at Santa Barbara.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin will spend the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Hugo Mansfield, who has spent the last two years in the oases of the Sahara desert, is expected home this month.

Professor and Mrs. Jacques Loeb, who were the guests last week of Mr. and Mrs. Allan G. Freeman at their home, "Allanoke," at Claremont, left Saturday for New York, where Professor Loeb will be connected with the Rockefeller Institute.

Mr. A. Chesebrough, Miss Helen Chesebrough, and Mr. Arthur Chesebrough will spend the summer at Ross, where they will entertain Miss Kate Dillon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Tobin will occupy their new home at San Mateo during the summer.

Mrs. G. L. P. Stone and her children have joined Lieutenant Stone, U. S. N., at Buenos Ayres, where his ship, the *Chester*, is stationed for the Pan-American Exposition.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville D. Baldwin sailed on the *Mauritania* from New York this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Breeden have been visiting friends at Burlingame, but will spend the greater part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain have taken the Hobart Cottage at San Mateo for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Frasier Douglas and the latter's daughter, Miss Kate Darragh, left Wednesday for New York, where they will visit Mrs. Douglas's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stone.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter, who came up from Del Monte for the wedding of her granddaughter, Miss Genevieve Harvey, is the guest of Mrs. Ella Smith.

Miss Anna Holden has returned from the Hawaiian Islands, where she has spent the past two years. Miss Milward Holden has also returned, after an extended absence in the East and England.

Mrs. Florence Porter Pfingst sailed Tuesday for the Orient, where she will spend the summer in travel.

Mrs. Walter Newhall of Los Angeles, who was visiting in San Francisco last week, has gone to Portland, and on her return will visit at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. William S. Tevis and her sons are occupying a cottage at Santa Barbara for the summer.

Captain Collier and the Misses Collier have opened their country place at Lakeport, where they are entertaining Miss Morrison Fuller.

Miss Agnes Tobin is spending the week at Del Monte.

Mrs. Herbert Vos and her daughter, Miss Anna Graham, will make a brief visit here on their arrival from New York before sailing for Honolulu, where they will remain three months.

Miss Amy Brewer returned from the East, where she has been visiting several months, in order to be present at the Mills-Nichols wedding.

Mrs. A. N. Buchanan and her daughters, Miss Gladys Buchanan and Miss Lynda Buchanan, left this week for Europe, where they will remain indefinitely.

Mrs. Uriel Seebec, who has been at the Fairmont Hotel during Admiral Seebec's absence in Washington and New York, will go with him to San Diego on his return from the East.

Mr. Evan Evans and his son, Arthur, sailed Monday for England.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin M. Gunn and their sons, Dudley, Russell, and Kenneth, left New York for Europe on Wednesday.

Mrs. Alexander Garceau will join her sisters, Mrs. Camillo Martin and Miss Hyde, in England, having left San Francisco for New York on Tuesday.

She was accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Bayard Hyde Smith.

Miss Harriett Alexander is at present in Paris, where she is visiting Mr. and Mrs. C. August Spreckels. She will go to London later to visit Mrs. Reginald Brooke.

Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker and Miss Marian Baker, accompanied by Miss Marian Lee Maillard, left this week for Castle Crag, where they will spend the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook spent the week end at Castle Crag.

Miss Isabel McLoughlin returned Friday from her Eastern school. She was accompanied West by Dr. McEnery and his sister, Miss McEnery, and is with them at the Fairmont Hotel.

Miss Eliza McMullen is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. John McMullen, at her ranch in San Joaquin County.

Mrs. James Cunningham and the Misses Cunningham have gone to Del Monte for a brief visit.

Mrs. Joseph Weller Sefton has gone East to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Lena Sefton Wakefield, in New York.

Miss Edith Simpson returned Monday from New York, where she has been visiting for several months.

Mrs. Edward Barron and her daughters have returned to Woodside.

Mr. Lovell Langstroth will leave shortly for Santa Barbara, where he will spend part of the summer.

Mrs. Inez Haynes Gilmour left Saturday for Pacific Grove, where she will be the guest of her sister, Mrs. Trille, at "Shawmut Lodge."

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have sailed for Hamburg. They will remain abroad till November.

Mrs. Russell J. Wilson has returned from her trip abroad and will spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. George Cadwalader.

Mrs. Edward Pringle and Miss Nina Pringle have gone to New York, where they will remain for several months.

Miss Marguerite Le Breton left on Sunday for Boston, where she will join her brother, Ensign David M. Le Breton, who is stationed at the navy yard.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway sailed Monday from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dinkelspiel, Miss Sophie Margaret, and Master Lloyd William Dinkelspiel left a few days ago on an extended trip to Alaska, Banff, and Lake Louise. On their return to San Francisco they will go to Hotel Del Monte for the balance of the summer months.

Mrs. R. C. McCreery are at Klamath Hot Springs, where they will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Henry Ferguson sailed Monday for Manila to join Captain Ferguson, who is stationed in the Islands. They will return in the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell and Miss Whittell will leave for Europe July 1.

Last week was an unusually gay one at Del Monte, for besides the guests who have taken apartments for the summer, many motor parties arrived for the week end, bringing a throng from all over the State. The naval officers from the torpedo boat destroyers now in the harbor have been taking advantage of their close proximity to Del Monte to get in some practice on the links, where they have enjoyed themselves. Many of them came over for the hop Saturday evening in the Del Monte ballroom, with some of the officers from the Presidio, making it a brilliant and happy affair. Several dinners were also given. Captain McMahers, who is frequently a host at social functions, entertained some of his friends at dinner one evening, and another dinner party was given by Lieutenant McCord, also of the Presidio. Hotel Del Monte arrivals of the past week from San Francisco included Mrs. H. Poser, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. McElroy, Mr. Ivan Beer, Mr. E. G. Vincent, Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Lucelin, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Hine, Mr. L. A. Tomers, Mrs. J. P. Langhorne, Mrs. James Cunningham, Mr. R. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. James Horsburgh, Jr., Mrs. E. G. Baldwin, Mr. E. L. Foucar, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Callender, Mr. L. Peoples, Dr. E. Schmoll, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hickay, Mr. L. A. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Fee, Mrs. H. Strybing, Mr. and Mrs. Ryer, Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee and family, Mr. H. N. Stores, Mr. F. E. Collins, Mr. F. W. Blanche, Miss Langhorne, the Misses Cunningham, Mr. Edward Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Batters, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. O'Brien, Mr. E. O. McCormick, Mr. G. Knecht, Mr. and Mrs. Eart B. Scott.

Among recent arrivals at Aetna Springs from San Francisco were Mr. Wellington Gregg, Jr., Mr. Raymond Benjamin, Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Rohner, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. M. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert A. Kinzie and children, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Brooks and daughter, Mr. E. Blancheburg, Mrs. P. D. Mullaney, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walker, Mrs. C. C. Knox, Mrs. W. M. Knox, Mrs. Elsie Knox Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Leo J. Devlin and sons, Mr. and Mrs. F.

J. Schultz and son, Mrs. L. Schultz, Miss Henrietta Schultz.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach, for the past week included Mr. C. R. Wallis, Mr. Richard Lowry, Miss Hermine Lowry, Mr. Thomas Cohn, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. K. Gibson, Miss Grace Gibson, Mr. Richard Gilbert, Mr. and Mrs. J. McElroy, Mr. F. S. Winslow, Mr. E. A. Ford, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Epstein, Miss Olga Epstein, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Pollard.

## CURRENT VERSE.

## Under a Street Lamp.

Held from the dim exterior night,  
Cloistered in this small circle's light,  
I wait, and watch, and idly dream,  
While shadows in procession pass  
From dark to dark; each shadow has  
A white and certain face,

That looks beyond my narrow ken,  
Vanishes, nor returns again.  
Their wistful eyes encounter mine  
One instant, as they flit, and flit,  
Away from me, and unto it  
Toward which they strive and roam.

Sometimes I think they challenge me  
The end of their pursuit to see;  
And smile toward love, or sternly hate,  
Or, seeing God, endure to climb  
The rugged, painful steps of time  
With patient, ceaseless feet.

For steadily they sweep away  
Into the void; I only stay,  
And wonder at the thronging shapes,  
Asking again, and yet again,  
If these be souls, or only men,  
Who follow so their fate.—

If I alone am left to see  
A dead world's final destiny,  
If these must swing forever more  
Around my little plank of light,  
Ghosts, seeking through eternal night  
The lost, sweet things of life.  
—Mary Allen, in *Springfield Republican*.

## Song of the Sap.

When the snows die on the upland, and the days  
begin to lengthen,  
And the valleys wake to torrents swirling to  
the open sea,  
When the warm, soft winds have kissed them, and  
the shoots begin to lengthen,  
There's a dim and troubled longing in the  
haunted heart of me.

For the sap flows in the maples, and the fields are  
dark with wonder,  
And a whisper of foreboding creeps across the  
wakened land:  
Proserpine has laughed once more, whose heart  
was torn asunder,  
Across the hills I see her stride with offerings  
in her hand.

And the mists at dawn and sunset like a thousand  
censers burning,  
Lift a sacrificed token to the newly burnished  
skies,  
While the sap steals like an eddy to forsaken  
channels turning,  
And my heart, resurgent, listens where my  
prisoned body cries.

In the great wine-press of Springtime, where a  
purple flood is winking,  
'Neath a sun that warms the vision in my  
wintry eye and brain,  
Lie the dreams that hold my heart strings; at that  
fount the world is drinking,  
And a thousand feet are stamping on familiar  
trails again!

—W. G. Tinkom-Fernandez, in *Hampton's Magazine*.

## The Brook.

Like the brown brook that slips beneath the frost,  
Its murmured message for the moment lost  
To grosser ear than Mother Nature's own,  
So 'neath life's winter do we slip unknown,  
All seemingly unheard. And yet, forsooth,  
I fain would keep the brown brook's note of  
youth;

Within sealed silences would guard the key  
Which God first struck, to guide my melody  
Of life. Ah, I would keep my theme  
Clear-hearted and pellucid as the stream  
That cons its lesson at the icy lip  
Of frozen sources. I would later slip  
From out constraining fastnesses to bring  
The weary world what peace and silence sing.

—Mary Baldwin, in *Outlook Magazine*.

In a letter from Stuttgart, a correspondent of a German paper says that Sudermann has so long been synonymous with success that the performance at the Royal Theatre when the drama, "Children of the Strand," was received in silence was remarkable and unlooked for. "Only after the third act was there a small sign of approval, and when the final curtain was lowered hisses were heard in all parts of the house. The stage manager had probably expected a different result, for the curtain went up after it had fallen, but the actors evidently had seen and heard the sentiment of the audience and did not appear again."

Mme. Melha, after an absence of two years, appeared at Covent Garden May 30, and was rapturously applauded by the London opera lovers. She sang the part of Mimi in "La Bohème."

## Vacation Preparations.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

**Optimist**—In this world one happy hour makes up for a heap of unhappy ones. **Pessimist**—Yes. It has to.—*Puck*.

"Do you think, doctor, that science will ever be able to revive the dead?" "Not any of my patients!"—*Houston Post*.

**Visitor**—Is there any other cure for a snake bite except whisky? **Colonel Bourban**—Who cares whether there is or not.—*The Club-Fellow*.

"How do you distinguish the waiters from the guests in this café? Both wear full dress." "Yes, but the waiters keep sober."—*Cleveland Leader*.

**Ethel**—Jack really won Maud by hardness and coldness. **Elsie**—What do you mean? **Ethel**—Diamonds and ice-cream.—*Boston Transcript*.

**Housewife**—Are you willing to chop some wood for your dinner? **Plodding Pete**—Sorry, mum, but I am a Pinchot man.—*Boston Transcript*.

**Brown**—What have you got against that man Smith? He has done some very good things. **Jones**—Yes, but I happened to be one of them.—*Life*.

"How did the street-car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull." "He did, but he didn't use it on the cash register."—*Buffalo Express*.

**Mrs. Young**—I want to get a divorce from my husband. **Lawyer**—What are your charges? **Mrs. Young**—My charges? Mercy! I thought I'd have to pay you.—*Boston Transcript*.

"How did your act take, amateur night?" "Great! When I sang the first verse, they yelled 'Fine!' and when I sang the next they yelled 'Imprisonment!'"—*Baltimore Sun*.

"The position is yours, sir, if you will deposit \$1000 as a security." "I accept your offer, sir, if you will deposit \$1000 as a security for my security."—*Cleveland Leader*.

**Earnest but Prosy Street-Corner Orator**—I want land reform; I want housing reform; I want educational reform; I want—**Bored Voice**—Chloroform.—*Manchester Guardian*.

**Innis**—Do I love her? Why, man, I can't sleep nights for thinking about her. **Owens**—That's not proof positive. I get the same effect from my tailor's hills.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Have any serious trouble with your new automobile?" "Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."—*Cleveland Leader*.

**Higgs**—Are you not indulging in a good many luxuries for one in your position, old man? **Biggs**—Yes, but great Scott! the necessities are all so thundering high.—*Boston Transcript*.

"You are not interested in family trees?" "No," replied Miss Cayenne, "so many of them remind me of these continual announcements that the fruit crop is a failure."—*Washington Star*.

"And now, Jimmy Norton," asked a Bronx school teacher the other day, "how many kinds of teeth are there?" "Two, ma'am," replied Jimmy; "quinines and cuspidores."—*New York Press*.

**Teacher**—You do not intend to make a profession of your study of music? **Pupil**—Dear me, no! I only am learning to play to kill time. **Teacher** (grimly)—You're doing it.—*Baltimore American*.

**Mr. Hubb**—The intelligence office manager told me that our new girl was once an actress. **Mrs. Hubb**—I believe it. She dusts the furniture exactly as the souhrette does it on the stage.—*Boston Transcript*.

"So you lost your job as a plumber's assistant?" "Yes." "For what reason?" "Incompetence. The man they put me to work with liked to play pinocle and I didn't know any game but seven-up."—*Washington Star*.

"How does your new book go?" "Great! I am convinced that it is a classic." "A classic? What convinces you of that?" "Everybody has either seen it or heard of it, but nobody has read it."—*Cleveland Leader*.

**The Maiden Aunt**—No, sir! No traveling second-class on the continent for me. How do I know with what strange man I might be locked into a compartment? **Nephew**—That's so. But the man wouldn't know what was coming to him, either.—*Life*.

"We must go to some quiet, inexpensive place next summer," said the man who worries. "Great heavens!" exclaimed his wife. "Don't talk so gressomely. You know that there are no longer any quiet or inexpensive places except cemeteries."—*Washington Star*.

**Editor**—We would very much like to use your poem, sir, but the fact is, we are not in a condition to buy verse. **Poet**—But you say use it for nothing; I would much like to see it in print. **Editor**—Well, you see, we

have a rule here that anything that isn't paid for isn't worth printing.—*Boston Herald*.

**She**—What was that noise I heard in the hall last night? **He**—I guess, my dear, it was the day breaking.—*Baltimore American*.

## A Make-Believe Major.

General W. H. Lemon of the Grand Army of the Republic was recounting at a dinner at Lawrence, Kansas, tales of the Civil War. "Major Bunks," he said, smiling, "was a pompous chap. The boys had a good deal of fun once over his exchange. It seems that on a very dark night a stalwart Confederate took the major prisoner. This fact, together with the narrative of the prisoner's return to camp, was signaled to headquarters tersely: 'Major Bunks, captured during the night march, exchanged later for two plugs of tobacco.'"

## In Time for the Luncheon.

Sir Francis Macnaghten tells a story of a certain lawyer who was a candidate for municipal honors recently. While out canvassing he knocked at a cottage door, which was opened by a woman. "Is your husband in, Mrs. Blank?" inquired the lawyer. "No, sir," was the reply, "but I know what you want."

My husband is sure to vote for you because you got him off for stealing that ham last week." "No, no; alleged stealing of the ham," corrected the lawyer. "Alleged, he howled!" was the woman's smiling answer. "Why, we've got a hit of it left now; lemme give you a sandwich."

At a recent dinner of the Authors' Club in London Walter Emanuel, member of the staff of *Punch*, referred to the fact that the man with the largest sense of humor he had ever struck was an Englishman—a dentist. He went to him after suffering long with a toothache. He refused to have gas, and the dentist pulled out a tooth, leaving him writhing in pain, and took the tooth to the window, where he laughed quite heartily. He groaned, "What's the joke?" "Wrong tooth," said the dentist.

"You are charged with stealing nine of Colonel Henry's hens last night. Have you any witnesses?" asked the justice sternly. "Nussah!" said Brother Jones humbly. "I 'specks I'se sawtuh perculia dat-uh-way, but it aint never been mah custom to take witnesses along when I goes out chicken stealin', suh."—*Central Law Journal*.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Senate and Lorimer.

The United States Senate is now disposed to make a serious inquiry into the case of William Lorimer of Chicago, the Republican boss to whom the legislature of Illinois issued senatorial credentials. At first it looked as if Lorimer would have the most to say about the scope of the inquiry and that, with the campaign near by, he might be permitted to win by default. As is customary in cases where a member of the Senate is accused of securing his election by bribery, Lorimer moved for an investigation. But he did not specify an inquiry into the charge itself, so much as one into the newspaper version of it. It was clear that the first published tale was deficient in proof. Some necessary links were lacking in its chain of evidence. To confine the hearing to the newspaper story would have tended, on the face of things, to vindicate Lorimer. Luckily, however, a member of the Illinois legislature, implicating others, confessed that he had sold his vote to the henchmen of the new senator, and this, despite the protests of Lorimer, has made it possible to broaden the investigation and has compelled the Senate, out of

respect to its own dignity, to insist upon hearing all the facts which bear on the bribery charge, coming from whatsoever source.

State Senator Holtslaw confessed and State Senators Broderick and Pemberton and Representative Clark were accused by him. Broderick went into hiding after his indictment, but surrendered finally. He is the man whom Holtslaw says paid him \$2500 for voting for Lorimer, and has long been known as the political handy man of that incriminated boss.

With these circumstances spread upon the records, it is highly proper and desirable that the genesis of Lorimer's election should be probed. The duty of the Senate is to bring the uttermost facts to light even if they turn a colleague into a barbered convict with the stigma of the stripes upon his back. It is a truism that no man should be permitted to sit in the Senate with a questionable title. No man for whom the prison yawns should find immunity in a toga. If the rule has not always been respected in the past, so much the more reason for enforcing it now.

### Pinchot Policies and Canadian Growth.

Among the causes of the migration of American homeseekers into Canada the part played by the conservation policy of Gifford Pinchot rates among the most effective. Annually this exodus has cost the United States thousands of farmers and millions of money. It began with the plea that no desirable land remained for entry at home, while Canada offered an abundance; yet the most casual glance at the land areas marked on the official maps was enough to prove the contrary, so far as the American possessions were concerned. True, more surveying was needed; perhaps also more landed encouragement to railroads, which stood ready as of old to open the wilderness to settlement; and all this might have been brought about if the country had not, in the meantime, acquired a Pinchot, and a President who believed in his fad of keeping the remainder of the public domain, lying chiefly in the West, out of the homestead market. So instead of surveying and advertising, and opening the land to preemption, thus diverting the tide of settlers from Canada, the government permitted a Chinese wall to be built between the American citizen and the remainder of his heritage. Millions of acres of pastoral land and forest, of possible oil-bearing and mining country, were withdrawn from entry, to be held in trust for generations yet unborn. At once the growth of population in the West fell off and that of agricultural Canada mounted up. By the returns of 1909 it was seen that 69,861 homesteads across the border had been preempted by self-expatriated American citizens. The total area thus acquired of foreign soil was 11,177,760 acres, and the loss to us of coined wealth taken across the line was at least \$70,000,000. And the movement has gone on since with no decrease of volume. Yet the land unnecessarily set aside in the Northwest corner of the country alone could have given homes and wealth-getting opportunities to every American citizen who, for lack of his share of the public domain, has changed his country and his flag.

What are the specific facts? In the States of Washington, Idaho, and Oregon over 83,000 square miles, one-third of a combined area of about 250,000 square miles, have been included in the Pinchot reserves. Here is a segregated area equal in size to the State of Idaho, one exceedingly rich in forests, mines, water power, and pastoral facilities, and capable of supporting a population fully as large as that which Western Canada has acquired from the United States. The region is literally crammed with potential wealth. It not only invites but importunes the sort of enterprise which has made the United States the richest of all countries and which is now building up Canada, with our help, into a commercial rival. But the bars are up. Conservation has had its way and an empire,

like kindred ones throughout the scarcely tenanted West, has been withdrawn from usefulness.

And all this for an indefinite posterity! Suppose the idea of simply winning the good things of the land for the sake of posterity had prevailed from the first. Would the pioneers have crossed the Missouri? If so, what for? The masses do not toil and "grunt under a weary load" for the sake of the people who may come after. They work for present good and by doing that make the land worth living in now and hereafter. This republic is rich and powerful because it populated its domain and gave every man an unhindered chance to make and own his own home without beggaring himself in the process. Instead of getting in the way of the settler the government was wont to help him. It surveyed the lands and paid railroads, in gifts of sections, to open them. Every willing applicant was given a chance. Why not let him have the same chance now instead of leaving Canada to enrich herself at our expense as we once built ourselves up by drawing homesteaders from the Old World?

Not only has the Pinchot policy deprived the West of settlers that it needs, but it has worked a clear injustice to people already on the ground. The other day a Wisconsin lumberman, interviewed at Portland, described this phase of it. "Personally," he said, "in visiting some of the forests lately withdrawn from entry I met squatters who came to Oregon ten and fifteen years ago and established their homes in the forests under the belief that the government would throw the country open to settlement. They took their families away from civilization, deprived their children of schooling, only to learn now that they must get off the land. They have just managed to scratch out a living. All they have is tied up in the claims they hoped to possess. In my travels I found a number of settlers who are so embittered that they have armed themselves, and I would not like to be the man who undertakes to oust them from government land."

The excuses for the Pinchot plan are various. Posterity is the great card, yet posterity, with its improved methods and changed needs and new adaptabilities, has always cared for itself and will doubtless continue to do so. The lookout of each generation is for itself, and that is what it is here for. As for other excuses, we hear that if the forests are taken up they will soon be destroyed or burned, and this in defiance of the economic law that, when anything becomes commercially valuable its production is increased to meet a greater demand. Make timber scarce and it will be cultivated where now it is cut down, and the natural afforestation of waste places aided by every means known to science. We are not going to destroy so wealth-giving a commodity as timber. Look at New England and the Middle States. There they are cutting their fifth growth since the time of earliest settlement. Those localities have been peopled from 150 to 300 years, yet the forests of New Hampshire and Vermont, Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania cover enormous territory. They are ample to conserve the rainfall and to prevent devastating floods, while their destruction by fire is prevented by care and by the farms and villages that divide them. Reforestation goes on all the time. Nature reclothes herself when she gets a chance, there and here alike. Trees are living things and obey a natural law, and they are safe wherever they are worth an owner's care. After three centuries Massachusetts is not suffering for the lack in the past of Pinchots and Roosevelts. The clearing away of farms, the utilization of water power, the steady draft on natural resources has not reduced New York to beggary. She is more than ever the Empire State. How, then, can a similar development in the West reduce us to penury and want? What reason is there to say that a cause which has had this logical effect in the East should have an illogical one here?

The Pinchot policy has shut the door to land



in the West. It has made it advantageous to Canada to open her door to Americans. Incidentally it has helped to rob the Pacific Coast of its labor. It is unwise, impolitic and obnoxious and it ought to go.

#### Goldwin Smith.

Goldwin Smith's death has come at such a ripe old age that few can credit it is more than forty years since he made his home on the American continent. Yet such is the case. He had passed his fortieth year when he first crossed the Atlantic, and had already given many proofs of his agreement with American polity and institutions.

A distinguished graduate of Oxford and fellow of a college there, he turned at first to law, but soon abandoned that profession in favor of historical study and authorship. Oxford recognized his gifts by making him regius professor of history, a position he held with marked success for eight years. For four of those years he varied his academic labors by trenchant deliverances in support of the cause of the North in the American Civil War. That was not a popular occupation. The predominant feeling in England was that the Northern statesmen were not sincere in their reprobation of slavery, and that they merely used the sentiment against it as a weapon for crushing the South. With that view Goldwin Smith had not a particle of sympathy; he took the field fearlessly, though one of so small a group, against those who derided the misfortunes of the North, and never faltered in his conviction of Lincoln's high-mindedness and patriotism.

Nor was his championship of the North the only proof he gave of his deep-rooted sympathy with subjected people. The year after the Civil War ended England had the Jamaica trouble on her hands. It originated, it will be recalled, in a rising of some colored people in one district of the island, which, although of no serious import, was repressed by Governor Eyre in a barbaric manner. In England, however, the incident created a distinct cleavage in public opinion, one side, led by Thomas Carlyle, maintaining that the governor was justified in his action, the other, headed by John Stuart Mill, siding with the negroes. Goldwin Smith ranged himself by the side of Mill, holding with Huxley that he knew of no law which authorized virtuous persons as such to put to death less virtuous persons as such.

Small wonder was it, then, that when Andrew D. White went to Europe in 1868 to secure for the newly founded Cornell University the services of such professors as would complement his staff, he should have sought the aid of Goldwin Smith. Nor did he seek in vain. The call to the New World was one which the Oxford professor could not resist. He came to Cornell, and, as Dr. White warmly testified, by his "high character, his broad and deep scholarship, his devotion not only to his professorship, but to the general university work, his self-denial in behalf of the university and its students, rendered priceless services." Among the buildings at Cornell is a noble structure which was raised as a memorial to Goldwin Smith's three years' service in the university, but the spirit of the man and his work at Ithaca has its most seemingly memento in the legend carved on the stone seat which he had placed in the grounds, "Above all nations is humanity." Those simple words—which should find a place on his tombstone as the summary of his life—created a great uproar, for the narrowness of forty years ago could not decide whether they savored most of atheism or pantheism.

When Goldwin Smith crossed the Canadian border and settled in Toronto in 1871 he continued to order his life and thought on the principle that the claims of humanity are above those of nationality. Thus it happened that he never became a Canadian in the narrow meaning of the word. He remained an American in the broadest sense, holding tenaciously that the northern continent must eventually attain one form of political life. Hence the insistence with which he argued that Canada is destined to be merged in the United States, a doctrine which he preached by pen and voice to the detriment of his personal peace and at the cost of having his unique gifts as a publicist adequately recognized across the border. Perhaps the future may accord him the political honor denied him in his lifetime, but in any event his fame as a writer is assured. His historical works, especially his survey of Canadian history and his classical "Outlines of the Political History of the United States," with their largeness of grasp and keenness of critical insight will preserve for

future generations that grace of style and enviable lucidity for which he was distinguished. Nor should such more literary efforts as his life of Jane Austen be overlooked. That he could picture with so much sympathy the restricted social world of the author of "Pride and Prejudice" was significant proof of his own catholicity, while the chaste dignity of his writing must ever remain as an ideal model for the literary biographer.

#### Uncle's Little Game.

Sometimes a syndicate "Out West" surveys and plats a hundred acres of desert land and changes it, on lithographic paper, into a thing of Arcadian charm. Where the cactus rears its dense abatis broad avenues appear with slender palms throwing their weird shadows across the shining asphalt into the placid lake. In place of a yucca thicket, the lithograph reveals a substituted opera-house, and on the alkali trail where the pack-mule wends his patient way, the colored pictures show a thronged business avenue, full of life and luxury; and all over the Saharan landscape one sees mansions and villas, green parks and gothic churches, and can almost hear the joyous fountains splash—all of it due to a simple turn of the lithographic wrist. But it is not all romance. The matter-of-fact element enters when the man with the prospectus mails it East and sells "the few lots which still remain in this vernal paradise." Then, in the very midst of this productive effort, Uncle Sam, always alert for complaints, steps in and lands the glib pictorial romanticist in jail. Uncle Sam is quick to detect a fraud on the postal routes and is always a terrible fellow to get away from.

It sometimes happens that speculative fancy strays from the desert sands to the buttressed mountains and we get a mining scheme. A mine may be there which once had a reputation, but is now as empty as the hopes of those who are misled into buying its shares. The owners, wanting more money out of the property, propose to get it by letting the sanguine tenderfoot in; so they send out prospectuses of stock. They have discovered a new vein. They have cross-cut something rich. A shaft sunk one hundred feet from the old lower levels has opened a veritable bonanza. All they need to extract millions is the money for development. The gold-veined quartz (assayer's report in Appendix A) must be mined and milled. The prospectus is all it should be, and Uncle Sam's mail distributes it far and wide and brings back the cash subscriptions for stock, when, as bad luck has it, Uncle hears something against the project and the mine manipulators find themselves before a Federal grand jury. The old party in the tall, white, bell-crowned hat is particular about the mails, and the chances are that he will lock the prison door on the gentleman who took chances with them.

The moral of it is, as Uncle Sam would say, if he were at all disingenuous, to beware of the postoffice. He himself, when he has a little game with human credulity to play, puts his lithographs and prospectuses on the fences and dead walls and opens an office where the tenderfeet can go and get any kind of information about them except that which requires writing or stamps or a promoter's signature. What Uncle is after is recruits for the army. His pictures on the fences are designed to show what life in the army means—that is, what it means to the sanguine imagination. According to Uncle, it passes in the midst of majestic scenery, quite tropical yet not suggestive of heat, inasmuch as the pictured soldiers are always in full uniform. There they stand, erect, tightly buttoned in their dark blue or snow-white regimentals with brilliant insignia of rank. There is not so much as a wrinkle in anybody's coat. Off to one side the private gentleman of the army, under the grave yet courteous eye of a general officer in full uniform, are wig-wagging their handsome signal flags or, perhaps, firing an up-to-date gun. A battle is possibly on, but the devastation of it is all on the other side. No falling shell disturbs the perfect poise of the lithographed American soldier. He is always on parade, always treated deferentially by the polished officers, the sky is forever blue, the breezes cool, and the life is one endless picnic in your best clothes, with more clothes and a generous paymaster when called for. There is no dingy hiking along muddy trails or sweltering highways, while the feet swell and the musket grows to an unbearable load. No fever comes to blight, no hunger gnaws, there are no wounds and death, nothing but a round of gilt braid and jollity, the collar always white, the linen purple and fine, the shoes neatly

polished, and no thought of the morrow. If there is an enemy he knows what poster war requires of him and keeps his grim visage hid. If there is a hospital, no one ever sees it. Not even a Red Cross man casts his shadow athwart the sunshiny scene.

And the scheme works so well. The first he knows the likely young fellow, allured by the promise of "foreign travel" and little to do but draw rations and pay and dress up, cheerfully enlists, and then life begins for him in dead earnest. It is quite a time before he can be knocked into shape for his trip abroad, and when that time comes the charm is pretty well gone. Poor "doughboy." His clothes, of flimsy khaki, do not fit him; he has been in the guardhouse and gets no camp leave; the deference the pictures showed him were all in the pictures, and it never seems, in real soldiering, to have passed the corporal, much less made its way to the sworded men higher up. And, what is worse, he has no redress. Nobody misused the mails to get him into the army. It was the fault of his indiscriminating taste for pictures. And quite likely, before the trouble is over, the unhappy youngster finds himself in a picture of another kind, one marked "Deserter" and conveying data about the legal reward for his apprehension. Happily, thanks to Uncle's shrewdness, no bunko prosecution follows. Uncle is safe, whatever happens, though he has played the game in quite the sleight-of-hand spirit of the gentlemen with the bogus corner lots and the salted mine.

#### Success as a Deadfall.

The national Democracy is threatened with success in the November elections for Congress and in some States hitherto called Republican. Rebellion in the Republican party, the issue precipitated by the Payne-Aldrich tariff, the apparent lack of political mastery in the White House, have already had their natural effects on general politics, as was shown in Massachusetts and New York congressional by-elections. It is difficult this year, anywhere, for the Republicans to hold their own. New York and Ohio, Massachusetts and Indiana, are debatable ground. Nothing but the Senate is really secure to the party in power. And yet we use advisedly the word which indicates peril to the Democratic party in the success at the polls which is now foreshadowed.

To hold the House of Representatives just before a presidential campaign is dangerous for a party which, long in opposition, has pledged itself to do certain revolutionary things if given the power of initiating laws. A party old in authority may stand pat and tide over such a crisis. But the one coming in with promises must act up to them and make a record which, in the presidential canvass, may return to plague it. And the likelihood of such a return is all the greater when the tariff is at issue.

In the present case, with the Senate and the White House in Republican hands—and we can not conceive changes in the next two years which would enable the Democrats and Insurgents of the Senate to combine for the control of that body—the Democracy would not, in making its tariff and other records, have the satisfaction of achieving anything. It can only do the thing it is obliged to do by the behests of its victory, which is to show its hand. It must, at least, frame up a tariff bill for a target—and about as many Democrats as Republicans would shoot that target full of holes. The Payne-Aldrich debate showed no more tariff unanimity among Democrats than among Republicans. The South voted solidly, as it always will, for a tariff on its own products—cotton, sugar, lumber, iron, and coal. What, then, in case of a new tariff bill? The result would be a measure no better than the Payne-Aldrich one, excepting that the South might write in more privileges for itself than could the North, where the Democrats would look for votes to keep them in power. Imagine the political confusion. All the Democratic policies would have to be defined for Republican use in the presidential canvass and the party, leaving the offensive, would have to take the defensive. What Democratic policy has ever met that supreme test triumphantly? There may be instances of the kind, but they are few and far between; they are hardly factors in the equation of past national politics.

Other embarrassments appear. What would a Democratic majority in the House do about the much-abused rules? These rules were framed by Speaker Reed and the Democrats fought them. But when the latter carried the House and elected Speaker Crisp they adopted the Reed rules in toto. They had to do so to maintain



the orderly progress of the House; and they would have to do so again or present a spectacle of demoralized legislation which would convince the country, as such things have done before, of Democratic incapacity for government. On either horn of this dilemma, the acceptance of these rules or their rejection, the Democracy would stand impaled. On the one hand to make a mess of legislation; on the other to kill the warfare on "Cannonism" and give the Insurgents, those useful Democratic allies, no further excuse for being! Which should they choose? When the negro preacher declared there were two roads through this world, one to perdition and the other to damnation, his congregation rightly concluded to take to the woods.

There are sagacious Republicans who are losing no sleep over the prospects of a Democratic congressional victory; and as for certain States, it is so common for Republicans to lose them in off years and regain them in the enthusiastic rally of a presidential canvass that there is no call for misgiving over them. They can usually be counted on to come back when wanted, bringing a Democratic record which supplies just so much more ammunition for Republican guns.

#### Seattle's Labor Issue.

Seattle's turn is coming to meet the labor union issue and that city is wisely preparing to do it in the spirit of Los Angeles rather than that of San Francisco. Organized labor in Seattle demands the eight-hour law; but the manufacturing interests of the city and State, having to compete with Eastern plants which operate under the nine-hour and ten-hour schedules, insist that, if this point is conceded, they can not meet Eastern prices. So they stand pat.

Naturally the unions care little for this argument, most of them not believing it true and many, constituting the nomadic class of workingmen, not caring whether it is true or not. As to the political element in organized labor it is, in Seattle as in this city and Los Angeles, given over to the policy of rule or ruin, and the only way to meet it is with vigorous and unyielding resistance—a lesson which, before San Francisco loses any more of its manufactories, it also ought to learn and apply.

While Seattle's labor bodies have not, as yet, made an ultimatum of the eight-hour plan, there is no mistaking their purpose. Instances like this are happening: When the Seattle Commercial Club, which has a large luncheon patronage, asked the Labor Temple to apply it with two waiters the request was denied because the club had gone on record against an eight-hour day. The Labor Council discussed this issue, in which various commercial bodies are concerned, and yet activities on foot which had no other purpose than the withdrawal of the support of organized labor from the business man it could not control, taking the matter, if need be, into politics.

The *Argonaut* hopes that Seattle will fight this issue out as Los Angeles has done in no spirit of compromise. If the Puget Sound metropolis is wise; if she has proper regard for her own future prosperity; if she wishes to bring the reinforcement of new industrial enterprises to the old ones, she will not retreat an inch and will consent to no changes in labor conditions that do not suit themselves to the needs of the city. Seattle knows what has happened in San Francisco; how we have lost the bulk of our manufacturing business because, in making conditions "favorable" to labor, we have made them impossible to enterprise. No town can afford to lead in movements of this kind, even when they are just, since the moment conditions are against a town it loses its business.

#### The Race Question in the Supreme Court.

The legal status of the "Jim Crow" car has been settled by the United States Supreme Court in the decision handed down in the Chiles case, wherein is affirmed the finding of the Circuit Court of Tennessee that "for members of different races separate accommodations may be provided in public conveyances if the accommodations be equally good." This decision rings to an end the suit of the negro, Chiles, against the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company. The plaintiff had bought a ticket from Washington to Lexington, Kentucky, and had ridden in a car with white people until he entered the State of Kentucky, when, under the law and the rules of the railroad company, he was compelled to finish the journey in a "Jim Crow" car, or one set apart for the use of colored passengers exclusively. Chiles sued in the Federal court and the

case was heard in the Tennessee circuit, with the result stated—a result which the supreme bench in affirming takes far broader ground than it has heretofore done and shows the responsiveness of that high tribunal to the more rational trend of public sentiment on the race question.

It is unfortunate that the Supreme Court could not have risen to the occasion long ago and forestalled some of the sectional bitterness which the insistence of the North on regulating the social concerns of the South induced. But for that and kindred policies the Solid South might have divided long ago and become in its politics national instead of local, a consummation devoutly to be wished and attainable at no discomfort to the negro. Let it be borne in mind that this "Jim Crow" car is not a mere traveling shelter. The courts of the South have been and are careful to require that the accommodations afforded to negro citizens shall be equal if not identical with those given to whites; and of late years harsh penalties have been modified. All that the South has debarred the negro from is the right of intrusion on people who do not care to fraternize with him; and it has added much to the ill-feeling of Southerners that while Northerners long protested against any legal restriction of this kind, they were utterly repugnant on their own side to such social proximity as negroes in Pullman cars or as guests of hotels sought to impose upon them.

The Chiles decision helps clear the way to a better understanding. It is the finding of a tribunal largely composed of Northern men and Republicans; and it shows how far we are getting from the spirit which controlled the government and even the country after the war. It is in accord with universal sentiment which resists the mixing up of races under pressure of law. Every such event as the Chiles decision embodies is a step towards the day when the South may put aside the negro question and address itself, like other parts of the Union, to vital political issues.

#### The Morals of San Francisco.

Clergymen are apt to take too much for granted in their denunciation of civic life, a fault we find in the prelude to a sermon by the Rev. Louis L. Sawyer, of the Hamilton Square Baptist Church. Speaking of San Francisco, the clerical gentleman said:

It is no wonder that there is little confidence in a community so universally given over to the gambling spirit. How can a city so given to coveting the almighty dollar that it has secured the reputation of the most flagrant town in the United States expect to attract immigration? Why are thousands of our men living across the bay? Why are tens of thousands of tourists avoiding San Francisco? Simply because no man who has regard for the moral welfare of his children will subject them to the all-pervasive perils of our local atmosphere and because the reputation of our immorality is a stench rather than a perfume.

Here is a denunciation so extreme that it foils its own purpose. It is not true that the pursuit of the dollar is more strenuous here than it is in any other American city; nor is it true that the intensity of the gambling spirit in town is anything like it was in the days of mining stock excitement, or more than akin to that which makes Wall Street, Lombard Street, and the Bourses illustrative of the speculative impulses of the world. San Francisco on that point is normal and it does not deserve to have special attention called to its methods as things apart.

We do not hear from any other source than the Rev. Mr. Sawyer that the town has ceased to grow. What we learn from census hints and from house and flat-renting agencies is that, despite the interrupting fire, the city records a substantial growth in population. While the tourist visitation may not be so great as that of the southern cities which advertise for it and can offer a more emollient winter climate than San Francisco does, we have not heard that it has ever been affected by the civic reputation of this place, whether the quality of that reputation has come from a Phelan or a Taylor, a McCarthy or a Schmitz. Tourists do not concern themselves with politics and graft, but with sight-seeing.

Touching the reasons why thousands of our citizens moved across the bay, the partial destruction of the city is the chief one; the secondary causes are lower prices for real estate, smaller taxes, and a climate of less fog.

As for the statement that the moral welfare of one's children is in more danger here than in any other large city, we repudiate it in all its phases. In any decent residence district of San Francisco a child can be reared

as successfully from the moral point of view as it can be in the corresponding districts of Boston or Philadelphia.

The Rev. Mr. Sawyer would do well to absorb some of the philosophy of the late Josh Billings, who said that "it is better not to know half so much than to know so much that isn't so."

#### The Kaiser as Peacemaker.

King Edward's death has left Europe without a peacemaker. Who is to assume that rôle? For the present his son and successor can hardly be regarded as even a candidate for the position, and among the other sovereigns of Europe there are but two whose claims have any weight—the Emperor of Austria and the German Kaiser. But the former, both by reason of his great age and lack of influence in France and Great Britain, may be ruled out of the succession, leaving the German emperor in possession of the field.

Is the Kaiser equal to the task, and does he really desire to take it upon his shoulders? As the overlord of the great German confederacy there can be no question of his power to break or preserve the peace of Europe. It is admitted by all publicists, pacific or otherwise, that the question of peace or war in Europe can be decided in the Wilhelmstrasse as nowhere else. Public opinion in Germany counts for nothing; the peaceful professions of German hosts to British guests, the friendly assurances of university teachers, the kindly words of pastors and pressmen—all these are as useless as an index to the situation as they are powerless to avert any decision reached in the Wilhelmstrasse. The German emperor can at his will declare war or make peace. What, then, is the inference to be drawn from his recent assertion to M. Pichon, the French foreign minister, to the effect that he has confidence in the maintenance of European peace and that it is his firm intention to contribute to its continuance? That he said so much is admitted; that he has any idea of forming a European confederation, as reported, is denied. But this latest peep into the Kaiser's mind is difficult to square with that other assertion in which he declared that in the upbuilding of his navy he designs to forge a weapon which will prevent any important decision being taken throughout the world without the participation of Germany and her sovereign.

Granting, however, that the Kaiser is sincere in his desire to pose as the peacemaker of Europe, it is impossible to overlook the serious obstacles which may prevent his realizing that function. The situation in Persia is a case in point. True, the assertion is made that all that Germany asks in that country is equal opportunity for trade, but the efforts being made to secure railroad and other concessions hardly accord with such a modest claim. Russia and Great Britain are pledged by treaty to prevent any infringement of their strategic and financial rights in Persia, a situation which may at any moment create difficulties with Germany. Again, it must not be forgotten that the Morocco trouble with France has not been finally settled, and that Germany is bending all her efforts to bring about a reconciliation between Austria and Russia. The Czar and his foreign minister are hardly likely to have so soon forgotten and forgiven their humiliation at the hands of Baron Aehrenthal, a humiliation which was made possible only by the veiled threat of the Kaiser that his army would support Austria if the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina were resisted by Russian arms. The Czar might improve his position by an alliance with France and Great Britain, but he does not appear to be in any mood for such a step. Perhaps he is convinced that a conflict between Germany and Great Britain is inevitable, and does not wish to be involved in such a struggle; or he may realize that an alliance between Russia and Great Britain would urge Germany to make war on his own country.

Another and perhaps more serious danger to European peace can not be much longer delayed. The aged Emperor of Austria, the most pathetic figure in the courts of Europe, must inevitably soon disappear from the scene. And then? Whether the opposing forces of the dual monarchy will be kept from each other's throats as successfully by the new sovereign as by the old is doubtless a disturbing factor in the forecast, but it is significant that the reversion of the Austrian throne is to a young and ardent prince, one who is pledged to the Germanic idea, and who will have behind him that adroit statesman who dealt with the Treaty of Berlin as so much waste paper. But Baron Aehrenthal



that will be shrewdly conscious that he can go only just so far as the Kaiser will permit. All this means an enormous accession of potency to the German emperor, and will make his task as peacemaker increasingly difficult. From a position more or less isolated he will pass into the veritable overlordship of Europe, and then will come the real test of the sincerity of his present professions.

### The Apostle of Peace.

It will encourage the friends of international peace to know that, if Congress and the President are to have their way, its cause will not be left in the hands of mollycoddles. Lately the House adopted a resolution instituting a Peace Commission of five members to visit the European capitals and labor for disarmament; and it was understood that, if the Senate coincided with the action of the House, the President would appoint Colonel Roosevelt, the hero of San Juan, the winner of the Nobel Peace Prize, and the evangel of peace to the Egyptians, chairman of the commission.

The choice would be most suitable. It would remove all fear that men of the sheepy type might prevail in the great work at hand. It would put ex-President Eliot of Harvard, Seth Low, Judge Gray, Mr. Bryan, and unnamed others in the class of negligibles, and enforce the suggestion that the commission, if it is to be wholly American, be manned with peace lovers of Mr. Roosevelt's own strenuous type. The claims of Admiral Robley D. Evans and of General H. Roaring "Jake" Smith are not to be ignored; and if there is to be one place for a Democrat, either Senator Tillman, if his health permits, or Senator Jefferson Davis, if his voice keeps up, should have a chance. We speak of them because they are in such hearty sympathy with the chairman presumptive in his peace policies and would support them to the last ditch. They one and all believe in peace, no matter what it costs in blood and treasure. As the colonel himself said to the scientists at the University of Berlin, it is necessary, if one is to do anything in the world, to keep one's "fighting edge," and in this philosophy, we believe, all the gentlemen named concur.

### Editorial Notes.

Mr. Gallagher, known to the political cognoscenti as "Big Jim," is now in a "forest retreat" near North Vancouver. Judging from what he told the reporter who finally discovered him, Mr. Gallagher is there for his health. He gets "plenty of fresh air," he says, and is "not bored to death." It would, we are left to infer, be a bore to tell what he knows to the legatees of the San Francisco graft prosecution, so he will await the "opportune time" to come home, providing, of course, that he lives long enough and that the gentlemen who are keeping him in funds do not "renig." Mr. Gallagher seems, notwithstanding his declining health, to be in pleasant spirits, as well as circumstances. His home, though retired, is within telephonic reach of supplies and he has a sufficiency of means to pay for them. As it was understood from an inspection of his bank resources after he went away last fall that his traveling fund was not large, considering the high cost of living, particularly in dining-cars, hotels, and steamships, the fact that Mr. Gallagher made both ends meet after a tour in Europe and is now able to stay away indefinitely speaks volumes for either his thrift or the solvency of his sources of supply. We presume if his friends show any signs of tiring of him he could recoup himself by writing a book. There should be a considerable field for "Big Jim" in literature.

The Methodist Church in America was divided, in 1845, on the question of slavery, the Southern Conference seceding and becoming the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The outcome of the war did not reconstruct the Southern Methodists, and it is only now that they have reached a point where they can consider whether Christian unity would not be served by dropping off their sectional designation. At the late General Conference at Asheville, North Carolina, it was decided to authorize the bishops to propose a change in the name of the church to the historical one, "The Methodist Episcopal Church of America." This measure to be entitled to a vote in the next General Conference in 1913 must be ratified by a two-thirds majority in each of the forty-five annual conferences. It is not thought in the South that such an indorsement can be obtained, in which case the needless division of a great and useful church will continue.

### THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

From the pen of that languid sentimentalist who once had us follow in pursuit of the golden girl there comes a piteous wail of what we are going to lose in the near future. Rolling his eyes in a fine frenzy towards the heavens, he sees, a few years hence when the airship has come into its own, "a cloud of gigantic gnats" between himself and the infinite; we shall gain the sky for travel and lose it for inspiration. Man is taking his last look on the sky; "soon that flawless infinite will be feverishly alive to car and eye with all the temporal traffic of the world"; no more will the painter be able to transfer to canvas "the solemn glory of the sunset"; and the poet going into the woods to muse will have his reverie broken by a noisy supper party floating by "howling horns and singing music-hall ditties." What a delightful illustration of melodious wailing from the ivory tower with nothing to wail about! Has not this sorrowful youth ever traveled the ocean? Does he not know that for all the countless thousands of ships ever traversing the waves on an almost beaten path it is rare for one vessel to hail another on the deep? The old saying, "there's plenty of room higher up," should give comfort to all repining spirits; for it will be many a generation before the airship, he it never so numerous, interferes more seriously with our view of the "flawless infinite" than a flock of birds.

Mark Twain's successor is lurking modestly among the members of the *Literary Digest's* staff. Set to work the other day on preparing an article on "Vacation Trips in Our Own Land," he cast about for some suitable pictures, and his researches were rewarded by the acquisition of three seductive views. One is an impressive photograph of Joseph Jefferson's grave at Sandwich, Cape Cod, a second discloses an inspiring view of the old hurrying-ground at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the third is a somewhat darkly veiled camera transcript of "A Lawn at Newport." These he riches for the vacationist! When he is tired of meditating by the side of Jefferson's shoulder he can hie to Plymouth and make his choice among many tombs, but if he should then wish to vary the excitements of his vacation by picnicking on that Newport lawn, is it not probable that the owner of the "cottage" with which it is more or less connected might object?

Happily, the editors of the alluring folders which are so thickly in the air just now have a more comprehensive idea of their duties and a keener appreciation of vacation needs. Their only fault is that the attractions which they eulogize with such eloquent pens pull first one way and then the other. There is the resort where a mosquito is never known to fly or bite, or that other favored spot where the temperature is nailed to 75 degrees, or one may seek freedom from the burden of fashion at that hotel where the guests shun alike the latest modes and evening dress, or why not decide to go where the view is of "turquoise lake" and "virgin forest"? But to decide is the difficulty. If the view impels in one direction, the promise of lobster unsettles the judgment; if the boating is superb, it may be more than offset by the golfing elsewhere. What America needs most is a Sir Walter Scott who will romanticize into popularity first one district and then another; that accomplished, such details as the mosquito, lobster, temperature, boating, or golf need no longer vex the conscience of resort press agents.

To dive after lost Spanish galleons has for so long been an irresistible will-o'-the-wisp to wealth-desiring humanity that a more specious project is likely to attract numerous adventurers. Before the Suez Canal was opened all the richly laden East Indianmen journeyed round the Cape of Good Hope, many of them, however, to founder in storms off the African coast. There are official records of seven thousand such disasters, representing sea-hidden treasure of fabulous amounts. Some of these records have been carefully investigated, leading to the discovery that four of the vessels, which lie in from five to twelve fathoms of water, have in their holds gold and silver to the value of over thirteen million dollars. The total cost of raising this wealth is set down at fifty thousand dollars, so that the margin of profit for the seventy thousand people who are asked to take shares at five dollars apiece looks promisingly liberal. No doubt there are sufficient gamblers to insure the attempt being made, but the prospect of recovering thirteen million dollars at so small a cost is tempered by the thought that possible heirs to much of the wealth might crop up to fight for its possession in the law courts. Should the experiment succeed, however, the hed of the ocean will be explored in the future with more zest than the 'fortyniners manifested in ransacking the earth of the American and Sacramento rivers.

Just to show that they are genuine reformers, and perhaps to distinguish themselves from their American prototypes, the Young Turks have started cleaning the streets of Constantinople. But, like most reformers, they have sacrificed the picturesque and by no means assured utility in its place. For, in brief, they have cleared the city of its dogs.

Such a violent break with Byzantine times will give a shock to countless thousands. To imagine Constantinople without dogs is as difficult as to picture San Francisco without wind. The two have probably been harking and howling for an equal period of time. At any rate, it would be difficult to unearth a reference to the city of the Bosphorus which does not mention its dogs. They have been famous for centuries, and have probably drawn more tourists than any other "lion" of Constantine's capital. No doubt they would have been banished long ago had they not been so useful as sanitary agents. The fact is the town or city of the Orient is a congeries of narrow winding lanes, with overhanging stories that almost exclude the sky, or with awnings which effectually attain that end, while the causeway between is as much a dust-hin as a

path for pedestrians. Were it not for the dog scavengers such thoroughfares would be utterly intolerable even to Eastern nostrils. That explains why Constantinople has for so many generations been notorious for its canine population. Dogs were everywhere, and yet not anywhere all at once. For they had their heats as rigidly defined in canine law as the patrol of the policeman; to each block so many dogs, and woe to the adventurer who strayed beyond the bounds of his own colony! They were not vicious, save against other dogs; towards humans, whom they had served for so long, they manifested a pathetic appreciation for a casual pat, a kind word, or a tid-bit. And now they are all gone. Whether, does not appear. Caught by lassoes or wooden tongs, and removed in a procession of dust-carts, they may have been marooned on desolate islands or he in the process of transformation into gloves. The experiment was tried in part once before, and hundreds were banished to an island in the Marmora, only to swim back again. If the Young Turk should fail in his street-cleaning, the dogs of Constantinople may yet return.

How one simple but timely idea may lead to great wealth has never been more startlingly illustrated than in the career of Sir George Newnes, who has died in his sixtieth year. All his success was based upon his weekly paper known as *Tit-Bits*, for when that attained a huge circulation and enabled him to make other ventures in journalism he adhered closely to the idea of snippets which had made the fortune of his first experiments. Had it not been for the work of those English schools which were brought into existence under the school board organization with the result of giving the masses a smattering of education, there would have been no constituency for such a paper as *Tit-Bits*. Its appeal has always been to the shallow, meagrely informed mind, and in the main most of the publications founded by Sir George Newnes have kept a kindred class in view. They have shown, however, what a wide audience there is for the spectacular facts of knowledge when they are treated in a popular style. On the other hand the competition of such magazines as the *Sirana* has driven from the field most of the older types of monthlies, periodicals which were distinguished for knowledge of real value presented with respect for the traditions of good writing. As Lord Northcliffe and Mr. C. A. Pearson were both trained in the *Tit-Bits* school, the influence of Sir George Newnes on British journalism has been deleterious, tending as it has done, to the exploitation of meretricious qualities in theme and execution. That the English character has lost many of its finer elements, such as sobriety for example, may be largely owing to the kind of journalism which Sir George Newnes made popular.

As out of the hundred and twenty-five thousand Americans who are hooked for Europe this season not a few have Paris on their itinerary, a word of warning as to the new customs regulations concerning tobacco may be timely. Not content with increasing the price on all tobaccos, nor with giving short weight at the same time, the government has seemingly instructed the customs officials to rigidly enforce the law which places a tax on all cigars or tobacco carried into the country by tourists. The old regulation was had enough, with its free admittance of merely ten cigars and an ounce and a half of tobacco, but the new law which taxes every grain of the weed in any form out-Herods Herod. Owing to the governmental monopoly of matches as well as tobacco, the penny box of the former has now been reduced to a contents of thirty instead of the former stingy forty, another imposition on the smoker. But the crusade has gone a step further: the force of the law has been brought to bear upon a poor woman for making and selling chocolate and cocoa cigarettes on the ground that such candy "smokes" are an infringement of the government tobacco monopoly!

All Dr. Koch's theories are not yet before the world. A close friend of the famous bacteriologist is shortly to publish particulars of a theory which Dr. Koch outlined to him in conversation, the purport of which is as follows:

The birth-rate of all civilized peoples first remains stationary, then declines when a certain stage of progress is reached, or rather when they have become really prosperous. This is a sure sign of degeneration. It is the beginning of the end. The human race must disappear if women become reluctant to rear children. I consider it is by no means impossible that human beings will at some future time disappear from the earth because children will cease. By way of example, I may mention the population of an island in the Polynesian Archipelago who were happy and contented until civilizing influences were brought to bear on them. A remarkable tendency to race suicide then became apparent among them. The tribe ultimately ceased to rear children, its total extinction could not be prevented, and this actually ensued.

In support of his theory Dr. Koch instanced the dwindling birth-rate of America, England, and France, and foretold that Germany will experience the same decline when a certain degree of prosperity is attained. He might also have appealed to the feminist movement of the times as another proof of the world's movement to race suicide. "In our mismanagement of one-half of our population," asserts a champion of that movement, "we have ignorantly determined that woman has but one duty and one function. What madness! We do not rear our mares simply to breed colts."

The origin of gold leaf, like the first use of gold itself, is lost in antiquity, but it has been found in some of the oldest Egyptian mummy cases, where it has been used as a covering for the teeth. The leaf used on some of the old Greek pottery is as thin as any that is used in large quantities by the ancient Greeks.

At the close of the last fiscal year the life-saving establishments of the United States embraced 281 stations, nearly all of which are on the Atlantic Coast.



## SOUTHWARD HO!

Captain Scott's Effort to Win the South Pole for England.

For the past few weeks busy scenes have been enacted daily in the West India dock. That is not an idyllic neighborhood, but the atmosphere is laden with odors of the sea and wafts of merchandise which recall visions of the distant parts of the earth. These favoring airs compensate for the unlovely aspect of the dock, for they carry the mind afield over the wind-swept ocean to coral strand and beach of palm.

But the privileged few who have been allowed to explore one vessel in the dock during these busy days have had their thoughts turned to a region of the earth where eternal snow and ice usurp the reign of coral and palm. The object of their curiosity was the stout, square-rigged, wooden bark of some 760 tons known as the *Terra Nova*. That good ship has already been proved and not found wanting on many a trying voyage; in its quarter of a century of life it has carried the American flag to Franz Josef Land, and done duty as relief ship to the famous *Discovery*. These journeyings, however, were but 'prentice efforts to the task before it now, for it is in the *Terra Nova* that Captain R. F. Scott will make his effort to capture the South Pole for the Union Jack.

A national grant and private subscriptions have furnished the funds for this Antarctic expedition. Captain Scott estimated his needs at £40,000, half of which has been provided by the government, and the balance by large and small donations, the latter including the pence of enthusiastic schoolboys. But in addition to monetary aid, the expedition has received many gifts in kind. That is, the stores have been increased by generous consignments of foodstuffs and literature, while one well-wisher has provided a large gramophone and a liberal assortment of records. A mere list of the stores would fill this column. They include many kinds of biscuits, nearly a hundred cases of pemmican, flour and cereals in abundance, tea, cocoa and sugar, tobacco and cigars, pork and bacon, dainties for Christmas, cases of champagne and wines and whisky, beer and aerated waters, and a miscellaneous assortment of odds and ends sufficient to fit out half a dozen stores.

Every nook and corner of the *Terra Nova* has been utilized to the utmost. The largest apartment in the ship is the wardroom, where the officers and men of science will gather for social intercourse, but even that will be cribbed, cabined, and confined for twenty-four adults. Six of the younger officers have been assigned to "The Nursery," a cabin of unimpressive dimensions, while the stateroom of Captain Scott himself has accommodation for little more than a berth and a bookshelf. In fact, the one impression left by a tour of the ship is that everything has been sacrificed to the end the expedition has in view, that these explorers are grimly set on achievement more than anything else.

And the crew and staff have been selected in the same spirit. Emphasis needs to be placed on *selected*. No sooner did Captain Scott announce his purpose to lead an expedition to the South Pole than applications from sailors began to reach him in shoals. In the end they attained the bewildering total of over eight thousand. Yet he required but sixty! However, this wealth was not an embarrassment; it enabled him to choose with extraordinary deliberation, to set a high standard for the lowliest position, and hence his crew will be composed almost entirely of first-class petty officers, men of seasoned training and tried character from the navy, many of whom also served in the *Discovery* expedition. Nor has Captain Scott been less fortunate in the material available for his officers and scientific assistants. The second in command, Lieutenant E. R. G. Evans, already has two polar voyages to his credit, while the interests of zoology, physics, geography, and photography will be in the safe hands of recognized experts. The equipment for securing photographic records of the expedition is unusually complete, embracing not only a battery of cameras specially designed for sledge journeys, but also two cinematographs, an outfit for color photography, and a telephoto apparatus for securing long-distance pictures.

Besides those which are to be drawn by ponies and dogs, four motor sledges are being taken, with some two thousand gallons of petrol. Captain Scott has tested these sledges in Norway with satisfactory results, and believes they will prove extremely useful. The Siberian ponies and dogs, twenty of the former and thirty of the latter, are not journeying on the *Terra Nova*; they are being sent direct to New Zealand from Vladivostok. Of course it is from New Zealand that the ship will depart on the final stretch of its voyage. According to the time-table as at present arranged, the *Terra Nova* will sail from New Zealand at the end of next November, and will reach McMurdo Sound a month later. There the stores and equipment of the principal land party will be put ashore to establish a winter station and lay out depots to the south. Then will come a winter season of sturdy preparation for the final effort to reach the pole. This is to be attempted in October of next year, and will involve a journey of some fifteen hundred miles there and back. If all goes well, Captain Scott anticipates reaching his destination three days before Christmas of 1911, and in that event he may be expected to get into touch with civilization again in March of the following year. He is alive to the difficulties ahead; "We know," he says, "that the first phase of the journey must be over the plateau and

the great barrier; the second to climb through the mountain passes; and the third to traverse a lofty plain in climatic conditions not equaled anywhere else in the world"; but he faces his great task with undaunted hope, and all his colleagues are imbued with the same spirit. Over a cup of tea in the wardroom of the *Terra Nova* one of the youngest of the band declared, "Whether it is two or three years before I come back, or whether I don't come back at all, I would not give up my place in this expedition for a million pounds." That's the kind of grit which promises to add the discovery of the South Pole to the notable events of the coming year.

LONDON, June 2, 1910.

## OLD FAVORITES.

Meditations of a Hindoo Prince.

All the world over, I wonder, in lands that I never have trod,  
Are the people eternally seeking for the signs and the steps  
of a God?

Westward across the ocean, and northward beyond the snow,  
Do they all stand gazing, as ever, and what do the wisest  
know?

Here, in the mystical India, the deities hover and swarm  
Like the wild bees heard in the tree-tops, or the gusts of a  
gathering storm;

In the air men hear their voices, their feet on the rocks are  
seen,

Yet we all say, "Whence is the message, and what may the  
wonders mean?"

A million shrines stand open, and ever the censers swings,  
As they bow to a mystic symbol or the figures of ancient kings;  
And the incense rises ever, and raises the endless cry  
Of those who are heavy laden, and of cowards loth to die.

For destiny drives us together, like deer in a pass of the hills,  
Above is the sky, and around us the sound and the shot that  
kills;

Pushed by a power we see not, and struck by a hand unknown,  
We pray to the trees for shelter, and press our lips to a stone.

The trees wave a shadowy answer, and the rock frowns hollow  
and grim,

And the form and the nod of the demon are caught in the twi-  
light dim;

And we look to the sunlight falling afar on the mountain crest,  
Is there never a path runs upward to a refuge there and a  
rest?

The path, ah! who has shown it, and which is the faithful  
guide?

The haven, ah! who has known it? for steep is the mountain  
side.

For ever the shot strikes surely, and ever the wasted breath  
Of the praying multitude rises, whose answer is only death.

Here are the tombs of my kinsfolk, the first of an ancient  
name,

Chiefs who were slain on the war-field, and women who died  
in the flame;

They are gods, these kings of the foretime, they are spirits  
who guard our race.

For I—I watch and worship; they sit with a marble face.

And the myriad idols around me, and the legion of muttering  
priests,

The revels and riots unholy, the dark unspeakable feasts!  
What have they wrung from the silence? Hath even a  
whisper come

Of the secret—Whence and Whither? Alas! for the gods are  
dumb.

Shall I list to the word of the English, who come from the  
utmost sea?

"The secret, hath it been told you, and what is your message  
to me?"

It is naught but the wide-world story, how the earth and the  
heavens began,

How the gods are glad and angry, and the Deity once was  
man."

I had thought, "Perchance in the cities where the rulers of  
India dwell,

Whose orders flash from the far land, who girdle the earth  
with a spell,

They have fathomed the depths we float on, or measured the  
unknown main."

Sadly they turn from the venture, and say that the quest is  
vain.

Is life, then, a dream and delusion, and where shall the  
dreamer awake?

Is the world seen like shadows on water, and what if the  
mirror break?

Shall it pass as a camp that is struck, as a camp that is  
gathered and gone

From the sands that were lamp-lit at eve and at morning are  
level and lone?

Is there naught in the heavens above, whence the hail and the  
levin are hurled,

But the wind that is swept around us by the rush of the rolling  
world?

The wind that shall scatter my ashes, and bear me to silence  
and sleep,

With the dirge, and sounds of lamenting, and voices of women  
who weep.

—A. C. Lyall.

The Portuguese government has done the world a great service by establishing five wireless telegraph stations on the Azores. Three English and three German engineers were employed to construct stations which would facilitate shore communication not only for the Mediterranean steamers, but for the regular liners running from the English Channel to the United States. It took about a year to build the stations; the furious storms made it necessary to make the masts, which are about 230 feet high, particularly strong and massive. Before the work was completed its usefulness was attested by the great service rendered to the wrecked Cunarder *Slavonia*.

The "finest residential building in the world" is now said to be ready for occupancy in New York. The "suites" as advertised increase in size from a minimum arrangement of fourteen rooms and five bathrooms, and the yearly rentals rise from \$6500.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Princess Juliana, heiress to the throne of Holland, is now well started on her second year of life, with good health and a strong resemblance to her father.

Dr. William D. Crum, who has been appointed American minister to Liberia, is the ex-collector of customs of the port of Charleston, South Carolina, who, being a negro, was forced out of his position.

Miss Mary Katherine Letterman was a clerk in the diplomatic bureau of the State Department when she was selected to serve as social secretary to Mrs. Taft. Miss Letterman is a native of Pennsylvania and was educated in France.

Miss Eleanor B. Gerhardt, daughter of State Senator William C. Gerhardt of Hunterdon County, New Jersey, has been admitted to the bar of New Jersey. She will become a professional partner of her father, who has law offices in Jersey City.

Starr J. Murphy, the official guardian of the Rockefeller Foundation millions, is a lawyer, and was formerly a member of the New York City legal firm with which Governor Hughes and Judge Hornblower were at one time connected. He lives in Montclair, New Jersey, and is said to be as noisy as a pound of butter.

Charles Stewart Rolls, the British aviator who flew across the English Channel and back the other day in his American-made aeroplane, is the son of Lord Llangattock, a Trinity college man, and has specialized in electricity, amateur soldiery, and athletics. He is thirty-three years old and actively engaged in the automobile business, being official repairer to King George.

Charlotte Pardee, the twelve-year-old daughter of Major and Mrs. William James Pardee, returned from Europe a few days ago to prepare herself for school in the fall. She has traveled over 100,000 miles, having placed her foot on the soil of nearly every country of the globe this side of the equator. Her father is a retired army officer, and her home is North Adams, Massachusetts.

Henryk Sienkiewicz, the Polish novelist, is best known in this country for his romance, "Quo Vadis," which was published in 1896. He was born in 1845 and is a leader of the nationalists in Poland today. Sienkiewicz visited the United States in 1877, when he came to California with a party that included Mme. Modjeska in the vain hope of starting an idealistic communal life on the lines of Brook Farm.

Richard Parr, special agent of the Treasury Department, the man who ferreted out the American Sugar Refining Company's frauds, will come into a fortune from the government for his work. He may get \$700,000. That organization settled with the Treasury Department for \$2,139,000, and Mr. Parr will get 35 per cent of that amount if Secretary MacVeagh, in making the award, follows the past practice of the government.

Henry Hering and Elsie Ward, both sculptors, pupils of Saint Gaudens in Paris, and trusted to carry out the intentions of that great artist in the statues left unfinished at his death, have married at the bride's home in Denver. The bride won the prize offered by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for a drinking fountain at the St. Louis Exposition. Those who have known the confidence reposed by Saint Gaudens in Mr. Hering will expect good work from the young man.

For many years Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who is now well past middle life, has devoted herself chiefly to the practice of law and has won a wide reputation as a lawyer. She is a familiar figure before the Supreme Court of the United States, and her sex has apparently been no handicap in her practice. She recently paid a visit to Tennessee for the purpose of settling claims in connection with the distribution of funds granted Cherokee Indians and their descendants in exchange for their lands.

Henry Willard Denison occupies a position in Japan not unlike that which Sir Robert Hart held so many years in China when he was Inspector-General of the Chinese Customs. Ever since 1880 this American jurist has been legal adviser to the Foreign Office at Tokio and in that capacity he has been behind the scenes of Japanese policy for thirty years. Neither England nor America has ever got any particular advantage out of the fact that they had friends at the courts of Tokio and Peking.

Charles Dyer Norton, who was taken from his post as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury to become President Taft's private secretary, comes of old New England stock, his mother being a descendant of Roger Williams, the founder of the Rhode Island colony. Born in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, in 1871, at fourteen young Norton was taken into the office of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company in Milwaukee. In 1888 he determined to go to college, and spent a year preparing for Amherst. Ill health compelled him to leave college in his sophomore year. He reentered, however, in his junior year and was graduated in 1893. In 1895 he reentered the insurance business, and eventually became the Chicago agent for the company. It was from this position that he was appointed to his former place in the Treasury Department by President Taft.



## THE KING OF THE BROOMTAILS.

A Wild Monarch of the Wilderness Herds.

The last of the wild horses of North America are the "broomtails" of the Yellow Jacket breaks, the region at the junction of four States—Colorado, Arizona, Utah, and New Mexico. The country here is a high rolling mesa cut with a network of deep box cañons. Here is the last stand of the broomtail, and here, too, in homes cut high in the face of almost inaccessible cliffs, dwelt once an ancient people, to study whose relics we had made the long trail over mountain and mesa. And here it looked as if we might stay for an indefinite period, for the wild horses had stampeded our home trained animals. The call of the wild persists long in the heart of a horse and ours had eagerly renounced oats and stable and, all but two cow ponies and two mules, were galloping about with the broomtails, defying all our efforts to decoy them within reach of halter or rope. This did not so much matter for a time, for the archaeologists of the party would be busy right here for months, but later it would be vitally necessary that we should have enough horses to transport the party and its collections out to civilization.

Two of us, therefore, were detailed either to capture our own strays or capture and break enough broomtails to fill their places. At first thought it did not seem to be a difficult task. Indeed we confidently expected not only to get back the strays, but bring in a handsome string of broomtails from which to select and break extra mounts. We were trained ranchmen and the two remaining horses had been ridden by us in many a round-up. We thought we had but to ride out and rope our own animals and such of the broomtails as we might pick out. This showed how little we knew about broomtails. The herd of thirty, which we had located grazing down a draw a half mile away, no sooner saw us mounted and sweeping down toward them, lariat in hand, than they raced away up the draw to the open mesa, whence they soon disappeared as if the earth had swallowed them up, only to appear again a mile away, watching us intently. Thus they led us from one hiding place to another, finally losing us in a complication of ravines from which we had difficulty in finding our way. As we reached camp at nightfall, well jaded, we saw the herd grazing jauntily at just about the starting point of the morning. For several days this aggravating game of hide and seek was repeated, with the result that neither a broomtail or a stray had come within reach of a rope and our two mounts were well tired out.

We rested them for a week, meanwhile studying the situation and coming to have a great respect for the prowess and acumen of the broomtails. By careful stalking we learned that there were two herds, one of about thirty, a nondescript bunch with no definite leader. The other contained five; three mares, a stallion colt, and a magnificent mature black stallion which we named, with good reason, "The King."

The King and his retinue were beautiful creatures, as different from the average broomtail as may be imagined. They seemed to hold aloof from them under ordinary conditions, the King taking charge of the main herd only when it pleased him.

The presence of occasional wild horses of this fine type among the ordinary scrubs has been noted since the first exploration of the Southwest and has been variously accounted for, the consensus of opinion being that this fine strain has by some means kept itself almost pure since the days of the Spanish conquest. The King may well be the lineal descendant of the war horse ridden by Cortez.

With the discovery of the King and his retinue our quest centred upon them. The ordinary broomtails were to be captured if possible, but the King we must have. One day, riding near the upper Yellow Jacket spring, we struck the trail of a lame colt, and Weston, my partner, a grizzly cowboy of the old-time type now almost extinct, declared that now was a chance to capture the mother broomtail as well as the colt. Carefully surveying the ground from the leeward, for the broomtail has the keen scent of a deer, we made out the mother at last grazing under the rim rock. It was no ordinary broomtail, but one of the mares of the King's retinue, and Weston's eyes gleamed as he made her out. Carefully circling we approached her under cover from different directions.

As agreed, I appeared first, galloping toward her in the expectation that she would call her colt and hasten to convoy it to safety, thus giving Weston, lying in ambush, opportunity to rope her and lead her into camp, colt and all. At sight of me, however, she simply stamped and gave a shrill snort that said plainly, "Keep dark, little one, keep dark!" then trotted fearlessly right toward me, sniffing as if in curiosity, but not in fear. When she was near enough I put spurs to my pony and dashed at her, but instead of dashing away with head up she put her nose between her fore legs and began to whirl and kick vigorously. Again and again I dashed up, but the rope slid idly from her rounded back. Finally I crowded my cow pony desperately near and attempted to rope one of her feet, but she swung cunningly and swiftly and delivered a swift kick which effectually lamed him.

Seeming to realize that she had won in this battle of wit and skill and that even a lame colt might run away from a three-legged pursuer, she neighed triumphantly and with the half-grown colt making a fair pace at

her heels, she trotted off toward a break in the rocks which led out onto the mesa. This was Weston's opportunity, and as she dashed by with head up he cunningly roped her.

Then ensued an extraordinary battle which the colt viewed from a safe distance and which I participated in as I might on foot, my horse being effectually hobbled by the black mare's kick. The mare fought with all the vigor of her wild blood and with a cunning which was a match for the tactics of Weston and his little cow pony. Her weight and agility were such that Weston failed to throw her, and so the battle raged, up and down the glade, through the sagebrush, the mare nimbly avoiding my clumsy attempts to put a second rope on her, and now and then putting me to ignominious flight to escape rushes which Weston was fortunately able to snub.

In the midst of this the mare suddenly gave a wild neigh which seemed at once a yell for help and a shout of defiance. From out of sight up the draw came an answering squeal and a thunder of hoofs, and a second later down upon us bore the black stallion, his eyes glaring red with the light of battle, his strong white teeth laid bare, his whole look so demoniacally aggressive and his rush so tremendous that I climbed a rock pinnacle in all haste to escape him. But he paid no attention to me. His charge was directed toward Weston's pony, which only by clever work eluded the shock which would have overturned him. Nimbly as a cat the big stallion turned, and before Weston could make any move of escape or defense was rearing, plunging, and striking with his fore hoofs in a way that seemed to mean certain death to horse and rider. Again the nimbleness of the cow pony saved them, but Weston plainly saw that he could continue the fight for safety in only one way. Throwing the turn of the rope from his saddle horn and drawing his pistol with the same motion he fired again and again, full in the face of the enraged stallion.

None of the bullets took effect or were intended to, but the fusillade was effectual, for the stallion turned and galloped off up the draw with the released mare. A week later Weston found his lariat a mile from the scene of the fight, with teeth marks on the loop, showing that the stallion which had shown such strength and courage in the fight had known how to relieve his mate of the choking rope.

So far the contest, both in strength and strategy, had gone the way of the broomtails, and the archaeologists poked much quiet fun at us horse wranglers. My pony was some weeks in fully recovering from that swift kick of the black mare, during which time I rode one of the mules, to the further amusement of the archaeologists. Weston and I had been very busy during that time and we got to know the lay of the land for many miles around, and the draws and cañons became as familiar to us as the streets of a city to the local expressman. Moreover, we learned the routes of the broomtails, for these wild horses had runs just as a fox has, and if driven from a given spot were almost sure to leave it by a definite trail, make a certain circuit, and come back at their leisure to some point not far from the starting place. Hence our plan for a general round-up. It consisted in building a corral at the bottom of a blind cañon, blocking the draws and side cañons on the way thither, so that, once started on their accustomed trail, the broomtails might be driven safely to the corral and later handled at our leisure.

Both our ponies were in fine condition again, and with two of the archaeologists taking a day off and riding the mules we succeeded in getting a good portion of the scrub herd started along their accustomed trail, which this time was to lead to the corral at the bottom of the cañon. The black stallion and his retinue were not to be seen, but we steadily pushed the broomtails on till they came to their first accustomed turn. The barricade puzzled them and evidently made them suspicious, for about half of them charged right back at us and were only prevented from escaping by determined efforts and the discharge of many blank cartridges. They went on, but no longer confident and unsuspecting. Instead they pranced back and forth, now lost in the windings of the cañon ahead, now dancing back in an effort to pass which we always managed to frustrate. Evidently they knew they were trapped.

When they came to the next cross cañon and found this too barricaded they made a most reckless charge and about half of them tore by us to freedom. The others we turned back, indeed, but when we swept a poor remnant of them by the barrier we found that it was not built sufficiently high nor strong to hold the more active, for they actually climbed it, goat fashion, and escaped.

However, we finally rounded up in the corral two of our strays, which we promptly roped and put into commission, and three of the wild horses. A scrubby, mean lot they were, and it took weeks for Weston to break them, first to the saddle and later to harness. This he finally accomplished, and though they were crazy creatures to drive they were tremendously tough and strong.

The day after this round-up the King and his retinue took the broomtail herd under their guidance, and henceforth the two herds were one.

By no stratagem could we get within reach of this herd, which included four of our own strays. Our stay was to come to an end in three weeks, the archaeologists continued to pile up specimens, and we sadly needed more horses. We knew the country for a mat-

ter of forty miles all about us now. It was rough indeed, but with this intimate knowledge and a good team there was but little of it which a good buckboard might not cross, and Weston decided on the final expedient in the running down of wild horses, which is not to run them down, but to walk them down.

We put the two mules in the light, wide-track buckboard, loading it with provisions for man and horse and a light tent. Two of the archaeologists, now through with the bulk of their exploration and collection work, volunteered to be our aids, and the struggle began. Weston took the first round. Mounted on his cow pony, with one of the archaeologists to drive the mules, he located the King and his herd a few miles from camp. Flying at them on the cow pony he sent them off at a mad gallop, then with the buckboard took up the trail at a walk. It was noon before they saw the broomtails again. Again he stampeded them and again walked away on their trail. At nightfall the same thing happened, then the trailers camped.

The next morning the King swept up and inspected them very closely, and Weston was obliged to fire a blank cartridge in his face to secure his respect. The trail proved that neither he nor his band stopped for thirty miles, and it was mid-afternoon before the walking trailers caught up with them. By the sixth day they were back within a few miles of camp, having made a rough circle of more than two hundred miles. The mules and Weston's cow pony were a bit tired, but not nearly so tired as the broomtails. The mules and the cow pony had been well fed and had walked. The broomtails had torn about the country and had not taken time to feed properly.

We hitched in a pair of the recovered horses, another archaeologist took the reins, and, mounted on my fresh pony, I followed the same tactics which Weston had employed. There was the same result, but the circle was noticeably smaller, being completed in four days, and the broomtails were more uneasy. The King had inspected us at close quarters once or twice, and once was only prevented from attacking us by a vigorous fusillade of blank cartridges. Weston and the mules again took the trail and brought them back in three days. By this time the broomtails were so worn out and uneasy that they did not know what they were doing. The King himself was gaunt and nervous with twelve days of constant stampeding, yet we could not say that he was tired from any action which showed it. He still swept over the mesa with that clean stride of his, only his red fierce eyes and flagging nostrils showed the strain on him.

Now was our time for final action, and the entire camp, as well mounted as might be, turned out. In among the utterly weary broomtails we dashed, scattering them here and there, but skillfully herding them toward the entrance of the blind cañon at the bottom of which was the corral. They were too weary to resist and we drove them in with little trouble; all but the King and his retinue. These broke through our lines in spite of the menace of blank cartridges exploded in their faces.

But, once outside, the King turned, neighed long and loud to the herd he had led so gallantly, then dashed back through the lines, followed by the young stallion of his retinue. In among the shambling broomtails he passed as if to rally them to one more charge, but they were too utterly weary and spiritless to respond. Then the King turned. With outstretched neck, ears laid back, and white teeth bared, even as he had charged me in defense of his mare, so he rushed upon the nearest mount of the pursuers. On this horse was mounted one of the archaeologists, who had thus far beamed with delight in the adventure which he was sharing. Right upon this horse the King sprang, gashing his flank with his strong fore hoofs, and seizing him by the neck he shook him as a terrier might shake a rat, while the archaeologist rolled from his back with a yell of terror.

A moment and the King had dropped the horse and turned upon the man as if he realized that it was to men rather than horses that he owed his troubles. I was too far away to be of use myself, but I saw three pistol arms come up with one motion and I turned away. I knew that it could not be blank cartridges this time. It was horse or man and the deed must be done in a flash; and it was. I heard but one report, though I knew that three bullets had sped to the same mark.

When I turned back the archaeologist was busy recovering his pony, the round-up had swept on up the cañon, and the black stallion lay motionless with two horses by as if on guard. One was the stallion colt, his head erect and lionlike, fearlessly awaiting the orders of his overlord. The other was Weston's mount, with Weston astride.

"Partner," said he gently as I rode up. "there lies the noblest horse in four States. It was a pity, an awful pity, but we had to do it. We'll let the little one go. There are too few of his breed hereabout now, either horses or men."

The noise of the round-up had ceased and we knew that the broomtails were safe in the corral. We had won our quest and there would be plenty of horses to take the expedition out of the Yellow Jacket breaks.

WINTHROP PACKARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1910.

It is said that "Tom" Watson of Georgia has returned to the Democratic party, but it is not stated where he found it.



## "EL LIBERTADOR."

F. Loraine Petre Pictures the Dissolution of Spanish Dominion in South America.

Simon Bolivar has been compared to Washington and to Napoleon; indeed, some of his admirers give him a higher place than they accord the hero of the days of '76. If it be said that Bolivar was as far above the men amongst whom he worked as Napoleon was above his surroundings the comparison would be far more apt. True enough, he stood head and shoulders above his contemporaries, but he certainly did not have the genius of the great Corsican. And on moral grounds as well as others he can not well be compared with Washington.

But if ever a man had to face the problem of making bricks without straw that man was Simon Bolivar. Not only had he to drive out the Spaniards with very insufficient means, but when he had destroyed the old government he was faced by the task of constructing an administration for a people whose past had fitted them for nothing but despotic rule. Had he succeeded in leaving behind him, in the face of all these difficulties, a South America or even a Colombia united and well governed no name in history would shine brighter than his. But he failed, and behind him came a century of revolution and misrule. In his book, "Simon Bolivar," F. Loraine Petre gives us a picture of the man and dwells upon the days of his childhood:

In 1789 Bolivar's mother died, and he was left to the guardianship of his maternal uncle, Don Carlos Palacio, an easy-going, indolent personage, incapable of taking any great personal interest in his ward's studies, or of insisting on steady application to them. The boy, credited with a good memory, ready understanding, and quickness, was described as of open and affectionate character, but irritable and impatient of contradiction. His first tutor was Simon Rodriguez, an eccentric, who, besides trying without great success to teach the boy the elements of Spanish, Latin, arithmetic, and history, certainly exercised in other ways a much greater influence on his mind. Rodriguez, with his eccentricity and uncouthness, his coarse features and harsh speech, was not popular, or likely to ingratiate himself with most boys. Still he seems to have appealed early to the young Bolivar by his philanthropic views, which he expressed freely, whilst judiciously suppressing those anti-Christian ideas which he held, but which might have frightened his pupil, to say nothing of getting himself into trouble with the authorities. He was more or less of a dreamer, and his ideas of free education were not calculated to meet with the approval of the government under which he held a post in the department of education. He seems to have been to some extent implicated in the revolutionary plot discovered in 1797. Fear of discovery, joined perhaps to his natural tendency to rove, induced him to leave Venezuela in that year and to resort to Europe, where, outside Spain, he could live in safety, and indulge his love of science and learning. To him succeeded, as Bolivar's tutor, Andres Bello, then a mere boy a couple of years older than his pupil.

With such tutors and an indolent guardian it is not surprising that young Bolivar should have given more time to gymnastics, riding, and other outdoor pursuits than to regular study. He spent much of his time at his brother's estate of San Mateo, in the Aragua Valley, at the eastern end of the lake of Valencia, and, in 1797, was appointed ensign in his father's old command, the Aragua militia. His military education in that post was probably very little, but it is all he got.

In 1799 Bolivar was sent to Spain, where he succeeded pretty well in shocking his Spanish friends by his views upon the French Revolution, probably derived from his friend and tutor, Simon Rodriguez, and the account of his visit which he wrote to his uncle, Pietor Palacio, leads us to believe that he did not profit much in an academic way. He was far from attractive in appearance:

In stature he was small; O'Leary gives him as still smaller. He had a narrow chest and a spare body, with slender limbs, and hands and feet so small as to be the envy of many women. His complexion was sallow, the skin somewhat rough. His high forehead was curiously seamed, even in his youth, by wrinkles. His hair was very black, with thick eyebrows, surmounting very black and piercing eyes, which, according to Miller, rarely looked straight in the face of the person he was speaking to. The nose was long but well shaped, the cheek-bones prominent, the cheeks hollow, the ears large. Above a mouth, which O'Leary describes as "ugly," was a very long upper lip. The teeth were white, well formed, and scrupulously cared for. The chin was somewhat pointed, and the face and head very long. His portraits often represent him as almost clean shaven, though several authorities say he had a heavy moustache and whiskers. They probably refer to campaigning days, when shaving was difficult.

The expression of his face was ordinarily calm though careworn, but his temper was impetuous and capricious, and, once it was aroused, his expression became fierce and threatening, and his language was far from measured. But these outbursts of temper, if not resented and aggravated, soon subsided and were followed by an attitude of conciliation. O'Leary, who must constantly have seen it, describes the change from Bolivar in a good humor to Bolivar in a rage as "terrible."

Without vanity he would not have been a true creole, and he had perhaps rather more than the ordinary share allotted to others of his compatriots. Another creole quality, indolence of body, was not altogether absent in him, for he loved to loll about in a hammock, even when he was dictating. Sometimes he would stand to hear the reports of his secretary, with his arms folded, and the left hand tugging at the collar of his coat, whilst he rapidly dictated the order on each paper. But when he was in his hammock it was only a survival of the natural tendency of his race to indolence and apathy; for he was endowed with an appetite for hard work, and readiness to undertake the greatest physical exertion when necessary, which was worthy of Napoleon.

The career of Bolivar might well be said to have begun in the club called the "Sociedad Patriótica," established in Caracas for the purpose of fomenting the Separatist movement in Venezuela. With him was Francisco de Miranda, one of the remarkable men of Bolivar's time. Miranda had served as an officer in the Spanish army, fought against the British in the struggle of the North American colonies for independ-

ence, and returned to his own country to foment a similar revolt against Spain. And in July, 1811, Miranda, Bolivar, and others issued a declaration of independence. But soon there was discord among the revolutionary leaders. Miranda was for letting the Spaniards remain provided they behaved themselves. Bolivar, on the contrary, demanded that they be ruthlessly driven away until the colonies received recognition from Spain. So great became the friction between these men that Miranda was finally betrayed by Bolivar into the hands of the Spaniards and was taken by them to Cadiz, where he died miserably in chains. This episode in Bolivar's life does not cover him with any particular glory, but with Miranda out of the way his influence became at once paramount and the revolutionary movement gathered force:

On the 6th August, Bolivar and his troops entered Caracas in triumph, the commander being for the first time saluted by the populace with the title of "Liberator." On all sides he was surrounded by crowds shouting, "Long live our Liberator; Long live New Granada; Long live the Saviour of Venezuela." Wreaths of laurels and of flowers were offered in profusion, salutes were fired, bands played, and every one treated Bolivar as a sort of tutelary deity of Venezuela. Much incense has, of course, been burnt at the shrine by Venezuelan writers in describing the events of this day. To others it may seem doubtful how far all this enthusiasm and flattery was genuine.

However sweet the plaudits may have sounded to Bolivar, he had much to do to set things in order after the disappearance of all semblance of government with Fierro and his officials. After reestablishing order, and providing for the safety of the public offices, magazines, and parks, which had been left unguarded, and in some cases had been partially pillaged, he issued the proclamation which was always made wherever he arrived under similar circumstances. In it he announced the reincarnation of the republic under the auspices of the Congress of New Granada. He invited foreigners to settle in the country, offering them full protection and safety, which it was certainly beyond his power at this time to guarantee. Then he appointed secretaries to the different departments, and drew out a scheme for the provisional government. Tomas Montilla was Secretary of War, R. D. Merida Secretary for Justice and Police, whilst A. M. Tehar held the portfolios of the "State" Department, and, temporarily, of finance. Christobal Mendoza was made governor of Caracas, and Ribas military commandant. Lastly, Bolivar organized a commission, consisting largely of Spaniards, whose mission was to proceed to Puerto Cabello and demand Monteverde's ratification of the capitulation of La Victoria.

Having made all these arrangements, he issued, on the 9th August, another proclamation convoking an assembly of the chief inhabitants to discuss and settle the form of government to be instituted, and to appoint officials to carry on the administration meanwhile. It concluded with the words: "The Liberator of Venezuela renounces forever, and formally declines to accept, any authority except that of leading our soldiers to danger, in order to save the Fatherland."

When New Granada and Venezuela had been united into the "Republic of Colombia," Bolivar became president and was endowed with unlimited powers relating to provinces in a state of war. This provision made him a military dictator, and soon we find him in the field again essaying the Cordilleras:

The track which was followed was in many places blocked by fallen rocks or trees, over which the soldiers had to scramble as best they might. In other places the path had disappeared in a landslide. Every horse which had survived so far perished. Late in the night of the 2d July the army bivouacked at the foot of Paramo de Pisha. The unfortunate Venezuelans, hailing from a climate which is always warm and in the plains excessively hot, now found themselves, poorly clothed at the best, some of them almost naked, in even greater misery than before; for these "paramos," at an elevation of 12,000 to 15,000 feet, only just below the line of eternal snow, are truly the abomination of desolation. Swept by an icy northeast wind, constantly enveloped in a chilly fog, almost devoid of animal life, and even of vegetation, except for a few stunted and distorted thorny plants of low orders, Dante, had he known them, would have described them as one of the infernal circles. Yet there was no retreating, and the weary, shivering men pushed on next day over the freezing and rarified air. Flogging had to be resorted to, not for punishment, but to revive circulation in the failing bodies. There were even women enduring these hardships. O'Leary records that his attention was called to the case of a soldier's wife who, in this awful desert, gave birth to a child, and yet marched on five miles on the same day over this ghastly road. Ranks or order it was impossible to preserve as the troops toiled painfully through gorges where a hundred resolute men might have harried the way against the whole army. But no Spaniard was seen, for none supposed it possible the republicans could reach the uplands by this horrible pass.

That his life was one of constant peril we may well believe. There was plot and counterplot on every side. Bolivar was in constant warfare and the land was always in uproar and turmoil. The author dwells at some length upon an attempt to assassinate the "Liberator":

At 11:30 p. m. Carujo went with some artillerymen and a few civilians collected by Horment to the palace. A watch had already been set on the officers of the battalion "Vargas" and the Grenadiers, who were known to be loyal. With Carujo were Horment, Zulaiver, Gonzales, and a lieutenant of artillery named Lopez, who had recently been degraded for misconduct. Some of the other conspirators were to attack the quarters of the two loyal battalions and to set free Padilla, the leader of the late revolt at Cartagena, who was in custody awaiting trial. Carujo and his party surprised the guard at the palace gate, killed four of them, and hurried towards the Liberator's sleeping apartments. On the way they met Andres Iharra, a favorite aide-de-camp of Bolivar. He was so badly wounded in the right arm by Lopez that it had to be amputated next day.

Bolivar was in his bedroom with his mistress, Manuela Saenz, just going to bed, when the noise of the attack on the guard and Iharra reached his ears. At first he was for resistance, for the cries of "Death to the tyrant!" warned him of what was happening. Manuela Saenz, however, convinced him that resistance was useless, and pointed to the open window, only a few feet above the street. The assassins were actually at the door when he dropped, half-dressed as he was, from the balcony into the street just opposite the theatre. His hutler, who happened to be in the street, recognized and followed his master, as he made for the convent of El Carmen. Changing his mind, Bolivar plunged into the ravine of the San Augustin stream which flows from the mountain behind Bogota across the city south of the palace.

Here he hid himself under a bridge. Meanwhile, when the assassins broke into his room they saw that the bird had flown, and demanded of Manuela Saenz where he was. She said that he was in the hall of the council of state, thus managing to throw them off the scent, and to give Bolivar time to get clear away.

The turbulent nature of his people was undoubtedly what brought about the failure of Bolivar. This theory one may well maintain by harking back to the revolutionary history of the land that, for a time, he held in the hollow of his hand. As a matter of fact, the names of most of the South American republics have come to be looked upon as connoting revolution, civil war, and financial repudiation. The temperament of the people, not the lack of ability of the man, was responsible for the dissipation of his dreams. And when the fierce fire of his energy, burned out by consumption, left him a miserable wreck he was almost alone. He passed away in December, 1830, and with his last words left this message for the Colombians: "Colombians! My last words are for the welfare of the Fatherland. If my death eventuates to the cessation of party strife and to the consolidation of the union I shall descend in peace to the grave." Summing up his genius, the author says:

The comparison of Bolivar with Napoleon as a military genius is absurd. He had no military education, either practical or theoretical, and if we may infer, from his special bequest of Montecuculi's "Art of War," that he pinned his military faith on it, it may be remarked that it was hardly the best course of study for the waging of war in the days of Napoleon. Mitre has characterized his system of warfare as a sort of mixture of the warlike propensities of the indigenous races with European discipline. Knowing little of tactics and less of strategy, he gained his victories by audacity, by impetuosity in attack, and by unflinching constancy in defeat. With this estimate of the Liberator's military qualifications there is not much fault to be found. In the domain of strategy he did well in 1813, when, dropping from the mountains of Merida into the very midst of the scattered Spanish forces, he defeated them in detail. But there seems no reason to suppose that his finding himself in a position to do so was due to anything but chance. The way in which he soon afterwards scattered his own army in different directions, instead of keeping the main body together to be hurled alternately against Boves, Ceballos, Monteverde, and Yanez, is certainly not indicative of any high strategic conception. He never seems to have realized that in war it is impossible to be too strong at the decisive point. Bolivar's first really good strategic move was his transfer of the base of operations from Northern Venezuela to Guayana, but it was Piar's idea rather than the Liberator's. Even when he decided on it he committed the grave blunder of leaving the unfortunate Freitas to certain destruction at Barcelona. When he found himself in possession of Guayana, his letter to the Marquis de Toro shows that he appreciated its advantages, but, as we have said, the credit for initiation of the movement must go to Piar.

Unsatisfactory as his life was, it embodied a great success and a great failure. He succeeded in throwing off forever the yoke of Spain which had pressed for centuries upon the shoulders of South America, but he failed to set up, in place of Spanish domination, anything that even faintly resembled a stable government. But when we look at the materials he had to work with he gains some dignity from his achievements. He dealt with a people depraved by centuries of bad government, and with such material Washington could scarcely have evolved the United States. The history of Bolivar's marriage is sad indeed. At nineteen he was wedded to Maria Teresa de Toro and in three months was a heart-broken boy widower. He declared that his wife's death changed his life, but be that as it may the final picture of the worn-out man deserted and reviled is one of the most pitiful in history. He played the game out to the bitter end and lost. This book is well worth reading.

SIMON BOLIVAR. By F. Loraine Petre. New York: John Lane Company. \$4 net.

Professor C. C. Georgeson, of the United States Department of Agriculture, has recently brought from Alaska samples of grain and vegetables grown in our northernmost territory that have astonished the uninformed. From his and other reports to the department it appears that Alaska has some twenty million acres—as large an area as the total farming land in Ohio—that are considered strictly agricultural land. Grain may be matured, hay, potatoes, and many vegetables succeed in this region. The climate is more favorable for farming than that of Finland, where three million people live by that industry, and compares well with the climate of Sweden and Norway, where agriculture thrives. It has been found that berries and small fruits will grow well in nearly all sections, south of the Arctic circle, and that currants, raspberries, and gooseberries succeed better than in the Eastern States.

Australians have discovered a fertile territory in the northern part of the commonwealth, heretofore considered a barren desert, but proved to be suitable for settlement and capable of supporting a large population. This territory is twice the size of France, and more than four times the size of Great Britain, and lying as it does contiguous to the densely populated shores of China and the Far East, must of necessity form an attractive bait to the cupidity of the yellow races. The coast line is 1200 miles in length, and it is apparent that the task of defending such an extent of sea frontier is no light one, and would tax the resources of a navy of considerably larger dimensions than anything Australia is likely to possess for a long time to come.

At the last moment of its session, the House of Representatives in Tokio passed a bill extending to foreigners the privilege of owning land in Japan. This question has before the public for thirty years.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## A Life for a Life.

Such readers as turn to "A Life for a Life" in expectation of deriving from its pages that pleasure usually furnished by a novel will be somewhat disappointed. It is a sociological tract in the guise of fiction. All the horrors which the muck-rakers have been serving up in the magazines so industriously are here in liberal measure; the grimy workshop of the sweater, the squalor of tenements, the degradation of life "on the streets," the iniquities of bank magnates, the waste of wealth, etc. And there is the usual hero--this time with a confused vision set a-going in his head by the sound of a cracked church bell—who is ambitious to set the world to rights, who could wed the heiress if he would, but who goes back to his "own people" because—well, because he had mightily confused ideas about everything in general. Mr. Herrick's moral is that the circle of "ideas that dominate men" must be broken by the "individual good will to renounce," etc. And his heroine finds peace of soul by establishing a home for foundlings. No doubt there is a way of telling all this kind of thing which shall be interesting, which shall transmute fact in the alembic of fancy, but Mr. Herrick has not the secret of that method. The story is pitched in such a stilted key, has so obviously the air of the special pleader, that it is tedious and little short of irritating.

A LIFE FOR A LIFE. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## The Wild Olive.

Despite the many touches by which the author of this attractive story attempts to prepare the way for the sudden befriending of a suspected murderer by the heroine, her immediate interest in Norrie Ford seems somewhat difficult to account for. Granting that, however, the story develops in a natural manner, and is in every respect a finer piece of work than "The Inner Shrine."

As a study of character the Wild Olive is well conceived, admirably sustained, and winning in unconventional qualities. It was wise of the author to make Ford conscious of a suggestion of "wild origin" at his first meeting with Miriam, the sense of which is heightened by her revolt against the law, and her zealous efforts to befriend a man who was outside the pale of that law. All this has its natural climax in Miriam's own confession: "At best I'm like the wild creature that submits to be tamed because it doesn't know what else to do—but remains wild at heart. I used to think I could come into your system of law and order if any one would take me." It is eminently fitting that the man she saves from an unjust sentence of that law should be the instrument of her return to social order. In the working out of this interesting theme the author provides many situations of novel construction, episodes that suspend the reader's interest in an effective manner, and delineations of character which are exceedingly refreshing.

THE WILD OLIVE. By the author of "The Inner Shrine." New York: Harper Brothers; \$1.50.

## Happy Island.

Uncle William again, redolent of the sea, bubbling over with fisherman philosophy and human kindness, more contented with his cottage and simple life than the millionaire with his mansion and wealth, the unfailing friend of Andy, and Benjy, the cunning husband-finder for a newcomer, Celia by name—what more could be needed to make "Happy Island" a delight for the reader? Mrs. Lee acts wisely in continuing the chronicle of Uncle William, and the gods have served her well in ability to shape this latest installment with as much skill as those which have gone before. Uncle William is so courteous to the fish-warden who puts in an appearance the day following an orgy of forbidden lobsters that even Mrs. Lee's moralist husband—to whom the book is dedicated—must be inclined to forgive the hero's defiance of the law. The episode is delightfully depicted, an admirable illustration of how lobsters pervert the Puritanic New England conscience.

HAPPY ISLAND. By Jennette Lee. New York: The Century Company; \$1.

## Giovanni Boccaccio.

Rightly declining to offer either apology or defense of his subject, Mr. Hutton addresses himself in a workmanlike manner to a critical and biographical study of one whom he regards as "one of the greatest creative writers of Europe, one of the earliest humanists." He frankly adopts the human point of view, believing that Boccaccio found the centre of things not in the next world, but in this.

Unhappily the actual details of Boccaccio's life that have survived are scanty. Mr. Hutton, however, makes the most of all that is known, weaves into his narrative every scrap of information about his hero's parentage and childhood, and deals at great length with the famous Fiammetta episode and subsequent events. Naturally, much space is devoted to the writings of Boccaccio, and the chapter on the "Decameron" is singularly full and well-

balanced. Earlier in the volume Mr. Hutton discusses his author's attitude to women, reaching the conclusion that "woman in the abstract was for him the prize of life; he desired her not as a friend, but as the most exquisite instrument of pleasure, beyond the music of flutes or the advent of spring." Mr. Hutton does not ignore the fact that there is a certain brutality in Boccaccio's treatment of women, which he explains on the principle that "because he loves them he does not therefore respect them." And the excuse for this is that, like all Italians, she is "without a fundamental moral sense." This is by far the fullest and most competent account of Boccaccio in English, a piece of work on which Mr. Hutton may be heartily congratulated.

GIOVANNI BOCCACCIO. By Edward Hutton. New York: John Lane Company; \$5 net.

## Business Hints for Women.

Women who wish for elementary instruction as to the functions of banks, who would learn how to open an account and use it, who desire some light upon bills and receipts, employer and employed, bookkeeping, taxes and customs, stocks and bonds, and wills and estates, will find their needs met by this little volume. It is eminently practical, clearly written, and ever keeps in view the standpoint of the woman rather than the man. The final chapter is a temperate exposition of the fundamentals of business, which advocates a careful attention to the matter in hand, a sense of values, loyalty, and the cultivation of good manners. The volume may be confidently recommended not alone to those women whose possessions demand a knowledge of banking and other matters, but also to those who have to earn their livelihood at any form of business.

EVERY-DAY BUSINESS FOR WOMEN. By Mary Aronetta Wilbur. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25 net.

## Morning Star.

Secure in the possession of a loyal audience, Mr. Rider Haggard has taken the liberty of indulging in an experiment which would have been risky with a less known novelist. Ancient Egypt is a *terra incognita* to the vast majority of English-speaking people, its rites mysterious and unrelated to their spirit, its peoples alien from every point of view, and its names of places and persons stumbling stones through their unpronounceable unfamiliarity. Yet these are the elements from which Mr. Haggard constructs his new romance, and that he is able to impart interest to its development is a tribute to his skill as a story-teller. But, in addition, he has availed himself of the unfailing potency of love as a motive, with an adroit blending of devotion and its opposite. For result, then, he has achieved a story which holds the attention in spite of its handicaps, and is notable for its reproduction of that brooding air of mystery, that aloofness from modern life which seems inseparable from the land of the Pharaohs.

MORNING STAR. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Way of all Flesh.

Will American readers prove more hospitable to Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" than those of that gifted writer's native land? If that should happen, it will be immensely to their credit, for this remarkable study demands a knowledge of English life for its full appreciation, even though many of its qualities should have an irresistible appeal apart from local knowledge.

To characterize the book would be as difficult as to characterize life itself. For it is life, life as it has rarely been painted by the novelist. To account for the character of the hero Mr. Butler began with his grandfather, and such a reaching back was necessary. For the father of the hero was the product of his own father in turn, the natural evolution of the narrow and hard view of life for which his parent stood. Given such a father and mother as Ernest Pontifex drew in the lottery of life, and given further such a school training as fell to his lot, his final development into an exponent of the open mind in connection with questions supposed to be long settled was natural. But apart from all this, the book's incisive studies of character place it in a category by itself. And it would be easy to compile from its pages an anthology of suggestive thoughts and illuminating reflections. Here is one example: "I think young men might occasionally ask papas and mamas whether their intentions are honorable before they accept invitations to houses where there are still unmarried daughters."

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH. By Samuel Butler. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Brief Reviews.

A fascinating study of animal life is presented by William H. Wright in "The Black Bear" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$1 net), which tells, to the accompaniment of admirable photographs, the life story of Ben from its birth to its fourth year. Ben became as tame and intelligent as a dog, and developed acuteness of sense almost beyond

belief. Mr. Wright rounds out his unique little story by a comprehensive study of the characteristics and habits of the black bear.

Those who are anxious to be informed as to the latest developments of scientific thought on the subject of mental healing will be interested in a little volume entitled "Self Help and Self Cure" (Small, Maynard & Co.; 75 cents net), which has been compiled by Elizabeth Wilder and Edith M. Taylor. It presents its subject under the three divisions of body, mind, and spirit, and is clearly written.

Although so much has been written of late concerning the attractions of rural life in England, there is room for Tickner Edwardes's "Lift-Luck on Southern Roads" (the Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net). The author has an engaging style, and as he keeps clear of the tourist track is able to present much that is new and interesting. In addition it should be noted that the volume is well illustrated from photographs of more than ordinary merit.

Believing that the commission plan of government is a "new anchorage for democracy," John J. Hamilton has in "The Dethronement of the City Boss" (Funk & Wagnalls Company; \$1.20 net) set forth the reasons for his faith with much enthusiasm. The book is specially concerned with the Des Moines experiment, of which Mr. Hamilton writes from intimate personal knowledge, and presents in a handy and readable form a mass of material not otherwise available.

Playgoers in large numbers have enjoyed the liveliness and fun of "Going Some" (Harper & Brothers; \$1.25), and now that Rex Beach presents the story in book form it is available for a still wider audience. The book is full of high spirits, telling, as it does, of the amusements of a jolly house-party on a Western ranch and the complications which arise because the hero had led his friends to believe him an athlete. Love interest is not lacking.

Students of the origins of American history will accord a hearty welcome to the edition of "Johnson's Wonder-Working Providence" (Charles Scribner's Sons; \$3 net), which J. Franklin Jameson has edited for the admirable series of Original Narratives of Early American History. The notes correct the many errors of the original work, and thus this edition enables the reader to peruse safely a history which is a valuable revelation of the essential spirit of the Massachusetts colony. Mr. Jameson reminds us that the book was the first published history of New England.

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## The Science of Happiness.

Subscribing heartily to that clause of the Declaration which insists upon man's right to the "pursuit of happiness," Dr. Williams expounds in this volume the physical, mental, social, and moral aspects of that possession.

To his mind there is no desire but the desire for happiness, but he is opposed to the idea that its pursuit may be left to unguided instinct. He shows that it must be based on the laws of the physiologist, the rules of the psychologist, the data of the sociologist, and the deductions of the moralist. To secure the sound body attention must be paid to physical needs, to food and the right time for its consumption, to water and air, to exercise, and to sleep. The chapter devoted to the latter is exceptionally suggestive, full of advice, and yet remarkable for its tolerance of exceptions. Most medical writers on sleep are apt to be dictatorial, to pooh-pooh all conclusions save their own, but Dr. Williams does not share that weakness.

In dealing with the mental aspects of happiness he offers many valuable hints on how to see and remember, how to think, how to train the will, and the best method of acquiring self-knowledge. He affirms that the principle of "no day without its line" is the "rule that has produced the major part of the world's best literature in every generation." On the sociological side, Dr. Williams finds much help in solving the problem of how to work, and rightly insists upon the value of a vocation as contrasted with an avocation. His little exhortation on the usefulness of recreation is exceedingly timely.

Finally, Dr. Williams approaches his theme from the moral point of view, laying great stress upon the necessity of exercising care in the choice of a life partner, discussing in a wise manner the duty of parents toward their children, telling how happiness may be invited, and dwelling in an earnest spirit on the preparation for death. The book is eminently readable throughout, and that it is conspicuous for its liberal spirit may be inferred from the fact that Dr. Williams admits that "one of the sternest facts that our existing marriage system has to face is the fact that man is not by nature a monogamous animal." That he has become so nearly monogamous in practice is regarded as the greatest triumph of mind over body.

THE SCIENCE OF HAPPINESS. By Henry Smith Williams. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$2 net.

## On Managing Women.

"Modern Woman and How to Manage Her" is a seductive title, but unhappily Mr. Gallichan does not wholly "make good." Now and again the reader will light upon a piece of specific advice, but in the main he will come to the conclusion that this little volume is a specious plea for the right of women to manage men.

According to Mr. Gallichan, the present is the era of the man-contemning, man-hating woman. "There is not a woman's club in London wherein you will not hear avowed dislike of men among a fairly large number of members." What does it mean? Why, a "form of protest against life in general" or "mere fashion, a form of feminine cynicism." That is, it would seem as though we are raising a crop of female Schopenhauers, the nemesis for man usurping the headship of the sexes for so long.

Of course Mr. Gallichan touches upon the question of marriage, which he declares will in the future be more attractive to celibates than it is today. "The contract will not be cruel in its exaction of cohabitation for persons who have ceased to love. There will be facilities for complete and honorable separation, with no hindrance to a second union, and no imputations against those who wish to sunder an insupportable rivet." It is difficult to catch the author in any concrete mood, but he seems to think it will help if men and women cry a truce "to that fatal reticence which characterizes the social intercourse of the two sexes." He holds that woman is as fitted as man for brain work and for physical labor, and that it is our duty to destroy the prejudices and preconceptions of the past.

MODERN WOMAN AND HOW TO MANAGE HER. By Walter M. Gallichan. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50 net.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Winston Churchill thinks that one marked tendency of late years is in the direction of shortening the novel, an adaptation to modern conditions by the elimination of what may be deemed "inessentials and little journeys aside." Still, he confesses that he is catholic enough to enjoy all varieties of novels, providing they are "good, or rather, well written."

No better example of what a good newspaper index should be is available than the annual index to the London Times. Every article, editorial, item, or name mentioned in its columns finds a place in the index, thus making the volume an exhaustive treasury of current British and world history.

A complete collection of the poems of Sophie Jewett is to be published in the fall.

The volume will include the contents of the volumes entitled "The Pilgrim and Other Poems" and "Persephone." Miss Jewett's last prose work, "God's Troubadour," the story of St. Francis of Assisi told for children, will appear shortly.

Instead of "The Brood of the Eagle," James Lane Allen's new book will be entitled "The Doctor's Christmas Eve."

In view of the progress in education made by France since the war with Prussia, unusual interest attaches to the volume in which, under the title of "French Secondary Schools," Professor Frederic E. Farrington will set forth the lessons to be learned from that progress.

On Convocation Day at the University of Chicago there was unveiled a bronze memorial dedicated to Alice Freeman Palmer, whose life by her husband is now in its seventeenth printing.

Some inedited letters of John Hay, written during his twentieth year, have been issued in a limited edition. At that age he had visions of a career as a poet, which may account for the following: "In spite of the praise which you continually lavish upon the West, I must respectfully assert that I find only a dreary waste of heartless materialism, where great and heroic qualities may indeed bully their way up into the glare, but the flowers of existence inevitably droop and wither."

D'Annunzio's remark that he and Shakespeare use about the same number—some 15,000—words leads the New York World to comment, "but they are arranged differently."

Among the publications announced by the Columbia University Press are: "Relations of Leigh Hunt with Byron, Shelley, and Keats," by Miss Barnette Miller; "English Tragic-comedy," by Frank H. Ristine; and "The Humane Movement," by Roswell C. McCrea.

Professor Clarence W. Alvord of the University of Illinois has undertaken the editorship of a series of volumes which are to set forth the development of the West in the form of biography.

Each year a Brooklyn pastor selects from the latest publications a list of ten books for recommendation to his congregation as wholesome vacation reading. In the list for this year are William Allen White's "A Certain Rich Man," William de Morgan's "It Never Can Happen Again," Arnold Bennett's "The Old Wives' Tale," William Lyon Phelps's "Essays on Modern Novelists," and C. G. Winchester's "A Group of English Essayists."

Grace MacGowan Cooke, who is holidaying in California, has completed a new story, "The Power and the Glory," which is to be published early in August.

Viola Burnhans's new story, "The Cave-Woman," is not a prehistoric study, but a humorous and original novel of today which begins and ends in a cave.

At the initiative of the North Carolina Press Association, a fund is being raised to place a memorial over the grave of "Bill Nye" in Henderson County.

An Oxford man touring in Germany, and seeing an announcement to the effect that the "Sommernachstraum" was to be given the following night, is reported to have asked what the title meant. On being informed that it was German for "Midsummer Night's Dream," he remarked, "What an extraordinary name for a play! Is it worth seeing?" Being assured that it was, he went, and when asked whether he had enjoyed and understood it, he rejoined that it was beautiful, and that he was able to understand it because he had "an English translation."

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

WHIRLPOOLS. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

Keen analysis of the conditions of modern life, with a lovely violinist for heroine. The dialogue is exceedingly brilliant and the incidents of compelling interest.

THE PURSUIT. By Frank Savile. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

An exciting story of an attempted kidnapping of an American child, an heir to millions, which opens at Tangier and moves swiftly through Spain to Messina.

SIMON THE JESTER. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

Fully sustains the author's enviable reputation for grace of style and charm of story. There are many ingenious situations.

THE UNSEEN THING. By Anthony Dyllington. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; \$1.20 net.

A symbolical story by the author of "The Green Domino." The scenes are laid in London and on the continent.

WATER BABIES. By Charles Kingsley. New York: The Baker & Taylor Company; \$1.50.

A new edition of Kingsley's classic with illustrations by George Soper which owe something to the artist who first adorned the famous fairy tale.

THE DEVOURERS. By A. Vivanti Chartres. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A first novel in English by an author who has already won honors for her poetry in Italian.

The story is told with much grace and holds the interest of the reader throughout.

THE GARDEN AT 19. By Edgar Jepson. New York: Wessels & Bissell Company; \$1.20 net.

Life in a London suburb with unusual complications and mysteries.

HARRY RICHMONO. VITTORIA. By George Meredith. Each in two volumes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; \$2 net per volume.

Four new volumes in the superb Memorial Edition of the works of Meredith, the publication of which in this country has been specially arranged with the trustees of the novelist. In printing, paper, binding, and illustrations this is an ideal edition.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. By Charles F. Holder. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2 net.

An exhaustive and admirably written account of the lovely islands off the coast of Southern California, with much valuable information about fishing, golfing, etc. The volume is profusely illustrated from excellent photographs.

A WHITE PAPER GARDEN. By Sara Andrew Shafer. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.; \$2.50 net.

A garden book for "the garden-less," for those whose lot in life holds them in bondage to the city despite the memories of other years which are mingled with life in the country. The volume is poetically written and illustrated with rare taste.

FRUIT-GROWING IN ARID REGIONS. By Wendell Paddock and Orville B. Whipple. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50 net.

An invaluable manual for those fruit-growers of the East who seek new opportunities in the West. The book represents eight years' experience in intermountain horticulture.

CONDITIONS OF PROGRESS IN DEMOCRATIC GOVERNMENT. By Hon. Charles Evan Hughes. New York: Yale University Press; \$1.15 net.

Four lectures delivered at Yale by the governor of New York State, designed to quicken in young men the sense of civic responsibility.

MAURICE HEWLETT. By Milton Bronner. Boston: John W. Luce & Co.; \$1.25 net.

Described as "a critical review" of the prose and poetry of the author of "The Forest Lovers," etc.

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## THE BOXERS AGAIN.

Is China to See a Repetition of the Events of 1900?

There is a saying in China that "trouble comes every ten years"—taking "trouble" to mean some form of violent outbreak, either anti-foreign, anti-dynastic, or both. We certainly had it in 1900, and it looks seriously as if we may expect it again.

Well-informed Chinese began prophesying the coming disturbance over a year ago and pointing out that this time the Yangtze Valley was to be the theatre of events. Nobody believed them. Their "croakings" were met with the argument that there has been for some years now a very normal condition of affairs between Chinese and foreigners, with a marked improvement in the attitude of the former towards the Christian missionaries—an improvement put down to the rapidly increasing number of schools and the general spread of the "new learning" and enlightenment.

Sure enough, however, so long ago as January last—the first month of the tenth year since the 1900 outburst—low grumblings of the storm began to be heard. Some were due to purely natural causes. A famine started one outbreak where the people, whose crops had failed through drought, crowded into a little walled city, destroyed the residence of the local official, charged the soldiers at the gate, and had three of their number killed and thirty-three wounded for their pains.

Fear of increased taxation started another—which also took place in the Yangtze Valley as predicted. Without doubt the people in this instance, too, had some cause for dissatisfaction. They saw mining bureaus erected, railway offices built, arsenals and printing plants opened in accordance with the "reform programme" in China—but none of these things were so managed that they helped increase the earning capacity of the masses. And in the Middle Kingdom the masses are always miserably poor. Five cents (gold) a day for wages makes a precarious business of living when, besides food and covering, a tax must be squeezed out of it too.

Such riots as these, then, arouse a certain amount of sympathy. No one who sees, or even reads of, the wretched coal carriers of Szechuen shivering in the mountain air with clothing scarcely sufficient to cover them, tramping heavily laden over rough roads to the market towns and paid only the munificent sum of three cents for each basket they carry, can feel feeling that these men are justified in hurling a government building occasionally, if it amuses them.

But the impartial observer objects to see members of the studious class—usually lately returned from Japan—deliberately stirring up mischief when they have no real grievance, and drawing from the advantages of their education poison rather than benefit. Nevertheless it is exactly what many of them are doing.

A certain young man lately wrote in one of the vernacular journals "An Appeal to Brother Young Men," which, in spite of its dangerous sentiments, is irresistibly comic in places. "Alas, alas," says the patriotic youth, "alas for the position which our country occupies amongst the strong nations, and our people among other races that we should meet with such treatment!" He evidently refers to the mischievous rumors about the partition of China which other young men of the same ilk have been circulating during the precious hours when they ought to have been attending to their lessons. "If you are not deaf, blind, dumb, dazed, or dreaming," he proceeds with "alliteration's artful aid," "you must know that it is the position of the simple, the diseased, the shameful, and the exasperated. The azure heavens, high and distant, are concealed by clouds of misery. . . . With a history of 4000 years are we not an ancient people? With eighteen provinces of people are we not numerous? Why, then, should foreigners roam through the length and breadth of the land as they please while we Chinese live as in a leaky house, or sinking boat, on every hand distressed? They dwell in multiplied houses of many stories whose tops pierce the clouds, while we must roost under a few straws of that which barely protects from the cold and rain. The foreign slaves with their short hair, black hats, and white clothes, strut about and sniff around unrestrained. To speak about one ten-thousandth part of their behavior pierces the heart, and to hear of it brings tears to the nose?" (Why the nose, I wonder?) "Have they a six feet body? So have we. Have they the five faculties? We also have them. Who are they and who are we that the difference should be thus enormous? Speak of it to Heaven; its eyes are shut and there is no answer. Declare it to the Eastern Sea; it rolls along as before. Quietly think of it; turn round and examine it. From whence has it come and who has ordered it thus? We have been resplendent for four thousand years; our dress, our literature, our ceremonies, are all superior to those of the countries of the West. . . . How is it in these days that a struggle is arising between East and West and only the country in which there is energy can escape? Our

downfall began with the war of 1895 and then we saw the changes of 1898. From that time foreign goods were said to be hefted and ascended to the upper place. Then, having got an inch they took another inch . . . till now in the forests and in the seas there remains nothing for us. If there is the ore of gold or mines of coal, they take them at their pleasure and we have no power to resist. They spit in our face and we dare not even be angry. What will the end be? In the west look at Judea and look at the already upturned cart there; in the south behold India, the mirror of what is not far off. How perilous! How dangerous! What a time this is! Bestir yourselves, my brothers. I call on you young men with your forty thousand mouths to let you be heard among the nations. Look with your eighty thousand eyes and see whereunto things are tending. . . . To change defeat into victory is your duty, to transform misery into happiness is your obligation."

This is the same kind of rigmarole—with a grain of truth at the bottom of it undoubtedly—which we heard in 1900. On such exhortations as these the Boxers founded their Patriotic Society once and on such they are beginning to set to work on the old "invulnerability stunts" again. Only this time they "wear their rue with a difference." They are Blue Boxers instead of Red Boxers and their helms and the coverings of their swords are the color of the sky instead of the color of blood.

It is too soon as yet to give a full programme of their intended operations. They probably do not know themselves exactly what they will do next, for their organization is up to now most imperfect. Perhaps a better name for them would be "revolutionaries," though where the class of what might be called "occasional discontent" ends and the real "blood and thunder" revolutionary begins I would not like to say.

The important feature of the present agitation, which is largely a suppressed agitation and has only broken out here and there so far like a crop of little boils coming to a head for some trifling reason, is the "motive." Under the festering care of some interested parties the idea that the old empire is to be partitioned has gained amazing ground and is causing widespread alarm. Rumors that "the melon will soon be sliced" act on the patriotic Chinese like a call to arms.

The pity is that the most impossible, the most improbable, are believed as firmly by the common people as those which have some basis in fact. Panic seized a whole town on the Yangtze lately because the inhabitants heard in the tea shops that seventy thousand American soldiers were encamped at the mouth of the river. Poor ignorant folk, they suffered needless terrors because they either forgot or never knew that the full strength of the army of the United States—an army scattered widely over the world—is only about that number. Again a whole province was disturbed by an "appeal" beginning "My countrymen, my countrymen, hasten to make plans and every preparation for next spring's great conflict. By no means sit idly and see your country become a fattening field for other peoples," and going on to state in all solemnity that France has mobilized "200,000 African troops in the Tonkin Bay; Russia has sent forward many soldiers and threatens Mongolia; England has sent her navy to the neighborhood of Hongkong, and each of the powers protects its own sphere of influence and treats the matter as an open and accepted preparation to divide up China."

As a result of this inflammatory, and needless to say utterly groundless information, the schools disbanded and students from the higher classes asked the prefect of their districts for arms. Luckily those in authority had enough sense to give a firm refusal and tell the youths to go back to work and let rumor alone.

But they were hardly settled down again before another canard got abroad—this time almost pathetic in its revelation of how well the poor, panic-stricken Chinese know their own weakness. A report got abroad that the viceroy of Yunnan had telegraphed to the regent saying that the French had invaded his province and asking what he was to do. According to the same report, the regent replied, "Do as you please; there is no help for it."

This is said to have turned the "revolutionaries" hot against the acting ruler of this agitated empire, and within a few weeks a bomb was found in his garden.

It did not go off; there seemed to be no serious attempt at firing the fuse which might have made it go off; still, for all its harmless career, it put a mighty fear into the hearts of Chinese officialdom. There is something singularly unpleasant in the idea that underneath one's ornamental fishpond there is a large charge of dynamite—and especially unpleasant to the Chinese who makes such a point of leaving this world with all his members intact that he will die of gangrene rather than have a leg amputated. The prince regent is stated by the best authorities to have turned pale when the matter was reported to him and to have immediately ordered the rest of the garden dug up. History does not relate how he recompensed the son of his gardener

who unearthed the infernal machine as he was playing in the soft earth and hore it to his father with an air of conscious virtue upon his little face. I have heard it suggested that if father or son or both had placed the explosive under the flower bed for the purpose of digging it up again, it would not only be a probable solution of the plot, but fit in admirably with Oriental methods. Be that as it may, there was a bomb which might have gone off, and that was quite enough to destroy the poor prince regent's peace of mind and make him keep to the side streets for a week or two when he journeyed from the palace to his own house near by. Six men were arrested on suspicion and a policeman discovered on the street in which the prince regent lives part of an old packing case with an inscription upon it. Of this he took a rubbing and brought the rubbing to a foreigner, asking him to read it, as the man knew no English. The inscription was, "Noble's High Explosives."

Not only are the "Boxer Revolutionaries" working against the foreigners this time, but they are "agin the government" too evidently. The bomb affair and the last and largest riot at Changsha (on the Yangtze again)—where in addition to seven missions the people burnt the governor's *yamen* (official quarters), the premises of the imperial customs, and two government hanks—proves that conclusively. "No knowing what will happen before the end of this year," says an old Chinese friend of mine who has a small official position and hears most things that are going on. "One can not safely prophesy even the weather any more with this comet upsetting everything. Oh, a comet is a very bad thing I can tell you, and all over the country people feel sure that something is going to happen. It may be only a great flood, or a great illness, but something unusual is bound to occur."

CHARLES LORRIMER.

PEKING, May 5, 1910.

Charles Hoyt on Dramatic Satire.

This interview with Harry Conner, a comedian intimately associated with Charles H. Hoyt, was recently printed in the Chicago Tribune. It recalls some pleasing memories of the playwright, and is worth quoting for its scoring of that reprehensible habit of "gagging" which has fastened itself on many would-be comedians.

"I never," Actor Conner said, "sit through a brilliant exhibition of comedy writing that I do not suffer with recollection of what Hoyt always said he wanted to do, would do, and but for his death would have done. He felt that the time was not ripe for an indulgence of what he believed to be his real quality as a writer of satirical comedy in its best estate. He had the courage, twenty years ago, to write 'A Texas Steer,' but not the courage to let it be acted as it was first written. He feared that it was too fine to offer a public just then fighting for seats to see 'The Senator.' Even when the critics took 'A Texas Steer' to their bosoms and the public besieged the box-office, Hoyt believed the success was due less to the satire in the play than to its forthright farcicality."

"The comparative failure over here of Gilbert's part in the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas exercised a deterrent effect on Hoyt. He despaired of writing satirical comedy for a land where Gilbert's shots at folly never hit the target. He writhed when he heard expressed the belief that 'The Mikado' was a travesty on the Japanese way of conducting affairs of state and love. 'Why,' he would declare, 'there is not a community of 10,000 or more in the entire United States that might not have inspired Gilbert to write 'The Mikado.' Hoyt and I went one night just about twenty years ago into the old Globe Theatre, Boston, to see the Stetson production of 'The Gondoliers.' Two of the comedians were 'gagging,' with jests about poker, and Sunday drinks, and such things. Hoyt got up out of his seat in a frenzy and made as if to speak in public reproof of the actors. I urged him to remember that this was not his theatre and that we had not even paid for our seats. He contented himself with rushing into the lobby where he found John Stetson, and there forthwith issued from Hoyt's lips such denunciation as I had not before heard and have not since. Even Stetson, proficient in vituperation and experienced in vocal self-defense, was made speechless by Hoyt's onslaught, whose vehemence was matched only

by his volubility. Restore it? I should, in the trying, desecrate a jeremiad of matchless violence and unquestioned sincerity! Yet, only three of us were present—Stetson, Hoyt, and I. As we walked out of the lobby Hoyt turned to me and said: 'Write satire, eh? Not I! I'll go finish up that stuff I began on for you. And I'll call it 'A Trip to Chinatown.'"

"The play we know as 'The Admirable Crichton' represents Hoyt's ideal of what he wanted to do. So does 'Don,' which I saw in New York last winter. I know 'The Admirable Crichton' (Barry took it, you know, from Fulda's 'Crusoe and His Island') failed in this country, although an immense success in London. I do not know how 'Don' is regarded here, as its performances are what may be called special and peculiar. Hoyt has been dead nearly ten years, and we are no nearer satire seemingly than we were then."

Josephine Preston Peahody's prize play, "The Pied Piper," the production of which at Stratford-on-Avon was postponed owing to the death of King Edward, will be given July 27 in the course of the summer Shakespearean festival, which will be held at Stratford from July 25 to August 13.

Nat M. Wills, the vaudeville "tramp" comedian, and La Titcomb, the vaudeville equestrian chanteuse, were married in New York a few days ago.



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## VESTA VICTORIA AT THE ORPHEUM.

By Josephine Hart Phelps.

I have seen Vesta Victoria, and I am asking myself, "What's in a name?" Well, drawing power, and the money that it brings. There's no doubt of that. Any stage notability whose name has been noised about the world can draw houses in San Francisco. We have here a large-sized, Western curiosity about the celebrities of the more urban quarters of the globe.

But the stamp of London's approval does not by any means always include ours. I remember that some ten years ago a troupe of London favorites called the "Gaiety Girls" came out here to San Francisco, borne on the crest of the wave of their London popularity, and bored us all to death. They were tame, dull, commonplace, and they lacked attraction for the musical, the sensuous, the beauty-worshippers, and the lovers of vivacity and audacity. Their line was not precisely that of Vesta Victoria, nor does she suggest them, except in the mild surprise she awakens in one's mind that there is not more to her; in the matter, I should add, of quantity, not quality.

Vesta Victoria is a fairly good-looking young woman with a heavy face and the usual figure. She never smiles. Well, almost never. Her prevailing characteristic seems to be a lack of vanity. She cares not what she puts on, nor how it traduces her natural endowment of English lower-class comeliness, always provided it brings the laugh. Not that she betrays the slightest gratification when the laugh does come. She peacefully continues rotating her somewhat dumpty little person around the stage, occasionally striking a hurlerous attitude, which, no doubt, awakened loud roars of appreciation in London's music-hall audiences.

It struck me, however, that if the Orpheum audiences were moved to equal appreciation they dissembled their emotions admirably. There was not the usual rapturous mirth that attends comic numbers, nor at the end of the number was the applause long sustained.

Vesta Victoria sings a number of comic songs, dances an accompanying comic dance, gives an imitation of the coster girl, does herself up in costumes which hurlerous other costumes, traduces her feet, doesn't trouble particularly to show off her curves, which are all there, and does not seem to me to possess the temperament of the comedian. As a disappointed woman near me remarked, "I never cracked a smile." I tender this information, knowing that many will consider it an arraignment of the intelligence, or, at any rate, the sense of humor of the proponent.

To my mind, Paul Spadoni's act was far and away ahead of Vesta Victoria's, putting entirely aside the remarkably skillful juggleries of the juggler and referring only to his power to amuse. There are two of them in this act, and the juggler's unnamed assistant is remarkably and deliciously amusing, and an accomplished balancer, tumbler, and comedian. The two men kept us equally divided between admiration of their expertness and laughter at their funnyisms. There were so many of them, and they both performed so many exhibitions of physical adroitness, that it would be impossible to remember them. And besides, Paul Spadoni is a sort of Muldoon; like the gladiator, whom, by the way, he suggests in his costume, he has "muscles of iron and a heart of flint." I am referring to his capacity for hearing heavy weights and balancing them.

Another good, even excellent, number is "The Code Book," a cleverly constructed bit of work, a war incident arranged in highly dramatic form. Mr. Allen Atwell, as the Japanese officer and spy masquerading as a servant, did an excellent bit of acting. Not only did he make up to look like a Japanese, but he had the intonations, the inflections, and some of the accent. Mr. Atwell's depiction of the malevolent fury of the Japanese spy when he was thwarted by the recruit was an exhibition of the sort of acting that we rather rarely see on the stage in legitimate drama.

The exceedingly pretty aerial ballet of Grigolati, which was so immensely enjoyed at the opening of the new Orpheum, is on the week's bill, and again awakens the keenest pleasure. The lights, the colors, the groupings, the postures, the fluttering draperies, all unite to form a series of stage pictures which ravish the eye and keep the audience in the

child-like mental attitude which they knew in the long past days when they lent an enchanted ear to fairy tales.

## FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Margaret Anglin will reappear in San Francisco, after an absence of five years, Monday night at the Columbia Theatre, when she will present Charlotte Thompson's dramatization of Margaret Deland's widely read story, "The Awakening of Helena Richie," a play in four acts. The popularity of Miss Anglin has not waned during her all too long absence. Her new play was first produced last September at the Savoy Theatre in New York, and immediately was held as a brilliant success. Miss Anglin's work was said by the critics to be the finest in her career, not excepting any of the pronounced successes already to her credit. "The Awakening of Helena Richie" follows Mrs. Deland's novel closely, commencing with the advent of little David into the life and home of Helena, who is living apart from her husband, Lloyd Pryor visits her occasionally, and the gossiping neighbors, every one of whom is known to readers of Mrs. Deland's tales of Old Chester, are prominent through the first two acts of the drama. The third act deals with the culmination of the tragedy in the life of Helena when she is brought face to face with the responsibility of accounting for her actions. The climax is reached with the accidental discovery of her mode of life and antecedents by Dr. Lavender, and following her abject confession to him, the curtain falls upon her renunciation. Though there are intense moments in the play, there is much also of a lighter nature and indeed except in the third act, the comedy predominates. This play will be given every night next week and at the matinées on Wednesday and Saturday. In response to many requests Miss Anglin has consented to give a special matinee on Friday next, June 24, of Henry Arthur Jones's great play, "Mrs. Dane's Defense," in which she appeared here some years ago and in which she first achieved stellar honors. Among the company supporting Miss Anglin are Eugene Ormonde, John R. Crauford, Eugene Shakespeare, Halbert Brown, Howard Hull, Raymond Hackett, Gertrude Swiggett, Sally Williams, Margaret Gordon, Frances Jordan, and Mrs. C. W. Brooke.

Vesta Victoria, the queen of England's singing character comedienne, will reign for another week at the Orpheum, most positively her last. For her last week Miss Victoria promises a programme of novelties which will exhibit her to the very best advantage. Maud and Gladys Finney, two attractive girls who are veritable "Mermaid Sisters," will give a swimming and diving performance of extraordinary merit. Peter Donald, the Scotch comedian, and Meta Carson will receive a welcome when they appear in the comedy sketch, "Alex McLean's Dream." When they were last here they made a favorable impression. Merry entertainment will be offered by Lewis McCord and his company in Fred J. Beaman's farcical sketch, "Winning on Wind." Clown Zertho's canine comedians, who come to the Orpheum next week, are a clever and amusing troupe of performing dogs, fifteen in number. Zertho has trained and educated them splendidly. Next week will be the last of H. Franklin and the Standards, Warren and Blanchard, and Grigolati's famous Aerial Ballet. By request the realistic Orpheum Motion Pictures depicting the funeral of King Edward VII will be continued.

Mrs. Fiske will follow Margaret Anglin at the Columbia Theatre, and will present Ihsen's "Pillars of Society" and the double bill, "Hannele" and "The Green Cockatoo."

Rose Stahl is to make a tour of the Pacific Coast early next season and will include this city in her itinerary. Miss Stahl made a big hit here last year in her production of "The Chorus Lady," the James Forbes comedy in which she still continues to appear.

Margaret Anglin will give but two performances of "Mrs. Dane's Defense" during her engagement at the Columbia Theatre. They will be matinées on Friday, June 24, and Friday, July 1.

William Collier's engagement at the Columbia Theatre in "A Lucky Star" will come to a close this Saturday night. Collier has never been seen to better advantage than in this fun-provoking farce.

France is to have something in the nature of a rival to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. At Domremy, on the very spot where Jeanne d'Arc heard the miraculous voices urging her to go to the rescue of her king and country, an immense open-air theatre is to be constructed, in which the drama and tragedy of her life are, with the exception of the leading rôles, to be played by native actors. About 600 persons, 150 of them on horseback, will take part in the representations. The first of these, it is expected, will be given on May 7 next year. Two performances a month will also be given in June, July, and August.

## A CONFERENCE OF INVESTORS.

London Dialogue on the Inside Nature and Opportunities of the Rubber Boom.

"I want to be rich," said Charles thoughtfully.

"Then buy rubber," said Algernon from behind his evening paper. "Sell your holdings in Tapiocas and buy rubber."

"How do you buy it?"

"I don't know. I'm a child at business. I think you go to the telephone and just buy it. You don't want any money—only a loudish voice."

"Have you ever made money on the Stock Exchange or anywhere?"

"Never. Oh, well, once I made a penny on the Postoffice Savings Bank. My father, with the idea of encouraging thrift, put in a pound for me when I was fourteen. Nothing further happened until I was fifteen, when I drew it out again. Interest of a penny had been accruing all this time . . . but I never applied for it."

"In a thousand years that penny will come to—to quite a lot at compound interest."

"Yes, we used to work it out at school. It was about four million hillion pounds. I shall leave it to you, Charles, and in the event of your death to the Middle Classes Defense League. I trust they will spend it wisely."

Charles was silent for a long time.

"I don't understand," he said at last, "what this rubber boom means. Why should rubber keep going up in price so much?"

"Because so many more rubber trees are being planted," suggested Algernon. "No, that must be wrong," he admitted generously.

"What is rubber used for except for tires and golf balls? There's no new demand for it, is there?"

"Mats with 'Welcome' on them are always made of rubber. I'm ordering one with 'Good-by' on it. It will be placed just inside the door, where it catches the eye at once, and will be made entirely of rubber."

"There are goloshes, of course."

"And sandwiches. 'A thin slice of India rubber and two pieces of dry bread, please, miss.' Yes, there are plenty of ways of using it."

"But these are all the same old ways. That's what worries me."

"Why he worried about it at all?" asked Algernon. "All you've got to do is to take advantage of it, and buy shares in the"—he referred to his paper—"in the Burra Burra Development Company, Limited."

"Oh, is that a good one?"

"The very best. Our old friend Colonel John Tench, late of his majesty's Indian army, and now of Ravenscourt Park, is a director. Also Lieutenant Wilbraham of the Royal Navy and Addison Road. Also Mr. Fitz Oppenstein. Those names always inspire me with confidence."

"I've never heard of them before."

"Neither have I, but they sound exactly right. Probity and shrewdness simply ooze from them—probity from the first two, and shrewdness from the other."

"Yes, but how much rubber oozes from them? That's what I should want to know."

"Dear Charles, you are very hasty. How can rubber ooze before the trees are grown up? How can trees grow up before they have been planted? How can they be planted before the estate has been cleared? How—"

"But if there's no rubber—"

"I hadn't finished. How can the estate be cleared before it has been bought? How can it be bought before you, Charles, have come out with the money? Now you see."

"Then it will be years before any rubber is ready for sale at all?"

"Years. But what a harvest when it comes. In 1920, it says here, they expect to produce 500,000 pounds of rubber. Putting the net profit on rubber at four shillings a pound—"

"Why?" asked Charles.

"Well, they must put it at something. Putting the net profits at four shillings a pound, you get—well, there you are, that's what you get."

"But I can't possibly wait till 1920. Hang it, that's an awful long time. I always thought one made money on the Stock Exchange much more quickly than that."

Algernon looked at him compassionately.

"My poor friend, how little you seem to know. You talk as if you really wanted a piece of India rubber, and would have to wait ten years for it. Never mind about the rubber; you buy the shares."

"Look here, I suppose you know that I don't want to spend money, I want to make it."

"Quite so; and I didn't say you pay for the shares, I said you buy them."

"And then what do I do?"

"Then you wait. Tomorrow, perhaps, some refreshment contractor lays in a new stock of sandwiches, or there is a great demand for wedding cakes, or I buy my mat; naturally the price of rubber goes up. Naturally, also, the price of your shares. Next day the Burra Burra manager cables that they've been having perfectly glorious weather out there, with just a few nice showers to bring up the rubber trees if they had been planted. So sensitive is the Stock Exchange that the shares

shoot up still further. Next morning there is a photograph in the *Daily Mirror* of a man who has made £10,000 in three weeks over rubber; of course, hundreds of its readers rush in to do the same; up go your shares again. In the afternoon somebody discovers that there really is a place called Burra Burra, and that rubber trees have been known to survive there. Once more the shares go up. At the end of a week or so you sell—and there's your money."

"There's the money," echoed Charles.

"And not only the money, my dear Charles, but the feeling that you have earned it nobly, that you have done something for the Old Country with it. You have helped to expand the empire; you have served your time as a captain of industry; you have been a landed proprietor and an employer of labor. Ah, Charles, Charles, it is men like you who make the world go round."

"Y-yes," said Charles doubtfully. "Er—could you lend me five pounds now?"—Punch.

## Yiddish Star Coming to Van Ness Theatre.

Among the Yiddish dramatic stars of the present day there is no more brilliant player than David Kessler, who is announced to make his first appearance here at the Van Ness Theatre next week at the head of his own company from the Thalia Theatre, New York City. David Kessler has the reputation of being an artist of rare attainments, and his portrayal of both comedy and heavy rôles have won for him notable distinction. His engagement at the Van Ness Theatre is limited to three nights and Sunday matinee, commencing with Friday, June 24. All the evening performances are to be devoted to the presentation of the sensational success, "The Jewish Heart," a drama from the pen of Joseph Latiner. It is said to be an especially well written effort and in it Kessler and those surrounding him have won pronounced success. Miss Rosa Karp and Mme. Clara Young are prominent in this production as well as in "Yankel der Schmid," which will be played at the Sunday matinee. Seats are to range in price from \$1.50 to 35 cents.

## Bernhardt's Coming Tour.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will begin her American tour in Chicago on October 31. She will play two engagements in New York, arriving first for a four weeks' stay early in December and playing a week's engagement at the end of her tour of the principal Eastern cities.

Her repertory will include "L'Aiglon," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Les Bouffons," "Sapho," "La Sorcière," "La Dame aux Camélias," "La Béatrice," "Phedre," "La Rampe," "La Tosca," "Le Passe," one act of "Faust," "Fedora," "Monna Vanna," "Hamlet," "Resurrection," "The Saired Wood," "Romanesques," and "The Princess Leontine."

In her last week "The Princess Leontine," by Rostand, also "Faust," by the same author, will be given by Mme. Bernhardt prior to her departure for Paris, where she will begin her season with both plays. The productions for both plays will be made in this country. Negotiations are progressing between Mme. Bernhardt and M. Le Bargy, the noted French actor, for the production of "Faust."

## AMUSEMENTS.

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## VANITY FAIR.

On the psychological principle that the man who is wearing a new tie thinks everybody is aware of the fact, warning is pronounced against the danger of wearing patent leather shoes in the streets. 'Tis not that there is any hygienic harm in the leather itself, or that such footgear encourages the growth of corns and bunions—all of which have been asserted in the past—but that the wearer's self-consciousness of the glitter of his shoes makes him oblivious of all other persons and things. The devotee of patent leather has eyes only for his flashing feet, with the result, so it is declared, that he is bound to bump into something every other minute, a lamp-post, or a letter-box, or a fire-engine. Such a possibility recalls the story of the snob and the editor. The snob, evidently a wearer of patent leather shoes, related that when he ran into a man on the street that individual, to his huge delight, confused his assailant with a noble of title. "Is that all," rejoined the editor; "why, the other day when I ran into a man he ejaculated, 'Good God, man, where are you running to.'" With the likelihood of such generous bestowal of greatness arising from the habit, the effort to abolish patent leather for the streets seems doomed to failure.

Collectors of the old masters should be on their guard. Two Rembrandts, a Murillo, and several examples of the old French and Spanish schools have been "conveyed" from the Czar's Winter Palace gallery in St. Petersburg. It has been another case of substitution, the vacant places of the originals having been filled with copies of such merit that they would deceive the elect unless closely examined. The Czar seems out of luck just now, for it was not long since some of his most valuable jewels and brilliants were abstracted and replaced with excellent but worthless imitations. Such incidents as these might prompt another Puck to declare, "What fools these mortals be!" When it needs an expert to tell the difference between an old master and a modern copy, or between paste and a first water, why have the worry, not to mention the expense, of the "real thing"? It's hard enough to be a millionaire without requiring to be a specialist in everything he buys.

One touch of dog makes the whole world kin. Hence the absorbed interest which the mighty crowds at King Edward's funeral took in the procession through the streets of London. It was a happy and characteristic thought of Queen Alexandra to arrange for Caesar's presence in the solemn cortege of his master, wearing his collar inscribed, "My name is Caesar and I belong to the king." The dog was Edward's inseparable companion, and is credited with an almost ludicrous sense of his important position. He is said to have scorned the dogs of commoners, leading the king to remark laughingly when at Biarritz that he was "anything but a help to the *entente cordiale*."

As the photographs have shown us, Caesar took second place among the animals in the royal procession, the first position being given to the king's favorite charger. It was eminently fitting that the late sovereign's love of dogs and horses should have been symbolized in this way at his obsequies, and much satisfaction has been expressed in England that the late king's racing stable will be carried on by his son, George V. But as, in accordance with precedent, the new monarch can not take up his duties as a sportsman for a year, the horses in the royal stable, some twenty-four in number, have been leased to the Earl of Derby, who will run them in his own colors. The present Earl of Derby has long been noted for his devotion to the turf. As Lord Stanley he was press censor in the Boer War, and won the esteem of all the correspondents by his genial manners and strict impartiality.

A golden opportunity was lost in Berlin the other day. As a royal party was returning from a review a man was seen to hurl a missile at the crown prince. However, his marksmanship was faulty, and the object fell harmlessly at the feet of a policeman. That custodian of law and order at once came to the conclusion that the missile was a bomb, but on examination it proved to be a tin can of the kind used for packing fruit or vegetables. And its contents were equally harmless; nothing but uncooked beans! That fact was sufficient to establish the suspicion that the thrower was "not responsible for his actions." Had the beans been cooked, another inference would have been irresistible. An emissary from Boston—such would have been the inevitable conclusion—had taken that unique opportunity to advertise the staple food of the Hub. Even yet it is not too late.

On the score of novelty, Cleopatra's famous banquet has been eclipsed by the Parisians. The idea of a zoological dinner appears to have originated, suitably enough, with some members of the Zoological Society, and the menu included an omelet of ostrich eggs,

entrées of python and boa constrictor, a roast of gazelle from Africa, porcupine and crow in place of fowl, and cactus for dessert. While some of the diners are said to have balked at the boa constrictor and crow, the savants among the guests are declared to have "smacked their lips" and voted the entire menu an unqualified success. Apparently no one had the curiosity to inquire how it came about that such unusual viands were available, whether, for example, there had been some extraordinary mortality in the zoological gardens. Putting aside that matter, however, what the jaded diner on mutton and beef would like to know is how to prepare such delicacies as python, gazelle, and crow. And the cactus is a problem, unless it were the Toothpick Cactus of botany, which, in another form, is already familiar as a climax to an American menu.

Is the minister's wedding fee "a cinch, a shining example of pure graft"? One observant student of life answers with an emphatic "no!" And he makes out a pretty good case, too. He affirms that the parson is the first on the spot in the vestry room, lending aid, sympathy, and support to the nervous wreck of a bridegroom, deciding on the right moment for the strains of the wedding march, watching over the bridegroom's hat and other valuables, arranging for the production of the ring at the critical moment, and rendering other invaluable services in addition to those appertaining to his office.

But there's another side to the minister at a wedding. We might never have suspected it had not the secret been revealed by a member of the profession. He belongs to Chicago, that city of lofty idealism, and comes valiantly forward to declare that the one who makes the modern marriage a mockery is, not the buffoons who indulge in rice and old boots, not the guests who steal the baggage and distribute suggestive circulars, but the minister himself! And why? Because when he requires the groom to say, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," he becomes "an accomplice in conscious perjury." The groom does not intend to do anything so generous, the bride does not expect it, and the parson knows the words are nothing more than "ecclesiastical fiction." There are other serious flaws in the marriage service which this Chicago cleric deprecates, and he also goes so far as to chide the Apostle Paul for his "Wives, obey your husbands." From all of which it would appear that Chicago, in addition to furnishing us with a new marriage service, will be to the fore shortly with a new Bible.

But while Chicago is making so brave a stand against the tyranny of old phrases, there are persons in the effete Old World who plead for a stricter enforcement of those same phrases. A magistrate of a populous district of London has no patience with divorce in any form; he holds that the words "for better or worse" are a binding, life-long contract; that no parliament has the right to make laws rescinding that contract, and boldly affirms that he rests his view of the indissolubility of marriage on the primary institution of the ceremony in the Garden of Eden! He has a fellow laborer in the head master of Eton, who has been exhorting men to marriage on the Christian plea that "there must be no shrinking from suffering."

No matter which novel you take in hand, one passage is inevitable. As the following samples from several will show:

"And then he took her in his arms and kissed her."

"He stopped in the centre of the glowing plain, took her into his arms and kissed her on the mouth and eyes."

"He held her fast against him and kissed her brow."

"He held her until she had returned the seal of consent."

"She . . . turned her face to her lover and let him kiss her lips."

"Before she could stop him he put his arms round her, held her tight to him, and kissed her all over her face."

But why multiply passages which are such painful reading to Cincinnati? For Cincinnati, because it is freshly blushing in the honor of being the home of the World's Health Organization, more briefly known, or to be known, as the W. H. O. Perhaps a word of explanation may be necessary. The W. H. O. is a crusade against kissing. Its origin is enshrined in a legend. "Once upon a time there was a contest among Diseases," thus it runs, and first place was to be given to the one that proved itself to be the cause of most deaths. Consumption established its claims to that distinction, and hence the W. H. O.

From that to "Kiss Not," the chaste motto of the W. H. O., is easy. Kissing is the "means of spreading consumption faster than any known scientific remedy can check it." So the W. H. O. has "a very pretty club button" with red letters on a white ground, with the admonition, "Kiss Nor." The price is but a modest five cents. And a "prominent physician" has given this testimonial to the badge: "If one of those buttons could be

put upon the bib of every new-born baby, and worn till the child is eighty years old, there would be more old people than there are today." For the sake of his patients, it is to be hoped that the knowledge of physic possessed by this "prominent physician" exceeds his knowledge of logic. It may be admitted without further debate that if every new-born baby lived to the age of eighty, there would be a larger proportion of old people in the world.

But the vital question is, How many Kiss-Nots are there? The W. H. O. is chary of statistics, but generous with picturesque incidents. Here is one:

A lady member of the club wrote us that she stood in line with thirty-one other ladies to be welcomed by the hostess, who kissed each one as they (*sic*) appeared. When it came her turn, she pushed the end of her tie aside, and brought into full view the motto KISS NOT, saying, "I belong to the W. H. O. and our motto is KISS NOT." Before our member went home the hostess had joined the club, and given her name to be recorded on our book of Life and Health, and henceforth wore one of our buttons.

This is more illuminating than the W. H. O. imagines. By all means let women stop kissing each other; it's a waste of good material; it may make them tired before the right kind of kissing begins. But be it noted that this wearer of the button had it safely hidden until she saw that it was a member of her own sex who was about to do the kissing. The inference is obvious. If a man had been receiving those thirty-one guests, the tie would not have been pushed aside. And the conversion of the hostess counts for nothing; it's no wonder she welcomed an excuse never to salute another thirty-one of her own sex.

But we are not quite ready to substitute the rubbing of noses for the meeting of lips where the opposite sexes are concerned. There's something worse than consumption. Given the right pair of lips, sufficiently curved and red and tempting, set in a face of winning beauty, then who cares whether all the diseases of humanity are lurking there? Not to kiss such lips is worse than catching all the diseases. Instead of subscribing to the "pledge" of the W. H. O., Herrick still holds the field with his:

Give me a kiss, and to that kiss add a score;  
Then to that twenty add an hundred more;  
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on,  
To make that thousand up to a million;  
Treble that million, and when that is done,  
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun.

"Papa, Mr. Blitherington says he will kill himself unless you let him have me." "Does he say that as a threat or a promise?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In school the other day a young lad was asked what he would rather be when he grew up. "A stockholder," he replied.

A Frenchman attended a Burns celebration. At the end of the jollification a friend asked him if he had enjoyed himself. "Why," said he, with the characteristic French shrug and upturned hands, "it was magnificent. The haggis was good, the whisky was very good, the singing was good, but who was Mr. Auld Langsyne? Was he a Scottish chief?"

Two ladies, strangers to each other, simultaneously boarded a Fulton Street trolley car. Presently one of them signaled the conductor that she desired to alight at Hoyt Street. The other wished to alight at Clinton Street. "Ladies," quoth the knight of the strap, fresh from the Emerald Isle, "be jabbers yez come on together an' hegorra yez'll lave together."

Modest Moggs was returning to the clubhouse when Wilson met him. "Well, how did you get on today?" queried Wilson. "I never saw better golf," said Moggs. "My opponent got away every drive, he hit every brassy clean, he approached up to the hole perfectly, and he never missed a putt." "How much were you beaten by?" "Beaten! I wasn't beaten. I won!"

Hopkinson was wont to observe Lent very vigorously, but on a certain fast day, after three hours of golf, could not resist a luncheon of chops. And as he munched his chops a violent storm came up suddenly, a blue light filled the room and then a terrific clap of thunder shook the building. Hopkinson, pale and shaky, laid down his knife and fork. "What a fuss," he muttered, "over a mutton chop."

Some ladies were visiting the Boston Art Museum when one of them showed a lively interest in some large plants which had been placed there for decorative purposes. She turned to one of the elderly retainers and asked eagerly, "These plants belong to the banana family, do they not?" With scorn and injured pride, the veteran attendant answered coldly, "No, they belong to General Loring."

At the Old Guard banquet at Delmonico's a guest told an instructive story about summer vacations. "I said to a man the other day," he began, "I 'Well, are you going to send your wife to the seashore again this summer?' 'No, sir; I'm not,' said he, 'I can't afford it.' 'But your wife's so economical,' I objected. 'You told me that she spent very little at the shore last year.' 'Yes, I know,' said he; 'but, home alone, I spend over a hundred a week.'"

During the service some commotion was caused by a gentleman who accidentally ignited a box of wax matches in his pocket, and was trying to put them out, while his alarmed neighbors struggled equally hard to help him. The minister, being short-sighted, could not make out the reason of the disturbance, and thinking to cover diplomatically the incident, he innocently said: "Brethren, there is a little noise going on. Until it is over let us sing 'Sometimes a Light Surprises.'"

When Kitchener and General Botha, the Boer commander-in-chief, were discussing terms of peace there were several fruitless interviews before a working basis was agreed upon. At the end of one of these discussions Botha got up and remarked, "Well, I'm afraid I really must be off." "There's no hurry," Kitchener answered pleasantly. "You haven't a train to catch, you know." "But that's just what I have," was Botha's reply. Next morning the chief of staff reported a successful Boer raid on a British armored train on the Delagoa line, only a few miles off. Botha had caught that train!

The trained ostrich disconcerted its exhibitor at a music hall by continually endeavoring to break away from all restraint and to climb over the footlights into the orchestra. The widely advertised act came to a sudden end, and the professor emerged from behind the curtain and apologized for the actions of his pet in about these words: "Lydies and Gentlemen—Hi ham very sorry to disappoint you this evening. We are compelled to cease our hengegement until the management hengegates a new orchestra leader. The one at present hemployed 'ere 'as no 'air on top of 'is 'ead, and my bird takes it for a hegg."

Mark Twain liked to tell, as an illustration of persistence and push, a story about a Sheephead Bay race. He said that at the end of an important race a young man shouted so savagely "Hats off! Hats off there!" that every one in hearing distance obeyed him and stood hareheaded. A moment later the young man hastened toward an elderly gentleman, shouting as he ran: "Yon

can put on your hats again now! It's all right!" Some one asked him later on why he had made all the people take their hats off. "Why," he replied, "I bet fifty with a bald-headed man, and I had to find him, didn't I?"

An old colonel went down into Arkansas a great deal when the railroads were building through there to Texas. He was not a sweet-tempered man, and what he thought of Arkansas he was not soft to remark. One day he was particularly abusing the State, its mosquitoes, bugs, and myriad pests. It was a little too strong for the natives, and one of them retorted: "Don't see why yuh can't stand it. We live down hyar all right." "Do you call it livin' down here all right to set aroun' an' slap bugs all day?" the colonel retorted. "Don't slap bugs all day," the native answered. "Yes you do, too. I'll bet \$5 you can't set there where you are five minutes with your hands folded in your lap." It was a bet, and the colonel moved around behind the native as that worthy undertook the ordeal. There were a few hugs of one kind and another, but the colonel placed his reliance upon something that was easier calculated to make an impression. Standing where his adversary could not observe him, he took a small sun glass from his pocket and focused its beam upon the back of the native's neck. It was not very long until the red hair on the neck began to curl up and smoke, and after about two minutes and a half the yellow skin began to squirm. The native gritted his teeth and stood it for three minutes and a half. Then he spoke. "Colonel," he said, "Ah don't want to seem to hedge on this bet, but Ah'll compromise right now for two dollars an' a half if you'll let me brush that bald-tailed hornet off'n the back o' my neck."

## THE MERRY MUSE.

## Superficially Speaking.

Should the cost of living much higher grow—  
And it surely will, the pessimists say—  
You'll see the ultimate consumer go  
Down into the ultimate consommé.  
—Chicago Tribune.

## The Sunshine Bard.

There, little girl, don't cry!  
You've got a new papa, I know.  
And your mamma—your pride—  
Is another man's bride,  
And your papa's your mother's friend's beau!  
But cheer up, little lassie, be gay!  
Who knows but there'll yet come a day  
When you're grown up and pretty,  
And stylish and witty,  
And you, too, the divorce game may play?  
—Puck.

## Her Heart Interest.

I said, on getting home last night:  
"I saw an accident today  
Which fairly filled my soul with fright.  
A motor-car flew down the way  
And honked its horn with fiendish glee,  
Where stood a maid in fright's distress—"  
"Is that so?" said my wife. "Dear me!  
What was the color of her dress?"  
"I did not notice," I replied.  
"She stood wan, trembling at her fate!  
Ere I could plunge there to her side  
I knew that it would be too late!  
On, rushing on, the auto came!  
My heart stopped beating in my breast—"  
"Dear me!" my wife said. "What a shame  
You do not know how she was dressed!"

"Her rounded cheek was blenched with fear!  
Her little hands were clinched in fright!  
Each speeding moment seemed a year!  
The horn was shrieking with delight!  
I almost saw death's grisly shape!  
Then came a fearful moment that—"  
My wife asked: "Did she wear a cape?"  
What was the fashion of her hat?"  
"Hat! Cape! In that bleak time of woe  
I did not notice if she did!  
The honking horn then ceased to hlow,  
The rushing wheels began to skid!  
But on—with scarce diminished speed  
The monster dashed! One could not choose  
But—"  
Then my wife said: "Dear, I need  
A new pair of low-quarter shoes."  
—Chicago Daily News.

## Moreover.

"There are lonely hearts to cherish as the days  
go fleeting by;"  
There are sorrows that must be fitted ere the  
coming of the fly.  
"There are gains for all our losses, there are  
hazms for all our pain;"  
There are leaks that must be mended, or the roof  
won't shed the rain.  
—Baltimore Sun.

## The Subjunctive Mood.

If all the suffragettes in the world were one big  
suffragette,  
And all the mice that ever were born were one  
big mouse—you bet—  
And all the anguished cries in the world were  
gathered in one big peal,  
And if that mouse ran after that lady—would  
that lady squeal?—New York Evening Sun.

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S. S. Chiyo Maru (via Manila).....Tuesday, July 19, 1910  
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* 4:45p	10:45a	2:40p	12:50p	4:14p	12:40p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:50p	.....	2:32p
.....	1:45p	.....	5:20p	.....	5:10p
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Total Assets ..... 41,261,682.21

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President, Daniel Meyer; 2d Vice-President,  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

With the consummation of the principal June weddings society has again relapsed into a calm which has been undisturbed except by the announcement of the engagement of Miss Mary Josselyn and Signor Ettore Avenali, which was of sufficient social importance to take the colorless tone from the passing week.

The Lohman-Holt wedding engaged the attention of a large coterie of the friends of both families and aided in preserving the record of at least one wedding a week for the month of June.

Weddings at a distance, of interest to local society, have added their quota to the small sum total of an uneventful week and have served their purpose in furnishing material for tea-table gossip.

Week-end house parties, motor trips, and theatre parties all marked by extreme informality continue to be the popular medium of social expression during these early summer days.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn have announced the engagement of their daughter, Mary, to Signor Ettore Avenali of Rome, Italy. Miss Josselyn is a sister of the well-known society matrons, Mrs. H. McDonald Spencer and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone, and her fiancé is a member of a distinguished Italian family. He is a hanker at San Jose, where he and his bride will make their home after the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Grace Holt and Mr. Ralph Lohman took place Thursday evening at the Swedenborgian Church. The bride's only attendant was her sister, Mrs. David Leith McKay. Mr. Rudolph Schilling acted as best man. A reception followed the church ceremony at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parker Holt on Vallejo Street. After a wedding trip in the south Mr. Lohman and his bride will make their home at Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Maxwell have sent out cards for the marriage of their daughter, Gladys, and Mr. Frank Jackson, which will take place on Wednesday evening, June 22, at their home in Piedmont.

The date of the wedding of Miss Edith Simpson and Mr. Roy Pike has been set for the first week in July. It will be a quiet affair at the Simpson home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Milo Presley Ward of Portland have issued invitations to the wedding of their daughter, Milola Joy, and Mr. Porter Taylor Frizzell, on Wednesday, June 22. Both bride and groom are well known here, being graduates of Stanford University.

The wedding of Miss Irene Caudener Dille and Lieutenant Reginald Hehr Kelly, U. S. A., will take place on Tuesday afternoon, June 28, at All Saints' Church, Palo Alto.

Miss Francis Hammond became the bride of Ensign Charles Washburn Crosse, U. S. N., at the home of her parents in Portland on Monday night. The bride lived here until recently and Ensign Crosse is attached to the U. S. S. *Maryland*, now stationed at Mare Island.

The wedding of Miss Helene Irwin and Mr. Charles Templeton Crocker will take place in January at the Irwin home on Washington Street.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott entertained at a luncheon at the St. Francis on Saturday in honor of Miss Goss, who arrived this week from England to spend the summer with her. Among Mrs. Scott's guests at the luncheon were Miss Goss, Miss Linda Cadwalader, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Helene Irwin, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marian Newhall, Miss Margaret Calhoun, and Miss Elizabeth Newhall.

Dr. McEnery was host at a dinner followed by bridge at the Burlingame Country Club on Friday evening. Among his guests were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. Duplessis Beylard, Miss Mary Goss, Mr. Raymond Armshy, Mr. Stewart Lowery, and Mr. Prescott Scott.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell was hostess at an informal luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Wednesday.

Miss Edith Mau was hostess at a tea on Monday at the Palace Hotel complimentary to Miss Mildred Benson of Chicago prior to her departure for Portland on her homeward trip from the Orient.

Mr. Wharton Thurston was host at a theatre party Monday evening at which he entertained Count and Countess de Tristan, Miss Ahhy Parrott, Miss Katherine Donohue, and Mr. Wilherforce Williams.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Stone entertained informally at their country home at Elmhurst on Sunday afternoon. They were assisted in receiving their guests by Miss Harriett Stone and Miss Marian Stone. Among the guests were Miss Anna

Weller, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Amy Bowles, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Helen Lowden, Miss Albertina Deitrich, Miss Alice Albright, Miss Irene Farrell, Miss Helen Hinkley, Mr. Harold Bingham, Mr. Walter Hush, Mr. Jack Van Sicklen, Mr. George Willcutt, Mr. Warren Harold, Mr. Boyd Harold, Mr. Alfred Humphrey, Mr. Dean Allan, Mr. Spencer Kales, Lieutenant Almy, U. S. N., Lieutenant Stevenson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant Spear, U. S. N.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Warner presided at a dinner at Pebble Beach Lodge, Del Monte, on Friday, at which the guests were prominent San Franciscans and included Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fee, Mr. and Mrs. James Horsburgh, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Shepard, Miss Marjorie Shepard, and Miss Marcia Fee.

Captain C. Campbell of the Marine Corps was host at a luncheon aboard the *Maryland* at the Mare Island Navy Yard on Sunday. Among the guests were Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Afong, Princess Kawanakoa, Commander Parker, U. S. N., Lieutenant Furlow, U. S. N., Lieutenant Madden, U. S. N., Lieutenant Harry Newton, U. S. N., Lieutenant Calhoun, U. S. N., and Mr. Snyder.

Miss Maud Wilson was hostess at a house party over the week end at her home at Belvedere. Her guests included Miss Janet Coleman, Mr. Effingham Sutton, and Mr. Jack Cassell.

The Mare Island Navy Yard was the scene of a brilliant reception Wednesday night, June 15, at which Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus, U. S. N., and Mrs. Osterhaus were the guests of honor. Many guests from San Francisco and the army posts about the bay were present.

Mrs. George Herrick was hostess at an informal luncheon at her home on Devisadero Street on Saturday.

Mrs. W. G. Gresham, wife of the dean of the Pro-Cathedral, entertained a group of children at a lawn party on Saturday.

Miss Mary Heath was hostess at a luncheon on Saturday afternoon which she gave in honor of Mrs. James Cunningham and her daughters.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin entertained at an informal luncheon at the Palace Hotel on Monday.

Princess Kawanakoa was hostess at a bridge party on Monday afternoon complimentary to Mrs. Emmett May of Los Angeles. Among her guests were Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, Mrs. Charles Gibson, Mrs. Seth Mann, Mrs. George Pressley, Mrs. B. Solomon, Miss Cecil Cowles, and Miss Helen Gray.

Miss Helen Jones entertained at a luncheon in honor of her sister, Mrs. Wchh Ballard of Seattle, who has been spending the past month in San Francisco as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Jones.

Mrs. Seth Mann entertained at an informal bridge party Monday afternoon, at which her guests were Mrs. Robert Moore, Princess Kawanakoa, Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin, Mrs. Charles Gibson, and Mrs. Henry Afong.

An informal dance took place Saturday evening at Blithedale, at which the younger set from San Francisco predominated among the guests. Some of those present were Mr. and Mrs. Ralston White, Miss Ruth Boericke, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Somers, Miss Isabel Brewer, Miss Elena Brewer, Miss Marie Brewer, Miss Marion Marvin, Miss Floride Hunt, Miss Josephine Johnson, Miss Helen Ashton, and Miss Grace Doyle.

Miss Grace and Miss Violet Buckley entertained at a luncheon on Friday at the Fairmont Hotel in honor of Mrs. Charles McCormick and Mrs. Martin Lalor Cummings (formerly Miss Margaret Cole).

Commander Oscar W. Koester and Mrs. Koester entertained at dinner at Mare Island in honor of Colonel Dickens of the Marine Corps and Mrs. Dickens. Among their guests were Pay Inspector Z. W. Reynolds and Mrs. Reynolds, Pay Director Charles M. Ray and Captain Stone, U. S. N.

Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden was hostess at a luncheon on Saturday at the Francesca Club. Among her guests were Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. John Drum, and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton. Mrs. Haig Patigan was hostess at a tea at the Palace Hotel Saturday, at which she entertained Mrs. Dennis Seales, Mrs. A. W. Follansbee, Mrs. H. F. Bassett, and Miss Bassett.

Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry was hostess at a bridge party at her home on California Street on Thursday afternoon, at which she entertained a dozen guests.

## An Ugly, Tragic Dancer from Paris.

After being widely announced, Mlle. Polaire, the French dancer, made her American debut at Hammerstein's Theatre in New York June 6. At each performance there was hardly breathing room, so large was the throng anxious to see this woman, whose reputation was that she was the ugliest in all Europe and had a waist only two inches more than a foot in circumference.

Mlle. Polaire is far from handsome, and has a head of touzled hair, but her waist is small and she can dance (says the *Herald* critic). Both her dancing and dramatic moments are worth seeing. The dance which she does with a Parisian Apache, while not quite suitable for a strawberry festival, aroused great enthusiasm among the spectators. They evidently wanted to see something sensational and they were not disappointed.

Mlle. Polaire, as an actress, tells her Russian admirer that he knows no such thing as fear. They joke about what would happen if a burglar should enter her apartments at the dead of night. This very thing happens, and the actress, after being told by the Apache that he has killed her admirer in the garden, sees she must resort to a ruse to save her own life. She dances for the Apache, and he becomes so infatuated with her art that he lays down his knife. When she is almost at the point of dropping from fatigue she grabs the knife and sinks it into his back, hearing

him dying to the floor. This scene brings about the same feeling to one as the first ride in a roller coaster. The dancer was greatly applauded at the conclusion of her act.

## A New "Waltz Song" Musical Farce.

Manager George Edwardes has just produced at the Vaudeville Theatre in London a new musical comedy, "The Girl in the Train," which is hailed as a great success. The music, which is all of the melodiously pretty order, was composed by Leo Fall, who has already a reputation in that line. The hook, which is witty and neat, was written by Victor Leon, while Adrian Ross is responsible for the lyrics.

It should not be called a musical play, as there is very little music in it. It is nothing more nor less than a hilarious, rollicking farce, in which the characters now and then break out into ear-tickling songs. "The Waltz Song," as it is generally referred to, is delicious. It is pronounced a rapturous melody, and it is sure that "The Girl in the Train" will put the noses of "The Merry Widow" and "The Dollar Princess" very much out of joint.

The ever alluring subject of divorce is the theme of the play. A perfectly respectable tenor gets himself locked into a sleeping-car compartment all the way from Nice to Amsterdam with a perfectly respectable and very pretty soubrette. Of course, the pretty and jealous wife sues for a divorce and gets it. The trial scene bristles with fresh fun, although the idea is similar to Gilbert's famous "Trial by Jury."

## "The Girl of the Golden West" in Opera.

The sensational feature of the next season of grand opera at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House in New York will be the production of "The Girl of the Golden West," the latest, and, it is believed, the finest work of Italy's greatest living musical composer, Puccini. Up to a few days ago there was considerable doubt as to whether the management of the Metropolitan would be able to produce the latest work of the great Italian composer.

Gatti-Casazza, however, managing director of the Metropolitan, says that he has received the score of the opera from Puccini, and has turned it over to Toscanini and preparations for the production are now under way.

The principal rôles in "The Girl of the Golden West" will be intrusted to Caruso, Destinn, and probably Scotti. The famous tenor will sing the part of the fugitive handit lover and Destinn will be heard as The Girl, while Scotti, of course, will appear in the rôle of the sheriff, Jack Rance.

A member of the Metropolitan executive staff who has heard the music of the first and second acts of "The Girl of the Golden West" says that the music is of wonderful beauty, and in character entirely different from anything else that Puccini has ever written. It is declared to be as typically descriptive (*sic*) of the California Sierra and the West as the music of "Madame Butterfly" is of Japan. When the opera is produced it is asserted that Puccini's fame as a composer will be much advanced.

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PERSONAL.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Miss Ethel Shorb is in London, where she will visit for a time before returning to Paris.

Mrs. Flora Dean Magee and her sister, Miss Ethel Dean, are spending the summer at the Magee ranch at Elkhorn.

Mrs. Gertrude Cowles and her daughter, Miss Cecil Cowles, will spend part of the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. James A. Coffin and her daughters have returned from the East.

Miss Isabel McLoughlin has joined Miss McNery at the Peninsula Hotel for the summer.

Mr. Jack Kettle has gone East to attend the septennial reunion of his class at Yale.

Mr. Marshall Darrach of New York, who is so cordially remembered by society here, is touring the Orient and is at present at Shanghai.

Viscount and Viscountess Philippe de Tristan leave Saturday for their home in Paris. They will be accompanied by Miss Abby Parrott.

Princess Kawanakoa will sail next week for Honolulu, where she will remain for a month, returning in July to her home at Presidio Terrace.

Miss Susan Watkins, the California artist, has returned from Paris and is being cordially greeted by society.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin are settled in San Rafael for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sutor will spend a month at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page and Mrs. Wilfred Page enjoyed a motor trip to Mark West Springs over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Bates have gone to Yosemite.

Mrs. Arthur Page will return from the East at the close of her son's school, when she will accompany him to California.

Chief Justice William H. Beatty and his daughter, Mrs. Wright, returned Tuesday on the *Sierra*.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Williams left Tuesday for their country home on the McCloud River.

Mrs. Mary Hanson Smyth, Mr. and Mrs. I. R. D. Grubb, and Mr. O. Hanson Grubb have abandoned their idea of a trip to Norway and will spend the early summer at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Walter S. Martin and her children are at Del Monte for a month.

Miss Edith Bull, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Bull, left Monday for New York. They will visit Yellowstone Park before returning to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dillingham have arrived in New York from Europe en route to their home in Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Newhall and their daughter, Frances, will spend the summer in their houseboat at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Greenwald, who have been abroad for a year, returned to San Francisco a few days ago and are at the Fairmont Hotel.

Mrs. August Weihe and Mrs. Burt Stone are spending a few weeks at Yosemite.

Miss Leila Saehly has returned to Portland, after a visit of several weeks with Mrs. Edward Greenfield.

Mr. Carl Cate and Mr. Francis Farquar were recent guests of Mrs. Phebe Hearst at her country home at Pleasanton.

Miss Louise McCormick left Saturday for Chicago, after a visit with Miss Maud Wilson. She will return with her parents in July and they will make their permanent home here.

Among those returning on the transport *Sherman* from a two years' sojourn in the Philippines were Captain Smart, U. S. A., and Mrs. Smart, and Captain J. H. Neff, U. S. A., and Mrs. Neff.

Miss Helene Salisbury of Los Angeles has been spending the week in town at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mayo Newhall with their daughters, Marian and Elizabeth, left Wednesday for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. Lewis Smith, widow of the late Colonel Smith, who has been in Washington, D. C., for several months, has gone to Sea Girt, New Jersey, for the summer.

M. Christian de Guigne of San Mateo is visiting his daughter, Viscountess de Dampierre, at her home in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Spence Black (formerly Mrs. Orestes Pierce) are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Etienne Lanel in New York. They will sail shortly for England.

Dr. and Mrs. Barkan have gone to Mill Valley for the summer.

Mrs. Sydney Ashe has returned to Turlock, after a visit in town with Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren.

Mrs. James Shea and her niece, Miss Kathleen Farrell, are spending a few weeks at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Hale will spend the summer at the Peninsula Hotel at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Wayland Lucas are spending this month at Portland.

Dr. J. Wilson Shiels and Mrs. Shiels are planning to go to Castle Crags.

Mrs. N. B. W. Galwey and her children left Thursday for New York, where they will spend the summer at the Long Branch home of Mrs. W. Edgar.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge have returned from the East.

Miss Mary Keeney spent the last week end with Miss Florence Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Robert McMillan is expected shortly from Fort Slocum, and while here she will be the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. Z. Blake-man.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Keyes, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hellman, who recently arrived in New York from Paris, are expected here next week.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Jr., left Saturday for New York, where they will remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cameron, accompanied by Mrs. John Deane, have gone to New York for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Rathbone are planning to spend August at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Norris Davis spent a short time

with Miss Eleanor Morgan at the family home here before returning to their country place at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Parker Whitney, Jr., have come down from their ranch at Rocklin and will spend a month in town.

Professor Henry Morse Stephens, Mr. Frank Goad, and Dr. Harry Weil are in Paris, where Mr. Edward M. Greenway will join them this week.

Miss Helen Woolworth, who spent the winter in Italy, is now traveling with friends in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Whitney and their daughter, Mrs. Beryl Graydon, left Saturday for the East, where they will spend the summer at their camp in Maine.

Captain Richardson Clever of Washington, D. C., is making a brief visit at his ranch in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Redmond Payne, who spent the winter in town, have opened their country home at Mountain View.

Ensign Kirkwood Donovan, U. S. N., and Mrs. Donovan are spending their honeymoon in the southern part of the State.

It is expected that Mrs. Ernest Wiltsee, who is now in Paris, will join Mr. Wiltsee here, where they may make their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baldwin are here from Colorado Springs, where they make their home, and are guests of Mr. Henry Bowie at his San Mateo home, "Severn Lodge."

Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Whitney will spend the summer months at Del Monte, going later to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Simpson and Miss Amalia Simpson are spending the week at Byron Hot Springs.

Mrs. George Joerns will join her husband, Ensign Joerns, U. S. N., at the Bremerton Navy Yard, where the *Yorktown* has been recently ordered.

Mr. and Mrs. George Newhall are established at Burlingame for the summer. Mrs. Newhall's mother, Mrs. W. H. Taylor, will be their guest.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. McCormick, will join Lieutenant Crimmins in Alaska, where his regiment has been ordered.

Mrs. C. S. Afong of Honolulu will spend the entire summer here, returning to the Islands in September.

Miss Olga Atherton is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Edward Eyre, at Menlo Park.

General Thomas Barry, U. S. A., Mrs. Barry, and Miss Ellen Barry are at Yosemite Valley for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin will leave this week for Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth McDonald of Kentucky, who came West for the wedding of their son, Allan, and Miss Kirkpatrick, returned to their home in Louisville on Saturday.

Mr. Richard Hotelling returned recently from a business trip to Nevada and has been entertaining week-end parties at his country home, "Sleepy Hollow."

Miss Constance Borrowe is spending the summer with relatives in the East.

Mrs. Eherle will leave shortly for New York and Europe, where she will join Captain Eherle, U. S. N., who is taking the *Wheeling* to New York by way of the Suez Canal.

Miss Sara Collier has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon at their ranch near Gaston.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Hanchett will spend the month of July at their ranch in Santa Clara County.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Livermore will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Horatio P. Livermore at "Montesol," their country home at St. Helena.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith will return from Europe and spend the summer at their Sag Harbor country home and return to California in October.

Captain Louis Chappelle, U. S. A., and Mrs. Chappelle have returned to the Presidio, after a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Seth Mann and her daughter left Thursday for Santa Barbara to spend a month.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Furnival entertained the Garrison Whist Club at their home at the Presidio Friday evening.

Mrs. Mary V. Tingley Laurence has returned from her tour of the Mediterranean and is at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Robert Armstrong Dean.

Miss Mary Gamble, Miss Dorothy Chapman, and Miss Clara Allen sailed from New York for England on Monday. They will return to San Francisco in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Prentiss Cohn Hale will go up to Shasta Springs later in the season and join Mrs. Hale's children, who are already occupying their hangulow there.

Major A. Buchanan-Ritchie, of the Seaforth Highlanders, Scotland, and Mrs. Buchanan-Ritchie, are the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Mackenzie of San Jose.

Miss Edith von Schroeder and her sister, Janet, accompanied Baroness von Schroeder when she left this week for "Eagle's Nest."

Mr. and Mrs. William Gerstle have returned from their visit to New York and Washington and will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Brooke Rose left this week for New York, where her wedding with Mr. Frederick Hastings will take place the last of the month.

The Misses MacKenzie of San Jose had as their guests last week the Honorable John G. Stewart and Mrs. Stewart of Castle Aulwharrie, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Stewart of St. John's Wood, London.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln Brown, Master Albert L. Brown, and Mr. A. J. Lowenberg left last Tuesday for a trip to the Yosemite.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Pollak have as visitors from Macon, Georgia, Mrs. Gates J. Maxeltham and her daughter, Miss Carolyn Theresa.

Among the San Franciscans now in Germany and who attended the Passion Play at Oberammergau May 16 were Mr. and Mrs. John Howard, Mr. and Mrs. William Fries, daughter, and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stent and son, Mr. and Mrs. John Martin, sons, and daughters, and Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Belden, Mr. and Mrs. M. Heyman.

San Francisco arrivals at Hotel del Coronado

for the past week included Mr. and Mrs. L. R. Wainmann, Mrs. Fred Osburn, Miss Mary Osburn, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Miall, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Adler, Mr. G. J. Scharlach, Mr. Thomas Dean, Mr. L. B. Johnson, Miss Jane Cronan, Miss May Danton, Mrs. A. M. West, Mrs. W. P. Garfield, Mr. C. R. Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gummer, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Lezinsky, and Mr. Kurt Heyman.

Recent arrivals at Jena Springs from San Francisco included Mrs. J. M. Driscoll, Miss M. Verdon, Mrs. A. A. C. Ames, Mrs. E. H. Ames, Miss Dorothy Ames, Mrs. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. Frederick H. Beaver, Jr., Mr. G. Rich, Mr. A. J. Rich, Jr., Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, Miss Hamilton, Miss Eleanor M. Owens, Mrs. P. J. Kennedy, Miss Martha S. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. R. Hamilton, Mr. A. E. H. Whipple, Mr. H. R. Simpkins, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Howard, Mr. Charles Howard, Jr., Mr. Linn Howard, Mr. E. R. Preston, Mr. F. W. Eaton, Mr. P. H. Coolidge, Mr. F. C. Phelps, Mr. M. C. Hunt, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hufschmidt.

**CURRENT VERSE.**

**The Three Friends.**  
The gay rout filtered moping  
From out the house of pain;  
But three there were who loyally  
Consented to remain.  
Unasked they came, unasked they stayed,  
Their sure tasks well begun,  
For one was Death, and one was Time,  
One was Oblivion.  
—Frederick Allison Tupper, in *Boston Transcript*.

**Tenebris Interlucetum.**  
A linnet who had lost her way  
Sang on a blackened hough in Hell,  
Till all the ghosts remembered well  
The trees, the wind, the golden day.

At last they knew that they had died  
When they heard music in that land,  
And some one then stole forth a hand  
To draw a brother to his side.  
—James Elroy Flecker, in *Living Age*.

**Roadside Rest.**  
Such quiet sleep has come to them;  
The springs and summers pass,  
Nor do they know if it be snow  
Or daisies in the grass.

All day the hircches hend to hear  
The river's undertone;  
Across the hush a fluting thrush  
Sings evensong alone.

But down their dream there drifts no sound;  
The winds may sob and stir.  
On the still breast of Peace they rest  
And they are glad of her.

They ask not any gift; they mind  
Not any foot that fares;  
Unheeded life passes by,  
Such quiet sleep is theirs.  
—Arthur Ketcham.

**Deirdre in Alhainn.**  
I learnt the ways of joy upon the crest  
Of the wide hills, each day from shine to dark  
Brimmed up with golden peace; within my breast  
My heart sang always, like a mounting lark.

And then—a sail upon the restless sea,  
Blown from the west—from Eirinn of the fears.  
Dread was I named, and dread it brings to me;  
Dark menace hasting out of wrath-stormed  
years.

A mournful voice of wind awoke and cried:  
Something there passed with swift loud heat of  
wings  
And boding shriek; I heard the gurgling tide  
Telling its story of sad secret things.

From Emain's dun the long arm of the king  
(Soft-voiced, subtle, but venomed with black  
guile)  
Stretches afar his hand of welcoming,  
But Death and Ruin wait upon his smile.

"Farewell!" the wind voice cried, and the dull heat  
Of the long rolling wave called back "Farewell!"  
The shadow of Grief's wings is round my feet;  
Her keen is shrilling in my heart's deep cell.  
—F. O'Neill Gallagher, in *London Daily News*.

**Haunted.**  
At the wayside well I stooped down for to drink,  
But the thirst was on me yet when I left the  
brink;  
For I would not put my lips to the water-cool  
While the face of a dead young girl looked out o'  
the pool.

By the high moor-road I stopped to rest awhile,  
For I had traveled many a heavy mile;  
But I rose up from the heather spent an' weak,  
For the hand of a dead young girl had touched  
my cheek.

An' once, where three roads met, I stopped to hear  
A fiddlin' fellow makin' music clear;  
But I wandered on before his tune was done,  
For the voice of a dead young girl in the song  
made moan.

So on an' on I go, and have no rest  
To ease the hungry sorrow of my breast;  
And always at my side I hear the tread,  
The swift light footsteps of a young girl dead.  
—Helen Lanyon, in *American Magazine*.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Doctor, my wife has lost her voice. What can I do about it?" "Try getting home late some night."—*Boston Transcript*.

Miss A—Men always guess me to be younger than I am. Miss B—That's after they've heard you talk.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Does Scribner's new novel end happily?" asked his wife. "It simply says that they were married," he answered.—*Buffalo Express*.

Stella—A dreadful experience, you say? Bella—Yes; I saw a great bargain in shoes when I had a hole in my stocking!—*Ladies' Guest*.

"My boy's back from college." "How does he take holt on the farm?" "I haint seen him make no cane-rush for the woodpile."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Harold—I know that I'm not worthy of you, my darling. Fair One—Remember that, Harold, and my married life is sure to be happy.—*Jewish Ledger*.

Jones—Whenever I try to borrow money, I try to get it from a pessimist. Brown—Why? Jones—A pessimist never expects to get it back.—*New Zealand Gazette*.

Taylor—Did the course Baylor took in physical culture make him any stronger? Naylor—Only in one hand. You know he took a Correspondence Course.—*Puck*.

"George, papa has made his will." "Well, do we lose by it or win?" "I think we win. He's cut us off, but he's left all his money to an idiot asylum."—*Cleveland Leader*.

Young Wife (in invalid chair)—Jack, dearest, I want you to pray for me. I want you to pray that I may get well before my new hat goes out of fashion.—*Harper's Bazar*.

Jones—That young man who plays the cornet is ill. Green—Do you think he will recover? Jones—I am afraid not. The doctor who is attending him lives next door.—*Tit-Bits*.

Husband (to wife, packing trunk)—But how am I going to get my things in? Wife—I don't see that you need to take much, my dear. You look very well as you are.—*Life*.

"You seem to find your book very interesting, Miss Maidstone." "Yes; it is one of the most charming stories I have ever read. And so true to life. Every man in it is a villain."—*Tit-Bits*.

"Why won't you go on the picnic?" "I'm too tired. Let's soak the sandwiches in lemonade and eat 'em on the floor. There are plenty of red ants in the kitchen."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Visitor—And you always did your daring robberies single-handed? Why didn't you have a pal? Prisoner—Well, sir, I wuz afraid he might turn out to be dishonest.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Howard—When Dr. Incision operated on me he left a pair of surgical scissors in my anatomy. Can I sue him for damages? Lawyer—Better just send him a large bill for storage.—*Life*.

"And can you conscientiously recommend this young man as a minister of the gospel?" "Sir, I've seen him put a 15 collar on a 15½ shirt without uttering a profane word!"—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Always speak kindly of the absent," said young Mr. Primly. "I would," replied Miss Cayenne, "if I thought it would be an inducement to some tiresome people to remain so."—*Washington Star*.

"Hilda is at the dishes now. Will you wait?" her mother said. "Gladly," said the young man, thinking he had found a prize. Just then a crash came from the kitchen, and again he became undecided.—*Buffalo Express*.

Millionaire (at a "cure" resort)—See here, doctor, I want to get thinner, my wife wants to get fatter, and my daughter wants to remain as she is. Just arrange this, will you? I've plenty of money, don't care what it costs.—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Your dead husband wor a good man," declared the sympathetic Mrs. Casey to the bereaved widow. "He wor!" exclaimed Mrs. Murphy, dashing the tears from her eyes. "No two policemen cud handle him."—*Stray Stories*.

"Bosh!" says the skeptic. "What proof can you give me that man is made of dust?" "Why, look at yourself," argues the other man. "You have a marble brow, an alabaster cheek, a muddy complexion, and sandy hair."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"Didn't you tell me Faro Joe was one of the leading citizens of Crimson Gulch?" "Well," answered Broncho Bob, "he was. When he left town he led the vigilance committee by a quarter of a mile clean to the next county."—*Washington Star*.

"I understand you have a fine track team here," said the visitor to the man who was

showing him over the college campus. "What individual holds most of the medals?" "The town pawnbroker," answered his guide, after due deliberation.—*St. Louis Star*.

"Your novel is evidently the result of inspiration." "Yes; I didn't start it until after reading the advertising notices my publishers got up."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"Now don't tell me you were detained by business, or any such improbable story as that." "I won't, my dear, I was chased many blocks out of my way by a bull rhinoceros."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

Mr. Browning (pompously)—This is a great day for us at home. My daughter "comes out" tonight. Mrs. Diggle (surprised)—You don't say so, mister? So does my 'usband; 'e's been in for a month.—*The Tatler*.

"You women think too much of your clothes," said Mr. Tyte, severely. Mrs. Tyte looked down, patted her skirt, and smiled a demure and yet ironical smile. "I don't think much of these," she murmured.—*Tit-Bits*.

"Won't you be glad to get back to your native shores once more?" "How do I know," replied the nervous man, "until my family

has gotten past the customs inspectors?"—*Washington Star*.

"Can't you live just as cheap in the suburbs as in town?" "Yes, hut everybody knows it out there."—*Life*.

Wife (crying in a troubled dream)—Help! Help! Hub—Poor dear! Worrying about the servant problem even in her sleep.—*Boston Transcript*.

"I have a long line of ancestors who were all of my trade," said the baker. "Oh, sort of a bread line," smiled the chump.—*University of Minnesota Minnehaha*.

Shoe Dealer (to new clerk)—What size shoe does a woman with a No. 4 foot wear? New Clerk—A No. 4. Shoe Dealer—How do you sell her a No. 4. Clerk—By telling her it's a No. 2. Shoe Dealer—You'll do.—*Denver Post*.

"I was very much disappointed in that spring chicken you sold me," said young Mrs. Torkins. "It didn't seem at all like the genuine article." "Madam," replied the affable grocer, "you must remember that this year's spring was one of the most deceptive on record."—*Washington Star*.

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## THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR.

ALFRED HOLMAN - - - - - EDITOR

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### The Administration.

The President has fairly won out in his contention, if so harsh a word fits the situation, for certain specific legislative enactments. His bills are going through, if not precisely in the forms in which they were presented, at least in such shape as to carry forward the general ideas under which they were proposed. Opposition sentiment among the Republican members of Congress has been minimized partly under the requirements of party discipline, partly under the conviction that the President is on the whole doing well in a difficult situation. Mr. Taft has quite naturally made mistakes, but it is seen clearly that he is endeavoring to act under the rule of subordination to law. He claims no authority independent of the law; he does nothing against the law.

What the administration needs now for its complete success on strictly legitimate lines is to be let alone by that group of superserviceable gentlemen who got their inspiration and their training under the reckless system which prevailed under Roosevelt. Men of the

Pinchot and Garfield type, not unnaturally when the circumstances are considered, got the notion that government is a personal matter, a matter of men rather than a matter of laws. Under this idea our government was literally jarred from its sound foundation of legality. It has been the hard task of Mr. Taft to bring the government back to legitimate and regulated lines—not only to do this, but to do it without appearing to do it, for the circumstances under which he came into authority did not permit him to make exposure of the damage which had been wrought by an overweening and reckless personalism.

We repeat that what Mr. Taft needs is to be let alone, to be allowed without interference by anybody to pursue his great task in the spirit in which he took it up.

### Gillett and the Prize-Fight.

There is a certain force in the contention that Governor Gillett should have put the "kibosh" on the Johnson-Jeffries prize-fight at an earlier stage of the game. It would have been more considerate—better all round—to have prohibited the fight before the investment in it had become so large and before the public at home and abroad had been deluged and nauseated with prize-fight talk. Nevertheless in the opinion of the *Argonaut* the governor has done a mighty good thing, a thing tending at home to clear the moral atmosphere, and tending abroad to help the name of California. Any time is a good time for so worthy an achievement.

The prize-fight, regarded as an exhibition of brutality, perhaps is not more objectionable than some other things esteemed innocent, notably the football game. But somehow the prize-fight always contrives to create an atmosphere reeking of moral abominations. The fact that it is in itself a species of prostitution seems to associate it, classify it, identify it with infamous things. The inception of the prize-fight is invariably associated with gross motives and vicious elements. The ways in which it exploits itself are vulgar and demoralizing. The everlasting "yawp" which comes before a match is made, while it is making, and up to the very hour it is "pulled off," is as grievous as it is persistent. From its inevitably vulgar beginning to its inevitably fraudulent climax, the prize-fight is an irritation to every civilized and decent sensibility—a very carnival of things illegitimate and offensive.

It is because of all this that States and countries whose civilization is on an elevated basis have penalized and banished the prize-fight. There was a time when these brutish exhibitions were tolerated in all parts of the country, even in Boston and Philadelphia. But that was a long time ago. Now the laws everywhere are rigid, and their enforcement positive. There is no lack of law in California against the prize-fight. Years back offended public decency found ways to proscribe the prize-fight in so far as it might be done through formal enactments. Nevertheless we have continued in a practical sense to tolerate it, partly because opposing sentiment is not universal, partly because there has been profits in it to many interests, largely because the fight promoters have been able to bribe the officials which Riefism and McCarthyism have successively given us. Ultimate authority to prohibit the prize-fight has indeed rested with the State authorities, but complaisance and weakness have long sat in the governor's chair, and only just now have we had a State executive with the judgment to see the evils of the prize-fight as an institution and the moral resolution to crush it.

Governor Gillett has been a long time coming to a sense of his responsibility and duty in this connection. Perhaps not even he has escaped the influences which have so long controlled in this matter. But his education has been rapid in recent weeks. Reports and pictures published in all the newspapers from day to day with respect to the Johnson-Jeffries match have of

course offended the governor, as they have all other decent people. And then—here perhaps has been the most important factor in his education—Governor Gillett has been at the East asking governmental favor in behalf of California. At Washington and elsewhere, when he has asked support for our exposition project, there has been a lifting of the eyebrows on the score of moral conditions in San Francisco. Impressions in the East with respect to things out on the Coast may be hazy and confused, but the Eastern mind has become pretty thoroughly imbued with the notion that San Francisco is in a bad way morally. On the whole, it is not surprising. The ill-fame of our municipal politics has gone broadly. And the impression has been deepened by the fact that San Francisco has been the one considerable city in the country to permit the prize-fight. Governor Gillett's appeals for the exposition have been met with questionings, and day by day these reflections upon San Francisco have been emphasized by the prize-fight talk that has filled our daily papers and been reflected in dispatches from San Francisco. We can easily comprehend the governor's disgust and resentment, and we can as easily see the reasons which have brought him to the moral resolution manifest in his declaration that while the execution of the laws of California is in his hands there will be no more prize-fights, even though it may take the State militia to break up the game.

Argument to the effect that because the laws against prize-fighting have not hitherto been enforced they ought not to be enforced now is no argument at all. It would indeed be a nice state of public morals if every infamy hoary with tolerance were to be exempt on that account. If the Johnson-Jeffries "mill" were now to be permitted on the score of precedent, it would simply be to make another and more emphatic precedent, and so indefinitely to postpone the dominion of decency. Any time is a proper time to do a good deed, and surely there is nobody outside the criminal classes with the hardihood to say that it is not a good deed to banish the prize-fight from California. Furthermore, the prize-fight is prohibited by specific law. It is the business of the governor to execute the law. It is time—as the events of the past three years have shown—that we learn respect for our laws. We know that public opinion is superior to any law; likewise we know that there are those who insist that public opinion in California sustains the prize-fight. The *Argonaut* does not believe it. It thinks it knows something of public opinion, and it would be glad to see the champions of the prize-fight submit their claims to the arbitrament of the State legislature or the next general election.

Governor Gillett's action by the very circumstances which attend it will at least do something towards giving California a new measure of moral respect throughout the country. It can not fail to be accepted as an assurance that San Francisco and California are turning towards higher standards. In these days no community which tolerates the prize-fight can hope to be respected.

### The Pinchot Proposal.

Nobody will take seriously Mr. Pinchot's effort to launch a new political party. It is, of course, obvious that the movement, in so far as it may be so called, proceeds from a mixture of grievance and ambition. But quite beyond this the proposal is ridiculous. Political parties, in their foundation at least, always have their inspiration in progressive ideas, never in resentment and revenge. Even if we were on the eve of a new political movement, Mr. Pinchot is far from being the man to father it. He does, indeed, in a limited sphere represent a principle in government. But it is a principle wholly at odds with the fundamental theories of our system. He stands, in so far as he has independent standing at all, for the principle of government by men, as against government by law. A



representing his schemes and plans would be a party founded in personality and claiming an extra legal authority for its agents. It is needless to say that no such party would have a chance of success in a country fixed in devotion to the principles of Washington and Lincoln and trained in the scheme of government by law sustained by public opinion.

#### Mr. Herrin's Address.

From whatever standpoint it may be viewed, the address delivered last week before the Oregon Agricultural College by William F. Herrin of San Francisco must be esteemed an important utterance. It is important first because it recalls a practice now unfortunately in abeyance, but which in other days contributed wholesomely to the public education. It was the rule in earlier times, and even down to times relatively recent, for men in important relationships to discuss public questions as they arose, to counsel with the people so to speak. Going back to the beginning of our politics nothing, perhaps, has contributed more than this practice to the growth of political intelligence, to the consciousness of political responsibility, and incidentally to the development of that political leadership essential to the vitality of representative institutions. But of late years, and particularly in California, we have had little or nothing of this sort of thing. Our men of affairs have been too busy, too distrustful of their own judgments, or too deficient in the powers of expression to speak freely. Our officials, even where they have been competent, have been too fearful of political flare-backs; and even our newspapers, with here and there an exception, have ceased to deal with political questions excepting under the restraints of a mincing neutrality. Frank public consideration of public questions from men of real responsibility is so rare that it may almost be called a tradition as distinct from a reality. Political discussion has practically been abandoned to college professors, who speak from the standpoint of theory as distinct from responsibility, to candidates for office who would much rather be President (or something much less in the official sphere) than to be right, to the leaders of partisan factions usually neither intelligent nor honest, and to professional agitators and muck-rakers more intent upon sensational effects than to sustain the honor and perpetuity of the representative system.

Mr. Herrin's address is important, second, because it treats of political matters in a spirit wholly impersonal, and by processes of reason as distinct from passion and partisan suggestion. If the speaker lay under any motives to sustain a particular cause, or party, or interest, he rigorously put them aside. And at this point the address affords an interesting contrast to those declamatory ravings which at one time or another have defiled not merely our hustings but the platforms of our universities.

As to the matter of this address—its reasonings and conclusions—there is room for differences of opinion. Nobody will question the dictum that public opinion is the controlling force in American political life, but there will be those to regard critically Mr. Herrin's definition of public opinion as "the deliberate and reasoned judgment of the community." Deliberate and reasoned judgment is beyond question public opinion in its finality. But there are periods, often very considerable periods, when public opinion, actual, universal, and dominant, proceeds from a temporary and excited state of the public mind. The fact that the public opinion which counts in the end comes only at the end does not, unhappily, always nullify the force of that transient public opinion which too often takes possession of a community and for the moment controls its policies. Mr. Herrin's counsel to combat temporary ebullitions of feeling, to stand against transient moods of precipitancy and passion, to hold firmly to those fixed and certain principles which must in the end control public thought and action—all this is eminently sound and worthy. He does well to urge it upon intelligence and conscience as a fixed obligation. Nevertheless there is room to question his definition of public opinion as lacking in comprehensiveness, as failing adequately to recognize that phase of public opinion which too frequently seizes upon the public mind and for the time tears down all opposition. For the purposes of academic discussion, as a means of defining and limiting one's meaning, arbitrary definitions are well enough, even necessary. But in dealing practically with public opinion it must be recognized in its transient as well as

its final phases. Practically the one is as real and important as the other.

Although the issue of woman suffrage is only touched upon in Mr. Herrin's address, still enough is said to indicate doubts more or less grave as to its practicability. It does not silence the demands of aggressive suffragism to say that woman has her full share in the formation of public opinion. Nor will the suggestion that women may gain more by confining their activities to spheres in which they already have recognition than in an effort to extend their responsibilities meet with universal acceptance. Apparently, although he does not say so in words, Mr. Herrin looks upon woman suffrage as a proposal of doubtful expediency. And if this be his attitude he is in accord with the best judgment of the times. The woman suffrage scheme proposes a vast extension of the voting privilege without any certain corresponding addition to the political strength of the body politic. Let it be admitted that it would bring to the seat of political judgment a large body of qualified and responsible citizenship. But it would likewise put into political authority a vast number of persons wanting in fundamental preparation, in temperamental poise, in the stable habit of mind essential to sound political judgment and action. It promises little of assured value and there is in it a very great hazard.

A point of especial value in the address under review is its remorselessly critical dissection of the "recall" principle, just now so highly regarded in California and elsewhere by certain heedless enthusiasts who are forever "seeking the short road to political perfection." From experience the founders of our system had learned that the vices of weakness are more grievous than the vices of strength. In framing our system they had it in mind to strengthen the hand of authority, and to this end they put the tenure of office upon a fixed and definite basis and so arranged it that elections should come at fixed and regular times. The purpose, above all, was to give to the authorities of government the moral firmness which comes from assured tenure and to separate elections from times of public excitement and passion. Mr. Herrin's historical citations showing that even Washington and Lincoln, the one esteemed the father of his country and the other its savior, were not exempt from opposing popular outbursts, are overwhelming. He exposes conclusively the unwisdom of nullifying this wholesome rule, of subjecting official authority to every wind of whimsical passion that may blow from any quarter, and of precipitating the determination of public issues upon times when sober second thought is subordinated to the spirit of the mob. The recall and the other innovations with which it is associated Mr. Herrin sees with the eye of practical wisdom in their ultimate effects, which he declares to be nothing less than the substitution of the principle of pure democracy, which has failed in every country in which it has been tested, for the representative system under which our own unparalleled political success has been achieved. This clear exposition of an unanswerable political logic is in the judgment of the *Argonaut* the most effective and important point in Mr. Herrin's address. To be sure, something may be said on the other side of the issue. But nobody, we think, is likely to knock the props from under a position founded in the philosophy of political institutions as we have them under the Constitution of 1787.

In some respects the most interesting, and certainly the most notable, suggestion of this address is Mr. Herrin's conception of a journalism so established by fixed endowment as to stand above the necessities which tend to partisan bias and to a persistent cringing before temporary as distinct from ultimate public opinion. Mr. Herrin recognizes the vast power of the public press, seeing in it nothing less than the ultimate integrity or the ultimate failure of representative institutions. And so seeing, he would have the press, or a vital and dominating element in it, lifted to a plane where it may at all times and under all conditions stand for the truth and for fixed principles without respect to temporary aberrations of the public mind. An endowed press is not a new conception. But we do not recall another suggestion going the full length of Mr. Herrin's argument. It would be a blessing, truly, in the political and social life of the country if there existed one or more great newspapers in our greater centres of population above financial considerations, free to speak boldly and truthfully without respect to immediate popular moods. It would establish new

standards in the journalism of criticism and opinion; it would enforce imitation in the sphere even of commercial journalism. It would give vitality and power to that which is true and permanent as distinct from that which is specious and transient.

But there are serious difficulties in the way of an endowed journalism. It is the tendency of all things established above motives of necessity to run to cynicism, dilettantism, and that intellectual Phariseeism which proceeds from a consciousness of superior virtue. In colleges, in churches, in schools of art and literature, established under the principle of endowment, we find too often an arrogance fatal alike to the search for truth and to the mandates of reason and sympathy. There is, too, a serious practical difficulty. For while it would be easy enough to organize an endowed newspaper for time present, it would not be so easy to arrange for its organization through successive generations. Whenever a proposal to this end has been made the problem of the succession has loomed large and forbidding. Nevertheless the idea is a noble one. It has been worked out successfully in other relations, and we are not without confidence that a similar development in the equally potential sphere of journalism may some day be achieved. We regard it as highly significant that a man of Mr. Herrin's practical habit of mind should manifest an interest in so high an ideal and declare his hope of its fulfillment.

Viewing this address broadly, the *Argonaut* regards it as an important contribution to current political discussion, important both in its matter and in its manner. It deals with vital things in a large and manifestly candid spirit. There is much in it for approval. And, too, there is much in it to question—so much the better for that! Now it will be gratifying if somebody representative of the proposals which Mr. Herrin condemns will sustain the opposing principle with similar thoroughness and candor. The task is no light one.

#### Our Passing Industries.

The San Francisco newspapers of last Monday contained an interesting bit of information to the effect that a Seattle firm, the Heffernan Iron Works, had made a lower bid than any local firm for the overhauling and rebuilding of the United States transport *Thomas*, operating between this port and Manila. Orders have not been received from Washington, but in all likelihood the ship will be sent north for comprehensive repairs. The amount of money directly involved is approximately half a million dollars, the bid of the Seattle firm being \$426,939, with extras of course to come.

Here we have in concrete form an illustration of how disparity in labor conditions is working against the fortunes of San Francisco. Seattle can do this work cheaper than San Francisco can do it because there the rate of wages in the iron trades, reckoned in relation to hours of labor, is lower than here. Furthermore, at Seattle there is a disposition on the part of workmen in the iron trades to sustain the courage and the interest of their employers. An aggressive and politically dominant labor unionism has not at Seattle as with us corrupted the minds and weakened the manly fibre of the working community. This explanation is obvious and simple. It is the plain truth and it ought to find its way to the consciousness of a community which is suffering to the point of exhaustion in its industries.

Here is another illustration: The Northwestern Pacific Railroad Company, owning the railroad running north from Sausalito, operates a fleet of ferries, among them the well-known *Cazadero*. It was found recently that this boat needed new boilers. The work was submitted to local establishments, the lowest bid being \$22,995. At the same time the work was submitted for estimate to the Cramps on the Atlantic coast, the bid being \$17,200, to which should be added \$2475 freight, which the railroad company is obliged to pay in full under the Interstate Commerce law. The net difference in favor of the Eastern bid was therefore \$3320. The officials of the railroad company had a meeting with the representative of the firm making the lowest San Francisco bid, calling attention to the fact that they would have to pay on the finished boiler about \$1300 more in freight than the contractor would have to pay for the material in its original form. The railroad men further explained that they were anxious to place the work in San Francisco and would do so if something like equality could be arranged between the local bid and



that of the Eastern firm. The contractor frankly admitted that it was impossible under present labor conditions to do the work here. And so the order has gone East.

It would, we think, be quite superfluous to offer any reflections upon these incidents.

### The Flag at Monterey.

The celebration at Monterey on the 14th instant of the raising of the American flag by Commodore Sloat revives the memory of events very important in the history of California. The hoisting of the flag by Sloat July 7, 1846, was the signal act in the procedure by which California became an American as distinct from a Mexican territory. It was not, however, the first manifestation of the American spirit. Fremont was in California expecting news of war with Mexico and determined to act offensively as soon as he got it. His attitude was semi-hostile from the start; and as a result of it the restless spirits at Sonoma seized that place and on June 14, 1846, hoisted a bear flag in emulation of Texas, which had organized a republic as a preliminary to political union with the United States. All this was embarrassing to Commodore Sloat, who had come up from Mazatlan with secret instructions, in case of war, to seize California, but to do it in a way which would make the task of pacifying the Mexican inhabitants easiest. It was the wish of the President to bind them to the American cause. But on Commodore Sloat's arrival he found the country excited and threatening and people in no mood to listen to the commodore's inducements. Fremont had flaunted the American flag in their faces; and the Bear Flag men had, by raising the standard of revolt, affronted their pride. Governor Pico expressed the native sentiment when he described the Sonoma insurgents as vandals and pirates and said that the honor of the country had been compromised by their acts. In the name of the country and that of the supreme sovereign power, the governor called an assembly to meet at Santa Barbara to join him in measures for the protection of the country and the preservation of liberty and independence; and declared that for their promptitude in responding to the summons and their energy in thrusting aside and overcoming every intervening obstacle the government would hold them responsible before God and the country.

After waiting at Monterey for some days, not certain whether the fighting reported on the Rio Grande had risen to the actual proportions of public war, Commodore Sloat raised the flag and took possession of Baja California. The flag was also hoisted at Yerba Buena July 9, 1846, and at other points. Commodore Sloat assured Californians of his protection and reinforced the promises with stringent general orders to his men. The latter were to commit no act of hostility without express orders. Insult or offense of any kind to any inhabitant was to be carefully avoided, especially towards women. Plundering of the smallest article was quickly forbidden, and the attention of the men was called to the fact that not only would the slightest act of the kind forfeit all claim to prize money, but that it would be otherwise severely punished.

In his proclamation Commodore Sloat promised much. "California," he said, "would henceforth be a portion of the United States and its peaceable inhabitants would enjoy, besides the rights they then possessed, the privilege of choosing their own magistrates and other officers for the administration of justice among themselves, and the same protection that was extended to any State of the American Union. They would have stable government and religious liberty. Under the American flag they would be secure in industry and commerce; the revenue laws would be equable and there would be free trade in American merchandise. Land would increase in value. Those who wished to leave would be given time to remove their effects from the country. Realty titles would not be molested if held under color of right. Churches and church property in possession of the clergy would not be disturbed. Supplies and provisions of every kind furnished by the inhabitants for United States ships and soldiers would be paid for at fair rates, and no private property should be taken for public use without just compensation therefor paid at the moment."

Whatever good this proclamation might have done earlier in the game, it was too late now, and the issue had to be fought out. One peril, however, had been avoided. Commodore Sloat had reason to believe that his early arrival at Monterey and San Francisco had headed off a scheme of British acquisition, represented

by active frigates and cruisers on the coast; and so the controversy over the prize of California was kept narrowed down to the Americans and Mexicans.

How the war went on, how Stockton succeeded Sloat, how Fremont, Kearney, and Stevenson, the Picos, Flores, Castro, and the rest pursued their varying fortunes, it is needless here to say. It is enough that the war with Mexico ended with California in American hands, and that wherever Commodore Sloat hoisted the American flag it stayed, and that his act, taken at risk and without waiting for the exact knowledge of conditions which a more cautious spirit would have waited upon without accepting the conditions of war, may have been the one means of saving this Western soil from ultimate Mexican or possibly European possession.

### The Return of Roosevelt.

The acclaim which greets Mr. Roosevelt shows that the popular interest in the man, his doings and sayings, has not abated. Criticism, however just and well-balanced, has made little headway through the crowd which accepts and applauds this extraordinary man as an infallible prophet and guide. America has had many potent men, the love of whom went close to idolatry; but never one who had quite the position during life which Mr. Roosevelt now occupies in the hearts of the less critical among his countrymen. Some men have been venerated for wisdom and patriotism; others have enjoyed enthusiastic admiration and respect on the basis of acts which have brightened and dignified our national history. But here is a man who has so won the confidence of multitudes, that they go to him for advice, which when freely given they receive as if it came with the authority of moral law. Here is a man widely esteemed as a sort of consecrated champion of causes which mark the division line between the masses and the classes; a man, himself curiously lacking in poise and consistency of character, who nevertheless is held as an oracle not only in matters of public duty, but with respect to the more intimate concerns of domestic and parental life.

An influence like this is not often able to hold its own in a democracy, and when it does there can be no more important public interest than that it may be exercised in a way not to belittle and impair democracy itself. The man who wields this influence becomes for a time a more significant figure than the President. In ancient days the throne would have feared him and plotted his ruin; but in this place and age there is no such limit to a tenure which rests upon powers of mental and moral attraction. The question is not as it used to be, how to get rid of such a man, but how he will conduct himself in an ascendancy to which is attached such a tremendous measure of moral responsibility. In the specific case of Mr. Roosevelt we must ask if his patriotism is going to prove equal to his trust. Will he be able, under the sense of responsibility which unquestionably rests upon him, to sink personalism for the public good, to lower the crest of his over-mastering ego at the call of moral obligation? The ex-President has mounted by a force of will, ambition, not unaided by trickeries, and he has blazoned every rung of the ladder with the insignia of some personal achievement. He has gone steadily upward, but there has been no sign of self-sacrifice at any stage in his career. And yet at times the common interest may call for it with an importunate voice. Will Theodore Roosevelt be able to answer in the spirit of patriotism such a supreme and searching test?

The question waits upon the solvent word, but in the meantime we are knowing the man better, and gain as we go a little more confidence in dealing with him. The idea that Roosevelt is a superman is less potent than it was. The memoirs of Senator Platt have revealed him in other aspects than those of a moral enthusiast. President Cleveland found him to be, as his more observing countrymen have found him since, a most astute practical politician, not always spinning fine distinctions as to method. The journey through Europe has left an interrogation point before his learning and culture. His addresses to scholarly bodies, have they not been spectacles rather than demonstrations? With some command over the language of culture, did he really win the esteem of educated and cultivated people? Was the instinct of statesmanship more in evidence at Cairo and at the Guildhall than was the impulse of good manners? What had we set before the world after all but a preacher of commonplaces, a reciter of moral codes older than the pyramids, the birthright of the race? Was it not apparent to critical observation that

the man for all his apparent moral enthusiasm was a man of studied attitudes?

Will the vogue of this remarkable man last? If so, Mr. Roosevelt will be the only man in our history to retain the prestige of leadership through appeal to those who judge men by their own emotions. And, indeed, he will be the one man in all history to win permanent consideration and fame by going with rather than resisting the changing moods and the varying clamors of shifting popular sentiment. Mr. Cleveland in another spirit tried to sustain his place as a political leader, but when he finally ceased to be President he found his leadership gone, although he became to some extent a sage. Mr. Bryan, who is seeking support from the elements which give Roosevelt allegiance, is not accepted at face value. The masses when they cool of their enthusiasm tire of a pose. For the time, intense energy and daring proposals, well seasoned with moral platitudes, have their appeal; the rough rider back from a picturesque journey and ready to plunge into the perils of our politics is a spirited and attractive figure. But a day of reflection comes even to crowds hoarse with cheering. In time they tire of old heroes and look for new men when new issues arise. They ask themselves in the spirit of the Roman Cassius, "Do these wide walls encompass but one man?" Perhaps they have an inkling already that Roosevelt's welcome in Europe was not merely for himself, but for the Americanism which he represented, for the nation of which he has been chief magistrate. Grant met the same royal and popular hospitality there, a hospitality even more notable since it sought him out even when in the innate modesty of his nature he would have retired upon his character of private citizen. Every American of high station is cordially received abroad. Why should the welcome to Roosevelt be regarded wholly as a personal tribute? Would it not have been even as splendid for his predecessor or his successor?

The masses are prone to hero worship. But hero worship, after all, is with the masses only an episode. Other living Americans have found the popular favor to be fickle. Popular allegiance has been staunch and abiding only to the dead. Will Theodore Roosevelt prove an exception to this rule?

### Editorial Notes.

It would appear at a time when San Francisco is straining every nerve in support of the exposition project and when her reputation throughout the country is an important element in the contest for congressional favor that every citizen should do his utmost to sustain the character and good name of the city. Yet in the face of these conditions and of this obligation, Mr. Rudolph Spreckels, wherever he goes, at the East and elsewhere, is giving out interviews tending to our moral disrepute. What must be the state of mind of a man so resentful, embittered, so heedless of every obligation, as to be willing and even eager to heap discredit upon the city wherein he makes his home?

The "business" argument under which Governor Gillett is criticized in certain quarters for banishing the prize-fight is not worth a moment's consideration. We have had our ups and downs—more downs than ups, if the truth be plainly spoken—in recent years, but our need of money is not great enough to justify us in getting it in disreputable or doubtful ways. It is probably true that in one way or another San Francisco would get in half a million, perhaps a million, dollars through the prize-fight. But it would be money gotten at the cost of a moral degradation at home and of moral discredit abroad. It may further be said that nothing pays a community like a good name. California wants population and wants capital. Both are far more likely to come to us upon a showing of moral health than under such conditions as toleration of the prize-fight would imply. It may further be said that we would do better to live decently, maintain our local conditions upon a clean basis, and hold our own self-respect, than to prosper at the cost of moral delinquencies.

Now wouldn't it be funny if the governor of Nevada, incited by the moral example of Governor Gillett, should seek ways of estopping the prize-fight which has been relocated in the sagebrush State? Seriously, this would be not only a great good in itself, but it would be a great advertisement for Nevada. The State now suffers grievously from the ill-fame of



loose divorce laws, just as it has suffered in the past from a general moral "keerness." In one sense it didn't matter much in the old days when Nevada was a mere pocket borough, a place where nobody expected to make a permanent home, and which was thought, indeed, unfitted for permanent domestic life. But times and conditions have changed. Nevada now is looking up in the world and is planning for a large and permanent development. New mineral discoveries have increased the population and increased the investment of capital, and at the same time these conditions have reacted upon domestic production. Irrigation at the hands of the government and by private parties is opening up large areas to agricultural settlement. Manufacture is getting a foothold along the Truckee River and elsewhere. Nevada aspires to be something more than a mining camp, and it deserves from the hands of her citizens and her authorities a better organization of social conditions than past times have afforded. If now Nevada could find legal and moral power to banish this prize-fight, it would set her before the world on a higher moral plane and be a help to her in securing the kind of population which she really needs and which she ought to want.

Within the week there have developed through the resolution of Governor Gillett events profoundly related to the moral welfare of San Francisco. The circumstances have tended to bring these events conspicuously to public attention. Nobody has been indifferent to the governor's action in the matter of banishing the prize-fight. Yet not a single daily newspaper in San Francisco has had the moral courage to declare its views with respect to this action, either for or against. To this depth of subserviency and cowardice has commercial journalism fallen in the chief city of California. Perhaps we should not complain; perhaps it is this very shirking of its responsibilities on the part of the daily press which gives to the *Argonaut* its opportunity and its unique prestige. Fifty thousand Californians read the *Argonaut* each week, not because it is first with the news, not because it pretends to encyclopedic wisdom, not because it stirs sensational interest, but because it speaks the voice of conviction and candor. Even those who sometimes find themselves out of sympathy with the *Argonaut's* views of things, even those who sometimes resent its utterances, seek it and trust it because they have found it faithful to the spirit of independence, to the standards of essential honesty, and to the habits of plain speech, given to it long ago by Frank Pixley and nourished as a sacred tradition by his successors.

### THE COSMOPOLITAN.

By Henry C. Shelley.

Great, undoubtedly, is the honor of being chosen as orator for the Fourth. To attain such a distinction is to join the ranks of the immortals, to touch hands, as it were, with Webster and many another eloquent son of the republic. On the one hand such an invitation is a subtle compliment to gifts of speech already approved; on the other it furnishes a theme provocative of flowing periods and lofty flights. Whether the orator speak for a State, or a city or a township, he has the spotlight all to himself on the day of all days. But there is a darker side to the picture, which is painted by Congressman Hamlin of Missouri in depressing colors.

Right on the start they announce at a Fourth of July picnic—and all Fourth of July orations are delivered in the open—that the hall game will be played at three o'clock, so that, unless one is out for oratorical practice alone, he may as well conclude his remarks ten minutes before the time—unless, perchance, being a United States senator, he is accustomed to talk to empty chairs. Then there are the nigger habits, at which basebells are thrown for prizes, and a stand of canes, over which rings may be tossed, and other amusements, each of which has an accomplished "harker" with whom a speaker must vie in the display of lung power. When all these, or an appreciable number of them, have quieted temporarily, six or a dozen youngsters will break through the crowd, squeezing rubber ball whistles to the extent of their elastic capacities. The Fourth of July is always a hot day, so there are always boys with mouths like mammoth caves hollering, "Ice-cold lemonade made in the shade, 5 cents a glass!" and then, one must be possessed of the patience of Job (aside from immense lung power) to compete at any time with the doleful note of the proverbial merry-go-round. I tell you, when a man talks on Independence Day against such a hubbub he is for the "sane Fourth" in every sense of the word.

That Ananias habit is terribly infectious. Nobody, it seems, is immune from the germ. One would have thought the ministerial profession safe from the poison, that the pulpit was a haven even if all other protection failed. Yet it is not so. A reverend gentleman of Chicago was conducting a meeting the other day at which he was using his most persuasive powers to exhort his hearers to the better life. One of those hearers, however, did not agree with something the evangelist enunciated, whereupon the man of the gospel and peace told his interrupter that he was "a liar!" Resenting such speedy consignment to the famous club, the layman applied his fists to the cleric's face with such effect that nasal swelling was still in evidence

when the preacher charged his assailant in the municipal court the following day. The hench, however, was in the possession of a veritable Daniel come to judgment, for when the charge had been made, Judge Gemmill laid down the eminently equitable principle, "If a minister says you are a liar, punch him on the nose." This decision is particularly timely in view of the recent arrival of the *Kaiserin Augusta Victoria*, but it would have been more useful if a general term had been substituted for "minister."

Against a black background Mr. Edison and the model of his "poured" house is showing up finely these days. Bearing in mind how swiftly the master inventor usually works, it seems a long time since we first heard news about the device which is going to bring house-rent down with a run and give us homes on which it will be wholly superfluous to pay fire insurance. The idea has no doubt been hovering in many a mind since, an entrancing vision of cheaper living, with possession of a roof-tree brought within the reach of limited purses. And now, it seems, the thing can be done; the invention has been worked out to its last detail; the molds are ready, and the "pouring" of the concrete may be started when you will. But surely Mr. Edison has got more than one mold? The photographs do not hint that such is the case, and it may seem ungrateful to look such an almost gift horse in the mouth. Not that the model beside which Mr. Edison is standing in so workmanlike a manner is unattractive; on the contrary, it is a vast improvement on the type of wooden shack which has done such yeoman's service for so long; it suggests that the house has at least twelve rooms, and obviously there is a commodious porch; but even of such a good thing we can have too much or too many. We do not want the "long unlovely streets" of suburbia, and there will be a danger of wearisome monotony if Mr. Edison does not vary his molds. Perhaps he will cater to the needs of the various States on the lines of their chief architectural characteristics, giving New England as much Colonial style as it desires and favoring California with various versions of Mission-like homes.

Painters are slow to learn their lesson. Hardly a week goes by without some old master making a new record in the picture market, the latest example being furnished by the sale of a Corot which changed owners for the sum of sixty-eight thousand dollars. Yet the artists talk about the "slump" in art, and will not recognize that large sums are available for pictures provided they are of the right kind. Sir W. Q. Orchardson, whose recent death was a real loss to art, was wont to blame the millionaire. "There is just as good talent as ever there was," he was fond of saying, "if these millionaires would only encourage it, and not pay vast sums for spurious old masters. You have only to call a thing old, and it will be bought, but call the thing new, and no one will even look at it." Orchardson ought to have known better than that; did not his own picture, "Hard Hit," increase largely in value in his own lifetime, so that an American buyer was willing to acquire it for the goodly sum of sixteen thousand dollars? The fact of the matter is, the painters and not the millionaires are to blame. There is a market for modern pictures if they were less ugly, less coarsely painted, less weirdly unlike nature, less dismal, and, above all, smaller. The fault of most artists nowadays is that they paint for exhibition galleries instead of the rooms of private houses. They want to attract the attention of the critic and forget all about the buyer. And it is probable, too, that the artist prices his labor too high. He has so few sales at the high figures which are the rule that he believes he is under compulsion to demand five hundred dollars and upward for a single canvas. After all, it is not such a lengthy process to paint a good picture, and the artist who is the first to regulate his prices according to the time he spends on his work will find—other things being equal—that there is no "slump" in modern art.

A Missouri blacksmith has his eye on the Senate. His slogan is "From Forge to Forum." Should that alliterative battle-cry become monotonous, he might vary it with "Chestnut-tree to Congress." Either is a good starting-place; quite in the succession from log cabin to White House. Apart from his command of apt alliteration's artful aid, the Missouri blacksmith has other senatorial accomplishments. He tabulates them thus:

I have a large library and have read all of the volumes. I can repeat the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States from memory; I can name all the kings of any importance from the beginning of the world, give the dates of their reign and also the important things they did. I can also name all of the Presidents of the United States and tell every dollar that has been put in the United States treasury since the establishment of the government.

Whether the elements of statesmanship are lurking among such astonishing accomplishments it is for the initiated to say; but the ordinary citizen will probably feel that a knowledge of how every dollar has been taken out instead of a remembrance of every dollar put in the treasury might be of more service. The other feats of memory claimed by the aspirant would have been more potent qualifications if some one had not thoughtlessly located the Library of Congress so close to the Senate chamber.

Many a sinner has experienced how costly it is to live a double life. The lesson has been borne in upon Wilhelm II of Germany. Not, let it be hastily recorded, that his marital behavior is open to suspicion; there is no suggestion that he is living a dual life in that sense. But he does play two parts, and that is at the root of his royal poverty and is the excuse urged in extenuation of his application for "a rise" in salary. Hitherto the Kaiser's income has stood at nearly four million dollars a year, and the proposal is to increase that sum by over eight hundred thousand dollars.

The necessity lies in the fact that the present Hohenzollern is at once King of Prussia and German emperor. It is as the former he is paid by Prussia; as the latter he does not draw a cent of allowance. Yet it is his position as German emperor which entails the greater part of his expenses. Wilhelm II believes in the pomp and generosity of emperorism. As the overlord of the German states he owns some fifty castles, buys costly pictures for presentation to art galleries, crowds the Lane of Victory at Berlin with marble statues, scatters bronze animals in the Tiergarten with a liberal hand, subsidizes no fewer than four theatres, and deals wholesale in diamond rings and pins, gold cigarette cases and necklaces, gold watches and bracelets, and decorations of all kinds. As German emperor he travels in splendor; his retinue is like a regiment; his hospitality above reproach. No wonder his millions melt away; and when he contemplated economizing by selling a few of his castles, all Germany stood aghast. The moralist will be comforted to note that even an irreproachable double life entails a prohibitive penalty.

As regularly as vacation time comes round and the steamers for Europe are weighted down with tourists from the United States, the patriotic wall ascends in favor of Americans taking trips in their own land instead of across the Atlantic. But for some years to come that perverted appeal will fall on heedless ears. And why? What is it the American finds attractive in Europe? Apart from prospective "creations" from Paris, does not the main charm of Europe consist in what Ruskin called "the golden stain of time"? That is to say, is it not that the American is drawn abroad to older lands because they are older, because they have so many survivals of a historic past? Cathedrals and castles, village churches and antique mansions, the haunts of poets and prose masters, birthplaces and tombs of the great dead—are not these the magnets which attract? And is it not because America is as yet so poor in such things that it does not compete with Europe among sight-seers? Vernon Lee puts the case in a nutshell:

I know few things more odious than the chilly, draughty emptiness of a place without a history. For this reason America, save what may remain of Hawthorne's New England and Irving's New York, never tempts my vagabond fancy. Nature can scarcely afford beauty wherewith to compensate for living in block-tin shanties or brand new palaces. How different if we find ourselves in some city, nay village, rendered habitable for our soul by the previous dwelling therein of others, of souls! Here the streets are never empty; and, surrounded by that faceless crowd of ghosts, one feels a right to walk about, being invited by them, instead of running along on one's errands among a throng of other wretched living creatures who are hocked by us and block us in their turn.

Barnum knew the psychology of all this. Hence his effort to purchase, with a view to its removal to American soil, one or other of the ruined castles associated with the tragic life of Mary Queen of Scots. But you can not buy your history ready made; the only way to acquire it is by infinite patience and—the much-abused word must be written—conservation. But, unhappily, the American sentiment is not given to conservation; that is to say, we do not cherish as we should those buildings which are associated with the glories of our history. New England, for example, is allowing the home of Louise Alcott to fall into ruins, and California looks heedlessly on while the old buildings of Santa Barbara crumble into dust. Even in England necessity has forced the foundation of a society for the preservation of ancient buildings; the need for such a bulwark against time and man seems more pronounced in the United States. Looking toward the future, it is undeniable that the exodus toward Europe will be checked only in proportion as the American is provided on his own soil with that type of fascination for which he voyages to Europe.

Never can one stand in wonder before any of man's conquests of nature, most of all before the miracle of the flying machine, without connecting the twentieth century with the mind and labors of Bacon. When on a snowy morning in 1626 Bacon caught the chill that cost him his life, he was gathering snow in the road with which to stuff a fowl on purpose to test his theory by experiment that snow might prevent animal substances from putrefying. He died lisping with his latest words—"Excellently well!" Bacon himself had not even dreams of the conquest of the sea and the land alike by steam and electricity, of the air by wireless telegraphy and the aeroplane; but all these modern triumphs of applied science are children descended directly from the new direction which he gave to the mind of man.

A monument was unveiled in the Place des Etats Unis, Paris, not long ago, in honor of the American surgeon and dentist, Horace Wells, the discoverer of nitrous oxide, or "laughing" gas. Although its properties had been made known as early as the year 1800, Wells was the first to employ it in dentistry. He made a visit to Paris, where he communicated his discovery to the French medical societies. A dispute arose as to who might claim the credit of the discovery of anæsthesia, and Wells, rendered insane by the conflicting claims and by constant experiments upon himself with chloroform, committed suicide in 1848, at the age of thirty-three years.

Perique tobacco is grown in St. James Parish, Louisiana, on a small scale, and the method of handling is unique. It is highly aromatic, and is mostly used for blending with other smoking types. Each grower manufactures his own product into packages known as "carottes," and the entire output is marketed through one concern.



## CHARITY AND JEWELRY.

## Parisians Are Credulous and Charitable as Well as Gay.

Paris is not wholly frivolous. It has its "warts and blemishes," as Montaigne admitted, and those defects, which are but a part, are too often taken for the whole. At a distance Paris stands for the Latin Quarter and the Moulin Rouge, for gay cafés and the Bal Bullier, for a constant round of gaiety and indulgence. The warts obliterate every other feature.

But the French capital has another side. Not merely that which is concerned with art and literature, but an aspect which links the city with the serious and credulous traits of human nature. No one can spend a few days in Paris without becoming impressed by the ubiquity of the street beggar. And he flourishes amain. For Parisians are notably generous and charitable, and also superstitious. These qualities tend to frequent alms, making the city a paradise for those who would rather beg than work. Even the hotel proprietors are touched with the eleemosynary spirit; they will give to all who ask, on the principle that "the beggar refused might bring me bad luck."

Within the past week or two, however, all previous illustrations of Parisian credulity and liberality have been wholly eclipsed. The object lesson has been provided by Sister Candide, a name by the way, which readers of Voltaire might have regarded with suspicion. This lady, a short, thick-set, middle-aged person with a broad, full face, and an imposing and not unattractive manner, has been a familiar figure in charitable life for two decades. She has generally appeared in public in the deep blue robe and butterfly starched bonnet affected by the Sisters of the Poor, a concession in street garb to raiment which in private has evidently been of quite another order. Twenty years ago Sister Candide founded a home for consumptive children at Ormesson, having secured for that purpose a three years' lease of some land and acquired some flimsy wooden buildings from the exhibition in 1889. A few years later a second home was opened at Villiers-sur-Marne for older children, and this extension was duly followed by the establishment of two dispensaries in Paris itself. But that was not the end of Sister Candide's philanthropic efforts. Not so long ago she was able to acquire an estate on the Riviera, where she erected an elaborate establishment for wealthy tuberculosis patients. This asylum was known as the Château de San Salvador, and it was stated that all its profits were to be devoted to the support of other homes and dispensaries.

Apart from the profits of San Salvador, Sister Candide does not appear to have experienced any difficulty in financing her establishments. Money was easy to come by. Her fame had spread far and wide; she was a revered figure in the world of charity; her pious labors had been recognized by the Cross of the Legion of Honor; and it was estimated that her subscriptions amounted to at least two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year. It was this confidence in her work which enabled her to secure the Riviera estate; no sooner did she broach the idea to one philanthropist than that gentleman immediately provided a sum of eight hundred thousand dollars for the erection of the institution and its endowment. Another supporter is credited with having given a donation of one million six hundred thousand dollars, and altogether Sister Candide is said to have received more than six million dollars in connection with her homes.

And now the Sister is in a prison cell! She came there by easy stages. Two well-known jewelers, one of the Boulevard Sébastopol and the other of the Avenue de l'Opéra, were responsible for the first stage. It appears that Sister Candide had been to each of those purveyors of vanity and secured from them jewelry to the value of about thirty thousand dollars. In itself that fact was not a matter of suspicion. For it seems that the good Sister had been in the habit of frequenting jewelry establishments for a considerable time; her plan was to obtain a supply of precious stones and golden ornaments and then "trade" them among her patrons. And she was unusually successful in such negotiations. The philanthropic, having unbounded confidence in the purity of the Sister's motives, took her price of the jewels as representing their intrinsic value, and paid for them with alacrity. They had small suspicion that the Sister was making a commission of a hundred per cent. Yet such was the case. Perhaps the jewelers themselves had no inkling of that fact; at any rate, they were willing enough that the Sister should be their saleswoman, and all went well so long as the store value was forthcoming.

When, however, the two jewelers referred to did not receive the value of their goods, and when requests for the return of the jewelry were ignored, they thought it time to act. So the Sister was haled before a magistrate, only to explain that she had been ill and could not occupy herself in her usual trade, that the jewels were no longer in her hands, and that she could not give the names of those who held them. Even such a statement does not appear to have created a suspicion that anything was wrong. The examination was postponed till another day, and when it was resumed the Sister displayed an aggrieved mood. She confessed that she owed money to other jewelers than the complaining pair, but all her debts were for "insignificant" sums. "But here," said the judge, "is a bill for nearly five thousand dollars." "Yes," rejoined Sister Candide, "that is what I call an insignificant sum."

It was, in comparison with the parcels of jewelry valued at fifty thousand dollars she had been in the habit of handling. And as for the suggestion that the money subscribed to her homes had been used for her own purposes, she was indignant. "There is nothing to cause annoyance or alarm, for all the money went to the asylums." Unhappily, it transpired that in connection with none of the establishments had there been any external control, and it was also recalled that the doctor associated with San Salvador had committed suicide under suspicious circumstances. So the net gathered around the Sister, and finally it was discovered that the jewelry she had obtained in Paris had been pawned in London under an assumed name. What Sister Candide has done with all the wealth of which she has been made the depository is as yet a mystery. Her deep blue robe and starched butterfly bonnet can not have demanded such a liberal upkeep. The mystery will be solved, no doubt, but in the meantime it has been shown that even in skeptical, pleasure-loving Paris it is possible to garner vast sums in the name of sweet charity.

PARIS, June 8, 1910.

St. MARTIN.

## NEW YORK NATURALIZATIONS.

## The Mayor's Efforts to Prevent Fraud and Wrongs to Applicants.

Mayor Gaynor's protest against the frauds in the naturalization office will do more to raise him in the public esteem than all of his reforms in the administration of New York. And this for a simple reason. It is a characteristic of the day to value independence, courage, and initiative even more highly than the staunch discharge of official duty. In effecting vast economies at the City Hall, in his ruthless decapitation of officials who are neither useful nor ornamental, in his vigorous defiance of vested interests, the mayor is doing no more than maintaining his oath of office. But in stepping outside the limitations of his office, in protecting the most helpless of people by challenging the Federal authorities to abate an iniquity that has been going on under their immediate and exclusive jurisdiction, he has shown a humanity and a spirit of initiative that are beyond praise. And for this reason the public applause is distinct.

Certainly the lot of the would-be citizen was not a happy one. For many months the long line of patient applicants has been a familiar sight outside the doors of the Federal building. This line seemed to be a permanent institution, and those who passed it daily on their way to business were accustomed to see the same faces morning after morning, wet or dry, hot or cold. Then a few indignant letters began to appear in the newspapers. They were from men whose ambition it was to become citizens but who found that days and weeks of dreary and humiliating waiting in the streets, as though for charity, was a fatal bar to their hopes. They were business men, shopkeepers and the like, and this thing meant ruin. Then came hints of extortion, of ugly abuses, of bloodsuckers outside the building who seemed to be in collusion with other bloodsuckers inside the building for the ravaging of these helpless and melancholy strangers. Every one knew what was going on, but no doubt the disgusting trade was one of those vested interests that must not be interfered with, and so nothing was done. That is to say, nothing was done until the mayor took a hand in the game, although it was "none of his business."

He knew exactly where to look, for a great many of the victims had come straight to him with their tale of woe. Mayor Gaynor is a grim man, never before under suspicion of an extra-official benevolence, but evidently the face is no index to the heart. When he had collected a sufficient number of affidavits he went straight to the fountain head with them. In other words, he wrote to Mr. Wickersham. It was a short letter that he wrote, but it covered the ground. In so many words he invited Mr. Wickersham to cast a heedful eye in the direction of the Federal officials of the Naturalization Bureau in New York. Let it be admitted that the bureau was short-handed, and that distressing delays were inevitable. But was that any reason why applicants should be approached by individuals who assured them that a payment of sufficient size would enable them to be placed at the head of the waiting line to the discomfiture of other applicants who had neither the money nor the stomach to be blackmailed? That was the procedure actually in force day by day. Not only was the mayor in possession of affidavits to that effect, but he had sent detectives to pose as applicants for naturalization, and the testimony of these detectives substantiated the testimony of the affidavits. The money was not only paid in many instances, but the goods were delivered, for those who "came through" actually found themselves transferred to more advantageous positions, while those who resisted the importunities to pay not only discovered that they were making no progress, but that they were actually "advancing to the rear." The whole business was as clear as the noonday sun. The would-be citizen was thrown into a den of thieves, and he could either pay for an undue advantage over his fellows or pray to whatever gods there be for fine weather and for an abatement of his misery before the coming of winter. For him it was a case of camping out in the open street more or less indefinitely.

One of the mayor's detectives tells a succinct story,

He borrowed the first papers of a friend and stationed himself in the bread line. A man named Goldstein approached him and told him that he would get him into the bureau for a consideration. The detective refused, and waited in the line all day without result, and then went home. Taking up his position on the following day the ubiquitous Goldstein renewed his offer, and this time with the added assurance that his victim might as well pay up at once and look pleasant about it, for unless he did so he could stand in the line for the rest of his natural life and still find himself no nearer to citizenship. This time the detective appeared to submit. He arranged to meet Goldstein that same evening and to be ready with the cash. He did meet Goldstein, and arrested him.

Goldstein, it seems, is a barber when not engaged in the onerous duties of the blackmailer. Blackmailing must have paid him much better than shaving, for when he was searched a little book was found on him with a record of his transactions. This book contained about a hundred and fifty entries and the amounts ranged from \$15 to \$20. Evidently the fees were based upon "whatever the traffic would bear," and no doubt the methodical entries were intended to facilitate an equitable division with his delightful colleagues inside the building. For, as I have said, he did actually "deliver the goods." Those who paid up got their naturalization papers, and those who did not pay up did not get them.

No doubt the practice will stop, thanks to the mayor, or at least it will be worked in a less obtrusive way, but it seems that Goldstein can not be punished, owing to some error in the indictment. There always does seem to be an error in the indictment when some conspicuous rascal is to be laid by the heels. But what must the victims think of the whole disreputable business? Many of them are poor and ignorant and no doubt suppose that the blackmailing of helpless foreigners is a part of the regular official procedure and that they can not do better than shape their own future conduct upon the object lesson received thus early in their new career.

SIDNEY G. P. CORYN.

NEW YORK, June 14, 1910.

It is difficult to explain how complete, in normal times, is the dullness of the small villages in the Protectorate of Sierra Leone (says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century and After*). An hour before sunrise shadowy figures move noiselessly through the narrow alleys which separate the mud-walled houses, and, in single file, pass out of sight towards the farm lands. A little later children and a few women leave the houses to obtain water for cooking; they also go in single file, and in a short while will return in the same manner carrying water in calabashes, except, perchance, one or two may be affluent enough to possess a tin in which kerosene oil has been imported. During the great heat of the day people return and sit, silent and motionless, in the thatched-roof verandas. Towards evening there is more movement; food time generally brightens people even when it only means rice and peppers. Soon after sunset all sign of life ceases; there is no light in the houses, because oil is expensive, and a dying fire is enough when there is nothing to see except those you have seen all day; there are no sounds, save a baby's cry at intervals, or perhaps the weird call of some night bird, because people can not talk much when no one has anything fresh to say. Next day will be the same, and so will be every day in the year except at festival times, such as when the girls or boys return, dancing and gayly decked, from the Porroh Bush. There is no church, no postman, no passing horse or carriage, and no newspapers.

On the road between Cape Town and Wynberg, at Rondebush, stands "Groote Schuur," the home of the late Cecil Rhodes, in an imposing natural setting, which reflects both by arrangement and locality the massive genius of the man. Bequeathed as a heritage to the country, with the hope that it might eventually become the residence for a premier of a United South Africa, for which purpose only it carries a rich endowment, it is maintained as a spot sacred to the memory of its donor, who stalked with such Napoleonic mien across the pages of its history, shaping its destinies for all time and carving his name into the heart of the continent. Strange to say, the residence is now occupied, under the owner's will, by General Louis Botha, the first premier of South Africa, formerly the leader of the Boer army. The house itself is a fine specimen of the best in Dutch architecture, and impressive in its severe but stately lines. It is preserved exactly as when occupied by Mr. Rhodes.

An equestrian statue of Theodore Roosevelt is to be erected on the Agricultural College campus near Fargo, North Dakota, by the Roosevelt Monument Association, which is headed by Congressman L. B. Hanna. The former President posed for Gustave Vigeland, the noted Scandinavian sculptor, at the royal palace in Christiania, Norway, on May 5. Colonel Roosevelt selected the pose and declared he wished to be represented as a cowboy.

Professor Agassiz was a wonder of energy and activity, but he once said, speaking of America: "It is a wonderful country, but I can't learn the American fashion of doing up science running. I must..."



# "BUCK" FURLONG, CHANTEYMAN.

## What His Singing Earned.

"Speakin' of music," said the old A. B.—which, by the way, we hadn't been doing at all—"I once knowed a man wot made his everlastin' fortune through bein' able to sing good an' proper."

I politely intimated that several men and not a few women could be named, by and large, who had done likewise.

"Garn!" exclaimed the A. B., with infinite scorn and contempt. "You're torkin' abart them there lipity-tippety op'ry singers—squealers all, I call 'em. Wot I mean is real singin' on a deep-water ship."

"Is there a story attached?" I inquired.

For answer my friend the A. B. nodded, while he abstractedly lifted the lid of his stein and peered into its empty depths. I took the hint and called the waiter.

"Torkin' dry work," announced the A. B. oracularly, wiping his lips with the back of his hand, "but as I was sayin', there's a bully yarn abart a feller as could sing, a ship, the ship's old man, an' his darter."

We were sitting in the Poodle Dog in San Francisco, this ancient able-bodied seaman and I, in the palmy days before the Barbary Coast had been wiped out by the earthquake and the fire, from which all Coast annals now are dated. For forty years he had sailed across the Seven Seas, harvesting a crop of unique experiences, of which the well-irrigated yarn he spun me that night is only a fair sample. Henceforth William Sharkey, A. B., speaks for himself, first person singular:

Well, as I was sayin', th' old *Seahorse* lay at her wharf in Portland loaded flush to th' hatches with a hundred thousand bushels o' prime Oregon hard wheat. We was bound for Antwerp, right 'round th' Horn. Crew was aboard—most of 'em sober—all our canvas was bent, th' gang-plank was hauled in, an' th' tug pantin' alongside waitin' to tow us down th' river. All we was waitin' for was a cook. Ol' Drainin's had skipped out t' get married that very mornin', an' you can bet th' old man was hoppin' mad t' think o' bein' held up indefinite by th' likes of a bloomin' cook.

So he'd chased th' mate overside an' uptown t' get a new man—black, white, or yellor—anybody'd do so long's he c'd bile 'taters an' beef an' duff. Well, we was just layin' abart th' deck waitin' for th' mate an' a cook. Th' old man—Cap'n Mark Forester—was gettin' hotter an' hotter under th' collar over th' delay, an' nothin' but th' fact that his darter, Miss Alice, was on th' poop readin' under a scrap of awnin' kep' him from usin' more or less language.

Happenin' t' look over th' side, I see a tall feller come swingin' easy like down th' dock. I knowed he was a sailorman by his walk. He looks th' *Seahorse* over from stern t' flyin' jibboom, from deck t' trucks, with a quick, knowin' cock t' his eye, then steps on t' th' string-piece of th' dock right abreast o' where Miss Alice was sittin', takes off his cap, an' asks her:

"Beg pard'n, can you tell me if th' captain's aboard?"

We was loaded deep, an' th' tide was out, so from where th' feller stood his eyes was just on a level with th' girl's. She looked him over for a second, and answered pleasant like:

"Yes, here he is now."

For jest then Cap'n Forester stepped out o' th' companion on deck.

"Somebody to see you, father," says Miss Alice, droppin' her eyes to her book, though she must ha' heard every word o' what followed.

"Good-afternoon, sir," says th' man, still with his cap in his hand. "Do you want any hands?"

"All full up!" says th' old man, "cept a cook. Can you cook?"

Th' feller laughed, showin' th' prettiest set o' teeth I ever see on a white man.

"Why, yes," he answers, "I kin cook, but—"

"Where?" ses th' old man.

"Well, I cooked for a hull season on a fisherman out o' Gloucester," says th' stranger, "an' I guess you know what that means, Cap'n Forester."

The old man nodded. "What's your name?" ses he.

"Buck Furlong."

"Any relation t' Jabez Furlong o' Gloucester?"

"Same family," ses young Buck, shuttin' his teeth.

"That settles it!" ses th' old man. "You're no cook!"

"It isn't my strong suit," ses Buck, smilin' again. "I'm a seaman, Cap'n Forester. But I can cook, an' I'll guarantee th' goods I turn out. I don't burn th' water what I bile," ses he. "I want t' get home th' worst way, an' I'll ship as cook if you'll take me on."

"Well," says th' cap'n, "my cook levanted this mornin', an' th' mate's up town now tryin' for a man t' take his place. Maybe he won't have any luck. So you better come on board—th' men'll be wantin' their supper pretty soon, an' I don't propose t' wait a week for no measly cook!"

"Ay, ay, sir," says Buck Furlong. He runs along th' string-piece till he comes t' th' main deck, takes th' rail in one jump, swings himself aboard by th' backstay, an' disappears in the galley, givin' me a nod an' a wink in passin'. He didn't lose no time gettin' t' work, for in five minutes th' galley chimney was smokin' an' in ten minutes th' dishes was rattlin' t' beat th' band. Oh, he was a handy man, was Buck Furlong! Pretty soon along comes th' mate with a little Jap in tow.

"Where'd you get him?" asks th' old man.

"Signed him on at th' commissioner's office," says Peter Storm.

"Blast th' luck!" exclaims Cap'n Forester. "I've just hired another feller. What'll we do now? Th' *Seahorse* don't want two cooks!"

"I got him cheap," whispers th' mate; "on'y twelve a month. Better keep 'em both; let th' Jap assist your man an' wait on th' cabin table."

"All right!" says th' old man. "Take him aft and set him t' work. You'll find my pick already gettin' supper. His name's Furlong. If he can't cook we'll disrate him an' promote th' Jap. Cast off!"

Well, sir, if th' supper we had that fust night was any test, Buck Furlong was suttinly no slouch, an' I didn't hear no complaints from th' cabin anyhow. But we wasn't goin' to have two cooks very long.

Th' tug takes us along pretty lively down the river, an' was ready t' cast off about four bells in th' middle watch. There was a middlin' fair breeze o' wind, but th' night had come on dark and drizzly.

Well, th' usual hands went aloft t' loose tops'ls an' t' gallan'sls, while me an' another went forrard t' handle th' standin' jib an' th' flyin' jib. Th' bullies kem down from aloft, an' all hands tailed on t' th' halliards o' th' upper an' lower main-tops'ls. They was all pretty quiet, bein' some sleepy and not quite free o' th' shore swash they'd swallowed.

"Start a song, some one!" bellows th' mate. "Pull an' haul, bullies! Let's hear your pretty voices! Together now!"

Th' heavy yard was goin' up all-fired slow when th' mate called for a song—an' he knew that'd do th' business. Right away there rose th' finest tenor voice I ever heerd in all my goin' a-fishin', givin' th' men on th' halliards that good old "Away for Rio," the dandiest outward-bound song ever made:

Oh, the anchor is weighed and the sails they are set,

Away, Rio!

The maids that we're leaving we'll never forget,

For we're bound to the Rio Grande!

And away, Rio! Aye, Rio!

Sing fare ye well, my honny young girl,

For we're bound to the Rio Grande.

Comin' sudden, out o' th' darkness, it a'most made you shiver! From where I was, footin' th' ropes out over th' martingale, it sounded fine, an' th' way those bullies swept in on th' haulin' part o' th' chorus did a man's heart good t' hear. The heavy yards jest sneaked up th' masts like th' halliards was bein' wound on th' drum of a donkey-engine.

Then come the mate's "Belay!" and "Overhaul your clew-lines!" and "Sheet home!" At the word the strange chanteyman started another song, "Haul on the Bowlin'":

Haul on the howlin'.

The fore an' maintop bowlin'.

Haul on the howlin'.

The howlin', haul!

When it came t' handlin' th' fores'l an' th' heavy mains'l we got another song, "Paddy Doyle's Boots." That allus puts a crew in good temper, an' th' way they heaved and roared when it came their turn on th' word "Boots" was a holy caution. Th' crew on the tug must a' thought th' *Seahorse* carried a hull op'ry company:

Yo, aye, and we'll haul, aye,

To pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

We'll tauten th' hunt and we'll furl,

Aye, and pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

By this time I was inboard and ready to tail on t' th' jib halliards when th' mate give us th' word:

"Hoist th' inner an' outer jib!" he shouts. "Another song, lads." With a whole watch tailing on to each halliard th' hanks went rattlin' up th' stays perfectly scandalous to th' tune of "Blow the Man Down":

I'll sing you a song, a good song of the sea,

To my aye, aye, blow the man down!

And trust that you'll join in the chorus with me,

Give me some time to blow the man down!

This time th' chanteyman did not tail on with th' rest, but perched hisself a-top o' th' capstan on th' fok'sle. As we belayed I shoved my face into his, an' found it was our new cook, Buck Furlong! 'Course, I might a' knowed it, 'cause none o' th' old hands on th' *Seahorse* ever sung like that afore. But it struck me all of a heap t' find a swab of a sea-cook such a A-Number-One chanteyman, an' I made up my mind that Buck Furlong was no more a cook than I was. Cap'n Forester must ha' come to th' same conclusion, for next mornin', while it was my trick at th' wheel, I overhears th' old man say t' th' mate:

"Who was that singin' last night, Mr. Storm?"

"That was your new cook, sir," says th' mate with a grin.

"A cook—an' sing like that?" says th' cap'n. "I'll bet he's no more a cook than you and I. We'd better have him out o' th' galley. I never saw a crew work more smartly—an' th' way he handled those chanteys was what did it. Put him in the port watch, and let th' Jap do th' cookin'. We'll make a quicker passage or I miss my guess, an' I'll wager you'll find Mr. Furlong a smarter sailor-man than any o' th' crew."

So that was how I got acquainted with Buck Furlong, for th' port watch was my watch. Him an' me became pals from th' start, an' pretty soon he lets me have th' hull yarn. Sure 'nough, he was no commin sailor, though he'd started afore th' mast and worked up till he was mate of a ship bigger than th' *Seahorse*. But she'd been wrecked off Cape Flattery, an' Furlong couldn't get another berth either in Seattle, Frisco, or Portland. He'd spent what little money was comin' to

him, an' was too blamed independent to write to his folks East for more. But he knew he could get a ship in Boston or New York, which was why he took a cook's job on th' *Seahorse*, we bein' under charter from Antwerp to Philadelphia after landin' our wheat.

Well, sir, Buck Furlong was th' best watch-mate you ever met. Smart? Why there warn't a trick o' seamanship he didn't know. Sometimes he'd a'most execute a order before th' old man or th' mates opened their heads. An' sing! He knew every chantey that's ever been made, an' he'd go through an entire watch, shortenin' or makin' sail, without ever repeatin' hisself. An' he knew lots of other songs besides—ballads, he called 'em—which he'd sing while he 'compained hisself on a old fiddle belongin' t' one o' th' stabbord watch. Th' work alow an' aloft went twicet as slick when Buck Furlong had his watch on deck, an' th' skipper knew what he was about all right when he sent Buck forrard among th' crew.

It got so that Miss Alice used t' listen an' follow him about th' deck with her eyes—but o' course they never spoke, although I mistrusted that our prime chanteyman used t' sing better than usual when th' girl was on deck. We was a happy ship, for Buck Furlong kep' all hands in a good humor.

Well, soon after we lost th' Trades it came on t' blow cruel hard from th' south'rd, headin' us off our course. We snugged th' ship down to her tops'ls, fore an' main stays'ls, and inner jib to th' tune of "Blow, Boys, Blow":

A Yankee ship came down the river,

Blow, boys, blow!

Her masts did bend, her sails did shiver,

Blow, my jolly boys, blow!

At eight bells in th' first evenin' watch—eight o'clock—th' night bein' black as a wolf's throat, a heavy sea runnin' an' a whole gale blowin', th' order came t' furl th' upper main-tops'l. It took all th' port watch t' handle the canvas, an' as usual th' second mate was jockeying th' yard arm t' pass th' weather earring. Above th' shrieking o' th' wind you could hear Furlong singing "Lowlands," as we passed th' bunt:

I dreamt a dream the other night,

Lowlands, Lowlands, Hooray, my John!

I dreamt I saw my own true love,

My Lowlands, Hooray!

The *Seahorse* was plugin' her bows under and havin' scandalous. An' extry heavy sea catches her under th' counter an' another hits her forrard; she rolls her yardarms under, first to port, then to stabbord, an' when she comes up Denis Fogarty was missin'—washed clean off th' yard—or else he must ha' lost his balance!

We'd traveled a mile before th' cry "Man overboard!" was raised. 'Twas sheer murder to lower a boat in that sea, an' afore we could ha' put th' ship about poor Fogarty would ha' drowned anyway. So we had to let him go.

Well, there was th' skipper with only one mate, an' him helpless in his bunk. 'Course, th' news that Buck Furlong was a navigator had traveled aft, so next mornin' Cap'n Forester sends for him, an' appoints him second mate. That shifted him into th' cabin an' into th' society of Alice Forester.

It's my belief they'd spotted each other from th' first—but in a puffedly proper way, you un'erstand, for Miss Alice was one of th' charmingest young ladies you ever met. But you couldn't expect to put a young an' handsome sailor-man like Buck Furlong within hailin' distance of th' skipper's daughter without somethin' happenin'. Whether th' old man saw or suspected what was goin' on afore th' mischief was done, th' crew never found out. But it was reported that Cap'n Forester knew Furlong's folks an' all about him, so I suppose he was satisfied.

Well, sir, at Antwerp we loaded up for Philadelphia with miscellaneous freight, an' signed a new mate in place of Mr. Storm, who went to his home in London t' get well. We towed out on a lovely summer afternoon, an' headed for th' English Channel. When the order came "All hands make sail!" something must have got into Buck Furlong, for he jumps forrard among th' men, an' tailed on t' th' halliards like he did in the former days, raising his voice in th' dear old chantey, "Homeward Bound":

Our anchor we'll weigh and our sails we will set,

Good-bye, fare ye well!

The friends we are leaving we leave with regret,

Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!

It was the first time we'd heard him sing since poor Fogarty's death an' his promotion, for th' mates don't usually do that sort o' thing. Miss Alice stood at th' pooprail with her eyes shinin', watchin' him pull an' haul with th' rest, an' I guess she understood. For when th' yards were mastheaded an' th' last note died away, Furlong raised his cap to her, while she smiled and waved her hand at him, blushin' with pleasure an' embarrassment—for all th' crew sensed what was afoot.

"And how did the romance end?" I inquired.

"Th' last I heerd was that Miss Alice had become Mrs. Furlong soon after reachin' America; and after goin' as mate for a couple of voyage th' *Seahorse* was commanded and part owned by Cap'n Buckley Furlong.

"There's only one kind o' singin' t' my mind, that same bein' a deep-water chantey sung by a chap wot has th' voice and knows 'is business—which Buck Furlong suttinly did," was the old A. B.'s valedictory.

FREDERIC REDDALE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1910.



## DUTY OF THE EDUCATED CITIZEN.

An Address Delivered by William F. Herrin Before the Oregon Agricultural College, June 14.

An address by William F. Herrin of San Francisco before the Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon, on the 14th instant, is an interesting contribution to current political discussion. The occasion was the graduation of a class of 125 students, further emphasized by the fact that Mr. Herrin's address marked the thirty-seventh anniversary of his own graduation from the same school. Speaking "from the vantage ground of added years and an ampler experience" of the "relative values of things for which men strive," the speaker declared that, in his judgment, "the rewards of the scholar are more fruitful of real happiness and make more for permanent satisfaction than the rewards gained in ordinary business or professional pursuits."

Proceeding to his main theme, the political responsibilities of the educated citizen, Mr. Herrin said:

Never in the history of our country has there been greater need for intelligent public leadership than now, and it is my firm opinion that the college or university that makes no attempt to equip its students for such leadership, even though it may turn out competent engineers, expert chemists, and skilled lawyers, has failed signally to achieve one of the important ends for which it exists. Every student, no matter what his special "course" may be, whether it be civil or mechanical engineering, or biology, or the humanities—every student should receive instruction in what, for want of a better term, I shall call the philosophy of our political institutions. . . . What I am pleading for is that this instruction shall not be limited, as it is at present, to a comparatively few students in institutional history, but that it should be made more general. I emphasize this point because I have seen so many otherwise intelligent men and women who, when it came to a question of grave public policy, were at the mercy of every political charlatan that appeared. Educated and estimable citizens who could not be deceived for a moment by a quack who would offer them some patent nostrum as a cure for all the ills that flesh is heir to will yet accept without question any political "cure all" that may be offered them.

Declaring public opinion to be the continuing and all-dominating force in American political life, Mr. Herrin proceeded to inquire into the nature of the thing called public opinion. He drew a sharp line of distinction between public clamor and public opinion, defining the latter as "the deliberate and seasoned judgment of the community."

Public opinion is not and never was what is said or done by the frenzied mob, and whether the mob is a small, isolated group of men acting under the stress of great excitement, or is an entire community in the passing grip of the mob spirit, our conclusion must be the same, that what is done or prompted by the mob spirit can in no proper sense of the term be said to be a manifestation of public opinion. We may then say that public opinion is the opposite of the spirit which controls the mob or goes with any excitable, passionate action. . . . We must constantly bear in mind the great difference between public opinion and public clamor, the former a deliberate and reasoned judgment giving expression to the sober second thought of a law-abiding community, the latter a momentary or temporary effluvia of passion or excitement, hysterical rather than rational—the one constructive and making for the best and highest interests of the community, the other essentially destructive and transitory, and almost always at variance with the forces that make for permanence and stability.

Most wisely planned, Mr. Herrin declared, are the laws which provide for elections at fixed and stated periods, preceded by campaigns of discussion giving to every citizen opportunity to know what he is voting about and to come to deliberate judgments of things.

If our elections were not held at stated times fixed by law, but were held instead at indefinite times, according to contingencies which might arise, the result of such elections might easily turn upon the temporary excitement and passions of the people, and it might be impossible in many cases to have a sufficiently long campaign of education by which might be secured the cool, deliberate judgment of the people, freed from passions and prejudice, which often exist temporarily, and which for the time exercise a controlling influence. . . . And I submit that our system of a fixed tenure of office, and of elections held at stated times, is far superior as a means of forming and reaching a sound public opinion than is the English system where a vote in Parliament adverse to the government may precipitate a general election at a time when the public mind is exercised by great passion or excitement—a condition certainly not conducive to a sober or even patriotic judgment.

Illustrating his theme from history, Mr. Herrin dwelt upon the excitement created by Washington's refusal in 1793 to permit the government of the United States to espouse the cause of France in a then pending war with England. Popular feeling ran to passionate enthusiasm for France on the score of her participation in our war of revolution. The first impulse was to lend every possible aid to the country which had befriended us, and when Washington would not yield he was furiously assailed.

He was stigmatized as disloyal to a friend, traitorous to an ally, and unfaithful to his trust. For the moment he seemed to stand alone. He was denounced in the streets, from the rostrum, in the public prints. His house was surrounded by the multitude from day to day, huzzing, demanding war against England, cursing Washington, and crying for success to the French.

Likewise Lincoln's experience in the Civil War was cited. Lincoln was urged from a thousand sources to change his policies.

The attacks seemed to culminate when . . . Horace Greeley . . . in the summer of 1862 addressed to President Lincoln his famous prayer of twenty millions of people. Lincoln without hesitation, composed his answer, and issued it in the form of that memorable "Reply to Horace Greeley," which in its grave dignity, its unconscious pathos, and its noble severity, stands apart in the history of epistolary literature. And the nation saw that the man whose tender heart could not refuse the widow's prayer to spare her soldier son who was condemned to be shot for desertion could turn a deaf ear to the prayer of "Twenty Millions" when that prayer clashed with what Lincoln felt to be his duty.

"The educated citizen," said the speaker, "should be the antidote to the demagogue"; and from this text he proceeded to emphasize the moral obligation of the informed and educated citizen.

It is his duty to meet situations as they arise, with the information and the courage with which knowledge and training have equipped him. It is always the duty of intelligence to guide the steps of ignorance, and only the shirk or the coward among educated men will stand back when times and conditions call for sound counsels.

Speaking of journalism as a force in the creation of public opinion, Mr. Herrin accredited it with the largest powers. He was not, he said, without hope that the great powers of the press would, as time goes on, reinspire and enlarge its sense of responsibility.

I hold in mental vision, as among the possibilities of a not remote future, a press so provided on the side of its necessities, so lifted above ordinary business considerations, that it may sit in judgment of passing events, inspired only by the true spirit of justice. I have in conception a journalism exalted above considerations of financial gain.

Society has fond the means to establish a limited group of civilizing and ennobling agencies—notably the church, the library, the art gallery, the college—in a sphere above necessities and motives which dominate the workaday world. I see no reason why our journalism should not be sustained by the same methods of endowment which have so notably been applied in this country to other educational agencies. I have no thought of creating a journalism different from the best journalism of our time, only to remove any bias of opinion or motive which may come through strife for financial gain. I venture to suggest that the press in its higher and ultimate development must have a place in this limited company of beneficent things, sustained and cherished for its highest powers, above influences tending to demoralization of judgment and courage. Surely, as time goes on, men must see that the great—I almost said the supreme—powers of the press should be freed from financial necessities which tend to prejudice and to bias. I present to you this conception of a definitely and securely independent press as among ideals worth cherishing in connection with the evolutionary march of social organization toward higher standards of responsibility.

The tendency of certain recent innovations in our governmental machinery, in the opinion of Mr. Herrin, make strongly against the deliberation essential to sound legislation.

These innovations proceed upon the assumption that no particular training or skill is necessary to enact good laws; that the opinion of the man in the street is every bit as valuable as the opinion of the experienced statesman, and that where a man's intentions are vaguely good neither knowledge nor judgment is necessary for his guidance.

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The latest of these governmental innovations, "The Recall," is directly opposed to the principle of representative government. It tends to breed a type of public man who always has his ear to the ground, a man who has no opinions or convictions of his own, and whose one aim is to keep in office by turning himself into a political weathercock, adjusted to catch every passing gust of popular caprice. This is not the kind of man from whom the country has anything to hope. He has no fixed standards of right or wrong, but will always be found on the side of what he believes to be the majority; if the ratio of numbers should change over night, his allegiance will change with them, and the morning will find him fighting on the side of that cause which he opposed the day before.

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Now one of many objections to the recall is that it nullifies the advantage afforded by campaigns of discussion preceding the election. Under its workings, elections may be brought up on short notice, and at times when the popular mind is least calm, least informed, least capable of judgment. It is calculated not to reserve political action to the mood of calm counsels and sober judgment, but to precipitate it upon the hour of passion and clamor. Furthermore, if it be said that the recall is necessary to get rid of corrupt officials, who by some mischance may have been foisted upon the public, it need only be answered that, in this respect, society is sufficiently protected under our law of impeachment.

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It is a certain and persistent menace to independence of thought and integrity of action, at the same time holding terrors for the conscienceless and shifty time-server more intent upon commending himself to popularity and upon holding office than upon doing his duty in the face of possible misapprehension and prejudice. Who that is acquainted with the spirit and discontent of the time can doubt that if the recall had been in force during the administration of George Washington even he, the father of his country, would have been called to account for his stand of neutrality in the war between England and France, and summarily removed from the presidency? And who familiar with the incidents of Lincoln's administration and of the confused state of the public mind in connection with them can doubt that this, the noblest of all the figures of the last generation of Americans, would likewise have been dismissed from his post of duty by the distempered recklessness of a passionate and passing hour? Those who urge these innovations may say that it is not proposed to apply the recall to national affairs, only to State and municipal affairs.

My answer is that crises of public aberration and passion occur more frequently in the municipality and in the State than in the nation; and for this reason the recall principle is all the more vicious in its application to State and municipal affairs.

In my judgment this proposal stands for an idea in radical and fundamental conflict with the scheme of representative government as it has come down to us from the fathers. But the recall is only one of a group of proposals offered to the American people in the name of reform, and under that impulse which impels many to seek short cuts to political perfection. Taken in their entirety, these proposals suggest changes that would not only nullify the representative principle, but destroy the government which has grown up under it. That government is now almost a century and a quarter old. It has borne us successfully through amazing changes of material and social conditions. It has enabled us to weather the storms of one of the greatest civil conflicts the world has ever known. It has challenged not only the admiration of the world, but has enforced imitation more or less marked wherever civilized races of men abide. It still serves our purposes, still distinguishes us among the nations of the earth.

Nobody claims for our Constitution the merit of Utopian completeness, but wise men see that it has not yet reached the limits of its possibilities, or attained the full measure of what it holds of social and political advantage. The advancing years have made manifest its working efficiency; the strains of time and circumstances have disclosed in it unex-

pected sources of strength. Gladstone's characterization of it as "the greatest work ever struck off, at any one time, by the mind and purpose of man" remains as true today as when it was spoken.

Observation has convinced me that those who lightly propose modifications in the fundamental structures of our government have no true comprehension of the force and meaning of their proposals. Those who so ardently urge these revolutionary modifications do not understand that they would surely nullify and destroy representative government. They do not stop to consider—in the limitations of their knowledge they do not understand—that the principle of pure democracy, which they would substitute for the representative principle, is a thing fished from the scrapheap of past times and discredited systems, a device many times used and as often discarded as wanting in the elements essential to a permanent or stable government.

It is for you to whom I speak today, educated men and women, to examine all proposals of political change, in the light of knowledge and under the guidance of judgment, and to appraise each at its true value. It is for you to recognize and to expose fallacies which too often lie in novelty and pretension, to caution and restrain those who would rush blindly into the field of political experimentation, to instruct the uninformed and the thoughtless that our Constitution affords in itself the best and surest means of constructive and wholesome change. It is for you to insist that such changes as we make shall harmonize with and sustain the integrity of our political fabric. In brief, it is for you, educated men and women, to guard our system against the proposals of a reckless innovation which would cheapen it to a scheme of inconsistencies, and which would debase our noble Constitution to a thing of shreds and patches.

I am sure that I make no mistake when I appeal with confidence to men and women of instructed and trained minds, when I appeal to conscience allied with intelligence, on the score of its high and special responsibilities, to cherish that which has come down to us from the fathers of the republic, that which has sustained us in a progress unparalleled in the records of mankind.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marconi recently stated at Montreal that he intends to make a series of tests at the end of the summer for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of sending a message across Canada, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Edward Wallingford is a colonial subject who will have a good place in the household of the new King of England. Mr. Wallingford had been secretary to seven Australian governors before he was induced to go to London.

Mrs. Charles Netcher of Chicago is acting manager and owner with her children of one of the largest department stores in the world. The store covers fifteen acres of floor space, represents an investment of more than fifteen millions, and employs upward of 3000 persons.

The oldest employe about the United States Supreme Court—in fact, one of the oldest in the service of the government in any of its numerous phases—is Archie Lewis, who is in charge of the robing-room of the justices. Lewis began his service in the court as a body servant in 1849.

Miss Gertrude Jordan has the novel distinction of being the first woman to be elected to the office of county treasurer in the United States. She presides over the financial affairs of Cherry County, Nebraska, which has a population of 12,000. Miss Jordan is a young woman and a Republican in political affiliations.

Louis and Temple Abernathy, sons of the noted Rough Rider, Louis Abernathy, completed on June 11 their two-thousand-mile horseback ride from Oklahoma to New York. The boys are ten and six years old respectively, and are undoubtedly the first youngsters to achieve so remarkable a feat of endurance. They made seventy-five miles on the last full day's ride.

Despite her age, Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward is maintaining an active part in the fight for woman suffrage. She has fought for the cause for more than forty years. In her novels and in essays she has argued for votes for women. Recently she was chosen vice-president of the New England Woman Suffrage Association. Mrs. Ward now lives in Newton Centre, Massachusetts.

Sir Hiram Maxim, who celebrated his seventieth birthday recently, confesses that in his young days he thought of adopting a pugilistic career. But when he was fourteen years his inventive faculty made itself manifest. While still a boy he invented a wheel hub and a clockwork mouse trap; then he evolved the first incandescent electric lamp; in 1884 a kicking gun gave him the idea which resulted in the deadly Maxim.

A. G. Vanderbilt of New York won the gold challenge cup in the coaching Marathon at the international horse show on June 11, in London. The cup, which was given by J. E. Widener of Philadelphia, now becomes the property of Mr. Vanderbilt, as he won first place last year. In this latest effort he drove the same team of grays and covered the course of ten and one-half miles from Hampton Court to the Olympia in forty-one minutes.

Business men in Germany deeply regret Herr Dernburg's decision to strike his colors before the Conservative and Catholic oligarchy which now holds sway in Prussia and the empire. The great men of affairs of the country know that Herr Dernburg was the only successful colonial administrator that Germany ever produced, and deplore the loss and disappearance of the first man who had the courage efficiently to conduct the empire's colonies in modern times. Herr Dernburg has been the Kaiser's colonial secretary for four years, and some of his efficiency is a legacy to his American training.



## ENGLAND AND CALIFORNIA.

## Why British Control Did Not Follow Mexican.

Did the British government as such, and as distinguished from its agents on the Pacific, ever entertain designs on California? The question harks back to pre-Mexican war days, to the period, in short, between 1838 and 1846. And by many historians that question has been answered in the affirmative. Now, however, owing to the records of the British Foreign Office up to the year 1850 being open for examination, it is possible to get at the real facts of the case. They are presented by Professor E. D. Adams as the climax of his examination of British interests and activities in Texas.

If any definite plans were ever entertained by the English government as to the annexation of California, those records would make such plans clear. To begin with, it is made plain that the first manifestation of British interest in California resulted from the arrest of some English subjects at Monterey, who were charged with a conspiracy to overthrow the governor there. The result of that arrest was to disclose the weakness of the British navy on the Pacific, but shortly after the British agent, Pakenham, addressed a dispatch to Lord Palmerston advocating a plan to secure California for Great Britain. He wrote:

It is much to be regretted that advantage should not be taken of the arrangement some time since concluded by the Mexican government with their creditors in Europe to establish an English population in the magnificent territory of Upper California.

At that period, it will be remembered, Texas and California belonged to Mexico. And in that fact consisted the difficulty of the British government. Texas was in revolt, but the Mexican and British governments were still in friendly relations, and as it was impossible to countenance the revolutionaries in Texas, so it was impossible to listen to those disaffected spirits in California who were favorable to British occupation of that country. Pakenham was confident that Mexico would never be able to restore authority in Texas, and he thought the hour timely for the acquisition of California. He represented that view to the British government, and for reply learned that the new colonial secretary, Lord Stanley, "was not anxious for the formation of new and distant colonies, all of which involve heavy direct and still heavier indirect expenditure, besides multiplying the liabilities of misunderstanding and collisions with foreign powers."

Another British agent, Forbes by name, did not feel inclined to accept the view of the home officials. He was approached by a body of influential native Californians, who asked whether the country could not be received under the protection of Great Britain. Whereupon Forbes submitted this report:

I feel myself in duty bound to use all my influence to prevent this fine country from falling into the hands of any other foreign power than that of England. I repeat that it is impossible for Mexico to hold California for a much longer period, and if the government of Great Britain can with honor to itself, and without giving umbrage to Mexico, extend its protection to California, reaping those benefits which by proper management would infallibly attend that protection, I should presume that it would be impolitic to allow any other nation to avail itself of the present critical position in California for obtaining a footing in this country.

All this was duly considered by the home authorities, but in the end this view prevailed:

While California continues subject to Mexico it would be obviously contrary to good faith on the part of England to encourage a spirit of resistance or disobedience in the inhabitants of the province against their Mexican rulers. It is therefore entirely out of the question that her majesty's government should give any countenance to the notion which seems to have been agitated of Great Britain being invited to take California under her protection.

Her majesty's government do not pretend to determine as to the propriety of any steps which may be taken by the inhabitants of California towards establishing their independence. In such matters no foreign nation has any right to interfere, except it be bound to such interference by treaty with the mother country; which is not the case with Great Britain. It is, however, of importance to Great Britain, while declining to interfere herself, that California, if it should throw off the Mexican yoke, should not assume any other which might prove inimical to British interests.

In view of all this, what could the British agents do but assume an attitude of masterly inactivity? And Professor Adams makes it also clear that any inferences derived from the movements of the British ships on the Pacific Coast may easily lead to wrong results. He declares that an examination of the letters to and from the British admirals wholly negatives the suspicion that the British government intended to seize California.

With regard to the statements that have been made that Mexico offered to sell California to England he points out that the only project of that kind took shape in 1846. The Mexican president proposed transferring California to England as security for a loan, to which Palmerston sent this reply:

If the Mexican president should revert to the above proposition you will state to his excellency that her majesty's government would not at present feel disposed to enter into any treaty for the acquisition of California; and the more so, because it seems, according to recent accounts, that the Mexican government may by this time have lost its authority and command over that province, and would therefore be unable to carry into effect its share of any arrangement which might be come to regarding it.

Hence the inevitable conclusion that despite the lively interest among British agents in securing California for England, those agents acted without authority, and were ultimately checked by the home officials. That

English point of view was due to many causes, chief among them being indifference to colonial expansion at the time, ignorance about California, and the perplexing situation in Mexico.

## EARLY DAYS IN SANTA BARBARA.

Realizing some fifteen years ago that time and human neglect were playing havoc with the historic buildings of the Mission, Presidio, and Pueblo of Santa Barbara, Walter A. Hawley enlisted the aid of an engineer in making surveys of all the structures then standing, and also of the ruins and traces of former buildings. The idea was to preserve such data for a competent historian, but as none such has appeared, Mr. Hawley has cast his material into the form of a little monograph, in which, in addition to reproductions of plans and photographs, he places on record many interesting facts communicated to him by residents no longer living.

Santa Barbara is one of the few cities in the United States founded by an alien race, and it should be remembered that its mission style of architecture has introduced into the southwest a style which is distinguished for its unaffected beauty. The city is also one of the best representatives of those founded by the Spanish or their descendants. Concerning the original inhabitants of the district Mr. Hawley writes:

At the time of the advent of the Sanish padres that part of Santa Barbara County which is near the coast was thickly populated with the Indians, who were divided into small tribes, each of which lived in a separate rancheria. While some of the rancherias consisted of only a few houses, others consisted of as many as one hundred; and as there were approximately ninety rancherias within the present limits of Santa Barbara County, including those of the islands, the native population was probably not less than fifteen thousand. Each of the tribes had a separate name, which was given to the locality where it was located. Though the names of most of the tribes are forgotten, yet a few of these names are still retained, such as Tecolote, Lompoc, Najalayagua, Sisquoc, Suey, and Tinaucac which are the names of ranches similar to the names of the tribes that formerly occupied the land.

The rancherias were frequently built on sites which, on account of the large accumulation of shells found about them, are now known as Shell Mounds. A piece of land, slightly elevated above the beach and favorably situated for obtaining water, was generally chosen; and here were built the houses, which were conical in shape, and were constructed by implanting long poles in the ground and fastening the tops together. These poles were then covered with reeds and adobe, and the earth about the house was raised so as to turn the rain from entering beneath the covering. Cooking was generally done in the open air; yet in the centre of the floor was the fireplace, the smoke from which escaped through an opening at the apex of the house.

As is well known, the first explorer of Alta California was Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, the earliest European known to have visited the shore of Santa Barbara. Another early visitor was Sebastian Viscaino, who was accompanied by Antonio de la Ascension, the Carmelite friar who was responsible for the name of Santa Barbara being given to the city, it being his habit to name places after the saint on whose natal or death day any new district was occupied.

But the city was not founded at that time. The actual laying out of the Presidio was the result of the expedition of Captain José Francisco Ortega towards the close of the eighteenth century.

The 21st day of April, 1782, was the natal day of Santa Barbara. It is not difficult to relate what occurred on that memorable morning, for what the records fail to mention is supplied by a knowledge of what occurred at the founding of other presidios. The soldiers, with faces bronzed by exposure and clad in leathern waistcoats and leggings, were assembled near the intersection of Cañon Perdido and Santa Barbara streets, where now only a few of the old buildings, crumbling to dust and forgotten, remain to mark the site of the presidio. From the many rancherias throughout the valleys the Indians had come, impelled by curiosity and awe; and it must have been with intense interest that they watched the newcomers and wondered at their purpose.

Father Junipero, clad in alb and stole, stood in a hastily constructed chapel of brush before a roughly hewn table used as an altar. The soldiers, under the command of Governor Neve and Captain Ortega, then formed in a square, and having laid aside their shields and lances, knelt with bared heads while the reverend father with uplifted hands invoked the blessings of heaven upon the congregation and their undertaking. After the dedication of the spot the cross was raised, mass was celebrated, and an impressive sermon preached. With these simple ceremonies was founded the city of Santa Barbara; and a record of the events, in the handwriting of Junipero Serra and signed by himself, is preserved among the old archives of the parochial church.

Four years later a beginning was made with the Mission, the various decades of which are described by Mr. Hawley. He has collected much valuable information, and his plans and sketches of the old buildings are exceedingly interesting. Of the present condition of things he writes:

The mission church of Santa Barbara is today the best preserved and handsomest of all the missions of California. In the presence of the colossal cathedrals of the world, the crowning works of master hands, the beholder stands in awestricken admiration. But there is nothing in either the external or internal structure of the mission to evoke such feelings of wondering admiration; yet as the eye of the visitor passes over the church, unpretentious in its simplicity, and looks out into the churchyard and over the hills with their crumbling ruins; and the mind recalls the many vicissitudes of the first years of the mission life, there is awakened a feeling of warm attachment to this old church and to all that has been associated with it, such as few of the more costly temples can inspire.

Many interesting pages are devoted to the pueblo, and there is a picturesque account of the advent of Bishop Garcia Diego when he came to take up his residence as the first bishop of California. He was welcomed with great ceremony to the accompaniment of gun-firing and drum-beating. Those were "halcyon days in the fairest spot in a lotus land."

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Run Without Records.

She did not look a hunter, nor would one have thought her clever,  
As she stood there in the paddock with the clean-cut thoroughbreds;  
She was too low and stocky, and the jockeys said they never  
Could take a hurdle on her without landing on their heads.  
Her forehead was too narrow, and her eyes too closely stationed—  
She had a way of rolling these and showing just the whites;  
She looked as if on mesquite beans and sagebrush she'd been rationed,  
And her off ear was severed—a Comanche's, by all rights.  
Her head set like a hammer on a neck that seemed to quarrel  
With her withers for preëminence in ugliness of mold;  
She was scarred and blotched and branded, her colors white and sorrel;  
That she was outright bronco it were needless to be told.  
Her owner, a big fellow in broad light felt sombrero,  
Had booked her for the steeplechase and backed her 'gainst the field;  
But no jockey could he purchase, no boy nor bold vaquero  
Would list to his assurances though nobly he appealed.  
When a slender man, past thirty, with scars that spoke of battle,  
Limped up to the big fellow and said: "I'll see you through;  
I don't go in for pigskins and kimmels on such cattle,  
A Whitman tree and snaffle seems to me had ought to do."  
This greatly pleased the jockeys and the sports, who showed their pleasure  
By giving voice to epithets and slurs quite hard to bear;  
But the owner grasped the stranger as though a priceless treasure,  
And led him to the poolroom for a secret session there.  
Then when the bell was ringing, and they lined up for the starting,  
The pinto took to bucking, and the vast crowd gayed the mount;  
He sat her like a Gaucho, though with every fibre smarting  
He showed no outward evidence he took the least account.  
'Twas a thrilling sight to see them, the banner shirted riders,  
And the graceful, high-strung action of the noble breasts they crossed  
But by far the chief attraction to the jubilant outsiders  
Was the "duffer" whom they fancied by the pinto would be tossed.  
Just as the "Go" was given, and the jockeys bent in order,  
The pinto had a bucking fit before the filled grandstand;  
'Twas the same old buck jump business so common on the border,  
But ridiculously foreign to the hurdles close at hand.  
Then, scarce an instant later, a war-whoop fierce and trembly,  
(Were you ever chased upon the plains by Kiowas or Sioux?)  
Rang out 'bove shouts and cat-calls of the badly mixed assembly,  
And straight as poisoned arrow down the course the pinto flew.  
'Twas the tonic that she needed, recalling days of freedom,  
Of Llano Estacado, of hrush and chaparral;  
Her Canaan lay before her, forgotten was her Edom;  
Her rider knew the magic of the whoop that wrought the spell.  
They sailed above the hurdles like larks o'er fields of clover,  
Unheeding crippled thoroughbreds and jockeys left behind;  
And as they reached the barriers they gracefully went over,  
Creating great confusion in each sportsman's book and mind.  
Now an obstacle confronts them, six bars with barbed wire trimming,  
And a watered ditch beyond it—a teaser without doubt;  
In default of whip and spur, he resolved upon unlimbering,  
And quickly from his blouse's sleeve his patent arm jerks out.  
The thousands of spectators beheld this act with wonder,  
With amazement, consternation, and perchance no little awe;  
That a tender-footed jockey should his left arm tear asunder,  
And therewith urge his racer is outside the common law.  
But he did it! The excitement this marvel had arrested  
Broke into deafening chorus as the novel whip he raised,  
And whispered in the severed ear: "The Brazos you have breasted,  
Was ever pinto bronco by a common saky feazed?"  
The arch they made was perfect, like the silver moon in May-time,  
Or the rainbow o'er the valley when from mountain top 'tis seen;  
Not resemblance of exertion, far more like merry playtime,  
Was the crossing of that Rubicon which left the track serene.  
"By George, it is some Centaur," " 'Tis Tancred on his filly,"  
" 'Tis the ghost of 'Derby' Archer," " 'Tis Harry of Navarre."  
Comparisons so flattering, though pardonably silly,  
Arose from stand and benches amid maddening hurrah.  
Not a follower behind them as pinto and her rider  
Swept down the homestretch freely and as winners past the stand;  
Then rushed the frantic multitude to gain a place beside her,  
And grasped her peerless rider by his one remaining hand.  
They bore him on their shoulders to the judge's lofty station  
'Mid cheers that still are ringing in the ears of all who heard;  
But those who deemed him Archer desired some explanation,  
Till from pinto's modest rider they at last wrung forth this word:  
"I came upon this race-course without any show or bluster;  
I have no jockey record, tho' at times I've ridden hard;  
I was bugler in the Seventh, and orderly for Custer  
That day on Little Big Horn when our track with Sioux was barred."  
—E. L. Keyes.

The mansion in Calcutta where Lord Minto holds forth is of about the same age as the White House at Washington. It is far more magnificent and its surroundings have more style. West of it is the town hall, a doric building which was finished under the instructions of this viceroy's grandfather in 1813, and near that the magnificent buildings of the high courts, which compare in size with those of our government departments at Washington.

Dr. Roberts-Austen of England has succeeded in making out of gold and aluminum a compound metal or alloy which is said to be the most brilliant known. Its general hue is a splendid purple, but as it is turned in the light it reflects bright tints of ruby color. A little more than three-quarters—more accurately 78 per cent—of the alloy is gold, the remainder being aluminum.



## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Simon the Jester.

Undoubtedly there is a strong family likeness between Mr. Locke's heroes. Septimus is own brother to Marcus Ordeyne, and Simon Gex has a close relation to both. But we can not have too many such lovable men. There are plenty of heroes of the kind that are graciously willing to wed the most beautiful and unpolluted girls; it is a welcome change to have manhood depicted in a less selfish guise.

Such is Mr. Locke's mission in life. He wishes to concentrate our thoughts on human nature at its best, and so he creates such men as Septimus, and Marcus Ordeyne, and Simon Gex. They stand for unselfish love, for a broad-based humanity, for the modern equivalent of the old chivalry which gave its knight-hood in the service and adoration of woman. And after all, Mr. Locke can distinguish between his heroes in spite of their likeness to each other. Simon is not Marcus or Septimus over again; that is to say, he is individual to himself, a definite creation, though having that lovable quality which links him to his brothers. Hence the reader is not surprised to find that his real love for the glorious Lola is delayed until her beautiful face has been partially disfigured. That her previous adventures in the realm of passion should not have counted is but natural. Apart from his relation to women, Simon has countless points of attraction. The suave manner in which he accepts the verdict that he has but six months to live endears him to the reader at the start, while his tolerant relations with the sprightly young Dale disclose another winsome side of his character. Consequently this story is a delight from beginning to end, rich in quiet humor, arrestive for its ingenious situations, and, above all, invaluable for its wholesome influence.

SIMON THE JESTER. By William J. Locke. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

## Whirlpools.

Unless the reader brings to the perusal of Henryk Sienkiewicz's new novel a more than casual knowledge of Polish affairs, he is likely to sympathize with the hero, who, after an hour's exposition by his mother of degress of relationship among some expected guests, confessed that he could not "grasp it all." It may be questioned, indeed, whether this is a story for consumption anywhere outside of Poland. It is trying enough to have such an array of unfamiliar names—there are "Cronski" and "Jastrzebi," and "Ladislaus Krzycki" in the first paragraph—but when in addition the topics of conversation are so closely related to themes far removed from general knowledge, the reader's pleasure is turned into a task. Of course there is the saving consideration that socialism is rearing its head everywhere, while Poland is not alone in being in danger of witnessing the "burial of learning, culture, and civilization." Besides, if the reader can wrestle successfully with the names of the characters, and is able to recognize who is who whenever those names crop up, he will derive some enjoyment from their conversation and feel a certain amount of interest in their doings. Even that pleasure, however, is somewhat handicapped by the awkwardness of the translator. Mr. Drezmal is not to be envied his knowledge of English, and in places too numerous to specify he seems to have destroyed the literary grace of his original.

WHIRLPOOLS. By Henryk Sienkiewicz. Translated from the Polish by Max A. Drezmal. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.; \$1.50.

## The Gilded Chair.

Another story of alliance between an American heiress and a British peer, with a marchesa as the *deus ex machina* and the Japanese trouble with the United States thrown in to provide the spice of danger. As the peer has estates in Scotland, the story opens appropriately in the North, but unhappily Mr. Post is not an adept at Scottish dialogue, and should be warned for future service that a Scotsman would not say "gotten," etc. There are some mysterious and exciting incidents in the story, and the reader finishes with the impression that this particular "alliance" between American dollars and a British title may have been based on non-mercenary motives. In fact, the love-making of the duke is quite up to a plebeian standard. Whether his affection will withstand daily wear and tear is wisely left to the imagination, for the novel closes to the sound of wedding bells.

THE GILDED CHAIR. By Melville Davison Post. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; \$1.50.

## A Mine of Faults.

Save to those who are familiar with the Eastern tinge which Mr. Bain is wont to impart to his titles, "A Mine of Faults" may, as the author fears, lead the reader to expect "something geological and mineral, and hard, and stony." On the contrary, the title is an Indian phrase for a woman, she being an inexhaustible store of blemishes, defects, or faults.

Such a mine is the heroine of this exquisite story. She was the daughter of a king, and to her fell the task of warding off from her father's kingdom the conquest de-

signs of a young and more powerful prince. How she accomplishes that end is the theme of the book, and it is handled with that sense of Eastern values and dreamy poetry for which Mr. Bain is so distinguished. He tells us that his various stories are "translated from the original manuscript," but the conclusion is irresistible that "translated" is a euphemism, and that to him belongs the credit of finding the rich and sensuous language in which he portrays so many charming phases of Eastern life. This particular story holds a wide appeal, inasmuch as it shows that difference of nationality does not count in the graces and wiles of feminine nature. The royal maiden is an exquisite creature, of radiant beauty and winsome character. Nor is her lover, Chan the woman-hater, a less notable figure. This story adds materially to Mr. Bain's fame as a poetic interpreter of the East.

A MINE OF FAULTS. By F. W. Bain. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

## The Expansion of New England.

As a contribution to the study of influences in American history this monograph has undoubted value. It is an attempt to "untangle from the complex skein of our national history the one strand of New England element," and the conclusion reached is that despite the decay of Puritan traditions and ideals in New England itself, those traditions and ideals are still at work farther afield even to the Mississippi River.

It would have been to the gain of the reader had some exposition been offered of the essential New England traits, but the author does not make any definite attempt to provide such a necessary exposition. The subject is slightly touched upon in the introduction, but in a fragmentary manner. And once more we have a hook on New England which does not distinguish as it should between the Separatists and the Puritans. For the rest there is discussion at considerable length of the influence of Indian warfare, of the strife with the wilderness, of the frontier in war and peace, of the beginnings and progress of the great migrations from New England, etc. Much industry has gone to the making of this book, and it certainly coordinates a mass of information, but, owing to a matter-of-fact style, it is heavy reading.

THE EXPANSION OF NEW ENGLAND. By Lois Kimball Mathews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$2.50 net.

## Hogarth's London.

Few writers have so intimate a knowledge of eighteenth-century London as Mr. Wheatley, and he has put that knowledge to excellent use in his comments on those pictures by Hogarth which relate to that period of London history. Before tackling his theme proper, he offers a gossip introduction which enshrines the eulogies of Walpole, Fielding, Lamb, and others, and follows that with an admirable chapter on Hogarth's life and works. He points out how untrue are the charges that the artist was filled with greed for money, and declares there is no evidence that he "lived extravagantly."

Rejecting the topographical method for a sufficient reason, Mr. Wheatley deals with Hogarth's London pictures on the basis of their themes, and classifies them under high and low life, politics, religion, professional life, business, tavern life, the theatre, hospitals, prisons, and the suburbs. He has no difficulty in showing how wrong is the notion that the artist had no acquaintance with high life, for many of the aristocracy sat to him for their portraits, while not a few of his satires reveal an informed acquaintance with the homes and doings of the "upper ten." Mr. Wheatley's method is to take the chief of Hogarth's pictures—most of which are reproduced in an admirable manner—and illuminate them by expository comment. In this way he gives the reader a mine of quaint information as to the manners and customs of London in the eighteenth century. Thus the book is full of interest and is a valuable contribution to Hogarthian literature.

HOGARTH'S LONDON. By Henry B. Wheatley. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; \$5 net.

## The Early Bird.

Inasmuch as Mr. Chester's new story describes how a busy man took a vacation and fell a victim to cupid, "The Early Bird" is eminently suitable for an hour's employment in a hammock under a shade tree. The story is told in a lively way, pays due tribute to love's young dream, is redolent of the charm of maidenhood on a vacation, and does not fail to suggest a background of that less idyllic life in the business world to which all holiday-keepers must return. The characters are well drawn, and the episodes are not lacking in interest.

THE EARLY BIRD. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50.

## Daniel Boone.

Although so much has been written about the famous pioneer of Kentucky, this new study by Mr. Bruce is by no means superfluous. Apart from the fact that it gives an entertaining account of the "Wilderness Road," its treatment of Boone's life makes

such admirable use of previous materials that it should win a large audience for its sketch of that notable backwoodsman alone. The pages devoted to Boone's boyhood and first campaign are most stirring, and the interest thus awakened is well maintained throughout. Consequently the reader gains a vivid idea of the first phase of territorial expansion in the United States, while at the same time acquiring a clearer view of the men who were leaders in that expansion. The book is liberally illustrated from excellent photographs and pictures.

DANIEL BOONE AND THE WILDERNESS ROAD. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1.50.

## The Ship-Dwellers.

To read Mr. Paine's account of his voyage in the wake of the "Innocents Abroad" is to recapture in a measure the first delight of travel. How good it is, for example, to realize his enjoyment of Madeira, and thus feel over again the thrill of delight with which one first visits that favored isle! All his glowing adjectives are subscribed to without the least reservation, but it is only the traveler who has visited Madeira but once who will write of it that it is a "place to live and die in." Not that its natural charms pall on second and third and fourth visits, but that closer acquaintance with the nothing-to-doness of the place gives warning that to live there must be less attractive than it seems.

Of course Mr. Paine visited all the famous spots of the Mediterranean, and Malta, and Constantinople, and various places in Palestine, and wherever he went he had that good time which is the lot of cheerful spirits making the rounds as a new experience. The outcome is a hook full of entertainment, written in high spirits throughout, and rendered additionally attractive by a plenitude of clever illustrations. It was indeed a "happy cruise," and in book form it should give pleasant hours to a large audience of readers.

THE SHIP-DWELLERS. By Albert Bigelow Paine. New York: Harper & Brothers; \$1.50 net.

## Brief Reviews.

Frederic Palmer's "The Winning of Immortality" (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.; \$1 net) is a re-statement of the doctrine of conditional immortality, which owes a great deal more to Edward White than the author admits. Mr. Palmer holds that there is "ground for being almost as sure of living hereafter as of living now."

All the qualities which have given Mrs. W. K. Clifford so large and admiring an audience as a novelist are in evidence in "Three Plays" (Mitchell Kennerley; \$1.50 net). The plays are "The Modern Way," "Thomas and the Princess," and "Hamilton's Second Marriage," the last-named being the only one which has been produced on the stage. The first is an adaptation from the author's successful story of the same title.

Swift movement and lively dialogue are two of the outstanding merits of Henry Russell Miller's "The Man Higher Up" (the Bobbs-Merrill Company; \$1.50), well described as "a story of the fight which is life and the force which is love." It is typically American, in that it depicts the upward trend of a life which had its unpromising beginnings in a tenement. The hero wins his way to the front in spite of great odds, and conquers in love as well as in politics.

Twenty-one years are covered in the third volume of DeAlva S. Alexander's "A Political History of the State of New York" (Henry Holt & Co.). It opens with the uprising of the North in 1861 and concludes with the winning of Cleveland's great majority in 1881-2. As in previous volumes, Mr. Alexander deals with his theme in a minute manner and coordinates a mass of material not easily accessible. The value of the work is materially enhanced by an exhaustive index.

To the series of biographies of leading Americans, John Erskine has contributed a volume dealing with "Leading American Novelists" (Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50), which includes studies of Charles Brockden Brown, James Fenimore Cooper, William Gilmore Simms, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and Bret Harte. The studies are partly biographical and partly critical, and in the case of Brown and Simms gives facts and appreciations of considerable value. The latter is rightly appraised as a type of the South.

An attractive subject has been chosen by Ethel Rolt Wheeler in "Famous Blue-Stockings" (John Lane Company; \$4 net), but the treatment is far from satisfactory. To deal with those learned ladies of the eighteenth century who made so great pretensions to bookishness needs at this late day a light touch and a spirit of amused cynicism, but instead Miss Wheeler approaches them in all seriousness and bids her readers stand and admire. Her composition, too, is slipshod in places, leading her to write about an essence being "enmeshed in a cage of facts," while her researches have not been thorough enough to inform her that Hester Mulso once angled for the hand of Gilbert White of Selborne,

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## THE LATEST BOOKS.

## Richard Hoffman's Recollections.

Although comparatively slight in bulk, Richard Hoffman's musical recollections, covering half a century, are full of interest and contain much which no historian of music in the United States can afford to overlook. They embody a boyish memory of Mendelssohn—"how well I recall that small, lithe figure, the head rather large, face long and oval, eyes prominent but full, large, and lustrous, beaming with the light of genius"—and tell how the youth's efforts to win fame by a cantata on the raising of Lazarus was doomed to failure, perhaps because the opening recitative introduced the word "sick," against which English people have so pronounced a prejudice.

It was in 1847 that the young pianist came to America, and ere long his services were enlisted as accompanist at Jenny Lind's concerts. He recalls that so high a price as \$300 was paid for admission to one of her concerts, and that the singer had a "most attractive personality, and nothing could have been more naive and charming than her manner on the stage." There are also interesting recollections of Charles Hallé, Thalberg, Christine Nilsson, and many other famous singers and musicians. Of Rubinstein there is this anecdote: "I recall his rather startling reply when I asked him what he was to play at his first concert: 'To play?' he answered gloomily. 'What matters it what I play!—but I answer your question certainly,' and he mentioned several compositions."

Hoffman's recollections are prefaced by a singularly tender memoir from the pen of his widow, who notes that her husband, notwithstanding his love for the land of his adoption, never became an American citizen. "His love for his native land and the obligation of forswearing allegiance to the beloved queen always held him back." Mrs. Hoffman describes the summer vacation of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who for all her fame remained a simple and retiring person. "She passed the greater part of every fair day on the beach attired in a bathing suit, going in and out of the water as she felt disposed, having a little talk with her friends on the sands, then running into the waves for another dip."

SOME MUSICAL RECOLLECTIONS OF FIFTY YEARS. By Richard Hoffman. With a biographical sketch by his wife. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

## Concerning the Drama.

Although differing in title, the undernoted books have some points in common. Mr. Matthews describes his volume as "a study of the technic of the drama"; Mr. Hamilton offers us a "theory of the theatre." As may be anticipated, the work of the Columbia professor is the more valuable, and has greater cohesion. No doubt, as with Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Matthews has published much of his materials in the reviews, but it is obvious that they were all parts of a planned whole, while Mr. Hamilton's papers have less inherent connection.

Perhaps the most suggestive chapter in Mr. Matthews's book is that devoted to the analysis of a play. His diagrams of interest afford a useful method, though one can hardly imagine a theatre-goer engaged in making such plans while at a performance, and few have sufficiently good memories to enable them to draw them to advantage afterwards. Still, if playgoers can be trained to ask themselves, did the play interest, and if so, why, and was the pleasure legitimate, good must result. In his final chapter Mr. Matthews reaches the conclusion that there is something to be urged in behalf of the three unities.

In the more useful section of his book Mr. Hamilton discusses "What is a play?" and arrives at this definition: "A play is a representation by actors, on a stage, before an audience, of a struggle between individual and human wills, motivated by emotion rather than by intellect, and expressed in terms of objective action." In another chapter Mr. Hamilton says Irving "left no dramatist as a monument to his art." What actor has?

A STUDY OF THE DRAMA. By Brander Matthews. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.50.  
THE THEORY OF THE THEATRE. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; \$1.50 net.

## Walt Whitman Again.

Appreciation rather than criticism is the business of Carleton Noyes. The biographical promise of his first chapter, entitled "The Man," is but partially fulfilled, for the actual facts given are few. Instead, attention is early concentrated on the unusualness of Whitman's physical appearance, thus preparing the way for the attitude of the chapters to follow.

Dynamic rather than static is the quality claimed for Whitman's poetry. But here the comparison is curiously one-sided. Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn" is taken as the most perfect little poem in the English language, and the complaint is made that a re-reading of that ode does not disclose any new beauty; it is "complete—here, now, once, and all time." And then the whole of Whitman's work, not a single poem, he it noted, is cited as disclosing "new wonder and beauty

without end." Practically the only flaw the author finds in his hero is in that part of his work relating to women. "He takes her as more and as less than she feels herself to be. He makes too much of the great things and not enough of the little." Even this, however, is qualified by the overt defense of Whitman's sex poems. Consequently, to use the old phrase, for those who like this kind of book this is just the book they will like.

AN APPROACH TO WALT WHITMAN. By Carleton Noyes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company; \$1.25.

## Gossip of Books and Authors.

Björnson's farewell to Norway is pathetically described by his friend and fellow-writer, Peter Nansen, who took leave of the famous Norwegian on the train which bore him to Paris. Björnson lay on a bed in his saloon, with a bunch of deep red roses on his breast. "As I leant over him," Mr. Nansen writes, "I could see great tears trickling forth from under his lashes, and the sweet odor of the roses wafted up to me. 'How sweet they smell,' I said. He raised his tired eyes. They looked so despairingly on me through the tears; and he then murmured so low that I had to bring my ear quite close to his mouth in order to hear it: 'The smell of that which I can not hear to think about.' 'What is it?' I asked. 'The odor of death,' he replied."

"I want the squeal to 'Little Women,'" was the request of a small girl to an attendant of a New York east side library the other day. After a minute's thinking on the part of the attendant the child was duly handed a copy of "Little Men."

Wilder Goodwin's "The Up Grade," which has attained its sixth edition since publication early in the year, is to be translated into Swedish.

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, the author of "The History of the City of New York," was the only woman admitted to the honorary degree of doctor of letters at Columbia University this year. "To whom it has been given to trace with a woman's skill and a man's strength the story of the early history of our city," were the words used by Dr. Butler in welcoming the author.

Percy MacKaye will contribute to the forthcoming issue of the *Century Magazine* a paper on "The New Fourth of July," in which he will offer suggestions for the production of patriotic pageants. His view will be supported by Ellis P. Oerholtzer, who will give an account of recent pageants in America and England.

George Meredith's last and unfinished novel, "Celt and Saxon," which is appearing in the *Fortnightly Review*, will be published by the Scribners in book form this summer. About two-thirds of the book were written by Mr. Meredith and the story is more complete in that stage than is usual with unfinished novels.

Lilian Whiting has completed her editorial labors on the memoirs and letters of Louise Chandler Moulton, and the volume will be issued in the fall under the title of "Louise Chandler Moulton, Poet and Friend."

Harvard is about to join the book-publishing universities. A start is to be made with a series entitled "Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature," and the first volume will be "Three Philosophical Poets—Lucretius, Dante, and Goethe," the author being Professor George Santayana.

Thomas Hardy spent his seventieth birthday quietly in his London home, he having declined the honor of a public dinner in celebration of the event. To a friend who recently told him that the reading world is eager for another novel from his pen, he rejoined, "Yes, I know, I know, but I have gone back to poetry, my first love." The veteran writer still works nearly every day, and it is believed

that, in addition to penning more verse, he is engaged in dramatizing one of his own novels. He maintains his aversion to all forms of animal captivity and cruelty, and is said to deny that "even an ex-President of the United States has any right to seek out and kill lions in their native haunts."

An exhaustive study of the development of thought and emotion in the Middle Ages from the pen of Henry Oshorn Taylor and entitled "The Medieval Mind," is nearly ready for publication. The work, which will be in two volumes, represents the labor and research of many years.

Appletons have in preparation "The American Year Book," an annual summary of events and progress, which will be an attempt to do for the United States what is accomplished by the year-books of other nations. The first volume is to be published next February and will represent the labors of twenty-nine editors associated with as many national learned societies.

## New Books Received.

## FICTION.

HONESTY'S GARDEN. By Paul Creswick. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1.25 net.

A story of rare charm which centres about a maiden of many attractions and in its development reproduces an old-world atmosphere of singular appeal.

TROPICAL TALES AND OTHERS. By Dolf Wylarde. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

That these tales have reached a third edition is significant of their readable quality. They are exceedingly direct in method and tense in interest.

THE BURNT OFFERING. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. New York: John Lane Company; \$1.50.

With the scene laid in India this story makes clever use of Oriental traits which heighten the interest of the love episode.

BURIED ALIVE. By Arnold Bennett. New York: Brentano's.

Described as "a tale of these days," the scene being laid in England.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

GOVERNMENTAL ACTION FOR SOCIAL WELFARE. By Jeremiah W. Jenks. New York: The Macmillan Company; \$1 net.

Another volume in the useful Social Science series, dealing with the meaning of social welfare and the principles of legislation for social reform.

A GERMAN POMPADOUR. By Marie Hay. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A third and popular edition of a book which tells in an entertaining manner the history of Wilhelmine Von Gravenitz.

BRITISH INTERESTS AND ACTIVITIES IN TEXAS. By Ephraim Douglass Adams. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press.

Lectures based on original research in the Public Record Office of London. There is a suggestive chapter on English interest in the annexation of California.

ABOVE LIFE'S TURMOIL. By James Allen. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons; \$1 net.

Brief essays on true happiness, the uses of temptation, thought and action, self-discipline and other duties and difficulties of life.

PAN'S PIPES. By R. L. S. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

An exquisite reprint in a limited edition of one of Robert Louis Stevenson's prose poems.

THE GOOD OF LIFE AND OTHER LITTLE ESSAYS. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Funk & Wagnalls; \$1.25 net.

Among the subjects dealt with are: The good of life, a good word for hook agents, hating as a duty, the "dance" question, and pulpit swindling.

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MISS ANGLIN AS HELENA RICHIE.

By George L. Shoals.

There is little wanting in the present attraction at the Columbia Theatre to make complete the pleasure of the sophisticated playgoer. A star who has earned a warm regard in earlier visits, surrounded by a company of uniform excellence, in a fairly well constructed play which tells a simple but happily affecting story—these are its elements, and though they may be catalogued briefly and without superlatives they are after all the most important things in the theatrical world.

It does not matter particularly that "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is an adaptation from a novel, except to those who read the story before they see the stage version or afterward. There are good and bad "book plays"; this is a good one. It does not attempt too much, nor are its omissions seriously apparent. At the end of the second act it has one hurried moment too compact of tense but diverging interests. In the last scene it offers an awkward description of an incident which perhaps could not be sacrificed, but which loses most of its force in the manner of its presentation. Yet manifold difficulties have been skillfully and successfully avoided.

Helena Richie's story is not a remarkably strange one, and it has few dramatic episodes, but there is a delicate flavor of mystery and a sure presage of catastrophe in its early chapters which gain and hold attention up to the inevitable crisis. The motives are a woman's lawless passion for an unworthy man and a sweeter, purer love for an innocent child. And the love for the child brings repentance, renunciation, and final happiness. Three at least of the best plays of the time find their controlling or most appealing impulses in parental love—"The Servant in the House," "The Music Master," and "The Awakening of Helena Richie"—and the playwrights can not go far wrong when they turn to this, the greatest of human passions, for inspiration and direction.

Margaret Anglin is fitted by nature and requirements to much greater work than is offered in this quiet romance of a woman whose regard for the conventions is instinctive and dominating even while secretly evading them. She has little difficulty in showing all there is in Helena Richie's nature, for that nature is not of the heights or the depths. The playwright's creation is a woman who has first been the sport of a cruel and bestial husband and suffered through him the death of their child. Then, before she is legally free, she has accepted a paramour who tires of the affair when it becomes burdensome. While the illicit relation is still sustained chance puts in Helena's care an orphan boy. In a secluded home in a country village she finds in the companionship of the confiding and responsive child some solace for her past sorrows. The paramour hesitates and quibbles when the marriage he has promised so long is at last made possible by the removal of the husband. At this juncture, the secret of the entangled pair having become known, stern propriety, in the form of the village pastor, decides that Helena is not a fit guardian for the boy and must give him up. All her hopes go down in this crash and only blank despair faces her. Her plea in extenuation, her cry for mercy, are such as might come from any worn and broken woman, gifted with the power of expression.

This is the great scene of the third act. Miss Anglin is eloquently pathetic in her grief and self-abasement. There is not a false note in the portrayal. It is intense yet clear, a swift yet restrained laying bare of an anguished and penitent soul. The star has had in other plays moments of greater emotional power, but none with a surer hold on sympathy. Yet, with all this, Helena Richie is not and can not be made an heroic figure. She is real and appealing, but her attributes are distinctly unworthy the splendid talent of the actress.

In several particulars the play is attractive from the view of a dramatic star. She has the centre of the stage at all times when she is present, and she is seldom out of the scene. No other character, except the child, shares the sentiment which she awakens. To her hopes and fears, her impulses and aspirations, every line and movement is attached. To Miss Anglin's audience there is distinct gain in this: they can not have too much of her gracious presence, her refined art. But the picture, no matter how perfect the painter's

technic, will live in memory only so long as the distinctive personality of the artist survives. It is Miss Anglin rather than Helena Richie who wins the tribute of wet eyes for a breaking heart.

With all just praise for Miss Anglin's sincerity and power, there is opportunity for criticism. She exhibits an affectation of accent in the earlier and lighter scenes of this play which was never apparent in her successes of former days. It was not used by Lady Ursula; it did not appear in the conventionalities of "Brother Officers"; it did not offend the ear in "Zira." A year or two with Shakespearean heroines would forever end this superficial fault in speech. It may safely be predicted that there will be no hint of it in "Antigone."

Eugene Ormonde, who plays the thankless part of the paramour, is even more at variance with the canons of Philadelphia pronunciation. Indeed, it would be hard to discover any trace of Old Chester influence in the several characters of this village tale, did not Halbert Brown, as Grandfather Benjamin Wright, present a living picture of Pennsylvania insularity. He is the only one who really lives in Old Chester; the others are there merely for the purposes of the play. The village physician, with his flagrantly virtuous wife, the humble but loyal cook, even the good Doctor Lavender, are cosmopolitan under a very thin veneer.

But there is nothing of incompetence anywhere in the cast. Eugene Shakespeare, as the romantic, infatuated youth, is consistent and strong, with a voice of notable quality most pleasingly used. Mr. Ormonde feels called upon to discover theatrical villainy in tones and glances now and then, but he is always sure of himself, even when most obvious in method. A very clever boy actor is Raymond Hackett, and though as seen in orphan David Allison he is not the "dear thing" apostrophized by the young matrons in the orchestra circle, he is a very wholesome young chap and thoughtful above his years. Let us praise author or playwright for that most searching phrase which he delivers convincingly: "I've been staying around a good deal. I'd like to belong somewhere." John R. Crauford's pose as Dr. Lavender is well done. His is the lean and dry kind of benevolence, however, rather than the warm-hearted sort which a man of greater girth would show; and men of full habit not infrequently are austere in direction and advice.

Especially attractive are the two scenes of the play—the parlor in the Old Chester home, and the doorway before the house—which are substantially and handsomely set. More ambitious efforts for atmospheric effects have fallen far short of the accomplishment here, with few details but simplicity and strength in all.

#### The Revival of "Antigone."

Scholarly, fragment-discriminating work has assembled the materials for the notable revival of "Antigone" to be made at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley on the evening of Thursday, June 30, by Margaret Anglin and her fellow players. A point of interest in the revival is the fact that it will be the first purely Greek play to be presented by professional actors, with one exception—that of "Phedre," which was presented by Sarah Bernhardt in 1906, but that play was written by Racine, who, beside Sophocles, is a comparatively modern playwright.

Much has been written in commendation of Miss Anglin's ambitious endeavor. For six months she has prepared herself and her associates for the presentation of the tragedy. The preparations have gone forward with the aid of George Riddle, who took part in 1881 in the first performance of "Edipus" that Harvard gave, appearing as the king. Miss Anglin is fortunate in having enlisted the Cambridge professor.

"Antigone" is one of the seven dramas of Sophocles that have come down to us, and these were, with one exception, composed in the full intensity of his tragic power and each resplendent with its own peculiar excellencies. In "Antigone," for instance, heroism is exhibited in a purely feminine character. The "Antigone" undisputedly belongs to the best works of Sophocles; indeed, most modern critics rank it above "Edipus, the King." No other exhibits such a striking combination of subject, language, and technic; the greatness lies in its perfect regularity of action, its richness of ideas, its true and living characters, qualities brought to perfection by the splendor of its dialogue and odes.

The Mendelssohn music to accompany the tragedy will be given by a large orchestra directed by Dr. Wollé, with Genaro Saldierna concert-master.

Arthur Byron, who played Jacques in Maude Adams's production of "As You Like It" in the Greek Theatre, succeeded Richard Bennett as John Shand on the resumption of Miss Adams's tour in "What Every Woman Knows." Mr. Byron thus returns to the position he held as leading actor in Miss Adams's company when she played "The Little Minister" and the one-act play, "Op of Me Thumb."

#### FOYER AND BOX-OFFICE CHAT.

Margaret Anglin's engagement at the Columbia Theatre is all too short, for she begins her second and last week on Monday night. "The Awakening of Helena Richie" is to be repeated for each evening during the coming week, except Thursday, and also at the Wednesday and Saturday matinees. On Friday afternoon Miss Anglin will repeat her performance of Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defense" at a second and last special matinee, and on Thursday evening, the 30th, by the courteous generosity of Messrs. Gottlob, Marx & Co., the theatre will be closed so that Miss Anglin and her associates may appear at the Greek Theatre in Berkeley under the auspices of the University Dramatic and Musical Committee in the much heralded and long expected production of the "Antigone" of Sophocles. This will be Miss Anglin's first essay in a tragic rôle, and it speaks well for her enthusiasm and ambition that she should make her début as a tragedienne at the fountain-head of the tragic drama.

Annabelle Whitford, one of the most popular of the famous Ziegfeld beauties in his "Follies Revues" since 1907, has been secured for a vaudeville tour of the Orpheum Circuit and will be the headline attraction of next week's programme. Miss Whitford will present a singing novelty in three scenes, the features of which are "The Flirting Girl," "The Newspaper Girl," and "The Aeroplane Girl." Miss Whitford's gowns are quite a part of her act. A feature of the new bill will be the Five Olympians, who in a series of bronze statuary will prove a revelation. Three men and two women appear together in several groups. Frank White and Lew Simmons, minstrel comedians, will appear in their black-face study, "The Band Wagon." Clement De Lion's offering will be a sleight-of-hand performance mystifying and marvelous. Next week will conclude the engagements of Peter Donald and Meta Carson, Clown Zetho's Canine Comedians, Lewis McCord and company, Maude and Gladys Finney, champion lady swimmers and appropriately styled "The Mermaids."

Succeeding Margaret Anglin at the Columbia Theatre, on the night of Monday, July 4, will appear Mrs. Fiske, who is coming to San Francisco this year with a repertory of plays. The actress will not only present Ibsen's work, "The Pillars of Society," but it is her intention to revive "Becky Sharp" and to stage the double bill comprising "Hannele" and "The Green Cockatoo." She is bringing with her an exceptionally strong company, with Holbrook Blinn as the chief supporting player. The advance sale of seats for the engagement opens next Thursday.

Charles Frohman is now interested in thirteen theatres in New York, three of which

he owns outright; owns five in Boston, two in Chicago, and three in London. For his operations in Paris, Mr. Frohman merely leases the Vaudeville as he wishes it. Despite his membership in the Society of French Authors, entitling him to hold theatrical property as if he were a native, Mr. Frohman does not care for any theatre holdings in which the state, the author, and Paris itself must necessarily be partners.

Henry Miller and his company, in "Her Husband's Wife," seem to have a long summer run before them in New York.

May Boley is one of the principals in "Three Million Dollars," a new musical comedy to be produced in Atlantic City.

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"MRS. DANE'S DEFENSE"  
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## VANITY FAIR.

How comes it that the poets have omitted to sing the glories of breakfast-time? In fact, they have been exceedingly chary of their muse in relation to any meal. We have had the dinner-hell eulogized as "the tocsin of the soul," and have also been assured that the happiness of man "much depends on dinner," but the day's earliest meal, the breaking of our fast, still awaits its laureate. Even Shakespeare fails us here. His reference to breakfast is but casual, an exclamation put into the mouth of Henry VIII as he hands Wolsey a couple of documents which portend his downfall:

Read o'er this:

And after, this: and then to breakfast with  
What appetite you have.

Incidentally that reference suggests that in the good old days they were in the habit of doing a lot of talking before they broke their fast. At least half an hour's conversation had gone before that royal pleasantry, and, judging from the lines Wolsey utters subsequently, another half an hour must have elapsed ere the cardinal tackled his breakfast with what appetite he had.

Evidently this failure of Shakespeare and the other poets has had its effect at last. For a eulogist of breakfast has arisen, a eulogist who describes the meal as "the keystone of the day," and tells us how it should be served to harmonize with the advent of the head of the house, "fresh from his tub and radiantly neat and clean." The table, then, "should shine back at him, reflecting his morning face. The glitter of hurnished plate and well-kept glass should be earnest of good things, and the flames of spirit lamps is even more suggestive of tempting viands." Not less important is the place where breakfast is served. A murrain on the "dull hasement room with a gloomy outlook"! If the dining-room does not face the morning sun, let breakfast be served in a "sunny window of the drawing-room," or, why not out of doors? "The song of birds, even if it be only the cheery twittering of sparrows, is an agreeable accompaniment, and fills the pauses in conversation, of which there should never be too much at breakfast. Few of us care to talk so early in the day." Alas for the truth of that last touch, so suggestive in reminiscence of "grouch" or a "hang-over," the possibility of which throws all the preceding poetry out of tune. After all, the French are wiser with their slight concession to hunger and then *déjeuner* at an hour when appetite has had time to ripen and morning ill-temper has flown away.

"We all like to be dressed up now and then." Perhaps that's true, even though the dictum comes from the manager of a firm which sells yearly \$3,000,000 worth of the gaudy regalia which is in ever-increasing demand for the use of lodge members. The trend is in the direction of more and more flashy colors, for the costumes are not supposed to pay any tribute to harmony, the idea being to give such a dazzling effect as will "inspire the wearer with a commanding spirit and instil in the neophyte respectful humility." What, one would like to know, are the feelings of the individual who has in his wardrobe a nickel-studded uniform, which weighs twenty pounds? He might be able to tell us how Alexander the Great felt or Napoleon at least. Whether the neophyte is duly impressed with the gorgeous robes and decorations of a full-dress lodge is not on record, but it is sad to have to recognize that a public parade of such splendor generally tends to hilarity rather than humility. Would it not be wise to make trial of more sober garments? The black robe and huge three-cornered hat worn by the members of Andorra's parliament do appear to impart dignity to the wearer and inspire awe in the spectators. But the Andorra legislators and the officers of lodges are alike eclipsed by the London costermonger who is the "Pearly King" of his fraternity and boasts a suit adorned with 27,000 pearl buttons. The complete wardrobe of this worthy is unique, as the following catalogue will show:

Black doeskin trousers with bell bottoms. Rose, shamrock, and thistle worked on bells and flaps; 4000 buttons.

Waistcoat; 4000 buttons. Forty dogs' heads worked in silk and two retrievers' heads, together with poppies and cornflowers in natural colors.

Coat; 5000 buttons. Croft's portrait on back taken three years ago at Islington Carnival. Dozens of half-moons in silk as other ornaments.

Overcoat; 10,500 buttons, besides beads and glass ornaments. Inscribed "Button King of the World." Half-moons, stars, and other ornaments.

Cap; 1100 buttons, besides beads. Coat of arms and other decorations in red, white, and blue.

Belt; 1700 buttons.

Wrist-straps; 350 buttons on each, 700 altogether.

At about two dollars a dozen, these buttons represent a considerable sum for a costermonger, while the weight of three-quarters of a hundredweight puts hopelessly into the shade that lodge uniform which turns the owner at merely twenty pounds. Apart from the owner's vanity for buttons, this dazzling suit has been all expenditure; the only prize it has won its owner is a box of

cigars, which he had to give away because he does not smoke!

Another unselfish soul has done his best to denude of grief and gruesomeness his passing over to the great majority. The "last wishes" of this French artist asked that his body might be placed in his coffin with the minimum of delay, that no portrait or photograph be made of his corpse, and that he be hurried in the shortest time possible. And then came this appeal:

For the love of God, do not weep for me. I have lived a life happy enough; the aim of my life was my painting, and I gave all of which I was capable. I might have lived another twenty years, but should not have progressed any more; so what is the good of it!

And how pleased I should be if no one wore the marks of mourning. I have always had a horror of this show, so if you can not do otherwise, then wear the least of it possible.

Perhaps the strangest failure of Christianity to influence human nature is seen in relation to death. At this late day all Christian lands should have abolished the trappings of woe and acquired in the face of death at least a philosophic calm. The right view has never been expressed with deeper tenderness than by Christina Rossetti in lines which are not so well known as they should be:

When I am dead, my dearest,  
Sing no sad songs for me;  
Plant thou no roses at my head,  
Nor shady cypress tree:  
Be the grass green above me,  
With showers and dewdrops wet—  
And if thou wilt, remember,  
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the roses,  
I shall not feel the rain,  
I shall not hear the nightingale  
Sing on as if in pain.  
And, dreaming through the twilight  
That doth not rise nor set,  
Haply I may remember,  
And haply may forget.

"Reformed" dress is on its way, ladies. According to the latest advices, it is not to conform exactly to those lines which made by-gone reforms incriminating to their adopters. You will remember that there was a time when the lady of untrammelled figure and free gait, whose gown hung from the shoulders, cleared the ground, and was cut in one piece, was supposed to be a late survivor from Brook Farm and addicted to a fruitarian diet. There are to be no more mistakes of that kind, even though the reformed costume is to be essentially different from the ordinary one. That is to say, it "must hang from the shoulders and be wholly unstiffened by whalebone, huckram, or steel." Simplicity is to be the aim, "and the softly falling material from neck to hem is unrelieved." Further particulars are vouchsafed, telling dark secrets as to other details which are not to meet the eye; but to pry into what shall be "beneath this free and untrammelling gown" were too daring an adventure.

But to the male eye the female form divine will look sweet in any gown. The male mind, however, is not above learning just what it is in the Frenchwoman, or the lady of Spain, or the feminine Slav which is the secret of each one's distinctive charm. All the laws, it appears, for American women as for others, are laid down in Paris by four or five almighty *couturiers* who wield the sceptre of fashion. All that the Viennese dame, or the Russian belle, or the member of the "Four Hundred" can do is to interpret those laws in the terms of her own individuality. The Frenchwoman, for example, is an adept in contriving that the colors she wears shall match her complexion and hair; and the women of other lands have each their own trick for heightening their charms. The Spanish women wear a mantilla not because it is a concession to national custom, but because they hold their hair and eyes to be their most valuable assets, and hence do not intend to hide them under a hat. On the other hand the Slav charm consists in "a certain slow, languid, and sinuous motion suddenly followed by nervous starts." In fact, a snakelike fascination, which Mme. Nazimova always tries to project over the footlights no matter what rôle she is playing. No one seems able to define the charm of the German woman, which would seem to imply that she has not yet got out of the stage of resembling a sack of potatoes loosely tied round the middle.

Berlin has started an institution which might be imitated in America with advantage. Intent upon getting the last mark from their customers, the storekeepers of that city have founded a special school for their clerks, the sole object of which is to be thorough training in dealing with buyers from every point of view. The pupils will be instructed not only in the details of the several trades represented in the stores where they will serve, but also how to talk agreeably to customers, how to how gracefully, how to handle clients in a had temper, and how to conduct an animated conversation without undue familiarity. All this, of course, is based upon the principle that the polished clerk will sell more than the uncouth variety, which is a position

that needs no supporting. That school should be duplicated in the United States without loss of time. More perhaps than any other member of the community, the store clerk is under the impression that rudeness is the equivalent of independence or at least that brusque manners and ignorance are the most effectual methods of showing that this is "the land of the free." Only the other day the owner of a hookstore in a speech at a conference of hook sellers created a sensation by stating that he paid two of his assistants twelve hundred dollars a year for the express purpose of keeping on his premises a couple of men who knew their business and could talk about hooks with intelligence. He said nothing about manners, which are fully as important as knowledge.

To the barometer and the thermometer must now be added the Bacchometer. Its invention has been rendered necessary by the increasing difference of opinion as to when a man is sober and when he is not. Recent years have witnessed great diversity of opinion on that vital question. The growth of temperance sentiment and the revision of the law to meet that sentiment have resulted in confusion as to the stage which may be called drunkenness and that of mild intoxication. Hence the Bacchometer. It is not an instrument, but a theory. Take 32 degrees Fahrenheit as the freezing point, otherwise undoubted sobriety, then the scale up to blood heat will depend upon the person who reads the Bacchometer. The rigid abstainer will detect blood heat where the more temperate reformer will read 60 degrees, and the drinkseller stand for 32 degrees, while the man himself will make a reading of 20 degrees, which is equal to "painfully sober, almost in a state of collapse for want of a drink." If Mr. Edison is not too busy, he might oblige by devising a visible form of the Bacchometer, warranted to register correctly.

## The Whisperers.

Look at old Mad Carmody an' Anastasia Moore,  
Sittin' in the corner wid their elbows on their knees,  
Wid their bony backs bent over an' their worn hands clasped before.  
An' the two white heads together like a pair o' huzzin' bees.  
Wasps, more like, you'd call them, for the talk your fancy hears  
Passin' now between them wid a sting in every word,  
Talk, ye think, would have the neighbors tingle' at the ears,  
Wid the heat of anger an' resentment if they heard.

So, if you'd your way,  
Faith, belike, you'd say:  
"Rise up, whisperin' gossips, rise!  
L'ave your scandals an' your lies;  
Time enough for bitterness when wintry days befall.

But the year is at the spring,  
Joy an' kindness are a-wing;  
Even wasps are Mayin' now upon the sunny wall."

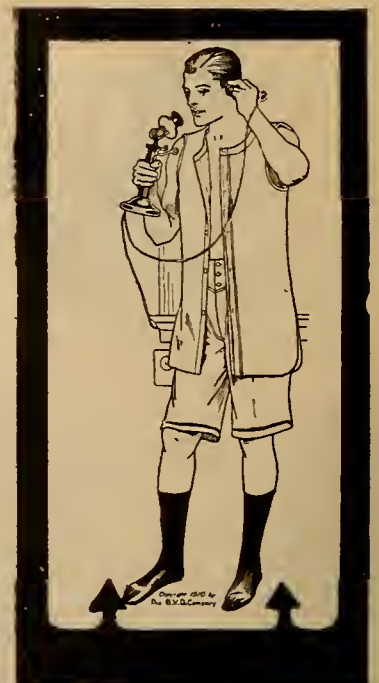
Look upon the whisperers again—an' hang yer head;  
Look upon them kindly, for not long you'll know their likes.  
These are of the troublous days whose whisperin' was hred  
By the roar o' tyrant guns an' clash o' patriot pikes.  
Innocent an' simple is the talk that now they make,  
Chat of olden buried things, for thoughts of age are long.  
They've no heed to whisper, still a habit's hard to break,  
An' wid two to nurse the same, sure they keep it strong.

So, if you'd be kind,  
Thus you'll speak your mind:  
"Rise up, dear old women, rise!  
Here you're under friendly skies;  
Come an' take your fill o' talk an' share the genial sun.

Here the year is at the spring,  
Joy and kindness are a-wing;  
Come, forget the bitterness o' time that's dead an' done."

—T. A. Daly, in *Catholic Standard and Times*.

"Her husband doesn't smoke, drink, chew, swear, or play cards." "Introduce me; widows are your specialty."—*Houston Post*.



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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A disembodied soul that during its earthly incarnation had had troubles of its own descended into Hades. In its new embodiment it was strolling along with a rather pompous air, when it met His Satanic Majesty. "You act as if you were the owner of this place," observed the sovereign. "I ought to be," replied the new arrival, airily; "my wife was giving it to me right along."

They were arguing about the alleged in-horn strain of deceitfulness in woman, and she retaliated by citing the instances of men deceiving their wives. "I suppose," said he, "that you hold that a man should never deceive his wife." "Oh, no," she smiled back at him; "I shouldn't go so far as that. How would it be possible for the average man to get a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

There had been a little quarrel after the honeymoon. "And just look at my pretty linen collar," sobbed the young wife. "The tears have trickled down and wilted it out of shape. You haven't a bit of feeling." "Indeed I have," laughed the big husband. "I'm going to fix things up." "H-how, George?" "Why, the next time I go downtown I am going to buy you a new waterproof collar."

In an English constituency a canvasser happened upon an artisan busy reading the posted addresses and studying the pictured faces of the two candidates. "Well, what do you think of them?" asked the canvasser. The voter shrugged his shoulders, and said nothing. "Which candidate would you like to vote for?" persisted the other. "Don't know nothing about none of 'em," replied the British elector, "but hy what I can see of 'em, I thank 'eaven as only one of 'em can get in."

An old planter in the palmy days before the war was blown up in a steamboat accident on the Mississippi. They fished him out unconscious. At the end of an hour's manipulation he came to. "Where I am?" he asked, lifting his head feebly. "Safe on shore," the doctor told him, cheerfully. "Which side of the river?" he inquired. "The Iowa side," the doctor replied. The planter frowned. He looked at the turbid yellow stream. Then he said: "Just my luck to land in a prohibition State. Chuck me in again."

At a certain church it is the pleasing custom at a marriage for the clergyman to kiss the bride after the ceremony. A young lady who was about to be married in the church did not relish the prospect, and instructed her prospective husband when making arrangements to tell the clergyman that she did not wish him to kiss her. The bridegroom did as directed. "Well, George," said the young lady when he appeared, "did you tell the clergyman that I did not wish him to kiss me?" "Oh, yes." "And what did he say?" "He said that in that case he would charge only half the usual fee."

A cricket club formed a gymnasium for the use of its members during the winter months, and an instructor was engaged to teach ju-jitsu. Recently one of the cricketers turned up with a handaged head, and said some youth had inflicted the injury. "What!" exclaimed the ju-jitsu instructor. "You mean to say you let a youth knock you about like that? Why didn't you try ju-jitsu?" "I couldn't." "Nonsense! There's no conceivable situation to which ju-jitsu can not be successfully applied. Show me where he gripped you." "I'm sorry to say he didn't grip me anywhere. He dropped a brick on my head from a third-floor window."

A Scottish gamekeeper found a hoy fishing in his master's private waters. "You musn't fish here!" he exclaimed. "These waters belong to the Earl of A—" "Do they?" "I didn't know that," replied the culprit; and, laying aside his rod, he took up a hook and commenced reading. The keeper departed, but on returning about an hour afterwards he found the same youth had started fishing again. "Do you understand that this water belongs to the Earl of A—" he roared. "Why, you told me that an hour ago!" exclaimed the angler, in surprise. "Surely the whole river don't belong to him? His share went by long ago!"

Harry had belonged to an Alabama planter who owned a ferry on the Chattahoochee River. This ferry the negro had operated. To make the ferryman faithful to his duty the owner had allowed him one-half his earnings. Harry saved his gains carefully, and in the course of time proposed to his master to buy his freedom. The master consented, and an agreement was made that Harry should pay \$800 for himself, half in hand. Not long after this there came an unusual freshet. Harry's skiff was capsized in the middle of the stream, and he himself was carried down

two or three miles before he could get ashore, being then more dead than alive. Woefully bedraggled and dilapidated, he presented himself before his master. "Marse John," he said, "I want to trade back." "What's the matter, Harry?" "Well, Marse John, \$400 is mo' money'n I want to risk in dis hyar nigger."

Peter Clay was a coachman. His master found him one winter morning lying on top of a snowdrift in the front garden quite drunk. "Why, Pete, you scoundrel!" the master cried, "what do you mean by getting drunk at this time of day? Your breakfast has hardly settled, and you're drunk!" "Well, sir," Pete answered, rising carefully, "my excuse is that, sir, on the way home with a demijohn of whisky for my wife's rheumatism, I fell on a cake of ice, sir, and the demijohn hustled and the good liquor all ran out. It lay in little pools and puddles between the frozen ruts. I got down and lapped up all I could, sir. That's how I got overcome." "You swinish scoundrel," said the master, "how much did you drink?" "Well, sir," said Pete, "I guess I must have saved close on to a quart and a pint."

When the pious-looking lady entered the bird shop and stated her need of a talking parrot the proprietor "reckoned 'e'd got the werry thing the lady wanted." "Course, ma'am," he said, "you don't want a vulgar bird. This 'ere one, now, was brought over by a missionary. Talks like a reg'lar 'ymn book, 'e does. I wouldn't let 'im go if I didn't think you'd give 'im a respectable 'ome. Thirty-five shillings that bird, ma'am." "You'll soon know!" screeched Polly. "You'll soon know!" "Dear me. How quaint!" gushed the lady; and 35 shillings changed hands. "What does he mean by 'you'll soon know,' I wonder." "It's 'is only hlemish, ma'am," smiled the bird-shop man. "'E's got it into 'is 'ead that every one's wonderful anxious to find out wot a missionary sez when 'e 'its 'is thumb with a 'ammer."

A journalist recently wrote to a friend: "Biarritz is on the tumultuous Bay of Biscay, and Cambo, where Rostand lives, is only a dozen miles behind Biarritz—a placid village in the Basque country. I tried to interview Rostand in his Basque home," he went on, "but it was useless. I did see his son, though. The young man talked excellent English. He cracked a lot of jokes about his father's rooster play, pretending that they were all jokes from the text. Why, he even declared that the curtain rises on the following scene: Chantecler, the eponymic rooster, is discovered in company with his wives. In the background a quartet of clergymen are seen feasting upon young pullet. Chantecler asks his favorite spouse, 'Where are our two eldest daughters?' 'Alas!' says Mrs. Chantecler, 'they have entered the ministry.' 'Oh, all right. They were poorly qualified for lay members.'"

"That man is always anxious to get into the spotlight," said the observant citizen. "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum, "but he doesn't discriminate. One of these days he's going to stand in front of a locomotive headlight and not realize his mistake till he is run over."—*Washington Star*.

## THE MERRY MUSE.

She Tamed the Tamer.  
Said a lion tamer's wife,  
As bold as bold could be;  
"My husband tames lions,  
But he can't tame me!"  
—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Hot Iron. Too.  
She pressed his hand!  
The milkman kissed fair Nora while  
She ironed and, without a smile,  
She pressed his hand!  
—*Chicago Daily News*.

Some Questions.  
Do you come nearer day by day  
To the port where your dreams all anchored lie?  
Or do you sail farther and far away  
In an angry sea with a sullen sky?  
Do you come nearer the Ought-to-be  
In the wagon you hitched to a distant star?  
Or do you drift on hopelessly,  
Content to hide with the Things-that-are?

Are you a Drone or Do-it-now?  
A Hurry-up or a Wait-a-while?  
A Do-it-so or an Anyhow?  
A Cheer-up boys or a Never-smile?  
It's none of my business, that I know,  
For you are the captain and mate and crew  
Of that ship of yours, but the Where-you-go  
Depends on the What-and-how-you-do.  
  
Are you a Yes or a Maybe-so?  
Are you a Will or a Guess-you'll-be?  
A Come-on-lads or a Let's-not-go?  
A Yes-I-will or an Oh-I'll-see?  
It isn't the least concern of mine,  
I know that well, but as time endures,  
When they thresh the wheat and store the wine,  
You'll find it a big concern of yours.  
—*Tit-Bits*.

Economics.  
We planned to have an old-time Fourth at Pohick on the Crick;  
It struck us that catastrophes of yore had been too thick.  
We'd shut the places that sold drinks, exceptin' lemonade,  
And read the Declaration with a hand and a parade.  
Then up rose Hiram Jenkins, who has opened a hotel,  
An' said 'twould spile the trade in what his rest'rnt had to sell.  
An' young Si Smothers, who has took his medical degree,  
Said it would nurt the prospects of a risin' young M. D.

An' ol' Joe Struthers reckoned that our fire department new  
Would profit by the practice of a little blaze or two;  
Bill Binks, who keeps the general store, commented it was queer  
That folks should envy him his fireworks profits once a year.  
Our Uncle Jim when fur advice an' wisdom we applied  
Remarked 'twas harder than a tariff question to decide.  
With interests so conflictin', I suspect we'll have to stick  
To custom an' take chances down to Pohick on the Crick.  
—*Washington Star*.

## Candy Fireworks.

Novelties that make appropriate Fourth of July gifts—Firecracker, Cannon, Flag, and Shield Boxes filled with candies. At all four of Geo. Haas & Sons' candy stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market Street, near Ferry.

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OF SAN FRANCISCO  
No. 4 MONTGOMERY STREET

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Profits ..... \$10,957,354.83  
Cash and Sight Exchange ..... 10,080,797.52  
Deposits ..... 22,151,922.56

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Total Assets ..... 41,261,682.21  
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## PERSONAL.

## Notes and Gossip.

A chronicle of the social happenings during the past week in the cities on and around the Bay of San Francisco will be found in the following department:

With the exception of the Admiral's Ball at Mare Island there has been no large social gathering of note during the week, and the prospect is small that anything of importance will occur in town for a month or more to illumine the atmosphere of dullness which seems to have settled irrevocably upon society at an earlier date than usual this year.

Weddings at a distance continue to claim attention from the fact that friends of the contracting parties reside here or that either the bride or groom have made their homes in San Francisco at one time.

Several rather pretentious luncheons have marked the week's calendar, and the home-coming of the very young set from their Eastern schools has made a slight ripple in their immediate circles.

Entertaining for these young people will furnish much of the activity during July and will take the form of dances, picnics, and the pleasures afforded by week-end house parties.

The theatre has been the medium for an unusual amount of hospitality this week, as Margaret Anglin is much of a society favorite, and many of those spending the summer at their nearby country homes have come into town for several days to be present at the play and to entertain their friends at oox parties.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Ada Lake and Mr. David Kane of San Rafael. No date has been set for the wedding.

The wedding of Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander and Mr. Theodore Knoevelt, Jr., which took place Monday afternoon, June 20, at the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York was of more than passing interest here from the fact that a number of the wedding guests were from San Francisco and that the bride is a family connection of the Crockers. That Mr. Roosevelt and his bride are to make their home here affords a factor of interest as well.

The wedding of Miss Lorena Barnes and Mr. William Sea took place Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parents at Mill Valley. It was a quiet affair with only the relatives and most intimate friends of the bride and groom present at the ceremony.

The wedding of Miss Marie Lundeen, daughter of Colonel John Lundeen, U. S. A., and Mrs. Lundeen, and Lieutenant Pritchett, U. S. A., will take place in Minneapolis on August 4.

Miss Amy Bowles was hostess at a dance at her home at Piedmont which she gave in honor of Miss Harriett and Miss Marian Stone. Among some of the guests from San Francisco were Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Dorothy Van Sicken, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Jennie Lee, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Olney, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Madeline Clay, Miss McNear, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weihe.

The Admiral's Ball at Mare Island on Wednesday evening attracted a large number of guests from town and was the gala event of the week. A number of dinners aboard the battleships preceded the affair and added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion. Among those present from San Francisco were Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mrs. J. D. Peters, Mrs. Duncan Gatewood, Princess Kawanakoa, Miss Anna Peters, Miss Ysabel Chase, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Isabel Sprague, Miss Jennie Lee, Miss Ida Pattiani, Miss Florence Cluff, Miss Christine Pomeroy, Miss Lolita Burling, Miss Nina Blow, Mrs. Kathryn Voorhies Henry, and Mrs. G. B. Harper.

Mr. and Mrs. Cuyler Lee entertained Dr. McEnery over the week end at Del Monte, where they are spending the summer.

Miss Marion Zeile was hostess at a birthday luncheon on Monday afternoon at the Fairmont Hotel. The table was artistically decorated with masses of sweet peas in orchid shades. Among the guests were Miss Sara Coffin, Miss Leslie Page, Miss Louisiana Foster, Miss Maud Wilson, Miss Mary Keeney, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Florence Hopkins, Miss Anita Maillard, Miss Julia Langborne, Mrs. Charles Mills, and Mrs. George Cadwalader.

Among those who entertained at theatre parties on the opening night of Margaret Anglin's engagement were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Martin, Mr. and Mrs. C. Frederick Kohl, Mr. Joseph Redding, and Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Martin.

Paymaster Edmund Bonnafon and Mrs. Bonnafon entertained at dinner Monday evening in honor of Admiral Hugo Osterhaus and Mrs. Osterhaus.

haus. Among the guests were Captain Edmund B. Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, Colonel Randolph Dickens and Mrs. Dickens, Lieutenant Samuel L. Graham and Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Mary Turner, and Captain James C. Gilmore.

Mr. and Mrs. George Almer Newhall entertained at dinner at their Hillsboro home on Saturday evening.

Colonel William A. Simpson, U. S. A., who left Wednesday for Chicago, was the honored guest at a dinner at the Cosmos Club on Monday evening.

Miss Dorothy Van Sicken entertained a large house party over the week end at her home at Alameda and her guests attended the dance at the Bowles home in Piedmont on Saturday evening.

Miss Janet Coleman entertained at a tea on Saturday in honor of the Misses Cunningham of New York, who will leave next week for their home in the East. Miss Coleman was assisted in receiving her guests by her mother, Mrs. John Coleman, Mrs. George C. Cadwalader, Mrs. Samuel Russell Bogue, Mrs. Harry Weihe, Miss Mary Cunningham, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, Miss Julia Langborne, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Maude Wilson, and Miss Agnes Tillman. Among the guests were Mrs. Charles Mills, Mrs. Philip M. Lansdale, Mrs. Allan McDonald, Miss Marion Zeile, Miss Amy Brewer, Miss Josephine Hannigan, Miss Dorothy Woods, Miss Martha Calhoun, Miss Martha Foster, Miss Marian Miller, Miss Merritt Reid, Miss Vera de Sahla, Miss Margaret Calhoun, Miss Edith Treanor, Mrs. Douglas Fry, Mrs. Boswell King, Mrs. Orville Pratt, Mrs. Lloyd Baldwin, and Mrs. Leonard Hammond.

Mrs. John Lundeen was hostess at a luncheon at the Presidio on Thursday. She was assisted in receiving her guests, which included the forty ladies of the garrison, by her daughter, Miss Marie Lundeen.

Mrs. Clinton Worden was hostess at a luncheon at the Fairmont Hotel on Friday planned in honor of Mrs. George Whittell. Among her guests were Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Edward White, and Miss Bertha Rice.

Miss Antoinette Keystone made Miss Avis Sherwood her guest of honor at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Monday afternoon at which a dozen of the girls of the younger set were present.

Miss Violet Buckley entertained at a tea at the Fairmont Hotel complimentary to Mrs. Martin Crimmins prior to her departure for Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Harris entertained informally at dinner on Monday evening in honor of Miss Edith Simpson and her fiancé, Mr. Roy Pike.

Miss Mae Colburn was hostess at a week-end house party at her home at San Rafael. Her guests included Miss Anna Weller, Miss Augusta Foute, Miss Ila Sonntag, Mr. Philip Paschel, Mr. Gerald Halsey, Mr. Charles Adams, and Mr. Alfred Harwood.

Mrs. Edward Parker was a recent hostess at a dinner which she gave at Yerba Buena complimentary to Dr. Bacon, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bacon.

Miss Marie Rose Dean entertained at a tea at the Palace Hotel on Thursday in honor of Miss Freda Smith.

Miss Maude Wilson entertained at a house party at her home at Belvedere over the week end. Her guests included Miss Janet Coleman, Mr. Jack Cassell, and Mr. Effingham Sutton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clarence Breeden entertained at a dinner at the Hotel St. Francis on Monday evening, at which they entertained Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Porter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Foster Dutton, Mr. and Mrs. William Greer Hitchcock, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Welch, Jr., and Mr. Knox Maddox.

## Hotel Del Monte Fireworks July 4th.

It is announced that Del Monte will celebrate the Fourth in an old-fashioned way, with plenty of fireworks. On the great crescent of sandy beach everything is ready for shooting off firecrackers and other fireworks. Here one can bring the children and enjoy them in safety, beside the sea.

On the evening of the Fourth the usual brilliant pyrotechnic display will be made on the lawn in front of Hotel Del Monte, after which there will be an informal dance in the ballroom. As most of the other large resorts are either within the limits of a town or have declared against fireworks, this puts Del Monte in a class by itself for the Fourth of July holidays, and there is no doubt but that it will have a large crowd during that time. Hotel Del Monte is so large and its grounds so extensive, that the noise of exploding fireworks on the beach will not disturb the guests in the hotel. Special railroad rates will be made for the holidays.

King Gustavus of Sweden has approved of the suggestion of Herr Engahol, director of the Gottenberg Theatre, to have written and produced special dramas dealing with the history and also the social conditions of the country. The purpose of the suggestion is to stem the tide of immigration to America, especially on the part of the females who leave their native country in search of work. These dramas are to enlarge upon the benefits of the contented life and placid existence in their own land, contrasted with the hurly-burly, rubbing tactics in the new country, and also the arousing of ambitions of wealth and elevation which generally end in disappointment.

A subway amusement pier, consisting of an under-water chamber, with collapsible entrance and exit tubes, is proposed for one of the Atlantic coast resorts. The amusement seekers will enter the chamber through the tube leading from the shore, and leave it through the tube rising to the pier above the chamber. Portholes around the sides of the chamber will give a view of the bottom of the sea.

## CURRENT VERSE.

My Love Was Freshly Come from Sea.  
My love was freshly come from sea  
The morning she first greeted me:  
The salt mist's tang, the sunny glow  
Had tinged her cheeks a ripening glow.

She bowed to me with all the ease  
Of meadow-grasses in the breeze,  
And yet her looks seemed far away  
Amid the splendors of the spray.

Her step was vigorous and free  
As maiden's in the Odyssey;  
And when she laughed, I heard the tunes  
Of rushes in the windy dunes.

An air so limitless, an eye  
So virgin in its royalty—  
Hers was a spirit and a form  
That took my inland heart by storm.

I felt an impulse, an unrest,  
And secret tides within my breast  
Flowed up, with silent, glad control,  
And drew the rivers of my soul.  
—From "Poems," by Percy MacKaye.

## A Little Boy's Lullaby.

Little groping hands that must learn the weight  
Of labor,

Little eyes of wonder that must learn to weep—  
Mother is thy life now; that shall be tomorrow  
Time enough for trouble—time enough for sorrow.  
Now—sleep!

Little dumb lips that shall wake and make a  
woman,  
Little blind heart that shall know the worst and  
best—

Mother is thy love now; that shall be hereafter  
Time enough for joy, and time enough for laughter.  
Now—rest!

Little rosy body, new-born of pain and beauty,  
Little lonely soul, new-risen from the deep—  
Mother is thy world now, whole and satisfying.  
Time enough for living—time enough for dying.  
Now—sleep!

—Brian Hooker, in McClure's Magazine.

## How Wonderful Is Love.

How wonderful is love!  
More wonderful, I wis,  
Than cherry-blossoms are when Spring's first kiss  
Warms the chill breast of earth,  
And gives new birth  
To beauty! High above  
All miracles—the miracle of love,  
Which by its own glad and triumphant power  
Brings life to flower!

Oh, love is wonderful!  
More wonderful than is the dew-fed rose  
Whose petals half unclose,  
In gladness of the light,  
When first the Dawn comes robed in vesture cool  
Of fragrant, shimmering white!—  
More wonderful and strange  
Than moonrise, which doth change  
Dullness to glory—  
Yea, with a touch transforms the mountains hoary,  
And fills the darkling rills with living silver  
bright!

Not music when it wings  
From the far azure where the skylark sings  
Is wonderful as love!—  
Not music when it wells  
From the enchanted fairy-haunted dells  
Where, shrouded mid thorn and vine—  
An ecstasy apart,  
Drawn from the life-blood of a yearning heart—  
The nightingale pours forth forever  
The rapture and the pain that naught can sever,  
Of love which mortal is, yet knows itself divine!  
—Florence Earle Coates, in Harper's Magazine.

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## PERSONAL.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a *résumé* of movements to and from this city and Coast and the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Lieutenant James Abbott, U. S. A., and Mrs. Abbott have arrived from Washington, D. C., and will spend a short time in town before sailing for the Philippines.

Miss Anna Peters has returned to her home in Stockton, after visiting with Mrs. Thomas Caldwell Turner at Mare Island. Miss Edith Metcalf was also the guest of Mrs. Turner on the occasion of the Admiral's Ball.

Mrs. William S. Wood, Mrs. Marmaduke Kellogg, and Miss Louise Kellogg are at present in Munich, after having spent the winter in Dresden and touring the Mediterranean.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Brooks Perkins (formerly Miss Clara Huntington) arrived Saturday from New York and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Brockway Metcalf at Berkeley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are expected to reach San Francisco in July, after a visit to Australia and the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. Duval Moore arrived on Saturday from Tahiti.

Signor Antonio de Grassi and Mme. de Grassi sailed Thursday from New York for Europe, where they will spend the next year.

Mr. and Mrs. Emory Winship arrived Monday from Georgia and will be the guests of Mrs. Maurice Casey till their departure for Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John Boggs is spending the summer at the Hillcrest while her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dutton, are traveling in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. George M. Perrine have returned from New York.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent and Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Hooker have returned from a motor trip to Blue Lakes.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook have returned to their Pacific Avenue home, after a visit with the Wakefield Bakers at Castle Crags.

Mrs. Agnes Lane Leonard and her daughter are the guests of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst at her country home at Pleasanton. Mrs. Hearst entertained a large party there Saturday at a barbecue.

Judge and Mrs. Charles Weller are planning to spend part of the summer in Yosemite Valley.

Miss Maude Madden of Oakland sailed on Saturday for Honolulu, where she will spend a month.

Mrs. Walter Scott Franklin has returned to the city, after a visit with Mrs. Ernest Hueter in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCandless sailed for their home in Honolulu on Saturday, after a visit of several weeks in San Francisco.

Mrs. John Murtagh, wife of Captain Murtagh, U. S. A., who is stationed at Fort Leavenworth, will spend the summer with his mother, Mrs. J. de Barth Shor.

Miss Helen Bertheau has returned from Europe, where with her mother she has spent the last year.

Mrs. William Mintzer has returned from the East and is at her home on Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. J. V. Pearkes is visiting in Seattle and Portland.

Mrs. Walter MacGavin will leave shortly for a trip to the southern part of the State, where she will be the guest of Miss Edith Pillsbury at Montecito.

Mr. Gerald Halsey will sail from New York the middle of July and spend the remainder of the summer abroad.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Goss of London, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Colonel Strachey of the British army are spending a few weeks in Yosemite Valley.

Miss Amalia Simpson and Miss Ruth Sadler have been the guests of Mrs. Louis Risdon Mead at Byron Hot Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Russell of San Antonio, who were called here by the illness of their daughter, Mrs. J. C. Walker, are at the Jefferson Hotel during their stay in the city.

Mrs. Henry Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Alston Williams, and their daughters are spending the summer at Inverness.

Mrs. John B. Casserly, Miss Nora Brewer, Miss Amy Brewer, Mr. and Mrs. Cole, and Mr. Edward Cudahy form a party now at Yosemite.

Miss Agnes Smith has arrived from New York and is spending the summer with her father, Mr. Walter G. Smith.

Miss Lillias Wheeler has returned from Vassar and will accompany her parents, the Charles Stetson Wheelers, to their country home on the McCloud River.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, accompanied by their daughter, Marion, returned from the East this week.

Mrs. Arthur Page and her son are expected next week from Connecticut and will spend the summer at Belvedere.

Miss Ysabel Chase returned from her Eastern school a few days ago and will spend the summer at the Chase country home, "Stag's Leap."

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Pease and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Watson enjoyed a brief visit at Napa Soda Springs and are again at their Pacific Avenue home.

Mr. R. P. Schwerin has returned from New York. Mrs. Schwerin and the children crossed to Europe, where they will spend the summer.

Lieutenant Prentiss Bassett, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bassett (formerly Miss Henrietta von Schrader) are established in their new home at the Charleston Navy Yard.

Miss Bertha Rice of Santa Barbara has been the guest of her cousin, Mrs. Clinton Worden, at the Fairmont.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have opened their home at Belvedere for the summer. Their son and daughter will spend the vacation holidays with them.

Miss Anna Weller is preparing to leave shortly for a visit with friends in Montana, and will go to Yellowstone Park before her return.

Mrs. John Coleman and Miss Janet Coleman will spend the month of July at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Fred Hall, Mr. Charles K. Field, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Charles Dieckman, Mr. W. H. Smith, Jr., Mr. Porter Garnett, Mr. Richard Hotelling, Dr. Humphrey

Stewart, Mr. H. McDonald Spencer, and Mr. George Sterling spent the week end at Bohemian Grove.

General Thomas Barry, Mrs. Barry, Miss Ellen Barry, and their guest, Miss Lisa Wood of Portland, are enjoying the beauties of Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Ferdinand Theriot, whose wedding with Miss Hazel Dolph of Portland will be an early fall event, will be the guest of the family of his fiancée for several weeks in July.

Mrs. Sands W. Forman has been the guest recently of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gibson are among those who will visit Yosemite during the month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin R. Dimond plan to visit Oberammergau during July.

The Misses Pomeroy have returned from a prolonged trip to Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Hamilton have taken possession of their new home at Menlo and will spend the summer there.

Mrs. Milo Potter and Miss Nina Jones, who are visiting in Portland, will return to Santa Barbara in July.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray and Miss Helen Gray will spend the next few weeks at Yosemite.

Princess Kawananakoa sailed Saturday for Honolulu, where she will remain for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Raisch and their daughter, Amy, are at Shasta Springs.

Mr. Reginald Fernald has returned from Santa Barbara, where he visited the family home.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark McDonald of Santa Rosa have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Selah Chamberlain at their home at San Mateo.

Dr. Emmett Rixford and Mrs. Rixford, who have been spending some weeks in Paris, are now at Oberammergau.

Mrs. Martin Crimmins sailed Monday on the transport *Buford* to join her husband, Captain Crimmins, who is with his regiment in Alaska.

Miss Ethel Cooper is planning to spend July with the Misses Newhall at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lund will leave tomorrow (Sunday) for Santa Barbara, where they will be joined later by Mrs. Henry Lally and Miss Marion Lally.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gwin will spend the summer at San Rafael.

Miss Marguerite Butters will spend the summer months at Colorado Springs as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Metcalf, Jr.

Mrs. Arthur Geissler will arrive next week from Chicago and will be the guest for the summer of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Moore, at San Rafael.

Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Ysabel Chase, and Miss Mary Kenney were guests of friends at Mare Island for several days during the week.

Pay Inspector Z. W. Reynolds of the California and Mrs. Reynolds have gone to Washington, D. C., where they will spend a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant at their country home in England before they left for London.

Miss Janet Klink is en route to New York, where she will visit with relatives for the next six months.

Rear-Admiral John Milton and Mrs. Milton have returned to their home at Yerba Buena, after an outing in Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. C. H. Holbrook and her daughter, Mrs. D. Holbrook Hare, will leave on the *Mariposa* June 29 for Tahiti and the South Sea Islands. They will also visit New Zealand and Australia, returning home via Honolulu late in September.

Among recent arrivals at Etna Springs from San Francisco were Judge and Mrs. J. A. Cooper, Mr. S. Mathew, Dr. J. W. Hymson, Mr. Gerald Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Young, Mr. Harold E. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Edward Creely, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. B. Varney, Miss Maud E. Varney, Mr. Walter T. Varney, Miss E. J. Read, Miss Aileen Warren, Mr. and Mrs. H. Nathan, Mrs. H. Euphrat, the Misses Nathan, Mr. M. C. Nathan, Mr. A. A. C. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Watson, Mr. C. C. Hopkins, Mr. T. B. Broderick.

David Belasco announces that he will produce "The Merchant of Venice," in which David Warfield will play Shylock, and "The Merry Wives of Windsor" at the Belasco Theatre, New York.

"La Reverte" is a woman hull-fighter in Madrid who bids fair to become one of Spain's most popular toreadors.

## Harmless Fireworks.

The youngsters will be pleased with Fire-cracker boxes filled with delicious candies. At any of Geo. Haas & Sons' stores: Phelan Building, Fillmore at Ellis, Van Ness at Sutter, and 28 Market St., near Ferry.

## DIVIDEND NOTICES.

SAVINGS UNION BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, whose name was San Francisco Savings Union (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), N. W. corner California and Montgomery Streets.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. A dividend not drawn will be added to the deposit account, become a part thereof and earn dividend from July 1. Money deposited between June 15 and Monday, July 11, both days inclusive, commences to earn interest from July 1.

R. M. WELCH, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, (The German Bank), (Member of the Associated Savings Banks of San Francisco), 526 California Street; Mission Branch, 2572 Mission Street, near Twenty-second; Richmond District Branch, 432 Clement Street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1910, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1910. Dividends not called for are added to the deposit account and earn dividends from July 1, 1910.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Manager.

## The Continental Building and Loan Association

## JUNCTION

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Why is Jones growing a beard?" "Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some fancy ties."—*Ideas*.

"Why do you think the milkman is selling us condensed milk, dear?" "Because two quarts of it just fits a quart jar."—*Houston Post*.

"Higgins is an enterprising blacksmith." "What now?" "He has put in a soda-water fountain and souvenir cards."—*Buffalo Express*.

*The Girl*—What's your opinion of women who imitate men? *The Man*—They're idiots. *The Girl*—Then the imitation is successful.—*Cleveland Leader*.

"What makes you believe you could succeed in selling him a gold brick?" "He has been accepted to serve on the jury three times."—*Houston Post*.

*Seymour*—What does Flammer do? *Ashley*—He's a composer. *Seymour*—Music or fiction? *Ashley*—Fiction; he writes weather predictions.—*Chicago Daily News*.

*He* (to his fiancée, jealously)—Why did you let that man kiss you? *She*—He's a distant relative. *He*—Distant? He was too mighty close to suit me.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Mrs. Brouson*—My husband is plain spoken; he calls a spade a spade. *Mrs. Woodson*—So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn-mower.—*Boston Globe*.

*Mother*—Why did you not scream when John kissed you? *Daughter*—He threatened me. *Mother*—How? *Daughter*—He said that if I did he'd never kiss me again.—*Stray Stories*.

"I suppose you regard the enormous price you paid for that picture as evidence of your appreciation of art." "Not exactly," replied Mrs. Cumro, "but it does show folks that we are too refined to care for money."—*Washington Star*.

"You say he actually likes having his wife be a suffragette and all that?" "Yes. He

thinks it's fun to get up and go through her pockets for change while she's asleep."—*Cleveland Leader*.

*Blobbs*—Young B Jones is thoroughly convinced that acting is his walk in life. *Slobbs*—Well, he'll probably get all of it he wants.—*Philadelphia Record*.

*Quackly*—By the hy, have you got \$10 about you that you don't need for a few days? *Smackly*—I have—but I might need it some time.—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Yes," said the drug clerk, "I am called up occasionally to compound prescriptions at night." "Isn't a man likely to make mistakes working in semidarkness?" "You bet he is! I took a plugged quarter once."—*Washington Herald*.

"Oratory is a gift, not an acquirement," said the proud politician, as he sat down after an hour's harangue. "I understand," said the matter-of-fact chairman. "We're not hlaming' you. You done the best you could."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"We like progress," explained the Young Turk, "but we can not allow our women to appear publicly without veils." "That's all right," declared the tourist. "You needn't fall behind the procession. Put 'em in auto goggles."—*Pittsburg Post*.

"Yes," said the determined man, "when that waiter resented the smallness of my tip I took the case to the proprietor of the restaurant." "And what did the proprietor do?" "He gave the waiter some money out of his own pocket, and apologized to him for having such a customer."—*Washington Star*.

"Gerald," she said, facing him with heightened color and putting her hands behind her, "you will have to choose between me and your old pipe." Not an instant did Gerald hesitate. "The old pipe goes, dear," he said, throwing it away. "I was thinking of buying a new one, anyhow."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"Do you suppose," asked the stranger in Washington, "it would be possible for me to see the President?" "Easiest thing in the world," replied the man who lived there. "Go

over to the Union Depot and wait around a little while. He will either be starting away or getting back from somewhere."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

*Moud*—Are you engaged to Jack for good? *Ethel*—It looks so. I don't think he'll ever be in a position to marry me.—*Boston Transcript*.

*Ethel*—The man I marry must be a hero—one who can hear the lion in his den. *Percy*—I see. Kind of combination circus man and harrier.—*The Merry Thought*.

"What, Harold! You wish to break our engagement? But why?" "On account of your past." "My past? What's wrong with my past?" "It's too long."—*Cleveland Leader*.

"Pa, is money absolutely necessary in this world?" asked the small boy. "Not at all, not at all, my boy. Your mother frequently goes shopping without a penny."—*Detroit Free Press*.

"Why don't you call your newspaper the Appendix?" asked the enemy of the political boss. "Any special reason for wanting me to do so?" "Well, it's a useless organ."—*Pittsburg Post*.

*Uncle* (to Marjorie, who has married a millionaire)—I really think you'd be happier if you had married a man who had less money. *Marjorie*—He will have less after a few years with me.—*Stray Stories*.

"In this country," said the man who was promoting the big irrigation project, "water is the most valuable asset we have." "That settles it, huh," replied the gentleman from Kentucky. "I will never invest a dollar, huh, in any place where such intollegible conditions prevail."—*Chicago Record*.

*Artemis* (gazing into the crystal)—I see rolling downs—crowds—police—horses. They are racing. The horses round the bend—the jockeys lash them. They are near the post—two lead neck and neck—a dead heat—no one of them dashes ahead and wins! *Client*—Yes, yes; but which? What are the winner's colors? *Artemis*—Alas! I can not tell you. I am color blind!—*Punch*.

## Toyo Kisen Kaisha

(ORIENTAL S. S. CO.)

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S. S. Tenyo Maru..... Tuesday, Aug. 16, 1910  
S. S. Nippon Maru..... Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1910

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1:45p	9:15a	1:40p	11:45a	1:40p	11:15a
4:45p	9:45a	2:40p	12:50p	4:14p	12:40p
.....	10:45a	4:20p	2:40p	5:50p	3:45p
.....	11:45a	.....	3:40p	.....	4:50p
.....	1:45p	.....	5:20p	.....	5:10p
.....	2:45p	.....	6:40p	.....	6:40p
.....	4:15p	.....	Tamapais only	.....	.....

\*To Muir Sat. only. †Mon. only, a Sat. only. ‡Muir only.  
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## San Francisco's First Gas-Works

It occupied the block fronting on First Street and bounded by Fremont, Howard and Natoma. Barges delivered Australian coal right at the works, a location now six blocks from the water-front. The streets of San Francisco were first lighted by gas the night of February 11, 1854. At that time the works produced 50,000 cubic feet of gas a day; the city's population was about 50,000; and the price of gas was \$15 a thousand cubic feet.



The present great gas-works at the Potrero. It manufactures 15,000,000 cubic feet of gas a day in winter. The city's population is now 450,000; and the price of gas is \$1 a thousand cubic feet.

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